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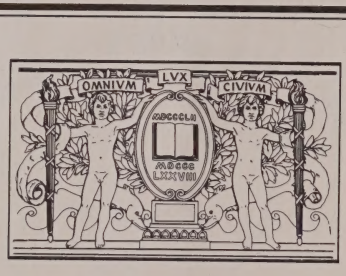

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ERRATA.

Page 130, second column, line 16. For "important" read "unimportant." Line 50: For "ten" read "two."

Page 195, second column, line 24. For "corn" read "coin."

Page 209, second column, line 39. For "influence" read "inference."

Page 228, first column, lines 14 and 18 from bottom. For "Blane" read "Blanc."

Page 307, first column, second paragraph, line 3. For "*that* policy" read "State policy."

Page 311, first column, line 18 from bottom, and second column, line 15 from top. For "Viele" read "Ville." First column, line 37: For "$2 per acre" read "$2 for every $1 expended per acre."

Page 352, second column, line 33. For "grandson's" read "son's."

Page 371, first column, line 22. Omit "the late."

Page 474, second column, line 11. For "Griersons" read "Grimms."

Page 501, second column, line 16. For "Martha" read "Martin." Fourth paragraph: For "Famanites" read "Lamanites" *passim*.

The Nation.

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The Week.

THE President and Mr. Seward have got back to Washington, and we suppose everybody is very glad of it. Mr. Johnson ought to be, at any rate, for the curb must have been used on him severely very frequently, and more than once there was every indication of a violent runaway. As for Mr. Seward, it cannot be but that he was conscious that he was making a deplorable exhibition of himself from the time he began making speeches till he reached Annapolis. At that city, we think, he capped the climax, to use a rhetorical figure of Mr. Johnson's, for he declared that after listening to the President's touching and impressive oration, it seemed to him almost "a sacrilege" to open his mouth. The part of the Presidential oration that affected us most was the artless simplicity with which Mr. Johnson described his way of reaching right conclusions in politics—namely, "*first*, be convinced that you are right." Yet we suppose he does well to honor the means whereby he has swung round the circle, as it were, of political honor. There is not the least doubt that his firm conviction of his own infallibility had a good deal to do with making him alderman of his native village and, after he had filled other offices in the gift of his fellow-citizens, Vice-President of the United States. We may doubt, though, if he does well to regret in the least that he did not turn his attention, as he once thought of doing, to school-teaching. Seriously, he would have made a dreadful teacher. No doubt he would have been excellent in kicking in the door when the boys rebelled and barred him out, but when it came to indoctrinating the youthful mind, and doing it by soft, persuasive methods, we fear the schoolmaster would indeed have been all abroad. Postmaster-General Randall, who had no particular reputation to sustain or to lose, seems to have acquitted himself well enough. We earnestly hope that Mr. Seward and Mr. Johnson, whom the country has honored, will honor the country so far as they can by staying at home and refraining from these terrible tours.

We do not know how it is that we are reduced to telegrams for our accounts of the Surratt trial instead of being delighted with word-painting special correspondence. But, as the correspondents would say, "it is the heated term," and to seek opportunities of being graphic and eloquent with the mercury at ninety in the shade would be folly. As it is, we get little that is livelier than examinations in chief, and very often, of course, there is the dulness of cross-examination, and Messrs. Bradley and Merrick, and Surratt staring at his false friend Weichman, and the Washington secessionists scowling at the counsel for the prosecution, and encouraging the prisoner with looks and smiles—all these remain quite unsung. During the fourth week the trial has been somewhat more interesting than before, some new testimony having been offered. Weichman, who had patiently endured a vast deal of badgering from Mr. Bradley, whose bad behavior is a constant pleasure to Surratt's friends in the audience, finally retaliated by letting out a remark made by Miss Surratt on the day after the assassination, to the effect that the murder of Lincoln "was no more than the death of a nigger in the army." On the same day the proceedings were enlivened by a Doctor McMillan, who said from the witness-box that the language of Mr. Merrick was "the language of a coward and a sneak." Dr. McMillan was the surgeon of the *Peruvian*, aboard which vessel the prisoner made the voyage to Europe from Quebec in the autumn of 1865. The surgeon made his acquaintance on a boat by which the *Peruvian's* passengers were taken from Montreal to Quebec. A Catholic priest, La Pierre, had Surratt in charge, and kept him carefully under lock and key. On board the *Peruvian* "McCarty" walked about freely, and was seen talking to General Ripley, of South Carolina. The weakness of his head he made very evident in his conversations with the surgeon; he told of his trips to Richmond, of the large amount of Confederate and secret service money he had had in his possession, of his having done something that would make McMillan stare if he should know it, of his intention to kill any man who should attempt to arrest him, of the certainty that he would "swing" if ever he came back to this country, and of his desire to do for Johnson what had been done in the case of Lincoln, and a story that seems to be brag, though it may well enough be true, that on one occasion going to Richmond with four or five other persons, he met several half-starved Yankees escaping from Richmond prisons and helped to kill them. There seems to be no prospect of a speedy end of the trial, and a very fair chance that Surratt may be hanged. He seems to be unfortunate in his counsel.

Maximilian, there appears no longer any reason to doubt, has been shot. He and his friends could hardly have complained of his fate, as he had himself been guilty of the outrageous folly and cruelty of declaring war to the knife against the Liberals when he secured possession of the Government, and of treating their troops as brigands, and did execute large numbers of honest men in cold blood for the simple offence of appearing in arms against him, a foreigner, placed on the throne by a foreign army. When he did this, he, of course, placed himself on the same moral plane as Juarez, and virtually agreed that their differences should be settled Mexican fashion. Moreover, when he determined to remain behind after the French had gone, he surrendered almost all that gave him a color of legitimacy, the support and protection of the flag of a recognized and established government. This done, the consequences of defeat to himself personally might easily have been foreseen. When he fell into the hands of his enemies,

he had not a single claim on their mercy which men like them could be expected to recognize. He had himself been merciless, and he had repudiated foreign protection. Were his executioners anything but what they are, we do not know that we should much regret his fate. It would doubtless be well to have Europe taught that filibustering is as dangerous a game for princes as for ordinary men, and that scions of proud houses, as well as nameless adventurers, must, when they seek 'to wade through slaughter to a throne," be prepared to set their lives upon the cast. But, unhappily, the poor barbarians who have done this deed are not the men to give the civilized world a lesson in morality. The killing of vanquished political enemies has been their practice so long that it has ceased to indicate anything except the savage vindictiveness of the killers. We might as well ask Christendom to draw a moral from the Indian scalping and torturing on the plains as from Juarez's "military justice." M. Romero's pretence that it was necessary to take Maximilian's life in order to prevent his again laying claim to the throne is a plea which will deceive but very few. It is a plea which would justify any amount of barbarity, which has in fact been used to justify the murder of the greatest patriots, and which the sultans were at one time in the habit of putting forward as an excuse for killing all their nephews. There was about as much chance of Maximilian's coming back, had he once been driven forth a vanquished man, as of his executioners proving the wise and enlightened rulers of a free and happy country. We can hardly pity him, but it would be folly to expect anything good from them.

The New York *Times* thinks our proposal that the South should be put into the hands of the Federal officers, with their will for law, and "the only law," something rather extravagant, and asks how the powers of military officers are to be regulated at all if, as we maintain, the attempts of the South to regulate them by constitutional precedents and doctrines are absurd. It ought not to be necessary to explain that when we advocate the subjection of the South to the absolute control of military officers, it is to their absolute control *quâ* military officers. A man who uses armed force to execute his *own* will, as a man, is not a military officer, but either a chief of brigands or a despot. Federal officers cannot become absolutely free agents, so that no matter how large the powers that may be given them, they must exercise them under responsibility to their superiors—namely, the Northern people; and if there be any power or authority in existence which can overrule the Northern people in their way of reorganizing the South, we confess we have not yet heard of it and do not know where to find it. The South and Mr. Johnson have been trying for the last two years to regulate the conduct of the Federal commanders by constitutional doctrines and precedents, to institute, in fact, a mixed system of their own, and we know what the result has been. Such a system might have been possible had Southerners had imagination enough to understand their situation; but they apparently have not. The sword has never been taken from their throats for one week that they have not rushed into some folly. They are allowed to hold courts, and they forthwith refuse negro testimony or acquit murderers or robbers of negroes. They are allowed to legislate, and they forthwith proceed to patch up a negro code or keep *Harper's Weekly* out of Alabama. The greatest kindness that can be done them now is to tie them up, hand and foot, till they are fairly in the Union. It is quite true, as *The Times* says, that the South is not in Russia. If it were in Russia, instead of having its rulers laboring might and main for two years, as the North has been doing, to get it to adopt and practise republican principles, to acknowledge the equality of men, to respect freedom of speech, most of the leading Southern "statesmen" would by this time be engaged in "practical mining" or other hard labor, with their backs a little stiff from knouting; and the rest of the population, instead of being guided by Sickles and Sheridan into constitutional government, would find themselves subjected to military rule in perpetuity.

Monday last was the new North American holiday, "Dominion Day," the Dominion of Canada having on the first of the month officially begun its existence. The birth was signalized in a truly felicitous manner by Lord Monck, the Viceroy, who must have laughed in his sleeve as he took Mr. J. A. McDonald and made him into a knight. A Mr. Cartier seems to have got off more easily; he was made a simple Companion of the Bath, which is a far better dignity than the other for a man who lives so near the Yankee State of Maine and in the immediate neighborhood of the nineteenth century; it is not so mediæval and feudal in sound, and then, too, in ordinary Canadian conversation he will not be addressed as Companion of the Bath Cartier, while his friend will be compelled till death relieves him to hear himself addressed as "Sir James." He will have to travel in Europe, where they may perhaps take him for a regular knight from England or Scotland. It is not very surprising, we should say, that a part of the Halifax press celebrated the day by going into mourning. Mr. T. D'Arcy McGee invites such people in this country as feel the gross tyranny of the majority pressing upon them to go over into the Dominion, "a place of asylum where they can obtain that security denied them at home." It is possible that Mr. McGee does not dread being knighted. He talks with equal fearlessness of teaching the people of the United States what a true representative government is.

Major-General Wager Swayne has recently abrogated two characteristically Southern laws. One was a wise statute by which it was intended to make it impossible to sell *Harper's Weekly* within the limits of the State of Alabama; the other was a mild piece of legislation whose object was to make it difficult for Union soldiers to collect pensions and back pay. We suppose, then, that General Swayne's estimate of the powers belonging to his office will permit him to redress the grievances of the colored people of Mobile. Whether or not the negroes shall be, as they ask to be, enrolled among the city police, is purely a question of expediency. No one questions the right of any competent colored man to fill a policeman's or any other place, but it may not be best to give the Mobile negroes half the places in the department of police, though we should like to see the experiment tried while the military are still in Mobile. But there are grievances complained of in the petition to the general which we dare say demand immediate action, and for which it ought not to be very hard to find an immediate cure. The Civil Rights bill is disregarded, we are told, and many of the most odious provisions of the old State code are, to the great oppression of the colored people, still enforced in the courts. We dare say this is in good part due to Mr. Richard Busteed, who, we remember, did not for an unreasonably long time after the Civil Rights bill was passed take the proper action for getting it into practical operation. At the furthest, the passage of the coming declaratory act ought to mark the time for bringing matters in Mobile into better order; and it is no harm to recollect that there are white men in Mobile not of the "Conservative" persuasion who will never want for a grievance. General Swayne is, however, a discreet man.

Messrs. Boutwell, Lawrence, Williams, and Thomas are expected to present a report on impeachment at this special session of Congress. We are told by the Washington correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser*—who is usually to be relied on—that these four gentlemen will offer as the grounds of impeachment: first, the President's general disregard of properly enacted laws; next, specifications under this general head; and, finally, "two or three points showing personal corruption, one of these being in the matter of pardons." We suppose the committee are expecting that no action will be taken by the House, at any rate, till next winter, at which time the nomination of Mr. Johnson's successor will be distant, say, five or six months, and the day of election about nine. If no action is taken during the present month, none will be taken at the next session, that seems quite certain, and the report of the committee will become a historical document, but will hardly be of much weight legally or politically. The rumor is not worth regarding, as we suppose, which asserts that it is the intention of certain leaders to remove Mr. Johnson for the sake of making Mr. Wade the incumbent of his seat, so as to increase the chances of the latter gentleman for the regular nomination. We are well persuaded, at all events, that whoever is cherishing intentions of that kind may as well resign

himself to certain disappointment. We have so often gone over the objections to having an impeachment trial—objection sthat have grown weightier since last there was occasion to urge them—that we have nothing to offer now by way of argument. It is sufficient to know—and, in order to know it, it is only necessary to read the newspapers and to hear people talk in the streets—that the question of impeachment is not at all a practical question, and may profitably be disregarded entirely. There can be no doubt, from the utterances of the press at large, that Congress cannot please the country more than by giving Mr. Stanbery a declaratory act which he cannot get over or under or through, by letting everything else carefully alone, and by going home as speedily as possible. And there is good hope that this is what will be done.

The Labor Convention which has been sitting for the last week at Albany had a "Committee on Good" which occupied itself mainly in providing work for the Constitutional Convention, which, it is evidently the opinion of the working-men, ought to leave as little for the Legislature to do as possible. The committee reported resolutions calling on the Convention to insert in the constitution a provision prohibiting the employment in factories of children under ten years of age; another requiring all corporations to pay their operatives weekly and not monthly. Individual members then proposed that the constitution should prohibit anybody under eighteen years of age working in cotton or woollen factories more than eight hours a day. For the first of these prohibitions there is a great deal to be said, but if the constitution is to regulate matters of this kind it ought not to stop there. It ought to contain a complete code, both political and moral and sanitary—tell us what to eat, drink, avoid, hope, fear, and believe. There is one suggestion which we regret to see the "Committee on Good" omitted to make, but which we trust it will in justice to its own character yet make, and that is, that the constitution forbid all knaves and evil-disposed persons from residing in the State of New York more than thirty days after the next election. This measure might seem to some arbitrary, and even cruel, but when we consider the sweep and thoroughness of the reform that would be thus effected we cannot help hoping that no maudlin sympathy with the wicked would be allowed to stand in the way of its adoption. A bill is now before the English House of Commons, introduced by the ministry, forbidding the employment of any child under eight year olds in any "handicraft;" or of any child under thirteen for more than six hours and a half a day, or earlier than six in the morning or later than eight at night; or of any person, male or female, under eighteen, for more than twelve hours, minus one hour and a half at least for meals and rest.

Mr. Greeley has been examined by the Judiciary Committee of the House touching his motives in bailing Jefferson Davis. Immediately after the bailing his course was defended by some of his friends on the ground that his appearance as bondsman, though not apparently was really necessary to secure Davis's liberation, inasmuch as it was well understood that nothing but the participation of some leading Northern man in the performance would induce Mr. Johnson to permit it. Mr. Greeley testifies, however, that he had no reason to suppose that his action would produce any influence whatever on the Government, that he had no understanding with any member of it on the subject, and never spoke to any member of the Cabinet about it except Mr. Speed. Mr. Speed did not give him even a hint of what he or the President thought of doing. Mr. Greeley's chief and only instigator was, in fact, his "intimate friend and acquaintance, Mr. George Shea;" so that his position remains just what the public supposed it to be.

On Friday last two men, William King and Abram Owens, were hanged at Franklin, Ky., with formalities that give one a pleasant notion of that region. At nine o'clock in the morning five ministers visited the jail and exhorted the prisoners and prayed with them. Then the two men were taken down-stairs and dressed in black coats and trousers, lasting shoes, white gloves, and straw hats. Their hands were tied, a running noose of grass-rope three-quarters of an inch in diameter was put round the neck of each, lighted cigars were given them, and they set out for the gallows, which was at a little distance from the town. The local pride of the people of Franklin in their two murderers was exhibited in the arrangements for the procession more strikingly than in the costumes provided for the occasion. First came a brass band, next a military company, next the prisoners and sheriffs, next a wagon containing two coffins, next citizen guards, next the clergymen on foot, and finally "the citizens, male and female." The band played a funeral march all the way to the gallows, and the condemned men continually called to their friends in the crowd, and exhorted them to meet them in heaven. The number of spectators—men, women, and children—was very great. When the place of execution was reached "the sheriff introduced Captain King to the immense crowd," and he made a long speech, the substance of which, in his nervous excitement, he repeated many times. "This is my last speech," he said, among other things; "in two hours from now I hope I will be with my father in heaven. I am to die for the death of my brother. No one ever loved a brother better than I did that murdered boy. Had I known his murderer, I should not have said yea or nay, but I should have killed him." He died protesting his innocence, and so did his companion, though doubtless both were guilty. King lived no less than twenty-two minutes after the drop fell, the complaisant sheriff having, at his request, so arranged the noose that the neck should not be broken. An account of a more revolting execution we do not at present remember, and the simple recital of occurrences like this one ought, we should think, to do more to increase the number of people who oppose capital punishment than all M. Victor Hugo's rhetoric, and the increase will be quite as legitimate in the one case as the other.

Napoleon has achieved the greatest triumph of modern times. He has got the Sultan to Paris and carried him round the Great Exposition in his train, the Sultan no doubt feeling, as the Doge of Genoa felt at Versailles, that the most wonderful thing in all the display was his being there himself. To most Parisians he is chiefly remarkable as a monarch who has an unlimited number of wives, and who is reported to be in the habit of drowning the court beauties when they behave badly. The great Cable newsman, in trying, in his inarticulate way, to do him honor, has invented for him the title of "His Sublime Majesty." The newsman has probably been tempted into this outburst of reverence by the circumstance that it has long been the diplomatic custom to style the Ottoman Government the "Sublime Porte," literally the sublime gate of the palace—just as we speak of St. James's or the Tuileries as a synonym for the French or English Government. The Sultan's title in Europe has always been the "Grand Seignor" (Venetian) or the "Grand Turk" (English), or, in modern times, "His Imperial Majesty the Sultan." We venture to say, however, that if the Cable newsman will speak of him in his despatches as simply "the Sultan," nine out of ten of us will know what he means.

This same newsman of the Associated Press seems, like the unfortunate man who cut his throat the other day in St. Peter's, to be nearly driven crazy by "the pomp and glitter and lights" of the ceremonies and festivities which he has now to describe every day. The military review at Satory and the Ascot races were near being too much for his feeble reason; but it seems to have fairly succumbed under the Pontifical High Mass celebrated at Rome in honor of the eighteen hundredth anniversary of St. Peter's martyrdom. At the close of a column of hysterical description of that gorgeous scene he burst into a kind of incoherent canticle, as irreverent as ridiculous, and which the editors of the great dailies ought really to have stricken out of the poor man's despatch. He tried to be sublime and religious, and only succeeded in being foolish and incomprehensible, when informing us of his own feelings when he saw the Host elevated, and "the priests and nobles, peasantry and soldiers, kneeling to earth to do reverence to the *Higher than the Highest!*" etc., etc. This is really disgraceful, and we once more call the attention of the city press to the matter.

Notes.

LITERARY.

THE dull season is fully upon us, and there is little to mention this week in the way of new announcements. Leypoldt & Holt will reprint an English book, the subject of which would seem to ally it with the volumes of their co-operative library now in course of publication. It is "The Progress of the Working Classes from 1832 to 1857," by John Malcolm Ludlow and Lloyd Jones.——Messrs. George Routledge & Sons announce a very cheap edition of the collected works of Bulwer, of which seven volumes are now ready.——Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have bought of Mrs. Henry Wood the right to publish in this country, in advance of its publication in England, the novel "Orville College."——The first volume of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields's reprint of the "Charles Dickens Edition" of Dickens's works will be out almost immediately.——Announcements by J. B. Lippincott & Co., which we have not previously mentioned, are "Melpomene Divina; or, Poems on Christian Themes," by Christopher Laomedon Pindar, a writer of whom we know nothing; "Sleep and its Derangements," by Dr. William A. Hammond; "Randolph Gordon, and Other Stories," by "Ouida;" "Eugene Aram," which will be the third volume of the excellent "Globe Edition" of Bulwer's novels; "The Farmer's and Planter's Encyclopædia of Rural Affairs," which is the work of Cuthbert W. Johnson, F.R.S., adapted to the United States by Gouverneur Emerson; and "Hanna's Ready Reckoner," which is a little book of tables giving the cubic contents of any possible stick of square or unequal sided timber.——Messrs. Clark & Bowron, of Chicago, announce that they will publish in quick succession twelve volumes—or what we take to be twelve volumes—in prose and verse, from the pen of Thomas Clarke. Dr. Clarke is a British gentleman who woos the muse in Chicago. Some of his poems are already in their sixth edition. The publishers say that all the works of Professor Clarke, which they are going to publish in the fall, "are of the deepest interest and the highest order of merit." These are their titles: "The Battle, and Other Poems, Patriotic and Humorous;" "Demetrius; or, The Conspirators: A Tragedy in five acts;" "The Aminta: A Sylvan Drama, translated from the Italian of Torquato Tasso;" "Miscellaneous Poems," "A Pastoral and Other Poems" (reprinted from the London edition); "Donna Rosa and the Silent Village" (reprinted); "A Day in May" (reprinted). All these are in verse; we have seen none of them, but we take the risk of saying that they are not extremely good. Two poems of Mr. Clarke's we have seen, namely, "The Two Angels" and "Sir Copp," which means "Sir Copperhead." As we have passed what may seem an unfavorable judgment on these works, it is fair to say that the publishers have information that "no book, since the days of Hudibras, has produced so great a sensation as 'Sir Copp.'" The forthcoming prose works by the same author are "Philip Thornton; or, The Adventurers;" "Life in the West," "The New Sentimental Journey," "Lectures and Essays," and "Miscellaneous Pieces."

—In default of a critical notice in these columns of the new novel, "Beauseincourt," we lay before the public an appreciative word from the gentleman who criticised it for *The Louisville Journal*. He remarks generally that it is the best novel ever published in America, and the best novel ever published in English by a woman, and then coming to particulars he speaks thus warmly of the leading character:

"Bertie is unsurpassable. Her character must have been wafted to Mrs. Warfield by some 'stray breath of Sapphic song which blew through Mytelene.' I can see the *petite* form of this little splinter of lightning, the moonlight on her tawny hair, incipient madness in her unutterable eyes, and the great taint of blood expanding her quivering nostrils as she comes from the park where the gibbering thing moans and whines over its deadly melons. That lily lagoon too is grand when the crazed Ajax splashes and paddles under the unearthly glimmer of the yellow lightning, and the hot bolt dries the blood on his soul. . . . Gregory is splendidly drawn. . . . Colonel Levigne is a towering figure."

We do not know whether a man can in earnest be so "genial" as this critic, but we suppose the thing is possible. As for his eloquence, it is such as to range Kentucky by the side of Tennessee, who claims Mr. Tenney, the Fourth-of-July orator from whom we recently quoted.

—One could hardly desire a better text-book than Prof. Laboulaye's "History of the United States," of which a second edition was published in Paris a year ago, and of which we are now reminded by seeing it on the shelves of Mr. F. W. Christern, 863 Broadway. The work is in two volumes, and consists of lectures delivered by the author from his chair in the Collége de France in 1849 and 1863–4. The first volume treats in detail of the colonies before the Revolution, the circumstances of their settlement, the character of their founders, and the peculiarities of the charter of each one. The second discusses the causes of the Revolution, the united action of the colonies, the confederation, and the train of events reaching to the peace of 1783. A third volume gives the history of the Constitution. M. Laboulaye, as he recently told an American, reads more English than he does French, and we may guess from this fact, as we may learn from his book, how thoroughly he has devoted himself to the study of American institutions. We do not know of a manual of American history which we should prefer to this, as a teacher; for one reason, because what seemed perfection in our government in 1849 is just now in debate, and nothing can be more instructive than to examine the arguments in its favor offered ten years before the rebellion by an acute and impartial observer. Besides, it is in the light of foreign criticism that we often understand not only best but first our own manners, principles even; and Prof. Laboulaye is for us in France what Prof. Goldwin Smith is in England, an admirer not blind but hearty. Between these two there is also a very close parallel in their attachment to religious liberty and in their appreciation of character as the basis of self-government and national advancement.

—Mr. Robert Lowe, who was a contemporary of Mr. Gladstone's at Oxford, and, as may be believed, a young man of great promise, was unable, on account of want of fortune, to enter at once, as Mr. Gladstone did, the field of politics. He therefore betook himself to Australia and the practice of the law, and, having acquired wealth, returned some years since to the mother country to find his former acquaintance the leading English statesman. He entered Parliament; and it is fresh in everybody's memory how he suddenly distinguished himself as a bitter opponent of Mr. Gladstone's Reform bill, an excellent debater, and master of an eloquence at once polished, sharp, and strong, which his enemies cannot help admiring while they fear it. They will not be sorry that an Australian bookmaker has shown them the vulnerable heel of this dangerous warrior. It appears that while a colonist Mr. Lowe contributed poetry to the Sydney *Atlas*, and some of his verses have been incorporated into a work compiled by Mr. G. B. Barton and entitled "The Poets and Prose Writers of New South Wales." We are not informed of the subject of the poem of which we copy from *The Spectator* this stanza:

"Yet still did I speed
On my way without heed,
Nor mourned for the wreck that was doing;
For my calm, cold light
Is my own delight,
And I smile o'er the ashes of ruin."

Distance in space is as good for some purposes as distance in time. Mr. Lowe away at the antipodes seems to have been like a bard of ancient ages, only half a versifier perhaps, but at least one half a prophet. It would be much in Mr. Disraeli's way to define Mr. Lowe's present political position in Mr. Lowe's own language. But then, too, Mr. Disraeli has some literary indiscretions of his own behind him.

—We are informed by Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt that two hundred and fifty is the number of new subscribers which the Early English Text Society want before they begin to reprint their publications of 1864 and 1865 now out of print. Though we believe a great number of these already are, and the rest are very soon to be secured, we willingly remind owners of libraries, students of English literature, book-purchasing committees of public libraries, and the book-reading and book-buying public generally of the value and interest of the society's books. We see it told in the literary gossip of *The Athenæum* that the society now have in press a versified (alliterative) translation, never before printed, of Joseph of Exeter's Chronicle. To judge by an extract from his work given by *The Athenæum*, the translator held in its fulness the mediæval faith in the authenticity and accuracy of the "pragmatic" histories of Dares Phrygius and Dictys Cretensis. If we recollect that Dictys kept—or says he kept, which is the same thing—a journal of the leading events of the Trojan war, that he makes no mention of gods and goddesses interfering in battles, but relates the truth as an eye-witness ought and can, that to his own authority he adds that of Idomeneus and Meriones, at whose request he wrote out his journal and published it, we shall be the better able to understand why our translator pours contempt on the unfortunate Homer. Virgil and Ovid, it will be seen, he regards as writers of veracity—Ovid honest, as he says, and Virgil virtuous. Thus he exposes the trifling and deceitful Melesigenes:

"He feyned myche fals was neuer before wroght,
And traiet the truth; trust ye non other.
Of his trifule to telle I haue no time nowe,
Ne of his feynet face that he fore with,
Howe goddes foght in the field, folke as thai were,
And other errors vnable that after were knowen,
That poeytis of prise haue preuyt vntrew,
Ouid and other that onest were ay
Virgilf the virtuus verrit for nobill.
Thes dampnyt his dedys and for dull [deceit] holdyn."

We may add here, as an item of news that may be of interest to some of our readers, that the newly formed Spenser Society intend to begin their labors by publishing, in quarto, the works of J. Heywood, and for their second and third issues will give the complete works of Taylor, the water poet, and of Gascoigne.

—An English Shakespearean, Mr. George Russell French, believes that he has discovered "the long missing link which really unites Shakespeare with the ancient family of Arden of Warwickshire;" or, as one might say, which unites the ancient family of Arden of Warwickshire with Shakespeare. The connection, it appears, was made out by guesswork before, though it is true, too, says Mr. French, that "the late Mr. Hunter very nearly made this discovery" which Mr. French is so well pleased to put beyond doubt. Malone, and many biographers of the poet who follow Malone, say that Mary Arden, the mother of the poet, was the daughter of Robert Arden, of Wilmecote, who was the son of another Robert, who again was the son of a Robert, who was younger brother of Sir John Arden, Kt., Esquire for the body to King Henry VII., which two were sons of Walter Arden, who was a recognized descendant of Ailwen, the Saxon sheriff of Warwick in the time of Edward the Confessor. But Mr. French has discovered that a certain freehold estate in Warwickshire, which Robert Arden in 1550 settled on his six daughters, was purchased in 1501 by Robert Arden *and his father*. Now, Mr. Halliwell, in the course of his researches, found that in the sixteenth year of the reign of Henry VII. (1501) an estate in Warwickshire was conveyed to certain other persons "*et Thomæ Ardern* et *Roberto Ardern filio ejusdem Thomæ*." So, then, it seems that the grandfather of Shakespeare's mother was called not Robert, but Thomas Arden. Dugdale and Drummond Mr. French finds defective in some particulars; but with the aid of other genealogical authorities he is able to trace the poet's pedigree back without a break to the Saxon sheriff Ailwen, and in a forthcoming work he will be able, being assisted by one of the Staffordshire Ardens, to bring the table of the pedigree of the old family down to the present day, and of the Hartes from the poet's sister down to the same period. He expects, furthermore, to be able to identify all the dramatic personages of the historical plays, and is probably justified in thinking that his book will make an addition of appreciable value to Shakespearean literature.

—The influence of marriage on the death-rate is pretty well understood to be favorable. Just how favorable it is in Scotland we learn from a report on the subject made to the Royal Society of Edinburgh by Dr. Stark, who draws his conclusions from the returns of nine years deposited in the office of the Registrar-General. In general, it may be said that the death-rate is higher among men than among women, and a good deal higher among unmarried men than benedicts. Taking one hundred thousand Scotchmen between the ages of 20 and 25, if they are married men 597 of them will die in the course of a year; but if they are not married the mortality will be almost twice as great—1,174. Of the same number of men between the ages of 30 and 35, the number of deaths annually among the married will be 907, among the unmarried 1,475. As we go on among the older men, the disparity between the yearly number of deaths among the two classes is not so great, but it is still great, and the advantage—though, to be sure, a constantly decreasing one—remains with the married till we come to men of eighty and ninety years, terms beyond which it is not worth while to go. A hundred thousand married men, between 40 and 45 years old, lose by the deaths of a twelvemonth 1,248 men; the same number of unmarried men of the same age lose 1,689. In the five years between 60 and 65, 3,385 of the married die, 4,330 of the unmarried; in the five years between 70 and 75, the figures stand for the married 8,055, for the unmarried 10,143; in the five years between 80 and 85, there are 17,400 deaths among the married men, and among the unmarried 19,688. The mean age at death of the men comprehended in the figures given above would be, of the married 59½, of the single no more than 40 years. It is not, then, remarkable, in view of these statistics, that even the picked single men of the army and navy are far distanced by the married civilian in the matter of expectation of life.

—The opening of the new art building at Yale College, which takes place on the 10th, is an event of some significance, its effect on the public taste considered. The merits of this particular exhibition may not be great, though a large number of pictures have been contributed from New York and elsewhere, but the constant presence of a good, even if small, collection, cannot fail to educate the students of the College in the first place, and next will afford the citizens of New Haven, and the country people who make their way thither in the course of the year, a familiar acquaintance with art such as is enjoyed only by the largest cities, and by not all of these. We hope this example will be imitated in other collegiate towns, and in towns which are larger and more central than these are apt to be.

THE DEFINITE RESULTS OF EGYPTOLOGY.*

After an interval of seven years the concluding volume of Bunsen's history appears in an English dress, both the author and the translator meantime having passed away. Nearly twenty years have elapsed since the publication of the first volume (1848), and American buyers must now pay $31 for the fifth alone, almost as much as the estimated cost of the whole work. This volume contains a summary of results from the entire field of discussion, a translation of the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," a dictionary and grammar of hieroglyphics, with selected Egyptian texts in the form of a chrestomathy, and an appendix of fragments of Philo.

The great value of Bunsen's work consists in the discussion of Egyptian history in its relations to the history of mankind and the application of linguistic science, the philosophy of religion, and general archæology to the solution of its problems. While some of his speculations are fanciful and his conclusions arbitrary, there is much in his method that deserves commendation, and his industry and zeal were above praise. He adopts the computations of Eratosthenes to correct the chronology of Manetho, and, as a result, gives for the date of Menes 3059 B.C., Abraham in Canaan 2314 B.C., the Exodus 1320 B.C. It is too early yet to pronounce with confidence upon these numbers, since the chronology of Egypt is now undergoing a process of sifting, and the best scholars are not agreed in their conclusions. Without following our author in details, we will glance at some of the more general and definite results of Egyptology as represented by his work.

The claim of Egyptology to be ranked among the sciences was vigorously contested by the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis in his "Historical Survey of the Astronomy of the Ancients." Setting aside Manetho's lists of Egyptian kings and dynasties as "a royal phantasmagoria, without the bone and muscle of history," discarding, also, the lists handed down by the classical authors as in great part imaginary or fabulous, that critic regarded the chronological schemes of Lepsius, Bunsen, and other prominent Egyptologers as purely conjectural—an attempt "to transmute legend into history." Nor had he any confidence in the reading of the hieroglyphic inscriptions and the conclusions that Egyptologers have drawn from them. "The meagreness of the historical information which Bunsen and Brugsch profess to have derived from the hieroglyphic inscriptions must be apparent," said Lewis, "to every reader of the hieroglyphical writings which have been interpreted correctly, and if they may be taken as a sample of the rest, we may be satisfied that there is nothing worth knowing, and, it may be feared, that the future discoveries of the Egyptologers will be attended with results as worthless and as uncertain as those which have hitherto attended their ill-requited and barren labors." If this judgment was correct, some of the most laborious and conscientious scholarship of our time has been utterly wasted.

Almost every science in its infancy has been obnoxious to the charge of crude and extravagant theorizing; but it must be admitted that the field of Egyptology has been remarkably fruitful in arbitrary conjectures and chimerical theories. Of late years, however, the results of the labors of scholars in this department have been far more definite and satisfactory, and their methods no longer empirical, but truly scientific. Without attempting to popularize the processes, we will give a brief summary of the more important of these results.

First in order is the placing Champollion's system of hieroglyphic interpretation upon sure and solid grounds. The clue to that interpretation furnished by the Rosetta Stone has been followed by the deciphering of a great variety of monuments through "the collation of hieroglyphic texts containing the same subject matter with each other and with the *hieratic* manuscripts" (in which by rapid writing the hieroglyphics of the monument were reduced almost to a cursive hand, afterwards still further simplified in the *demotic*), and especially through the collation of the phonetic signs of the old Egyptian with Coptic words of like signification. The basis of this system of interpretation is the division of the hieroglyphs into two classes—*ideographs*, or those representing ideas, and *phonetics*, or those employed for sounds; and its method has been verified by the fact that different scholars have thereby come at the same results in deciphering independently the same texts—as, for instance, the translations of the stele of Rameses XII. in the Louvre, by several Egyptologers laboring apart, concur in the interpretation with a remarkable uniformity.

A striking confirmation of the method of interpretation pursued by the school of Champollion has been obtained from the discovery at Tanis of a bilingual inscription much longer and more perfect than that of the Rosetta

* "Egypt's Place in Universal History. An Historical Investigation, in five Books. By C. C. J. Baron Bunsen, D.Ph., D.C.L., D.D. Translated from the German by Charles H. Cottrell, Esq., M.A., with additions by Samuel Birch, LL.D." Vol. V. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1867.

Stone. This discovery was due to the researches of Dr. Lepsius, during his visit to Lower Egypt, in the early part of 1866. The inscription belongs to the ninth year of Ptolemy III., Euergetes I., about 239 B.C., and is therefore nearly forty years earlier than the Rosetta Stone. It is in praise of the king and his queen, Berenice, for their pious and beneficent deeds and their successful foreign wars, and is composed of thirty-seven lines of hieroglyphics, followed by a Greek translation in seventy-six lines. This inscription is valuable for the light which it throws incidentally upon the Egyptian calendar. But its chief worth is philological; for since both texts are complete, and their subject-matter is well understood from contemporaneous historical sources, the Tanis Stone is a test of the interpretation consequent upon the discovery of the Rosetta Stone, and the confirmation which it brings to many of the conclusions of Egyptologers establishes the interpretation of hieroglyphics as a science whose leading principles are well understood and whose general results are sound. This inscription has been published at Berlin by Dr. Lepsius, in a beautiful folio entitled "Das bilingue Dekret von Kanopus," and at Vienna by Messrs. S. Leo Reinisch and E. Robert Roesler, in a neat octavo, "Die Zweisprachige Inschrift von Tanis."

The attention of Egyptologers is now much given to the preparation of scientific helps to the study and interpretation of the hieroglyphics. Among these may be mentioned as of special value the "Dictionary of Hieroglyphics, with the Hieroglyphic Grammar and Chrestomathy," prepared by Dr. Samuel Birch, of the British Museum, and incorporated with this fifth volume of "Egypt's Place in Universal History;" Vicomte de Rougé's "Chrestomathie Egyptienne," published by A. Franck, of Paris; and Dr. Brugsch's "Hieroglyphisch-Demotisches Wörterbuch," now issuing in numbers from the press of Hinrich at Leipzig.

With the positive and definite results already obtained from the system of hieroglyphic interpretation employed by the best Egyptologers, and the scientific apparatus now provided for the application of that system to monuments not yet deciphered, so far from distrusting with Sir G. C. Lewis the interpretation of hieroglyphics as ambiguous, and rejecting its results as worthless, one may rather believe with Dr. Birch that many of the Egyptian papyri "are as trustworthy as the best classical manuscripts of the Middle Ages," and that "the interpretation of the extinct languages of Egypt and Central Asia will ever rank as one of the distinguishing features of the nineteenth century."

Next in importance among the definite results of Egyptological research is the revision of Manetho's lists by the monumental tablets, so that the historical order of the early kings of Egypt is well-nigh complete. This is due mainly to the discovery, in 1860, by M. Mariette, of a list of the kings of the second and third dynasties, registered in a tomb at Sakkarah, and known as the "Tablet of Memphis or Sakkarah;" and the no less valuable discovery in 1866 by Mr. Dümichen of the "Sethos Tablet," at Abydos, which gives nearly all the kings of the first dynasty, and supplies many *lacunæ* in the lists of Manetho and in the well-known Tablet of Abydos. Upon the Tablet of Sethos I., that monarch, accompanied by his son Rameses, is represented as rendering homage to his royal predecessors, from Menes downward. The list numbers seventy-six cartouches, and so far as the names admit verification they are arranged in a strictly historical order. The first four dynasties as recorded upon these newly-discovered monuments differ materially from the list of Manetho as preserved by Africanus, but agree more nearly with the list of Eratosthenes, to which both Bunsen and Rougé resort for the correction of Manetho; and the tablets of Memphis and Sethos accord so minutely with each other and with the fragmentary list of the Turin papyrus that the combined authority of these three documents will hardly be disputed. Thus the problem of the historical succession of the kings of Egypt approaches its solution; the data for its final determination are becoming more settled; and when these royal lists shall have been definitely made out, the chronology of the Egyptian empire may be at least proximately ascertained. The probabilities are that the received chronology of the Old Testament, especially for the period from the creation to the time of Abraham, will require to be much extended, though by no means to the degree conjectured by Bunsen and other extremists.

Another result of Egyptological research is the unfolding of the theological and philosophical belief of the ancient Egyptians, especially through the study of the "Funereal Ritual, or Book of the Dead." This remarkable production has been almost a sealed book, partly because of its mystical character, and partly because of the intrinsic difficulties of its construction. Within the past three years, however, great advances have been made toward a full understanding of the design and meaning of the ritual, and the attention of Egyptologers is likely to be concentrated upon it until its contents shall be fully mastered.

The Vicomte de Rougé is now publishing a superb folio edition of "The Ritual," based upon the Turin papyrus, and collated with the papyri of the Louvre. This is accompanied with a partial translation and commentary. Dr. Reinisch, of Vienna, has written a valuable monograph upon the Egyptian funereal monuments in the collection of the Archduke Maximilian at Miramar; Mons. Chabas, Mr. Brugsch, the late Dr. Hincks, and others have furnished translations of important chapters of "The Ritual;" and, within a few weeks, Dr. Samuel Birch has published a translation of the entire book, which is incorporated with Vol. V. of Bunsen's "Egypt's Place in Universal History." Although many passages of the book are still obscure, yet as a key to the religious belief of the Egyptians it possesses a marvellous interest. The original unity and eternity of the Supreme Being, the creation of the world and of all existences by his almighty power, the immortality of the soul, and a future state of rewards and punishments—these and like dogmas found in documents which antedate the sojourn of the Hebrews in Egypt give to the early faith of the Egyptians a remarkable significance among the religions of antiquity. Indeed, one may distinctly trace the influence of the Egyptian belief concerning Elysium and Hades upon the faith of the Greeks and other later nations; and, according to Dr. Birch, the descriptions of Hades in the 149th chapter of the "Book of the Dead," "give an esoteric notion of the nature of the regions of the damned rivalling the cold Hades of a Homer or the hotter hell of a Dante or a Milton."

It does not lie within the province of this article to enumerate the more palpable results of what may be called the pictorial department of Egyptology—the knowledge of manners, customs, arts, rites, wars, buildings, castes, races, etc., derived from the decorations of tombs, palaces, and monuments. But this brief outline of what has been accomplished in interpreting language, in determining history and chronology, and in unfolding religious faith by purely scientific methods, must vindicate the claim of Egyptology to a place among the sciences; and we may indulge the hope that American scholarship will be represented in this field as successfully as in the departments of philology and of the physical sciences.

THE INVISIBLES.*

THE book before us must be judged, though it need not be approached, on the plane of spiritualism. It assumes that there is an after-life, that the departed can and do revisit their old haunts, and give unmistakable signs of their presence, and that they are, in fact, the cause of the phenomena which are attributed to them. Many persons will only need to read the first chapter—a narrative of personal experience—to pronounce the author insane, and to throw down the volume. They will do him a double wrong. Instead of being the crowning example of the pernicious effects of spiritualism upon the human understanding, they will find him, if they will but read to the end, a cautious, well-balanced, sagacious observer, and the most formidable critic that spiritualists have yet had—spiritualism we might have said in place of spiritualists; but the author contends that the spirits have borrowed their theories from the brains of their votaries. Where he diverges from the latter is in the secondary, not the primary, inductions from the phenomena which both acknowledge as real; but this divergence is, the question of immortality apart, fundamental, as respects the practical value of spiritualism or our knowledge of the life to come. Sense he opposes to their nonsense, positiveness (a great quality, even when mistaken) to their vagueness, consistency, finally, to their inconsistency.

We have not a suspicion who the author is. He allows us to know that he is a native of Ohio, and now, or till recently, a banker in this city. From his style, which is very perspicuous but not always grammatical—chiefly when the predicate nominative or accusative and the future tense are to be used—we infer that he is not a practised writer. Of his reading we can only judge within the limited sphere of his subject, and there it seems to have been extensive and discriminating. He is undoubtedly a remarkable "medium"—one, he says, whom the higher class of spirits would consent to employ as their interpreter on earth. His narrative begins in 1863, and his conflict with those spirits whom he does not hesitate to denominate "devils," and who sought to use him for their own purposes, has not apparently terminated to this day. We shall say no more of his experience than that it was very extraordinary, that he pursued his investigations in solitude, and that, by sheer force of will and strength of mind, he succeeded, he says, in opening a communication with his mother and other relatives, who imparted to him as well as they were able, amid great opposition, explanations which confound the doctrines of "circles" hitherto thought to be "well-informed." The deceptions through which he struggled to this fountain-head of truth are

* "The Invisibles: an Explanation of Phenomena commonly called Spiritual." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867. Pp. 331.

the same, he declares, by which thousands are constantly cheated, *i. e.*, personations by unscrupulous spirits of all sorts of characters, according to their convenience—generally of the dead, but sometimes of the living. How he could be certain that after all he was not dealing with a personation, and that his authority for his theory is not another lying angel, the author does not disclose.

The lower class of spirits, he says, are more magnetic than the upper, and can under ordinary circumstances bar them from mundane intercourse. Even should the latter triumph for a moment, they would know that immediately on their withdrawal their friends would be exposed to the grossest deception by their rivals, partly in revenge and partly because the truth is not in these creatures. They have power to influence the mind to believe in their assertions, to confuse the brain, and prevent independent thinking. They spend most of their time here among the mediums, having a much more decided affinity for their former than their present mode of existence. In other times they used to find vent for their earthiness in hauntings and the like; since a Yankee girl had the wit to exorcise them with the alphabet, they have in great measure abandoned the ruder demonstrations. "Only the lowest, vilest, and most unintellectual of the other world have hitherto been able to acquire any considerable control of any one of our world;" and it is "always a devil in control of a medium." Hence the flatness and narrow commonplaceness of their "messages." Spirits in general see the material objects about us imperfectly. They cannot read writing, but they do—which answers the same end—the mind of the writer; nor the title-page of a book. With great difficulty some of his persecutors deciphered the number of a store on Broadway, of which the figures were eight inches high. Our atmosphere is dark to them, and they cannot readily discern where their friends are. In our darkness they see best. They cannot read each other's minds. They have not the gift of prophecy, and can never foresee an event which has not taken place. By reading our minds they can form a more or less accurate judgment of the future from our intentions, and they can impress this judgment, as if an actual occurrence, upon the minds of others.

The invisibles are "spirits" only by courtesy. Their bodies are as substantial as our own, and composed of the same matter. This is true also of their world as compared with ours, the difference between which "consists simply in a different combination or crystallization of the particles of matter." Yet their two substances pass through each other without obstruction. The invisible world extends from the centre of the earth to the verge of our atmosphere, and upon its surface is the proper abode of the departed, so that "heaven" has a mean distance from us of about forty-five miles. But it is not reached at a bound. The popular and spiritual notion of a disembodied spirit, which has an airy but still definite form, and that a somewhat improved likeness of the corporeal, is erroneous. The other world is peopled as the earth was gradually stocked with species—by reproduction from the spiritual germ. Neither Darwin nor Chambers, nor yet the theologian with his "special creation," is right. The races of living things are repeated and perpetuated by natural generation, but each species has in itself the germ of a higher which fructifies only upon the death of the animal, and again only in favorable conditions. Man may possibly thus be the offspring of the monkey, who preceded him on the earth, for this theory permits gaps in the order of the creation which are found (but not satisfactorily accounted for) in the Darwinian sequence. After death, continues our author, the human germ remains half an hour without sign of life, at least to the perception of the spirits. In three days it reaches its former stage of development—if youthful, youthful still; if mature, equally mature. As to the seat of the germ in our body there is no speculation, nor is the pineal gland alluded to. One, purely logical, criticism on this theory suggests itself. The author says he is far from certain that man is the highest animal destined to appear on our globe. If this be so, why have not the lower animals their invisible world for continued existence so long as conditions here are unfavorable to their development into new species? But we are told that their germs perish in such circumstances.

For an ingenious explanation of the various spiritual phenomena, we must refer the reader to the book itself. The author maintains that they have never taken place without the presence of a medium, and many of them—such as certain dreams, the vision of apparitions, etc.—he explains without the *deus ex machinâ*. It is from this latter standpoint especially, and from an unqualified denial of the coexistence of a spiritual with our fleshy body, which it occasionally deserts for a time, that he examines some of the most inexplicable stories that fill the pages of Howitt and Robert Dale Owen ("Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World"). Probably no single work on spiritualism has had so much influence with intellectual minds as that whose title we have just given, but we do not hesitate to say that its argument and its facts are powerfully shaken by the judicial acumen of this nameless critic, who candidly selects those examples which he confesses his theory fails to embrace. In this case he usually, and with good reason, casts doubt upon the narrative. Whether satisfactory or not, the whole chapter is replete with interest, and does credit to the ability and fairness of the author.

NOTES ON THE NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

NO. XVII.

Calk.—Supposed to be from Fr. *calfater*, which is referred to Arabic *galafa*. It is difficult to believe that cal*k* could be derived from cal*f*ater; and if we admit the possibility of such a deduction, we are still met by the improbability of the introduction of an Arabic word into all the European languages, to denote an operation familiar to all Europe before the Arabs or their arts were known to Western civilization. Engelmann, a high authority, believes *calfater* to be derived from Lat. *calefacere, calefactare*, on account of the application of heat in *calking*, or perhaps rather in the accompanying operation of paying, and he thinks that a similar Arabic verb has been borrowed from the European word, not from a native root. Be this as it may, it is capable of documentary proof that the Latin *calcare* was employed in the Middle Ages in the precise sense of *to calk*, and there is therefore a strong presumption that Wedgwood is right in deriving the English *to calk* from the former verb.

Calcare, literally to tread or press with the heel, *calx*, was employed by the ancients in senses closely analogous, though, so far as I know, not identical with E. to *calk;* nor does Du Cange cite any case where *calcare* is so used in M. L. But in a contract of the year 1248, printed in the "Documenti Inediti riguardanti le due Crociate di Ludovico IX.," now in course of publication at Genoa, I find: "Ego martinus calafatus de lembregaria promitto . . . . *calcare* navem tuam . . . . de omni labore pertinenti ad calafatiam" (p. 35); and in a note on the same page, the editor, Belgrano, cites from the eighth book of Guido de Vigevano, "De modo acquirendi et expugnandi terram sanctam," this passage: "Postea fortiter inclaveletur navis super curvis illis, et postea *calchentur* stopino cum cuniis et maciis."

It is probable that our English verb came from the Latin through the French, but there is some difficulty in making out the historical connection, and this arises from the fact that, as first employed, *calfatage* included both *paying* and *calking*, and the various words indicating these different operations seem to have been used almost indiscriminately. The difficulty is increased by the fact that the Old French *calquer* and *chausser* may both be legitimately derived either from *calcare*, to *calk*, or from *calx*, in the sense of lime, which substance was one of the ingredients of a composition used for *paying*. The earliest English example known to me—that in Palsgrave—appears to be equally comprehensive in meaning: "I *calke* a shyppe or bote with towe and pytche, *or* I make them cleane. *Je calfetre.*" The different French texts of Marco Polo give both forms of the verb, *calquer* and *chausser* (*chaucier*), and they, as well as the earliest Italian translation, expressly mention lime mixed with oil and tow or hemp as a material employed in China, instead of pitch, for paying ships. It appears from Lord Macartney's narrative that this practice is still continued in that country. (See Marco Polo, Pauthier's edition, Paris, 1865, p. 535; also the same traveller, in Ramusio, II. 49, *b*, and in the Magliabecchi text, Florence, 1865, pp. 232, 233. See also, *post*, my note on *Pay*, to pitch.)

Camlet.—The Oriental form of this word, *khamlat*, indicates clearly that it is not allied to *camel*, but is derived from a different root, and there are several cognate words, such as *khamail, khamilat*, etc., which are applied only to silk, velvet, or other soft and lustrous fabrics, whether watered or plain. In the early European examples of this word, it signifies similar tissues, as will be seen by the citations collected in my note on *camlet* in the American edition of Wedgwood. Camel's hair is not and never was the raw material of *camlet*, nor is *camlet* necessarily waving or undulated in surface. Belon, edition of 1588, p. 373, describes this stuff as woven from the wool of the Angora goat, and says that *camlets* (*chamelotz*) may be "ondez ou sans ondez," watered or plain.

The error as to the origin of this word has arisen partly from a hasty deduction from apparent similarity of form between our modern spelling *camlet* and *camel*, and partly from a confusion between *camlet* and *camelin*, which latter was a very cheap fabric of coarse wool, possibly mixed with camel's hair. *Camlet*, or, as it was formerly written, in accordance with etymology, *chamlet*, is usually enumerated among the finest and costliest tissues, though it is not always discriminated from *camelin;* and on the other hand *camelin* is sometimes employed where *camlet* is meant. Thus, St. Louis ordered Joinville to purchase a hundred pieces of *camelin* of differ-

ent colors, "to give to the Cordeliers when we should come again to France." This must have been the coarse fabric, for the Cordeliers wore no other. See Joinville, edition of Michaud and Poujoulat, p. 297. On the other hand, in a passage on p. 179 of the same volume, a man of humble origin is blamed for abandoning the simple dress of his father, and wearing "a richer *camelin* than the king himself," while on page 184 the king is spoken of as dressed in "une cote de *chamelot*." Probably the confusion is in part due to the carelessness of copyists, and in any event, whatever may be the origin of the word *camelin, camlet* is certainly not cognate with *camel*. In a note on p. 188 of F. Michel's edition of Joinville, Paris, 1859, the editor notices the distinction between the two words, and refers to his "Récherches sur le commerce, la fabrication et l'usage des étoffes de soie," etc., Vol. II., pp. 48–51, but I have not been able to consult that work.

Can (or *gan*), began, in Old English. In many if not most of the cases where this word occurs, it has lost its original meaning, and has become a simple auxiliary or sign of the past tense corresponding to our present use of *did*. In the passage cited from Spenser,

"With gentle words he *can* her fairly greet,"

the sense is not, he *began* to greet her, but simply he greeted or did greet her.

Carafe.—This is an Oriental word, and is in all probability the same as *carboy*, which, as I have shown in the note on the latter word in the American edition of Wedgwood, is indisputably Persian.

Carboy.—See note in the American edition of Wedgwood.

Caster.—A phial or cruet for condiments; a set of rude cruets; a frame containing a set of casters; a small wheel or roller on which frames or sets of casters were mounted, the name being afterwards transferred to similar rollers or swivels for bedsteads, chairs, sofas, and the like.

I have never met with any attempt to explain the origin of this word, but two etymologies occur to me as possible. Sets or stands of *casters* were often made in the general form of a mediæval *castle*, and such may still be seen in old sets of table silver. *Castle* would easily be corrupted into *caster*, and the name of the stand transferred to both the single phials and the rollers on which the whole apparatus was moved.

I prefer, however, a different derivation. Phials with perforated tops, like the present pepper-cruets, were used in the sixteenth and following centuries for sprinkling rose-water and other fluid perfumes, and were called "*casting* bottles." The form and mode of using being substantially the same, vessels for condiments naturally took the same name. This name, in the form of a *set of casters*, was next applied to the frame or stand which contained the phials, and finally to the rollers on which such frames were mounted. The subsequent application of the same designation to similar rollers for other pieces of furniture is perfectly natural.

Admitting this derivation to be the true one, as I have no doubt it is, it is a good illustration both of the caprices of etymology and of the importance of attention to the actual history of words. By what I have called transcendental etymology—the theoretical deduction of forms and meanings from known or supposed roots of special significance—we could never have learned that a roller, swivel, or cylindrical wheel for a sofa took its name from that of a phial used for sprinkling apartments, clothing, and other objects with perfumed water; but when we trace the biography of the word, we find that its descent from its supposed ancestor, and all its changes of meaning, are perfectly legitimate.

Cater, to cut in a diagonal direction. For this word and its definition Halliwell is cited, but the phrase *to cut catering*, though very common in New England, especially with reference to cutting cloth obliquely, is not noticed by the editors of Webster or by Bartlett. I have often heard it pronounced *quartering*, a form which suggests a possible, perhaps a probable, etymology for the word. Palsgrave, p. 829, col. a, has *a katerwayng* as an adverbial phrase, and gives *agars*—a word which I have not met with in French literature or lexicons, but which is probably the Celtic *gwyr*, across—as the French equivalent. It is highly probable that the first element in *katerwayng* is the same as the more modern *cater*. Worcester quotes Carr's "Craven Dialect" as authority for *catty* or *cater*-cornered, diagonal, and observes, as is indeed the fact, that this expression is common in the United States.

Clapper, an enclosed place for rabbits to burrow in. This word the editors derive from Fr. *se clapir*, to squat, to conceal one's self. Cotgrave's definition of Fr. *clapier*, "a heap of stones whereunto they [the coneys] retire themselves," is considered by Wedgwood, and I have no doubt rightly, as suggesting the true etymology. Wherever French or Gallo-Italic dialects are spoken on the flanks of the Alps, and even in Dauphiné and Provence, *clapier, clapié, clapé, clapeira*, etc., is the general name for heaps of stone, and especially for large accumulations of rocks which have fallen from the mountains, and are favorite retreats of the wild rabbit, hare, or coney. The M. L. *claperiam, claperia*, had before the fourteenth century this meaning only, though later it acquired that of the Fr. *clapier*. (See Littré.) The root of *clapier* is *clap*, which in several of those dialects signifies a stone, or a hard lump.

A Painter's Camp. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. In Three Books. Book I. in England, Book II. in Scotland, Book III. in France. (Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1867.)—Mr. Hamerton published in 1862 a book in two volumes, and rather complex in nature, called "A Painter's Camp in the Highlands, and Thoughts about Art." The first volume contained the record of his experiences in trying to paint minutely and accurately from nature, with the aid of an ingenious hut with plate-glass windows, and a surpassingly safe and steady double-tube boat, on whose broad deck the hut was sometimes set up. The second volume was devoted to essays upon topics connected with the fine arts. More recently, the author has separated this work into two, avowing his previous wish to try to float the "Thoughts" by tacking them to the adventures and experiences of the "Camp." The book before us is a reprint of the more popular and generally interesting part. To the matter of the first volume is added several interesting chapters about some aspects of life in France not often touched upon by travellers who write for the public. The whole is an unusually interesting book of travel, with enough generally well-put discussion of art to benefit decidedly those who will read it.

The careful word-pictures of scenery are very interesting. They are not poetical, and therefore not wholly satisfactory, but they are suggestive. Mr. Hamerton has for a long time been a purely topographical painter with the brush, and here has tried to practise his art with the pen. These and his poem, "The Isles of Loch Awe," show the painter to us who have never seen any of his own handiwork on paper or canvas.

In this book, at least, he shows to better advantage as a shrewd and kindly observer of life and manners than in any other way. He is not, and does not try to be, profound; but he is a liberal-minded Englishman, and sees things that his countrymen do not often see, and sees that they do not see them. His chapters about Burgundy and Sens are very good reading, slight and unimportant as they are, and though he has told so little of the much he might have told, what he has told may be taken as very accurately true, and not colored by the spectacles of nationality and language. It will be well if those who read and enjoy this book are induced by it to read the author's much more important writings upon the fine arts, many of which are very valuable. They are so little entertaining that few persons not painters seem to care for his papers in the last volume of *The Art Journal*, for instance; but painters like them very much, and all who care for pictures may get instruction from them.

Emanuel Swedenborg as a Philosopher and Man of Science. By Rudolph Leonard Tafel, P.D. (Chicago: E. B. Myers & Chandler.)—We said, two months ago, in reviewing the theological works of Swedenborg, that "no one familiar with his books can doubt that they furnish to future speculation—religious, scientific, or philosophic—a storehouse of facts and experiences inestimably precious." The aim of the volume before us is to establish this proposition in its last two divisions. Curiously enough the editor—we cannot call him author—has adopted the plan of simply reprinting his scrap-book, as it were, in which he has for years been gathering every testimony to the greatness of Swedenborg. To the common mind the impression would have been quite as strong if Dr. Tafel had contented himself with publishing the chapter in which he catalogues his subject's writings, and which no person can read without doing homage to so universal a mind. Indeed, when one considers the paucity of the followers of Swedenborg, and the almost universal conception of him as a theological leader like Calvin and Wesley and Fox, it is something to make it known that he invented the air-tight stove, let alone other discoveries attributed to him in physiology, astronomy, medicine, chemical physics, etc., etc. We cannot help thinking, however, that the effect of this summary of opinion is seriously impaired by the want of discrimination in putting it together. Let us confess that, whether of persons or of periodicals, an opinion delivered twenty years ago is not, in the domain of science, unquestionable authority, since something has probably been learned in the interval; and let us further doubt the prudence of advocating the superiority of Swedenborg by saying that, as he predicted, "the sciences *were* carried to the tomb, where they *now* are buried, with the mind their subject, in the small dust of modern experience"! And is science, albeit truly in these days "infinite division," "a mist of hypotheses crawling along the ground, and making every step uncer-

tain and perilous"? Or again, such truisms as this—a not surprising conclusion for a review written in 1845—what value have they now for confirmation, enlightenment, or conviction?—"We honestly declare that, be its merits [Swedenborg's *Animal Kingdom*] great or none, or in whatever intermediate category it be placed, it stands alone amid scientific writings, and is a monument, at any rate, of the persistent daring and originality of Swedenborg."

It is also unfortunate for Dr. Tafel's purpose that he allows glimpses of the excess of some disciples in claiming originality for their master. He is himself obliged to call to account one of his principal contributors, Mr. Beswick, when he asserts with confidence that Swedenborg declared the composition of air, whereas if you grant him his oxygen, his nitrogen is not beyond dispute—which reminds us that this instance, like several others, proves that obscurity which the compiler denies does attach to the doctrines of Swedenborg. You cannot have a difference of interpretation without obscurity, and the moment there arises this difference, it is easier to insist on your view than to get it respected. Concerning this whole controversy as to what Swedenborg taught, understood, or foreshadowed, the remarks of F. W. Robertson are worth recalling:

"Much of the beauty that is laid to Shakespeare's charge is too far-fetched to have been intended by him. Mrs. Jameson errs in this respect, and so do the Germans. . . . Such critics do with Shakespeare what Swedenborg did with the Bible—inform it with themselves and their own sentiments and philosophy; or as the wolf did with Baron Munchausen's horse, began at his tail, and ate into him until the Baron drove the wolf home, harnessed in the skin of the horse. Certainly Shakespeare was 'a million-minded man,' if he was conscious of the innumerable philosophies and psychological truths which his million critics have found in every trifling word and sentence."

Dr. Tafel announces a future complete American edition of Swedenborg's works. If they are as beautifully and correctly printed as this forerunner, they will be a creditable addition to any library.

Liber Librorum: Its Structure, Limitations, and Purposes. A Friendly Communication to a reluctant Sceptic. (New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867.)—A religious book without a Latin title will soon be a rarity if the rage for this novelty continues. We have had "Ecce Homo" and "Ecce Deus" and "Deus Homo" and "Credibilia," and now we have "Liber Librorum." It is a good "dodge," and cheats the newspapers out of one-half their advertisements. There is evidently a good deal in a name despite the ancient question. Had the title of this book been simply "The Bible," it would probably not have sold so well as it now does by one-half. It is an earnest, anxious, and, in the main, good-tempered book. But it gets very much enraged with ritualism, and hits at it very hard. It has more patience with scepticism than with Papal tendencies. It takes for granted what is very commonly denied, that the scepticism of the present is not wilful and outrageous, but reluctant and religious. The author is probably an Anglican churchman of the Broad Church type. The writers whom he quotes with greatest favor are Stanley, Maurice, and others of their stripe of thought. But, though an Anglican, he seems to be no lover of the Established Church as at present organized, and, in a note to his work, argues at some length in favor of a separation of the Episcopal Church from the state, and the establishment of a new national church upon the basis of "the Apostles' Creed and such portions of the Book of Common Prayer as are in harmony therewith." Upon the question of Biblical inspiration, with which our author principally deals, he takes a middle ground. Defending, on the one hand, the supreme authority of the Scriptures in respect to all questions of religious faith, and insisting on their permanent and indispensable superiority above all other books as composed by men divinely aided and inspired; on the other hand, he argues that the "bibliolatry" which idolizes the letter of the Scriptures is against the claims of the Scriptures themselves, and rejects "the narrowness of that theological dogmatism" which puts its own meanings into the language of the Bible, and insists that they were there from the beginning. The book has evidently been prepared in haste; it is not written carefully. There are some things which the author had better settle for himself before attempting to assist the doubts of others. To the solution of the problems of the time its contribution is scarcely appreciable. But its earnestness may well be copied, and its candor ought certainly to be commended.

The Romance of the Age. By Edward E. Dunbar. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)—Mr. Dunbar succeeds better in his narration than in his philosophic and pious reflections, and his narrative itself would be better if it kept a closer grip upon its subject. But the booklet is interesting and its object is excellent. It seeks, by a short biography of John A. Sutter, the Californian pioneer, now old and poor, to awaken a patriotic, generous, and practical sympathy for him in the hearts of the thousands who are sharing the splendid and substantial results of his discovery. To this end it tells in undress English how Captain Sutter, after the failure (through Providential causes) of his Swiss colony in Missouri, struck for California by way of New Mexico, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands; then, against great obstacles of man and elements, built his fort near Sacramento—there, with his cattle and corn, liberally relieving the starved emigrant bands and giving livelihood to hundreds in his mills and fields; the lord of a broad territory, which was roamed by his beeves and mules and swine and sheep in thousands; the commander of a national fort; then, when the gold invasion burst in, robbed of all his stock, deserted by his hundreds of workmen, disappointed in his immense crops, and at length driven from his very home; afterwards paying enormous costs to recover his property from the thousand lawless squatters, but at the last appeal suffering judgment against himself for the better half of it; then losing all the remainder in making good his warrantees upon the portion decreed away from him. With this narrative are interwoven chapters on the English and the Mormon attempts upon California, just five minutes behind the universal Yankees; on the establishment of the Pacific line of steamers just at the critical moment, and the trials and perils of the first trip.

Carmina Yalensia. A complete and accurate collection of Yale College songs, with piano accompaniment. Compiled and arranged by Ferd. V. D. Garretson. (New York: Taintor Brothers.)—The only other collection of college songs with which we are familiar is one published in 1860 by Russell & Tolman, of Boston, and compiled by a student of Harvard College. University pride could not make Harvard a singing *Burschenschaft*, and only 17 songs were claimed for the institution by Mr. Stevens. To Yale he allotted 19, and to Williams and Dartmouth about 10 each. In Mr. Garretson's narrower but more voluminous list we find nearly 100 songs, though by no means all representing as many different tunes. Four of them are among the seventeen that Harvard has appropriated as peculiar to herself, and fourteen are found in the Yale department of the Tolman edition. From the not infrequent exchange of students between the two colleges, it is not surprising that certain songs should be naturalized in both. The "Carmina" is very clearly printed and very substantially bound, and we should think would meet with a ready sale in the colleges of all the States. We need not say that, except in the Latin songs, neither of the collections we have been comparing has anything in common with the delightful "Commersbuch" of the German students.

A Political Manual for 1866 *and* 1867. By Edward McPherson, Clerk of the United States House of Representatives. (Washington. 1867.)—In announcing this compilation we bore witness to the industry and impartiality of the editor, and now that the work is out "we have the honor," in mercantile parlance, "to confirm our last." Executive, Legislative, Judicial, Politico-military, and General Facts, which could be included between the dates April 15, 1865 (ever memorable!), and April 1, 1867, are here recorded and classified, and whoever wishes to vote intelligently on State or national questions will here find material for correct judgment of men and parties. The President and his administration are fully delineated; the reconstructed States "as they were" and reconstruction as it is, the resolutions of conventions, the votes of States, the opinions of the Supreme Court on *habeas corpus*, the test oath, and the Mississippi injunction case, find their proper place in the contents. Since there is no light like the light of facts, when diffused among an intelligent and thinking people, we are glad to hear of the widespread circulation of this manual, especially at the South.

Dime Hand-Book of Riding and Driving. (New York: Beadle & Co.)—We suppose if hand-books of riding are to be sold for ten cents, no American publisher, though he may have his hand-book "prepared expressly for the Dime series," will do anything more costly than have it "prepared" by borrowing right and left from English treatises on the subjects. That these are not precisely adapted to all the wants of the American rider, that our school of riding is, in several important particulars, different from the English, everybody knows, but no one would guess that the fact is so from looking over this little work. It is, however, good of its kind, and the chapter on "Female Horsemanship" is adapted to the needs of our country women as well as of their cousins across the water.

A Manual of the Law of Fixtures. By John W. Hill, counsellor-at-law. (New York: Baker, Voorhis & Co. 1867.)—In this little book we find a very neatly arranged statement of the elementary principles of the law of fixtures, showing, by reference to the leading cases, what articles are deemed fixtures so as to pass with the land, as between heir and executor, landlord and tenant, etc. It is not intended as a substitute for the larger treatises on the subject, but will be found very useful to the student, and to lawyers who desire in a few words an exposition of the principal rules of American law upon the points involved.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE NEW TYPE OF STATESMAN.

AN amusing account of a visit to Senator Wade, at his home at Ashtabula, Ohio, appeared the other day in the Cincinnati *Commercial*, and has been widely copied, describing that gentleman's personal habits, mode of life, tastes, peculiarities, opinions, and expectations, and winding up with a cordial recommendation of him for the Presidency. Mr. Wade has now been for some time talked of for this office, and the letter in *The Commercial*, besides being an entertaining piece of personal gossip, is undoubtedly also a contribution to the usual work of preparing the public for his nomination—a kind of work which is done for candidate after candidate with the most singular simplicity and earnestness, although it hardly ever produces any result. We notice the letter, therefore, not because we believe it, or anything like it, can seriously affect Mr. Wade's political fortunes one way or the other, but because it contains an excellent sketch of a type of statesman which, though it would perhaps be inaccurate to call it new, is every year becoming more and more pronounced. The production of this type is partly due to a reaction against the European ideal of the public man, which prevailed during the earlier stage of the Government, and which held sway till within a few years—the polished, regularly educated, cautious, somewhat timid, formal, punctilious, rather unsympathetic personage, precise in his language, careful in his dress, distrustful of popular enthusiasm, and strongly influenced by the traditions and tone of thought of old societies. With one or two exceptions the presidential chair and the prominent offices of Government were filled by such men down to 1860. They were all Eastern men, or Western men of the Eastern type, bred in Eastern habits of thought and moulded by Eastern standards of propriety, however plain or simple their lives or humble their origin.

It is partly due also to the immense and rapid growth of the West during the last twenty years—a growth which has ended, as everybody now sees and acknowledges, in the departure of political power from the Eastern States, and which has for some years back been communicating to the language, manners, and thought of the political world in Washington what, from the "genteel" point of view, might be called a worse tone, but which we shall content ourselves with calling a rougher, freer tone—a tone marked by all but complete disregard of the Old World measures of excellence or desirableness. It is due also in some degree to the long absorption of the public in the anti-slavery struggle—a struggle so entirely moral in its nature that moral excellence—in other words, fidelity to principle—was, during its existence, almost the only excellence exacted of politicians in the Republican party. Training or knowledge of political science was of little or very inferior importance.

The new type first made its appearance distinctly and unmistakably in Mr. Lincoln. The Eastern public has undergone so many greater shocks since then, and he himself proved such a transcendent moral and mental success, that people have forgotten the disagreeableness of the impression made by his manners and looks when he first presented himself to the world as the President elect. They have forgotten, too, the painful surprise occasioned by the revelations which were made during the first year of his term of office of his total ignorance of conventional rules, and, in fact, of all knowledge of "the world" beyond what may be acquired in an Illinois village. He *grew* so rapidly, however, his grasp of great principles was so firm, the issues he had to meet were so simple, direct, and clear cut, his tone of mind was so elevated, and his written and spoken style had so much of that greatest of all marks of high cultivation, directness and simplicity, that long before he died his mental defects were more than forgiven and overlooked. In fact, by a process of reasoning which is very old, and in politics very common, his good qualities came to be regarded not as the results of natural force, but as the consequences of the peculiarities of his early training. A vague impression was diffused before he died that a youth passed in rail-splitting or working flat-boats was not simply a valuable experience, but a very good, if not the best, preparation for the presidency. Regular training in schools or in cultivated society began to fall into disrepute, and, in spite of the testimony to the value of education offered by the war, there can hardly be a doubt that we came out of it with somewhat diminished reverence for schools and books on the part of a large number of persons.

During the year 1865 we began to hear, for the first time in American history, expressions of contempt for education as a qualification for political duties from Northern orators, lecturers, and clergymen, and glorifications of common sense and the "natural man" in terms very like those used by Southern revilers of "free society" in old times. When Mr. Johnson was elected to the Vice-Presidency, he was himself so impressed with the political value of his early ignorance and obscurity that he publicly bragged of it at the inauguration, and we all remember how, during the following year, he dosed us with accounts of it. His career has, however, done much to cause a reaction. He has succeeded in making people doubt whether it is a good thing for a possible President to reach years of discretion without knowing how to read, and whether the company within the reach of an ignorant working tailor is, after all, the kind of social influence which is best fitted to shape the character of a man who has to manage, even for four years, the affairs of a great people. In fact, we are getting back to our earlier and better faith, that nobody who is to fill a high official position can have too much at the outset of his career of every kind of influence that softens, civilizes, enlightens, and refines. Many of the influences of Western and Southwestern life are hardening and strengthening; but it is safe to say that there is nothing the typical American character needs less than hardening or strengthening. It is strong and hard in its very fibre; it is full of push and energy. These things are now inbred in the American nature, and there is, therefore, no need whatever that boys destined for a political career should pass their most teachable age as deck-hands or farm-laborers. The one valuable thing which men acquire from lowly beginnings is sympathy with poverty and friendlessness; but, constituted as American society is, it is safe to say that no man will ever attain high political positions who has not got this, or does not successfully affect it.

We learn from the correspondent of *The Commercial* that Mr. Wade loves to tell long stories of his early cattle-driving, canal-digging, and wood-chopping, and he "passes hours" in this improving occupation during the Congressional vacation. His library consists entirely of public documents, maps, and charts of the United States, so that of the wisdom there is to be found in Congressional debates and reports of Congressional committees we may be sure he is full. He reads the Cincinnati papers, the New York *Tribune*, *Independent*, and the Cleveland *Leader* carefully, we suppose to correct and clarify what he gets out of the "public documents." His other periodical reading is *The Westminster Review* and *Harper's Monthly*. "Mother Goose" was recently purchased for him by his wife, and he was so delighted with it that he learnt it all by heart. He also likes Nasby's letters, but keeps these for perusal in the family circle. He swears frightfully when in a rage, but always apologizes for "any wrong done unintentionally." He hates butter and grease, is fond of sport, and had only seven days' schooling in his life. This some people may think was a great disadvantage to him; but that would be an antiquated fallacy, inasmuch as at the age of twenty-one, mark you, "he had read a vast number of books, mastered Euclid, and was *well versed in philosophy and science*." Nor was this the result of hard, unintermitted study without the aid of a master. On the contrary, it was accomplished by a young man who was engaged all day in the heaviest physical toil, and whose reading of the Bible even had to be performed in the evening by the light of pine torches. No wonder the correspondent pronounces him "the best informed man now in public life in this country." Algebra he found very difficult, but he "mastered it," though working on a farm at the time, and though he had "to read it over fifty times without understanding it," and though he used to

spend hours when following the plough thinking over the algebraic signs "without being able to make anything out of them." A man who, without the aid of a teacher, and in hours snatched from hard manual labor, makes himself "well versed in philosophy and science" before the age of twenty-one, may well be believed to stand higher than any of his countrymen in the realms of knowledge, and to be conscious of his superiority. But Mr. Wade acknowledges that even he has not reached the top of the glorious tree; in its very "flowering crest" who should be perched, according to him, but Horace Greeley, and "he," says Mr. Wade, "has *more knowledge on all subjects* than any man in this country!"

As neither of these great lights ever received any regular training of any kind, and as Mr. Wade's difficulties with algebra and the present quality of his literary pursuits show that he is not a person of extraordinary powers, it is no wonder that there is a widespread belief that school and college training in youth is not only not necessary for politicians, but it is not necessary for anybody. What Messrs. Greeley and Wade accomplished in the intervals of physical labor ordinary boys may very well accomplish by an occasional use of their leisure, without any master. In view of their accomplishments, what can be more useless and absurd than the regular educational machinery?

One other advantage which, in the opinion of a large class, "self-taught men" have over the poor hot-house plants produced in the schools and colleges, is that they are almost all, like Mr. Wade, "original thinkers"—that is, they make wonderful discoveries and produce new and startling ideas. As a general rule, it is true, whatever is valuable in their discoveries has been known for ages, but then this does not lessen the credit due to them for lighting upon it, and the consciousness which they all the while carry along with them that they are the first explorers of an unknown region naturally develops in them the bold and energetic cast of mind with which we are made so familiar in Congressional debates and reports of Congressional committees, and to which we owe so many startling novelties in finance, political economy, and, in fact, in the whole science of politics. The poor, educated man, on the contrary, goes crawling along, demoralized by the proofs which his pitiless instructors every day lay before him of the vastness of the field of truth which other men and other ages have laid open, and is soon overpowered by a horrible sense of his own feebleness and deficiencies. If he goes into public life, therefore, he is either made timid and cautious by what he knows of the result of the experiments recorded in history, or by his familiarity with great principles evolved by the working of other minds, and approaches great questions with a feeble and faltering step. The self-taught man, however, like Mr. Wade, takes any bull he meets by the horns, mounts the stump, and disposes of the most puzzling problems, such as the relations of labor and capital, in a few sentences. No wonder "he is considered one of our grandest public men." We ought not to pass from Mr. Wade, however, without complimenting him on his magnanimity in calling the co-operative system "Mr. Greeley's plan." This generosity of great minds towards each other is very touching, but it is right to say that the co-operative system is as much Mr. Greeley's plan as the application of steam to inland navigation. He is, we believe, a friend of both plans; but the co-operative system, like the steam-engine, was known and had been worked in various parts of the world while Mr. Greeley was still struggling in the earlier stages of the art of walking.

We find in the report on the organization of the new Cornell University, by Mr. Andrew D. White, the following startling passage; speaking of the necessity of a department of "jurisprudence, political and social science, and history," he says:

> "We believe that the state and nation are constantly injured by their chosen servants, who lack the simplest rudiments of knowledge which such a department could supply. No one can stand in any legislative position and not be struck with the frequent want in men, otherwise strong and keen, of the simplest knowledge of the principles essential to the public welfare. Of technical knowledge of law and of practical acquaintance with business the supply is always plentiful; but it is very common that in deciding great public questions exploded errors in political and social science are revamped, fundamental principles of law disregarded, and the plainest teachings of history ignored."

What *can* he mean?

THE WORKING-MEN AND POLITICIANS.

Mr. Wade has denied to the correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* that, when he said "that property was not equally divided, and a more equal distribution of capital must be wrought out, that the Congress which had done so much for the slave cannot quietly regard the terrible distinction between the man that labors and him that does not," he meant that a more equal distribution of property ought to be made by legislation. Of this, he says, he perceives the absurdity as clearly as anybody. On being pressed by the correspondent, however, for a remedy for the state of things which he deplored, he said he had no very distinct idea of any remedy, but thought, on the whole, co-operation was the best. The discovery of this remedy he ascribed to Mr. Horace Greeley, and as he savagely abused "Conservatives" in his speech at Lawrence for their indifference to the cause of the working-man, we are bound to presume that he believes "Conservatives" to be opposed to co-operation, which will be new to the rest of the public.

Many people will be satisfied with this explanation, and it is a pity it did not come sooner, but it is hardly sufficient. There are many ways of grossly violating private rights, under pretence of helping the working-classes, without providing for a redistribution of goods. Mr. Wade does not say that he is opposed to legislative interference under any form with the relations of labor and capital. On the contrary, the analogy, as regards the case they present for Congressional interference, which he drew between the condition of Southern slaves and that of the working-men, warranted and still warrants us in believing that he thinks that not only may the legislature regulate labor, but Congress may do it. And yet nothing can be more mischievous or more unfortunate than for public men to entertain or encourage any such idea. There is no question that the working-man's condition cannot and ought not to remain what it now is; that the traces of servitude which ages of ignorance and oppression have left in it must ere long be removed; and that the condemnation of the larger proportion of the population of every country to constant toil for fixed wages, and those wages very little greater than are sufficient to supply coarse food and coarse clothing, which the present hiring system involves, must cease, if real progress is to be made in civilization. The world has in the last hundred years made enormous advances in its producing power, and the means of enjoyment, both physical and mental, have been greatly increased; but only a very small portion of the resulting advantages have fallen to the lot of the working-classes.

Now, it cannot be too often repeated that all change for the better in their position must come from themselves. Nothing but a miracle would ever permanently increase their well-being except an increase in their share of the products of industry, and this increase can only come either from a decrease in their numbers in proportion to the quantity of capital seeking investment, or from a successful combination amongst themselves not to work for less than a certain rate of wages. Anybody who tells them that there are other means than these of raising their wages, is either talking of what he does not understand or seeking to impose on their simplicity; and any politician who tells them that he can help them by active legislative measures, that is, measures which seek to make master or workman do things he does not want to do, we may be sure is either a charlatan or an ignoramus. There is only one source, and will be only one source, from which wages can come, unless Providence should send us manna or quails or make the earth produce her fruits without sowing or reaping, and that is from the joint product of labor and capital; and the rate of wages at any particular time or place will depend on how this is divided. If laborers are few or the laborers possess great powers of combination, the laborer will receive a large share of it; if the laborers are plenty and, in addition to this, are ignorant and improvident, as they have hitherto been in all ages, they will receive a small share of it. If they choose to work hard, the product will be large; if they choose to work little—only eight hours instead of ten, for instance—the product will be proportionately smaller and their wages proportionately less, even if they receive the same sum in money; for prices of all commodities will, of course, rise. No legislature can permanently change or affect these laws any more than it could change the hour of the ebb and flow of the tide—and this

is what makes the late eight-hour legislation such a disgraceful farce. The duty of the legislator with regard to labor and capital is very simple. It consists in abolishing and removing every statute, custom, or regulation which interferes with the entire liberty of the capitalist or laborer, which tempts or forces him into doing what, in the absence of such statute, custom, or regulation, he would not do, or prevents him from doing what his individual judgment prompts him to do.

This is doubly the duty of the American legislator—for if this country have any mission beyond that of supplying food and clothing to an indefinite number of animals, it is the development of the individual man, the securing for him, as far as his mental and moral constitution will allow, the mastery of his own destiny, and the submission to his individual judgment of all the problems of his existence to solve them as best he can. The function of the law here, at least, is to see that each man in the pursuit of wealth does not interfere with his neighbor's comfort and safety; it is not, and ought not to be, the function of the law to tell him how many hours he ought to work or how much wages he ought to get, or into what business he ought to go; and there are peculiarities in a democratic government which render its blunders, when it attempts to deal with subjects of this kind, worse and more mischievous than the blunders of any other form of government. The principle on which governments in all other countries have been based since the world began is that the government ought to take care of the individual; the theory on which this government is based is that each individual in the regulation of his own conduct is wiser than any government is likely to be. This may be a mistaken theory, but we protest against the abandonment of the experiment before the republic has been a century in existence, and before a fourth of the continent is settled.

Whatever the working-men can get by voluntary combination among themselves, so as to supply to each man the strength to bargain with his employer on fair terms, that they have a right to. If, through an instrumentality of this kind, they press for twice as large a share of profits as they are now receiving, or for a reduction in the hours of labor, or for any other modification in their relations to capitalists, we have not a word to say. We think the strong desire on their part which is now manifest in every direction for higher pay and more leisure is a most encouraging sign of real moral progress, and they have just as much right to combine for the gratification of this desire as the capitalist to invest his money in the stock of a corporation. But a working-man, as a member of a combination, preserves his individuality, and acts under the guidance of his own intelligence and his own power of self-restraint and his own fidelity to his fellows. All his highest qualities are called into play in the maintenance of the "unions" which are now everywhere making such a terrible stir amongst the dry bones of the modern commercial system. He thinks, debates, foresees, waits, hopes, contrives, refrains, sacrifices, gives; in short, he plays the part of a free agent. But once pass a law deciding for what sum and for how many hours he shall work, and set the police to see that he obeys it, and you carry him back two hundred years. He becomes once more the *protégé* of the state, and his sole duty is to obey and not to think. The danger of combinations just at the present crisis is that the great economical ignorance of the members may lead to the abuse of their power and to the pursuit of the unattainable, and consequently to the temporary derangement of industry and diminution of production, or even to the perpetration of injustice. But for this we know no remedy except experience and education. Society must suffer the consequences of its own ignorance and shortcomings, and for the remediable defects of the working-man's mind or character, whatever they may be, society at large is as fairly and fully responsible as for any other social ill. Whether we see the justice of this responsibility or not, we know it exists, and we know of nothing which plays a more useful part in civilization. The more the well-educated suffer from the ignorance of the ignorant, the sooner will ignorance disappear.

PETER'S PENCE.

When the magnificent Pope Leo X. wanted money to build the Church of St. Peter, at Rome, he, in the innocence of his heart, resorted to a method which, though never popular, had been used with effect before. When we mention Monk Tetzel and his drum, the method is indicated with sufficient distinctness. The multitude of the people fell into line obediently, and swelled handsomely the building fund for the sake of getting their sins proportionably remitted. But, unfortunately for Leo, one Martin Luther had his soul stirred within him, and raised a counter clamor so indignant and so strong that the influx of money considerably slackened, and a very different sort of influx set in towards the Holy See. Owing to that method of "raising the wind," the Church of St. Peter became about the most expensive edifice that ever was put up. Besides the gold and silver it cost, the owners had to pay for it sundry rich principalities, a goodly kingdom or two, the crowns of several potentates, imperial, ducal, princely, and other, the temporal allegiance of some manly nations, and the spiritual allegiance of a good many hundred thousand of loyal subjects who thenceforth, instead of seeking salvation in the Church, thought their chance of salvation improved the further away from the Church they got.

That experiment is hardly worth repeating. But it takes a great deal of experience to beget a very little wisdom, and we are not so much surprised as aggrieved that American politicians are willing to try it again. That they *are* willing is, unhappily, too evident to be doubted. For several years it has been the custom of the party in power in New York to bestow pecuniary and other favors on the Roman Catholics. The sums thus given out of the public treasury, which the people's earnings fill, were for a long time too insignificant to provoke comment. But within a year or so they have been immense. It is true that appropriations have been made to other sectarian organizations. The Episcopalians have had something; the Jews have had a trifle; miscellaneous evangelical bodies have picked up a few crumbs. But all this together is so small that it only throws out into bolder relief the patronage bestowed on the Catholics. Twenty years ago the Common Council of New York city leased to the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum two entire blocks of ground on Fifth Avenue, between Fifty-first and Fifty-second Streets, for ninety-nine years, at the rate of *one dollar per annum*. On one of these lots stands the asylum; on the other is rising the cathedral which may be as disastrous to the Church as St. Peter's itself was. Twenty years ago that land was comparatively cheap; it is now worth not less than a million of dollars. Last year the Catholic Church received for "charitable" objects $45,674 14. This year it has already received $80,000, and will undoubtedly receive from the Common Council $100,000 more. An immense building to accommodate a Roman Catholic fair has for several weeks obstructed travel on our most beautiful and most frequented public square.

This money is all given ostensibly and explicitly for charitable purposes. But that considerations of benevolence do not suggest the appropriations is perfectly clear from the fact that Protestant institutions of charity, though numerous and needy, get nothing, and must either live as they can or die. Nobody is simple enough to believe that religious considerations have the least weight; for why should Protestants be so generous to a faith they profess to fear? It is no calumny to say that these grants of money and land are simply bribes to secure the Irish vote in the city of New York. Now, the Irish vote is a very important matter. Again and again it has decided momentous elections. It is drilled, organized, massed, and can be thrown with resistless weight upon a given point. Time after time it has been used to defeat Republican candidates and causes; to baffle attempts at municipal reform; to sustain municipal corruptions, and to carry the measures of a sham Democracy against the intelligence and moral sense of the community. The Republicans naturally would like to get these heavy battalions on their side. They are mercenaries who are ready to transfer allegiance for spoils, and would be quite as willing to charge for Christian as for Turk, if the Christian would pay more.

The Irish vote is worth a great deal for party purposes. Two or three hundred thousand dollars a year well invested in Catholic securities is a moderate price to pay for it. A million of dollars would not be dear if that were all. The people did not grudge the money for the splendid temple which was to make their city the wonder of the world once more, and draw pilgrims from all parts of the earth to Rome. It was something beside the gold and silver that made them pause. The Irish vote may be worth much brick and mortar and the choicest corner

lots, but is it worth the indignation of the people, which is certain to be roused sooner or later by the gross misuse of their property and by the burden of illegal taxation? Is it worth the direct violation of our principle, that all forms of religion shall stand on a footing of perfect equality, shall be supported by voluntary contributions alone, and shall be entirely independent of the patronage of the state? Is it worth the open scandal brought upon republican institutions by the scarcely disguised introduction of bribery into politics? Is it worth the permanent demoralization of an immense class of citizens who are made to feel that not their intelligence but their stupidity is the thing desired, their custom not their consciences, their vice, in a word, and not their virtue? Is it worth the encouragement given to the lowest order of the population to think themselves of supreme value as an element of power in the city? Is it worth the consequence of flinging a gratuitous insult in the face of all the Protestant sects? Is it worth the risk of provoking an anti-Catholic excitement among the "evangelical" bodies that would bring reproach on the whole cause of religion, rouse the sectarian spirit to frenzy, and lead to scenes of violence that would disgrace our civilization? Religion is a dangerous weapon to use for political purposes, and if history furnishes any grounds for prophecy, it is safe to predict that the party using it in this country will pay, at last, a terrible price for its folly.

We regard this question as a political one solely. We have no prejudices against the Romish Church, and bear it no ill will. As a form of government and of faith, we appreciate its value in communities where the Celtic race is found in large numbers. We would give it fair play, and should be exceedingly sorry to see the old bitterness against it reviving in the public mind. But at the same time we are jealous for our institutions, and rather than have their character compromised by illegal or dishonest practices we must take the risk of fomenting discords we would thankfully help to lay at rest for ever. Frankly, we advise the Roman Catholics to ask no further favors, and we advise the demagogues to grant none. If the Irish vote is so precious, even to the Republican party, let us try to secure it by measures that will elevate the Irish and not debauch them. If it cannot be thus obtained, let us try to get along without it by increased efforts of our own intelligence.

LONDON.

Hugh Miller relates how, after wandering about London for the first time and asking many questions of many people, he came to the conclusion that "Londoners do not know London;" and he playfully suggests that the great city, like certain great folks, has at last grown too great "for the familiarities of intimate acquaintance." But rather, it seems to us, is London like some many-sided and opulent soul that welcomes love, confidence, and even familiarity, but is unable in turn completely to reveal itself, just because it can find no other soul large enough to inspire or to receive a revelation from the entire range of its faculties.

Indeed, no mortal, Cockney or otherwise, knows London; and it may be safely affirmed that until we have a race of men whose *forte* is what Sydney Smith said Macaulay's was, omniscience, no mortal ever will know London. Even those agreeable persons, cabmen and policemen, who approach most nearly to Macaulay's specialty, and whose vocations compel them all their lives to a daily and nightly intimacy with the streets of the wondrous city, sometimes, after years of beating about the town, find themselves lost—to use a Hibernianism—and compelled to enquire the way among streets which they then see for the first time.

And if no man can know London, neither can any nation claim London. It disdains the audacity of special ownership that it may give itself to mankind. It is for this reason, no doubt, that the foreigner in Great Britain often experiences a relief in passing from even the larger provincial towns of the kingdom up to the metropolis. In Liverpool and Manchester he feels that he is on Englishmen's ground, in Glasgow and Edinburgh on Scotchmen's, but in London on his own. Like those pre-eminent personages in literature, art, or conduct who outgrow the citizenship of any country and become fellow-citizens of all men, this city is no longer England's, but the world's. It is cosmopolitan. Who of any nation is forbidden to salute the universal Shakespeare by the same loving acclamation which John Milton used—"*my* Shakespeare"? And what countryman under the sun, even though he be the celebrated though ill-boding New Zealander of prophecy, may not address the city on the Thames as Childe Harold did the city on the Tiber, with the loyal strain,

"——*my* country, city of the soul"?

And this claim on behalf of mankind of the freedom of London seems admitted by the last report of that mightiest nineteenth-century autocrat, the census-taker, who, among other curious facts, tells us that there are more Scotchmen in London than in Edinburgh, more Irishmen than in Dublin, more Germans than in any town of Germany excepting Berlin, more Roman Catholics than in Rome, and more Jews than in Palestine.

In the present magnitude of London it is amusing to remember the comments upon its greatness made by Addison or Burke or Dr. Johnson at a time when it was to its present self what the babe is to the man. One Good Friday, Johnson and his man Bozzy trudged together along the Strand to attend service at St. Clement Danes. Bozzy remarked that "London was too large, for the reason that nobody was heeded by his neighbor, and there was no fear of censure for not observing Good Friday." The doctor snubbed the fawning coxcomb for his Pharisaical speech, but admitted that for other reasons London was really too large. It was then about one-sixth its present size.

The growth of the town since the happy year when Londoners learned how, with proper accuracy, to count their own noses, presents us a record full of interest, and at the same time to us full of wholesome admonition to cultivate a grace rarely found in America—urban modesty.

In 1801 the population of London was	-	-	864,845
In 1811	"	"	- - - - 1,009,546
In 1821	"	"	- - - - 1,225,694
In 1831	"	"	- - - - 1,474,069
In 1841	"	"	- - - - 1,873,676
In 1851	"	"	- - - - 2,363,141
In 1861	"	"	- - - - 2,803,034

In this country our ears are perpetually stunned by the din of boasting kept up at the growth of certain of our ambitious but still callow inland towns. The growth of these towns is indeed wonderful, but it would be none the less wonderful if there were less noise made about it. Who ever saw one rational Londoner exhibiting the least vanity at the amazing and pauseless increase of that titanic town? As soon would he think of finding food for individual conceit in the magnificence of the sun in heaven, or in the mellow richness of the verdure upon the outlying fields. Yet how the statistics of the expansion of London, which are left to tell in silence their own astounding tale, dwarf the records of accumulating talk which so many American cities blazon at every corner and bellow from every house-top!

Taking the last census in each country as the standard of comparison, it appears that during the ten years preceding 1861 London added to itself a new city one-half the size of New York, more than twice the size of Baltimore, nearly three times the size of Boston, more than three times the size of Cincinnati or St. Louis, and more than four times the size of Chicago. If the eight cities of Buffalo, Rochester, Albany, Pittsburg, Newark, Providence, Portland, and Milwaukee had been taken up bodily in 1861, put on shipboard, conveyed across the Atlantic, and deposited on the fringe of the skirts of London, they, with their united populations, would not have added to London so much as London quietly added to itself during the previous decennial period. Every twelve months a new city springs into being along the globous verge of London equal to the city of Cleveland.

Jonathan is a very clever boy, no doubt, and no doubt Jonathan knows it. But he will be quite as clever when, grown tired of spouting his own praises, he sets out on his travels, compares notes with other people, and learns a little modesty by learning that he has not a monopoly of the business of *doing "big things."*

The author of the "Epriella Letters" divides the people of London into two races, the solar and the lunar. By some recent estimates it appears that these races are now even more distinctly separated by the exactions of commerce than they were in Southey's time by those of fashion. Several years ago the metropolis, like some fabulous Cyclops, sprawled out upon its couch of 78,000 acres; but the original *city*, the venerable parent of this gigantean monster, is still content with that pigmy bed of 723 acres on which it has reposed for a thousand years. The *city*, though so small, is still the centre of the trading, financial, and journalistic life of London, and has, it seems, a day population of 283,520 souls, and a night population of only 113,387 souls. Thus, every morning there come rushing into the city from suburb and rural cottage and country villa, to toil and get rich within the narrow walls of the old city, 170,133 persons, while there are 509,611 customers and clients who enter the city every day to deal with them. What tremendous energy, then, must be in the systole and diastole of this

Cyclopean heart, whose throb can suck in and expel every day along its veins and arteries a living stream of 728,986 human beings!

No Londoner, as we have already said, thinks of boasting of the awfully increasing proportions of London; but many a Londoner contemplates the subject with anxiety. One troublesome problem is that of ingress and egress. Every morning nearly a million of men make a rush to get into a space of seven hundred acres, and every night they make a rush to get out of it. No wonder that in addition to streets on the level of the houses they are compelled to build streets under the houses and streets over the houses, and that in a few years there must inevitably be three continuous cities of London—terrene London, subterrene London, and superterrene London. But the swollen and congested state of the veins and arteries of the mighty town is not the only source of anxiety. What shall London do for lungs? A meeting assembled at the Mansion House some time ago, under the call of the Lord Mayor, to consider the peril arising from the disappearance of commons and open spaces in the neighborhood of the metropolis. The meeting was addressed by Thomas Hughes and other gentlemen of note. The most important speech was embodied in some very startling and amusing estimates of the future development of London presented by Mr. Benjamin Scott, the excellent and versatile chamberlain of the city, whose ingenious argument in defense of the Pilgrim Fathers was recently noticed in these columns.

Mr. Scott thought that in dealing with the question before the meeting they should not confine their calculations to 3,000,000 inhabitants. He found that in 1861 there were 3,222,717 persons living within an area of sixteen miles, taking Charing Cross as the centre. An increase of population had been going on within that area during the past half-century at the rate of $19\frac{6}{10}$ per cent. every ten years. In fifty years, at this rate, the population of the same area would be 8,532,000 souls. What would be their position fifty years hence if they were allowed only the radius at present supposed to be sufficient? He found that in 1801 the people were twenty yards from each other, in 1851 about fourteen yards, and in 1866 something over nine yards. If this diminution of space went on for fifty years more, they would be more closely packed than his audience were at that moment—in fact there would be no standing-room for them!

We may get some impression of the present magnitude of London by looking at a few details of its colossal state. More than 350,000 houses are required for this giant to live in; and that he may take his walks and drives with comfort, he has laid out and paved a number of streets which, if placed in line, would extend from Liverpool to New York. As he is not one of those good giants who are early to bed and early to rise, he has been obliged to erect for his nocturnal guidance 360,000 gas-lamps along his streets, and to keep them burning all night, thus consuming every twenty-four hours about 13,000,000 cubic feet of gas. To bathe his person, to wash his clothes, and to supply the various vulgar needs of his kitchen, as well as to furnish him occasionally with a beverage which he is rather too much inclined to despise, he uses 44,383,328 gallons of water per day. He seems to depend a good deal on artificial heat for a variety of purposes, and is accordingly compelled to shovel into his bin 5,000,000 tons of coal every year. Though he does not always dress with great splendor, his clothing bill is a generous one, for he constantly maintains 2,950 merchant tailors, 3,000 boot and shoe dealers, 1,560 milliners and dressmakers, and 1,080 linen-drapers. Notwithstanding the fact that he is endowed with excellent locomotive faculties, he frequently prefers to be carried, and for this purpose he keeps always within call 5,000 cabs, 1,500 omnibuses, and 24,000 horses, besides all the other sorts of vehicles which human need can require or human wit invent. Like giants in general, he is blessed with a very tolerable appetite; and as to thirst, it may be safely said that he is never wholly without its cravings. In the course of every year he manages to devour 1,600,000 quarters of wheat, 240,000 bullocks, 1,700,000 sheep, 28,000 calves, 35,000 pigs, 10,000,000 head of game, 3,000,000 salmon, and innumerable fish of other sorts; while, during the same period, to use the language of a deceased humorist, he "puts himself outside" of 43,200,000 gallons of beer, 2,000,000 gallons of spirits, and 65,000 pipes of wine. His dairy may be regarded as a respectable one, for he keeps 13,000 cows. It must be confessed that he occasionally indulges in the weed, for he supports 1,350 tobacconists. Of course any giant, whether Christian or pagan, who will go on eating, drinking, smoking, and dressing at this rate, to say nothing of keeping his lamps burning all night, deserves to be ill; and we hear without surprise that he has provided himself with the constant attendance of 2,400 doctors. To all his other qualities it is to be added that, though something of a rake and a good deal of a sot, he is in certain moods a marvellously religious giant, all which he proves by the fact that he keeps up 852 churches and employs the ghostly counsel of 930 divines.

Such are a few aspects of London—that province of bricks, that modern Babel of all lands and tongues, so well depicted by Walter Thornbury as "the vast, the negative, the miserable, the loathsome, the great, the magnificent."

ITALIAN LIVING.

JUNE 29, 1867.

"Do in Rome as the Romans do" may or not be a safe proverb, but to live in America as sensible Americans live in Rome would lengthen and sweeten the lives of our women, it seems to me, incomparably beyond the privileges of the ballot-box. Sister Jonathan's house in Boston is of three stories, with basement and attic, and a corresponding number of entries and staircases to be tidied and traversed daily, hourly. Three abundant and varied meals are to be prepared in the house, and punctually served each day. Two-sevenths, at least, of every week are at the mercy of the laundry, that "monster of such hideous mien," destroying the peace of thousands of households. Milan and the Millennium blend confusedly in my mind ever since a resident of that city assured me that, to the best of her knowledge, every article of household and body linen was carried beyond the gates for washing. To assist our American sister in all this, and the numberless other details of housekeeping, she has from one to three servants, who, ninety-eight chances in a hundred, are such only in a Miltonic sense—*i. e.*, "they also serve who only stand and wait," while she does the work, and are sure to take to their beds or heels in any special emergency. What wonder if, after years of temper-trying and body-wearing vibration between the cook below and the nurse above, Brother Jonathan (not being a ghoul of the "New Atmosphere") should discover that his wife needs change of air and scene. But my ideal *dramatis personæ* are cumbersome; let me add my mite of testimony in the perpetual suit of parlor *vs.* kitchen by simply telling how we lived in Rome. Equal or greater advantages are afforded by almost any other Continental city, and it may be helpful to some pilgrim whose face is turned Expositionward, and whose purse is limited, to hear the experience of one more predecessor of like condition, although the same story may have been better told before.

Our party, consisting of a gentleman, two ladies, a child and nurse, hired an *appartemento* for sixty dollars per month. Many of our acquaintances paid less for ampler accommodations; but we were satisfied, living, as we did, directly upon the Corso, midway between the Piazza del Popolo and the church of San Carlo, in a new building (a wonder in Rome), with a sun-exposure (a greater wonder), and fresh, clean walls and furniture, not dissoluble at a touch (wonder of wonders). The entrance and staircase were broad and clean, well lighted by gas moreover, which it is only fair to state was a distinguishing favor which kindled the envy of the majority of our visitors, who groped their way through darkness to their own lodgings.

Our *appartemento* comprised a parlor, three bed-rooms, dining-room, kitchen, closets, and two ante-rooms, which might have been used had occasion required as sitting or even bed-rooms, all upon one floor. It should also be said that full table and bed furniture were included in the rent, together with the weekly washing of house linen. Also, although we had three windows looking out upon the Corso, we were not, in spite of Mr. Murray's warning, disturbed in our exclusive occupany during the carnival season. Four dollars per month gave us the good-natured service of a Roman woman who "kept herself;" that is, ate and slept at home. That Luisa spoke and understood no language but her own *patois* was certainly a venial offence, and even gave piquancy to the communication between mistress and maid. It was almost refreshing to housewives wearisomely used to birds who could but would not sing to have to deal with Luisa's innocent dumbness and obtuseness. Upon the ever-smiling object of them the effect of our instructions was often imperceptible, but upon baby Bell's Irish nurse fairly maddening: "Luisa! ye spalpeen! ye fooley! donty hear the missus tellin' ye hangey kettle, drawing-room firey!" No, Luisa had n't heard; and Bridget's objurgation only broadened her stolid countenance with a deprecatory blush and smile, which made her assailant fairly foam with rage. It must also be confessed that the housekeepers were occasionally guilty of issuing an order to the smiling Luisa in loud German, French, or English, under the temporary impression that she was an accomplished but deaf linguist.

As for our *cuisine*, we were like unto Elijah at Kidron. Our dinners, at least, were brought by the ravens. From 5 P.M. onward the Corso is enlivened by porters from the various *trattorie* of the city, balancing on their heads oblong tin boxes, which contain the viands previously ordered for dinner, kept at savory heat by a brazier of burning coals. The dessert, if to be eaten cold, is carried in one hand (its dishes tied in a napkin, we will hope), while the other steadies the burden on the head. This custom is so

universal among foreign residents in Rome that it is not at all uncommon when invited to dine out to be able to make your way to your host's by simply following your nose, ascending the staircase behind a procession of boxes redolent of the courses which will presently be elegantly served. Acting on a hint from our good fairy, the wife of the physician to our legation, we ordered "a *scudo* (one dollar) dinner for two persons." This proved ample for our three selves, baby Bell and her nurse, with a nice bit left over for lunch next day, beside the remnants which Luisa bore home triumphantly—readily understanding a whispered permission in the English tongue so to do—each night.

For the benefit of tourists of moderate means, I will give our bill of fare: 1st, Soup; 2d, A roast or cutlets; 3d, Chickens, pigeons, larks, or some other flying thing; 4th, A *dolce* of some sort—pudding, pie, or tart. Half a dozen *baiocchi* gave us incomparable salad and excellent oranges. The native red wine, without which one is forbidden to drink the water of Rome, we bought for fifteen cents a bottle, and sweet white wine, in its dainty flask, for a franc. Our bread (Graham and wheat) came every morning fresh and sweet from Mrs. Miller's English bakery; then there was butter—which, as I remember the tempting little pats, each lying cool and fair in its fresh leaf, brought every morning from the Swiss dairy in the *Babnino*, fills my soul with loathing for even the choicest product of our June dairies—and, finally, we had a flask of milk and three little jugs of luscious cream, price six baiocchi. The earliest waker in our establishment always found the patient Luisa waiting on the landing, with her unfailing smile, and her apron full of the day's supply of fresh eggs, oranges, and salad. Our morning meal was a simple affair of coffee, eggs, and cream. Our *déjeûner*, at high noon, consisted of cold meat, cakes from a Swiss bakery on the Corso, and fruit. Bread and butter, of course, made the staple of both these meals. When one caterer became "near" or neglectful, we ordered dinners for a week from a rival *trattoria* or brought the American eagle to bear upon him in the person of our bright-eyed little godmother, before whom he quailed. Occasionally, however, after an attack of nostalgia, we would intermit the *trattoria* dinner, and sally out to market, the faithful Luisa following. Here we bought a juicy steak, there crisped maccaroni, and down under the shadow of the Pantheon mealy potatoes, and consigned them to Luisa's apron or market-pocket; and when all this was done we were still able to indulge in the extravagance of a dessert from Spillman's, so much less than the twenty-five cents per adult per mouth to which we limited ourselves had this impromptu meal cost.

But when seated at table after the preparation of this repast (during which Luisa, emulative of Yankee kitchen graces, had stood stock-still mooning at us admiringly while we did for ourselves what our Italian was insufficient to teach her to do), our faces scarlet with the heat and exertion requisite to keep the steak turning in the air, our fingers smarting with the effect of rescuing the potatoes from the ashes of the drawing-room fire, and burning the maccaroni with a hot shovel, we looked at each other commiseratingly and said, This is a very good dinner, but it is our Luisas (minus the unfailing smile and willingness) and our ten hundred and ninety-five such meals every year which kill our mothers and sisters. Let us return to the "moutons" of the *trattoria*. You see the advantage which would at once be given to the house-mother were this institution to be transplanted to our land. Does Brother Jonathan in the innocence of his heart bring home with him to dinner on "washing-day," without warning, his classmate Smith, who, as you are aware, is already prejudiced in your favor by the fact that he fully intended J. should marry his own sister—you are able to vanquish him with a smile of welcome and a well-ordered dinner from the *trattoria* around the corner, which for aught he dare say is your ordinary expression and fare.

Does Bridget's impertinence culminate in an offence which forces you to dismiss her instantly without regard to the progress of the dinner to which you have invited guests, how inexpressibly soothing it would be to be delivered from the humiliation of knowing—and *knowing that Bridget knows*—that after she has turned her scornful back, and the first flush of triumphant relief has faded from your cheek, there will come an inevitable round of wearisome drudgery which will seat you with your guests a broken-spirited, distracted hostess, around a doubtful dinner! Now, if every cook understood perfectly well that whenever and wherever she might leave her mistress, that happy woman need only take the nearest *trattoria* in her morning walk, and await in peaceful leisure a succession of good dinners and new cooks, would it not, with all reverence for the wise man, be found far more effectual than a soft answer in turning away the wrath of our household tyrants?

It is too late to avert the wrinkles of this generation, but let us smooth our daughters' brows and paths by setting up a *trattoria* over against the church and school-house in every community. What good man will begin? They say Vineland is a model community: why will not Vineland hold a town meeting and discuss this matter?

ENGLAND.

London, June 14, 1867.

Parliament has taken as usual a short recess at Whitsuntide, and a small space has consequently been devoted by the papers to the proceedings of that mysterious body, Convocation. What may be the secret rights and privileges of Convocation, is a question for profound legal antiquarians. Practically their power has been reduced for the last two centuries to mere talk, and they are feebly trying to talk a little louder than usual in consequence, probably, of the important movements which every one feels to be taking place in the Church. They desire, as it were, to put themselves "in evidence," and to show that there really is a body which claims to exercise authority in ecclesiastical matters. Indeed, they have on this occasion protested against any interference of the state in church questions or ritual, without the consent of the Church. There is very little prospect that their protest will receive any attention—and for very good reasons. In the first place, by "the consent of the Church" they mean the consent of Convocation, and Convocation is elected by the clergy alone. Now, it is perfectly certain that the laity are less disposed than ever to permit the clergy to settle matters according to their own tastes. The ritualists, who are now the most active, though in my opinion the most feeble-minded and intellectually retrograde, party in the Church, have done much to alienate two important classes—the genuine old thoroughbred British Protestants, and the party which inclines to freedom of thought in every direction. Their extravagant pretensions have so far disgusted the laity that it is perfectly certain that they will not soon be released from any of the legislative fetters which at present restrain their action. The common view would be that they make fools enough of themselves as it is, and that a very little more rope would enable them to hang themselves and fatally injure the institution of which they claim to be the salt. This difficulty, however, merely concerns those who profess to belong to the Church of England. There is a larger party which will claim to have its voice heard. According to the old theory, every English subject is *ipso facto* a member of the Church of England; he may not choose—very often he does not choose—to avail himself of the services of its ministers, but he has a right, for example, to the use of his parish church and to be married or receive the other rites of the church from the parish clergyman. Although a very large fraction of the population, according to some statements as much as half, has ceased to belong in any other sense to the Church, they still feel that they have an interest in its property. The endowments by which the Church is supported are simply the national fund which this nation devotes to purposes of religious education. The Church of England is merely the religious department of the Government. The regulations at present enforced are unfortunately such as to deprive many men of any benefits arising from the property; and so far they are faulty. We submit to them at present, as we submit to many other anomalies, because the *vis inertiæ* of conservatism is too great to be overcome. But in any new arrangements that may be introduced the interests of the excluded part of the population will have to be considered. When the Reform bill is fairly off our minds, it is not improbable that church questions will be coming up in spite of any resistance of Convocation. The changes, if any, will be in the direction of giving the laity and dissenters more influence than they have at present.

The question, indeed, is a very large one, far too large to be at all discussed here; and I have contented myself with giving the view of the liberal party, without stating the opposition theory of the High Church, which depends upon theological dogmas that are rather galvanized into activity than alive. Meanwhile, every one feels that difficulties are arising, that parties are daily diverging further and further, and the extremes gathering strength at the expense of moderate men. Such omens should warn persons interested in the stability of our institutions to look about them and gird up their loins for action. The bishops have clearly felt this after a dim way of their own, and have got up a debate to show that they can take a worthy view of their position. It seems that the Bishop of Oxford lately presented to the library of Convocation a copy of "Debrett's Peerage," a useful work of reference, as most people would imagine. A zealous bishop, however, discovered that Debrett includes amongst his dignitaries the Scotch prelates, who are not recognized by the state. Accordingly, after a solemn debate, the Bishop of Oxford was censured for introducing so heretical a work. And yet, after this proof of activity, there are persons who will persist in poking fun at the poor old bishops and even go so far as to call

them old women. To say the truth, as Convocation is not allowed to do anything serious, it amuses itself by these trifles, and is a specimen of what Mr. Carlyle would call an enchanted wiggery—interesting to the mind of Dryasdust, but to ordinary mortals healthily impatient of shams an annoyance and a vexation of spirit.

The battle, of which symptoms are not rare nor equivocal, over the existing privileges of the Church will perhaps begin upon educational questions. It is the great merit of the Church of England that its clergy are really the main supporters of education in the country districts. If they are somewhat narrow in their views and think that a child ought to learn nothing unless he will learn the Church catechism, that is only a common fault of all denominational school systems. It would be most unjust not to acknowledge their merits; but it is also true that their scruples form a hindrance to the introduction of a more effective system, and that in presenting them some awkward questions will be raised. It is, however, at the other end of the scale that skirmishing has already been carried on with some liveliness. The Church struggles hard to keep its hold upon the universities. Gradually and step by step they are being opened to the country at large; but there are in them so many strongholds, so many vested interests, and so many complex arrangements which the outside world cannot understand, that progress is somewhat slow. I do not know whether I can make the present state of the question quite intelligible to those who are not minutely informed as to the curious constitution of an English university. The main facts, however, are about as follows: Dissenters of any denomination may at present become students at either university (the old system under which they had to sign the Thirty-nine Articles upon entering Oxford having been abolished). At Cambridge they may also take degrees, but they do not obtain a vote in the Senate (which is the supreme body in the university) nor in the election of university members of Parliament. At Oxford they may only take the first degree (the B.A.), and therefore can obtain none of the privileges (not very extensive ones) nor of the prestige attached to such combinations of letters as M.A. or LL.D. So far it would seem that they have little disadvantage, and, in fact, I have known Jews, Roman Catholics, and Protestants of all denominations, and even Mohammedans, as students at the universities. They have to pass an examination or two in the Greek Testament, but there is no test of faith. Still, dissenters are comparatively rare, and for a very good reason. The great ambition of every Oxford or Cambridge student is to obtain a fellowship—partly for the emolument and more for the honor. The fellows form the governing bodies of the colleges, and the colleges are, for most purposes, the universities—that is, they manage the discipline and the education, and every member of the university is or has been a member of some college. Now, these rich foundations are entirely under the management of churchmen and their pecuniary benefits are shared almost exclusively by churchmen. So long as they are not thrown open, the bare leave to study is of comparatively little value to dissenters—the majority of whom moreover belong to a social class below that from which most university students are drawn.

A bill has passed its second reading in the House of Commons which will enable any college to do away with this restriction as far as it is affected. It will probably be thrown out in the House of Lords; but it must be passed before long, for the feeling in favor of it is steadily increasing. The only practical argument urged against it is the necessity of giving to young men some uniform and authoritative system of religious instruction. The value of this argument may be estimated by any one who knows that Oxford has been for many years, and still is, the centre from which all religious movements amongst the English upper classes radiate. Every possible question, from the propriety of vestments up to the being of a God, is there discussed with an interest unequalled elsewhere, and to attempt to bar discussion out of Oxford by any system of tests is like forbidding any one to throw water into the Isis for fear of a flood. From clergymen who call themselves Catholic priests, and are indistinguishable to the vulgar eye from the genuine Romanist article, to the bigoted worshippers after the school of Comte, no shade of opinion is unrepresented, and every side of every argument is eagerly canvassed. The objection is, in fact, merely one of those that are put out as a diversion, and will doubtless disappear before long when it is no longer wanted.

The mention of the House of Lords in connection with this agitation reminds me of one rather curious symptom of the times. Mr. Frank Newman has just published an article in *Fraser* pointing out what he considers to be the defects in that venerable institution, and recommending sundry reforms, suggested partly by what he considers to be the virtues of the United States Senate. The topic thus opened has been discussed by several newspapers, and even *The Times* has said some very strong things about the necessity for reform. No one expects that any great change is likely to be soon made in this respectable body, which is at present content to act simply as a drag upon active legislation. There are, however, two changes which seem to meet with general approval, and which are desired by those who hope to see the House of Lords made of some use, instead of permitting it to sink into decrepitude. The first is the abolition of voting by proxy—a system which enables idle gentlemen, who are betting at Newmarket or yachting in the Mediterranean, to strengthen the hands of their party leader and control, to some extent, the fate of the country. The second is the creation of life peers—a measure which was rejected by the instincts of the House of Lords when proposed by Lord Palmerston. They naturally felt that it would weaken them, in one sense, by encouraging a minister to give the peerage to as many of his supporters as he chose, without the responsibility of permanently cheapening the order. Still it is necessary that such a measure should be passed if the peers are really to be an effective body; for at present they are scandalously weak in debate, and it is yet difficult to reinforce them without cheapening the privilege beyond what it will bear. These matters, however, are scarcely ripe even for discussion.

Correspondence.

ADULTERY IN BRAZILIAN LAW.

To the Editor of The Nation:

The essay, "Women and Juries," in The Nation for June 13, 1867, brought to mind the "Codigo criminal do Imperio do Brazil," which seems to provide wisely for such cases as those to which the essay in question refers.

The proverb says, "It requires two to make a bargain." Adultery implies assent. Without assent the act must be "rape," or at least "assault and battery." If the woman yields to persuasion or to spontaneous inclination, surely she is as deserving of punishment as the man. If the husband is bound in honor to assassinate the man who has offended him, he is in equity bound to murder his wife also. But if there are any circumstances which make it dishonorable in a man not to murder either his own or his wife's friend, society, for its own safety, is bound to exact from him the just penalty of his crime, if what he has done for honor's sake can be considered a crime.

The following brief translation is recommended for consideration:

The criminal code of the Empire of Brazil, printed in 1837, provides, *Art.* 249, that any one who contracts a second marriage until after the first is dissolved, shall serve at hard labor from two to six years, and be fined.

Art. 250. A married woman who commits adultery shall be imprisoned at hard labor from one to three years. The adulterer shall suffer the same punishment.

Art. 251. A married man who keeps a concubine shall suffer the penalties of the preceding article.

Art. 252. Accusation of this crime (adultery) shall not be made by any one who is not husband or wife; these shall not have the right to make the charge if at any time they have consented to adultery.

Art. 253. The charge of adultery must be made jointly against the woman and the man with whom the crime has been committed, if alive, and one shall not be condemned without the other. W. S. W. R.

Philadelphia, Pa., June 19, 1867.

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The Week.

IF any one doubted that within the last five or six years the country has grown a good many times six years older, he might have been profited by observing the quiet and sensible way in which the national anniversary was celebrated. The national bird was never, we suppose, in better health, and his spirits were always good, but we think he gets less and less apt to sport himself in the empyrean. We did not even see him balance himself once over the frozen regions of the Arctic pole, though Mr. Seward undoubtedly has given him his passport. The South, of course, can hardly be expected to rejoice on any occasion when the North makes holiday, and this year, as last year, the labor of celebrating the day fell on the negroes and the military. But in Charleston Governor Orr gave General Sickles a state dinner, and there were national salutes and some military parades and some speech-making—to negroes mainly—at Montgomery, Richmond, Mobile, and New Orleans. In Richmond, however, General Schofield had to send a special order to compel the county courts to observe the day by adjourning.

The adjourned session of the Fortieth Congress met on Wednesday week. In the Senate the proceedings began with a protest from Mr. Sumner, who thought Congress had done wrong in providing that if a quorum should not be present on the 3d of July, the Houses should adjourn *sine die*. He was pronounced out of order, and then it was ascertained whether or not a quorum was in attendance. Thirty senators answered to their names, and nineteen were absent. Mr. Trumbull showed the needlessness of Mr. Sumner's protest, but it had at any rate made manifest Mr. Sumner's desire that the Senate should not confine itself strictly to Reconstruction business during this session. On Friday he found nine senators to agree with him, Mr. Anthony's limiting resolution being under discussion, but the vote against him was twenty-three. The debate was marked by a good deal of asperity—Mr. Fessenden, in particular, apparently having too little patience with Mr. Sumner's mode of speaking and a sort of petulant contempt for his ideas. Supplementary reconstruction bills were freely offered—Mr. Wilson, Mr. Drake, Mr. Edmunds, and Mr. Frelinghuysen each bringing in one. Mr. Sumner offered his bill enforcing, by act of Congress, impartial suffrage throughout the length and breadth of the Union. Mr. Sumner also offered a confiscating resolution, declaring it the President's duty, in the exercise of the pardoning power, to make every landholder that he pardons share out a certain part of his estate among his former slaves. On Monday the various supplementary bills came back from the Judiciary Committee in the form of one bill. Information on Mexican affairs was called for by a resolution of Mr. Sumner's; and Mr. Sumner prevented a speech from Mr. Chandler in praise of the execution of Maximilian. On Tuesday Mr. Trumbull opened the debate on the new bill, but the only noteworthy result was the vote rejecting Mr. Wilson's amendment, vacating all civil offices at the South.

The House, by a decided vote, agreed to limit legislation at this adjourned session to Reconstruction measures. Its first business of importance was in reference to the Kentucky members. Some sweeping amendments of Mr. Logan's invention were substituted for an unobjectionable resolution of Mr. Schenck's. Mr. Schenck brought specific charges of disloyalty against Mr. J. D. Young. Mr. Logan demanded, and the House by a vote of 67 to 50 approved his views, that the entire delegation from Kentucky should be denied admission and the State deprived of representation in the House, till the Committee on Elections decide whether or not the people of Kentucky are loyal. On Friday Mr. Bingham denounced this action of the House, and Mr. Marshall of Illinois presented a protest from some of the rejected members, whereupon General Logan expressed his regret that "a representative of the proud old Prairie State" should do so. On Monday the Committee on Elections made a report which effectually disposed of the amendment of Mr. Logan, and the House authorized the committee to pass upon specific charges of disloyalty made against members. On Friday a new committee of nine on reconstruction, with Mr. Stevens, Mr. Boutwell, Mr. Bingham, and Mr. Brooks among its members, was appointed by the Speaker; and on Monday Mr. Stevens reported a supplementary bill, which is in some particulars different from the Senate bill, the two committees having worked separately, and their views being somewhat divergent. The House bill, for instance, gives no additional powers to General Grant. On Monday, the names of States being called for bills and joint resolutions, five or six about Mexican affairs were offered—those by the Republicans being favorable to the Juarez government, and those of one or two Western Republicans rejoicing without disguise in the execution of Maximilian. Messrs. James Brooks and Fernando Wood, of the Democrats, were bitter against the Liberals; Mr. Brooks wanting the neutrality laws repealed, that filibusters may go in and possess Mexico, and Mr. Wood wanting reparation for the insult to the American flag when Santa Anna was captured. Mr. Butler succeeded in passing resolutions authorizing him and four other members to investigate the murder of Mr. Lincoln. On Tuesday, under the previous question, the supplementary bill was passed by a vote of 119 to 31—the news of which comes too late for comment.

The proceedings in the Senate were marked by a curious debate as to the powers of party caucuses. It appears it was resolved by a majority vote in the Republican caucus that the Senate should confine itself strictly and exclusively to the work of amending, or rather explaining, the Reconstruction act. Mr. Sumner, who attended the caucus meeting, and who voted at it, refused, however, to be bound by its decision, and argued in favor of a long session, and of general legislation. On being reminded of his participation in the caucus, he justified repudiation of its authority by pleading the higher obligation of his position as Senator of the United States; and on being asked

what he would have said if the minority of the caucus had repudiated in like manner when he introduced his proposition in favor of universal suffrage, he maintained that there "was a difference between repudiating in favor of human rights and repudiating against them"—a doctrine which excited a good deal of merriment. Now the point where a senator's conscience ought to be set to work to instruct him as to the force of caucus decisions, is the moment of entering a caucus. It may not be consistent with a senator's duty to the country to allow a caucus to decide for him what course he shall follow in his seat, but any senator who thinks so is bound to keep out of caucuses altogether; when he goes into one and votes in it, he gives all other members present to understand that he will submit to the decision of the majority. If this understanding was not general, and had not the force of a mutual pledge, nobody would vote, and no caucuses would be held. Anybody who is present at such meetings secretly intending that, if he finds himself in the majority, he will exact compliance from the minority, but that if he find himself in the minority he will "repudiate," is simply guilty of a breach of faith, and a rather puerile one at that. There are many objections to legislative caucuses, but we do not see how they are to be dispensed with as long as there are no party leaders, as there are in the English House of Commons, whom the main body are expected to follow. As parties are organized here, it would never do to arrange plans of operations in the Senate or House in the presence and hearing of the enemy, and plans of operations must be arranged somehow before questions come up. But each member who wishes to act independently is bound in honor to abstain from taking part in the caucus deliberations, unless he announces at once his intention to preserve his liberty of action. Whether a man has or has not a right to "repudiate in favor of human rights," is, in another form, the old question of whether we may do evil that good may come; and we confess we know of no place in which Mr. Sumner will find very valuable support for his position outside the contributions of the Jesuit fathers to the science of casuistry.

Senator Wade's views on the distribution of property have excited much uproar, and his explanation having proved rather feeble, his friends, we are sorry to say, are resorting, as is not uncommon in such cases, to defamation of the correspondent of the New York *Times* who reported the unfortunate speech. Fortunately for the correspondent, however, the report was three days in the hands of the excursion party before any exception was taken to it, and its correctness was and is still acknowledged by the most accurate of Mr. Wade's audience. We may add our personal testimony that the correspondent in question is not an ordinary concocter of sensational news but a man who knows what words mean, and who both listens and writes with a more than usual zeal and conscientiousness. The matter, however, is mainly important after all as showing the necessity of bringing public opinion into play with greater force than ever before for the restraining and chastening of thoughtless and bumptious orators, especially when they are in as high a political position as Mr. Wade is. There was a time in American history when idle words, no matter from whom they fell, were sure to be harmless, but that time has passed away. A large mass of our population at present does not possess the critical power of the primeval Yankee.

The conduct of the elder Bradley, one of Surratt's lawyers, who assaulted Judge Fisher because some of the judge's really too mild rebukes seemed to him not sufficiently respectful to himself as counsel, has passed with little animadversion from the press, and none at all from the bench which he insulted so grossly or the bar whose character he has shamefully lowered wherever the report of the trial goes. Judge Fisher appears to be as unable to protect his own dignity as to protect the witnesses whom he sees abused in what he himself calls an unexampled manner. The case for the prosecution is closed, and the defence has begun. Surratt's counsel expect to prove an alibi in his favor, and profess to be able to clear up all the things which look now most damaging to the prisoner. His leaving his mother to be hanged will be shown to have been due not to any want of honor or natural affection, but to the fact that he was kept perfectly secluded by the Canadian priests with whom he took refuge, and got no news at all of the world outside. Weichman's testimony is to be wholly discredited, and the innocence of Mrs. Surratt made plain; Sergeant Dye is to be shown mistaken in regard to its being Surratt who called the time in the vestibule of the theatre, and a reasonable explanation of why the time was called is to be given. Of more interest than the other promises of the counsel for the defence—for the public care more about getting a full history of the assassination plot than about the life or death of Surratt—is the promise to produce in evidence the language of a confessing and justificatory letter, written by Booth for publication in *The National Intelligencer*, and signed by Atzerodt, Payne, Harold, and Booth himself. If there ever was such a letter—and it would have been quite Booth's way to have written it—it is by no means unlikely that the brutal and fanatical Payne, the half-witted boy Harold, the stupid Atzerodt, could have been got to sign it. But Surratt appears to be rather an over-cautious than a foolhardy man, though he did freely deal in insinuations and inuendoes in his talk with McMillan when he thought himself safe. The friends of Mudd and Spangler—the latter not improbably a much-injured man—will be particularly interested in this letter, and not much inclined to pardon Matthews for so long concealing his knowledge of it. Matthews, to make the story more probable, is said to be a gross coward.

The captain-general of Cuba issued, June 6, a fresh proclamation against the slave-trade, which it is to be hoped may be as effective as it is sweeping in its denunciation of penalties. When we read, however, that *all* the authorities of any district which has been the scene of a debarkation of negroes, or has afforded them passage, shall be deprived of office instanter, besides being made amenable to the laws, we perceive the extent of official corruption that has hitherto shielded the proscribed traffic, and the small probability that it will be eradicated by the stringent measure now adopted. In any other country, the immediate implication of the judiciary in what must have been the original fault of the military or naval forces, would seem to be monstrous; in Cuba, the army, the navy, and the judges have undoubtedly fattened together on the profits of negro importations. It remains to be seen whether any of them will be tempted by the fear of punishment to inform on each other, and thus secure the immunity which is held out by the captain-general.

The New York *Times* charges us in very strong terms with injustice, and worse than injustice, toward the "Associated Press," for having made it responsible for the ridiculous Cable telegrams, giving an account of the military review at Satory, the Ascot Races, and the Pontifical High Mass, on which we have recently commented with some severity. *The Times* says that all these "were the special despatches of a single paper, which is entitled to all the credit, as it is responsible for all the discredit, which may belong to them." It is hardly necessary to say that we have no malevolent feelings towards the Associated Press. It would be as difficult for us to dislike it as to dislike the Equator or the Great Bear. Its agent in Europe, too, is to us simply an abstraction—like the Bloated Aristocrat, the Haughty Tyrant, the Malignant Copperhead, the Genial Critic, the Gentleman and Scholar, the Prominent Citizen, the Rising Young Lawyer, or any of the other types of the newspaper world. Whenever more than one of "the great dailies" publish the same despatch, it may not, technically speaking, come from the "Associated Press;" but then, as regards the public, the papers which publish it are "associated" *ad hoc*, and it is not unfair to charge the discredit of it—if discredit it brings—on the whole body. The practice, we believe, prevails amongst the morning papers of selling each other "special despatches;" but then, as long as each journal which buys these despatches publishes them as if they were its own, we cannot allow all but the vendors to repudiate the responsibility of them. The ridiculous Cable telegram about the ladies' clothes at the Ascot Races appeared in *The Times* and *Herald* of June 7. The ridiculous telegram about the review at Satory, and announcing that "the entire press of Paris were unanimous in condemning" the attempt to assassinate the Emperor of Russia, appeared in *The Times*, *Herald*, *World*, and *Tribune* of June 8. The ridiculous telegram describing the emotion of some weak-minded newsmonger on witnessing the elevation of the Host in St. Peter's the other day, appeared in *The Herald* of June 28, in *The Times* of June 30 and July 1, and in *The World* of July 1. In all these cases the news was headed simply "Cable Telegrams," or "Advices by Ocean Tele-

graph." What, therefore, becomes of *The Times*' assertion that they were "the special despatches of a single paper?" Perhaps they were originally, but every paper that bought them, and published them in leaded type, became "associated" in the responsibility for them. *The Times* has earned honorable distinction, whatever its political errors may be, by its love of common sense and accuracy, and steady opposition to the great humbugs of the day; but we are bound to say that in the matter of Cable telegrams it has, ever since the great "special telegram" of *The Tribune* last spring, announcing the despatch of an abusive and insulting letter by Bismark to Louis Napoleon, been surpassed in discretion by its usually wilder and more sensational neighbor. We think it must acknowledge now, that in our comments on Cable news, in the instances we have cited, we have not only "aimed to be both truthful and just," but have actually succeeded in being both one and the other.

We see the Pennsylvania papers persist in calling Thaddeus Stevens "a commoner" and "a great commoner." As we remarked when commenting on this practice of theirs some months ago, every relative must have a correlative, and if Mr. Stevens be a "commoner" there must be noblemen somewhere in the Union, and as they are not visible to the public the order must be a secret one, and we solemnly call on that great revealer of things hidden, General Butler, to go to work at this mystery. If there be noblemen amongst us, they ought to show themselves or be dragged to light. It is absurd for those who style Mr. Stevens "a great commoner" to tell us we are mistaken and that there are no nobles "in our midst." Suppose Mr. Stevens were known amongst his neighbors as "The Dutiful Son," would anybody believe that he had no parents or had never had them?

By the middle of October the iron horse will be mounting the rugged sides of the Rocky Mountains, so the Jacksonville *Journal* says, and startling the genii of the mountains from the slumber of ages. The editor thinks then it would be a fine thing if two, or say three hundred editors from all parts of the country should join in an excursion to the western terminus of "the grandest achievement of the age." The various railroad companies would be sure to give free passes, he thinks, and we dare say he is right; but he is lamentably wrong when he offers us this bewitching inducement in a circular: "or, if the Indians should continue belligerent, we might join General Sherman on a short expedition, and each be allowed to take and bring away a trophy of valor in the shape of the scalp of a redskin." If the editor of *this* journal makes one of the party, he will insist, in the interest of humanity and civilization, that the editor of the Jacksonville *Journal* be allowed to go no further than Omaha, or at the very farthest Fort Kearney.

We print elsewhere a letter from a lady in reply to Dr. Lieber, which, as a piece of intellectual fence, is sufficiently remarkable, we think, to make him doubt whether a rule which excludes *all* women from the franchise can be defended on any better ground than taste. We question very much if many male readers of his pamphlet could have found so many weak spots in his armor, and have inserted in them so trenchant a blade. We commend the performance, too, as a model to the prominent female champions of woman's rights; and we venture to assure them that when any respectable number of them are able to handle their weapons nearly as well as this writer, tyrant man will fairly begin to tremble in his stronghold. At present, we fear he feels and talks very much as Suetonius talked and felt when he saw Boadicea and her hosts forming for battle. What this general said, on that occasion, can be learnt on application to Mr. Banks, Mr. Bingham, or any rising Congressman.

The riots at Birmingham are shown by the fuller accounts brought by the last mails to have been, as we ventured to conjecture when the first telegrams were received, although anti-Catholic in form, in reality anti-Irish. The Catholics, who are all Irish, rose to put down a ranting and abusive Protestant lecturer, who called the Pope "the greatest rag-and-bone grubber in the world." And after they had for some time had everything their own way, and had overpowered the police, the English working-men rose, joined the police, and went into the fray with cudgels, singing "John Brown," and put down the Irish, as Irish, and not as Catholics—the artisan class in England having really at the present day very little of the "no-popery" feeling, but detesting the Irish, of whom there is a large body in all the manufacturing towns, very cordially. The result was that the Irish quarter was sacked, and many of the inmates badly beaten, though we hear of very little, if any, loss of life. The Irish colonies—for colonies they really are—in the large English towns are made miserable by much the same causes which render them such a troublesome element in the city population of this country—their own aggressiveness, readiness to resort to force, and total want of faith in all moral agencies for the redress of grievances, or the spread of opinions. The cudgel is at once their panacea and palladium.

The English trades unions cut a sorry figure in the investigations recently conducted at Sheffield before a Government commission of enquiry. The commission was issued in consequence of the strenuous applications of the trades unions to be made legal corporations, capable of enforcing payment of dues and obedience to their rules and regulations. This, of course, raised the question of the morality of the organizations and of their fitness to be recognized by the State or armed with legal authority; and some shocking outrages, such as the blowing-up with gunpowder, perpetrated a year ago or more at Sheffield upon traitors or enemies of the Saw-grinders' Union, naturally led to the selection of that place as most likely to furnish a crucial test. In order to enable the commission to get at the truth, it was armed with the extraordinary power of granting a full pardon to anybody who might make the required revelations. The result was that two men confessed that they had murdered a man named Linley with an air-gun, simply because "he employed a lot of lads in the trade," and that they had been hired by the secretary of the union to do it, and the secretary himself confessed that he was in the habit of using the funds of the association to procure the perpetration of similar atrocities. The scene in court, when these revelations were made, was one of the most extraordinary ever witnessed in a civilized country; the witnesses were almost in a state of frenzy, and the audience was wrought up by the sight of their convulsions and the terrible nature of their story to a pitch of excitement little short of their own. The evidence will probably be used energetically against the legalization of the unions, but hardly successfully. People feel that a system cannot be judged by its abuses, and that it is perhaps the absence of legal recognition which tempts the unions to the use of violent means of enforcing their rules.

The English House of Lords has been so frightened by the recent attacks on it that its sessions are now attended by a considerable number of peers. The "scare" has apparently been most effective amongst the bishops, probably because they feel that their risks are what insurance companies call "extra-hazardous." There is talk of a committee on proxies with a view to their abolition, and this, if the alarm be kept up by the newspapers, will very probably be accomplished. One reason assigned for the small attendance and the extreme rarity of debate is the practice indulged in by Lord Derby and other elderly peers of snubbing the young ones whenever they attempt by making speeches to protract the discussion beyond the dinner hour. Lord Shaftesbury proposes to remedy this evil by meeting an hour earlier in the afternoon, at four instead of at five, so as to give the younger men a chance to be heard without subjecting their elders to inconvenience. But then it is very doubtful whether any young peer would ever be able to do himself justice after six o'clock, with the uneasiness and anxiety of his seniors increasing visibly as the minutes passed by. Many peers have come forward to the defence of the House by alleging the vanity of much speaking, and urging the abstinence of the lords from discussion as in reality a proof of their efficiency. The probabilities are that with the prospect of a reformed House of Commons staring them in the face, there will be a revival amongst their lordships and a period at least of zeal and attention to business.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. SHELDON & Co. have in preparation a collection of the poems of Mr. Theodore Tilton, editor of *The Independent*, to be styled "The Sexton's Tale, and Other Poems." This is, we believe, the first time these works have been brought together.——D. Appleton & Co. announce more than a score more of the works of Louisa Mühlbach, of whose historical novels they have already published a large number. Mrs. Mundt is the real name of this voluminous author, whose works are very well adapted for the more sober readers of circulating library literature, the moral tone of them being exceptionally good, the history as historical as is necessary, and the story reasonably interesting. Her husband, Theodore Mundt, is a writer of more ability, who, we believe, works generally in the same field from which his wife has got so many crops, and six of his stories also are announced by the Appletons. "Mirabeau" is the title of one of them, "Robespierre" of another, "Mendoza" of another. Mrs. Mundt seems to have taken for her province the history of Germany and its various states, France, and England. Three more German historical novelists are on the Appletons' list, one being A. E. Brachvogel, the author of the play of "Narcisse," in which Mr. Daniel Bandmann used to play before American audiences. "Hamlet" and "Rizzio" are the two works of his which are announced, and, though they are not considered his best books, they are held in higher esteem than the works of the Mundts. Max Ring, author of "John Milton and His Time," and Theodore Mügge, author of "Toussaint l'Ouverture" and "Charles First and Cromwell," are the other two of the three referred to above. It will be found that Messrs. Appleton & Co., in beginning their German novelists with Louisa Mühlbach, did not begin with anything like the best contemporary German writer of this sort of literature. It is not at all unlikely that Baron Tauchnitz's new series of English translations of German authors will include the best books of the best of the writers above mentioned. It ought to include, also, one would say, a specimen or two of the performances of Theodore Gerstaecker, an amusing story-teller, rather of the geographical than the historical order, whose novel, entitled "Among the Penchuenches," a Chilian story, closes these new announcements of the Appletons. The books will, of course, be a long time in appearing.——G. W. Carleton & Co. announce for republication Frank Buckland's "Fish Hatching and the Artificial Culture of Fish," and another work by Dr. Cumming.——We have already stated that the "Harvard Memorial Biographies" is to be published in a new form by Messrs. Sever & Francis, of Cambridge, for the committee of publication. The work will be sold at a price which will barely cover the cost of manufacture. The same house will issue an enlarged edition, which will also be a revised one, of Mr. William Everett's "On the Cam."——Messrs. A. Simpson & Co. announce their intention to publish the collection of slave-songs described in THE NATION of May 30, provided they meet sufficient encouragement to do so. The book will be handsomely printed, and will probably not exceed $1 75 in cost, while a considerable reduction will be made to those taking several copies. Orders may be sent to the above firm at 60 Duane Street, N. Y. city.——Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son announce "The Works of Daniel S. Dickinson," edited by his brother, Mr. John R. Dickinson.

—There are in England several journals conducted in the interest of co-operation, as *The Co-operator*, which is under the editorial charge of Mr. Henry Pitman, a brother of the well-known phonographer; *The Friendly Societies' Journal*, edited by Mr. James Horsey; and *The Industrial Partnership Record*, edited by Mr. E. O. Greening. Of French papers devoted to the discussion of the same subject we have seen one, *La Co-opération*, and we believe there are several others; and there are a good many German publications, notably that one managed by Mr. Schulze-Delitzsch. In this country we have heard of a similar paper written and published by some co-operative workmen in St. Louis, but we have never seen it and have heard of it but vaguely. It is to be supposed, then, that a new enterprise of Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, a firm which seems to have taken in charge the literary interests of co-operation in America, will be useful to the working-man and the community at large. These gentlemen propose to draw from the various sources at their command the material for a series of cheap co-operative tracts, and among other articles will publish a series of prize essays that have been contributed to *The Co-operator* by certain English authors.

—Of lately published English books to be seen at Messrs. Scribner, Welford & Co.'s, we mention a few: "The Common Sense of English Orthography" is a thin little volume written by Mr. E. Jones, and commended by Professor Max Müller, Professor Bosworth, the Anglo-Saxon scholar, Dr. Thirlwall, and many other gentlemen of less reputation as philologers. Of course, it is only the wretched Dean Alford, whose native haunt seems to be the horns of dilemmas, who appears under this description: "Either he has made a perfectly wilful assertion contrary to fact, or he is ignorant of one of the commonest points in relation to the subject on which he so dogmatically writes." Mr. Jones wishes to simplify English orthography; while he believes the phonetic system of spelling is not at present to be adopted, he scoffs at the purism of the etymological school. He would strike out the *u* in such words as "honour" and "saviour," and the *e* in words like "moveable;" he would change *z* to *s* in words like "realize;" he would strike out one *l* in words like "traveller;" he would write *er* in place of *re* in words of the class of "theatre" and "calibre;" *ed* in the termination of the past tense and past participles of verbs he would change to *t*, except in certain specified cases, as, for example, when the *e* is necessary to show that the preceding vowel is long, or when the verb ends in *d*, or when it ends in *ge*. The book is clearly written, and, no doubt, "marshals us the way that we are going"—the way, in fact, that we in this country have already, to a great extent, gone. Sidney's "Arcadia" has been sacrilegiously touched by Mr. Hain Friswell—the Hain Friswell of "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations," we suppose—who apparently thinks that people who will not read the work in its original form, will read it if it is shortened and otherwise amended. But, we dare say, Mr. Friswell will not get the thanks of the general reader, and, we are sure, he deserves small thanks from the class of readers who are at all likely to care anything for the "Arcadia." John Timbs's "Nooks and Corners of English Life, Past and Present," may be properly described as consisting of pictures of the domestic manners of our forefathers at some of the most attractive periods of English history. "Oxford Lent Sermons" is a volume containing a short introduction by the Bishop of Oxford, and sermons preached at Oxford in 1866 by eight or ten divines, among whose names we see those of Dr. Pusey and H. L. Mansel. The theme of the discourses of 1865 was the strife of the Church with the evils and corruptions of this world; of these sermons of 1866 the theme is the strife of the Church with the bands of spiritual beings arrayed in hostility to it. Professor Mansel preached on the words of St. John—"He that committeth sin is of the devil, for the devil sinneth from the beginning"—and explained to his hearers "the conflict and defeat in Eden." "Synonyms and Antonyms" (counterwords) is the title of a volume just added to "Bohn's Philological Library." It is the work of C. J. Smith, M.A., late Archdeacon of Jamaica, and is a book of synonyms arranged on a new principle—words of opposite as well as words of like meaning being given under each heading. "An Outline of the Early Jewish Church from a Christian Point of View" is written by the Rev. Mr. S. C. Malan, and is "intended only for general readers, and among them for those alone who believe the Bible, and who therefore require neither tradition, research, nor wisdom of words to help their faith in the Scripture of Truth." Admiral Sir Adolphus Slade's (Mushaver Pacha's) book is entitled "Turkey and the Crimean War: a Narrative of Historical Events." "The Pyrenees: a Description of Summer Life at French Watering-Places," is by Henry Blackburn, who some time since wrote a very fair book of Spanish travel. Of this book the chief value, in the estimation of most people, will be its pictures and illustrations, which are by Gustave Doré. The artist illustrates everything, so it is not surprising, but it is a little amusing, to see from his hand a picture meant to interpret that beautiful stanza of Herbert's, which, had Herbert known the New England Plantations, one would say he wrote on an Indian summer's day. The

> "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky,"

forms the subject of a picture anything but felicitous.—The numerous namesakes of Gulielma Maria Springett and Thomas Ellwood, who belong to a generation of Friends not yet aged but probably nearly extinct, will be glad to meet here also Maria Webb's book on "The Penns and Peningtons in the Seventeenth Century in their Domestic and Religious Life, Illustrated by Original Family Letters; also Incidental Notices of their friend Thomas Ellwood, with some of his Unpublished Verses."

—One of the most important of new English books is Mr. Lewes's "History of Philosophy"—which may properly be called a new book, it contains so much more matter than the "Biographical History of Philosophy," which appeared ten years ago (1857), in one octavo volume, containing the four pocket volumes of the edition of 1845. Much that is wholly new has been added, and of the old articles many have been amended, some have been rewritten wholly, and some have been rewritten in part, so that the author says in his preface, "My readers of twenty years ago will hardly recognize the 'Biographical History of Philosophy.'" The chronological range of the work is still the same—"from Thales to Comte"—

and though there are changes in style and enlargements of various sorts, there are no changes in doctrine; the author adhered to the positive philosophy in 1845, and he adheres to it to-day, and believes fully that the faithful student of it will find it "a doctrine which will give unity to his life." There is at any rate little doubt that, setting aside these large expectations, a student will find in it the philosophy which is to be for an indefinite period in the future most influential, and there is no doubt, we suppose, that in Mr. Lewes's book the comparative merits of the positive and other systems of philosophy may be found clearly and fairly enough set forth. In this edition the "Introduction" of the first and second editions is replaced by a "Prolegomena," in which are discussed, "What is Philosophy?" "The Objective and Subjective Methods," "The Test of Truth," "Some Infirmities of Thought," "Necessary Truths." The chapters on Plato and Aristotle have been rewritten; the chapters entitled "Scholasticism," "Arabian Philosophy," and "Roger Bacon," are entirely new; the chapters on Francis Bacon, Descartes, Leibnitz, Condillac, and Hartley have been rewritten; the chapter on Spinoza has been rewritten, and there have been added to it some new biographical details, which we suppose are contained in the very interesting article on Spinoza, from Mr. Lewes's pen, which was published some time ago in *The Fortnightly Review;* Kant Mr. Lewes has restudied, in order to the preparation of this book, and he says of Hegel that the estimate of that philosopher formerly expressed by him is unchanged, and that he had hoped to make some reply to the challenge given by Mr. Stirling in his recent work, but was prevented by the failure of his health. We are sorry to say that we see no indication of the republication of the book in this country. The old edition was published by the Appletons, who are said to decline giving the author further compensation for this new edition. But this is rather a new book than a new edition of an old one, and it is much to be wished that, if Messrs. Appleton & Co. do not, some other publishers will put the work before the American public.

—Emile de Girardin advertises *La Liberté* "as an American newspaper naturalized." Any one asked to guess the resemblance which is here suggested would probably seek for it in that freedom of speech which has brought its editor twice before the courts, and twice cost him a considerable fine and the ill-favor of the Government. M. Girardin has even gone so far as that on a recent occasion, when entertaining at his house the representatives of the foreign press in Paris, he toasted Queen Victoria, "who governs a free country," but urged the postponement of a reciprocal toast to the Emperor "till after the complete restoration of liberties." But we have not mentioned the quality which in his mind connects *La Liberté* with *The Tribune, The Post,* and the rest. "No Parisian journal," runs the advertisement before us, "has a greater variety of contents, or more extensive and reliable correspondence. *C'est le journal américain naturalisé.*"

—A work which might almost be one of a species is the "Culturhistorisch-politische Studie" of Dr. v. H—st, published by Engelmann at Leipzig, which treats of the effect upon the development of civilization in Russia of the attempted assassination of the Emperor by Karakosoff, April 4, 1866. The thesis is that this crime produced a reaction in the mind of the government in reference to national education, and altered abruptly and unfortunately the shape that the new reforms were taking. Had the author waited a little he might have predicted the consequences, for Russia or for Poland, of Berezowski's recent attempt on the same monarch in Paris—the assassin, by the way, bought his weapon on the *Boulevard de Sébastopol,* through which street courtesy forbade that the imperial guest should be conducted on his arrival. Incidentally Dr. v. H—st conveys a good deal of valuable information about the present state of Russia. It is left for some one else to trace the results of the attempt on Francis Joseph in 1853, of young Blind's idle shooting at Bismark, of Orsini's bombs, etc., etc. From all these examples the same inference will be drawn without straining, that they only confirmed the *régime* which they sought to overthrow. Nor could any other lesson be educed from the Booth conspiracy, which from its success would perhaps be ruled out of the foregoing category, as it certainly would from its motives; but there would be a wide field for speculating upon what would be the present relations of the South to the Union if Mr. Lincoln had survived the 14th of April.

—A well-known art-critic of Munich has just put forth the first volume of a new life of Raphael ("Raphaël: von Ernst Foerster." I. Band. Leipzig, 1867), adorned with a fine steel engraving of the great painter's self-executed portrait at Florence. The book opens with an historical sketch of the times in which Raphael lived, and then proceeds to his biography, enumerating his works as far as they are pertinent to the narrative. Next follows a distinct review of his works, which the author divides, according to their subjects, into three periods. A chronological catalogue is placed at the end of the volume. The second or last volume will contain a continuation of the review. —Two of the three volumes of Prof. Ebertz's compendium of the early history of Prussia ("Geschichte des Preussischen Staates bis zum Regierungsantritt Friedrichs des Grossen") have appeared, and extend to the year 1740. Especially interesting, though complicated enough, is the account of the founding of the now powerful state on the plains of the "Mark" between the Weser, the Elbe, and the Oder. Here we may trace the rise of the Zollern family, of Swabian origin, who are now the ruling house of Prussia, and for whom a fresh career seems opened on the Lower Danube. It is a curious fact that Rudolf von Habsburg's elevation to the throne of the German empire was chiefly due to the recommendation and support of his relative, Count Albrecht von Hohenzollern-Hohenberg.

—"Poesias de la America meridional, con noticias biograficas" is the title of a neat little book, the twenty-second volume of the "Colleccion de Autores Españoles," published by Brockhaus, at Leipzig. It is divided under the following heads: Religion, Naturaleza, Iuventud Amor y Amistad, Dolor, Romances, Poesia jocosa. A South American anthology has long been a desideratum among those whose reading has included the poetry of the Hispano-American populations, and who have discovered in it great beauties and still greater promise. Collections similar to that of which this volume is the latest part have also been published by Brockhaus, from the works of modern Portuguese, Italian, Polish, and Russian authors. Mr. L. W. Schmidt is the New York agent for the German house.

ON THE HEIGHTS.*

In spite of the somewhat heavy and ungraceful translation in which it is presented to American readers, "On the Heights" is a very charming novel. It depicts modes of life entirely different from our own, but these are treated so simply and the book is kept throughout so low in tone, to borrow a phrase from the studios, that the inevitable strangeness of a foreign novel is, in this case, a thing understood rather than felt. The characters also belong to uncommon types, but are, nevertheless, very genuinely true to human nature. They are distinctly individualized without presenting any of those sharp contrasts which offend the artistic sense in ordinary novels, and have, moreover, a certain reserved force, as though they came into existence before the book which introduces them to our notice, and would continue to live after their peculiarities had ceased to interest us. They are, of course, thoroughly German; somewhat slow in movement, susceptible to ideas, and quite capable of being moved by them even in the midst of passion.

The scene of a great portion of the book is laid in a German court, and the story hinges upon the illicit passion of the king and the Countess Irma von Wildenort. There is, however, none of the mire through which readers are ordinarily dragged in stories of this sort. The whole thing is translated from the region of passion into that of thought, and the severe morality of the book, deriving its sanctions from the intellect instead of the creeds, is rather Pagan than Christian. That is to say, it suggests Shakespeare's line,

"They say best men are moulded of their faults,"

and forces upon us the theory that not innocence but nobleness is the highest moral state.

We do not wish to do this book the injustice of telling its story in a hasty and necessarily imperfect manner, and shall merely indicate its main current, in order to speak intelligibly of the thought which underlies it, and honorably distinguishes it from the rank and file of recent novels. The story turns, then, as we have said, upon the requited love of the king for a maid of honor to his queen, a woman not only as young and beautiful as her rival, but even equally beloved by her husband. She is, however, a woman full of romantic feeling, and lives habitually on heights of sentiment and enthusiasm which the king finds slightly fatiguing. Irma, on the other hand, has a charming vivacity, a fine and untrammelled intellect, and an aversion to all laws but those of her own nature, which make her attractive by contrast with the queen, and doubly so by sympathy with the king, whose individuality seems to him also the most precious of his possessions. For Irma the queen has an admiring friendship, which is threatened at one time by suspicions concerning the nature of her relations with the king, but which is strengthened when suspicion is lulled by observation of their

* "On the Heights. By B. Auerbach. Translated by F. E. Bunnett." New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1867.

unembarrassed manner toward each other. At last, however, an anonymous letter from the court informs Count Eberhard, the father of Irma, of his daughter's ruin. A stroke of paralysis results from the shock, and Irma is summoned to his bedside. Unable to speak, he traces on her forehead with his dying finger a word which sets her degradation before her in so overwhelming a light that, convulsed with shame and grief, she resolves upon suicide. Letters sent her by the king and queen, urging her return to court, only strengthen her resolution, and she confesses to the queen and takes leave of the king in replies which, as they are short and characteristic, we may as well quote :

"QUEEN : I expiate my guilt with death. Forgive and forget.
"IRMA."

And to the King :

"MY FRIEND : I address you for the last time. We are treading a false way, a terribly false one. I expiate my guilt. You do not belong to yourself. You belong to her and to your whole state. You must expiate in life, I in death. Compose yourself ; agree with the law which binds you to her and to the community. You have denied both ; and I—I have helped you to do so. Our life, our love, has brought upon you a terrible fate. You could no longer be true to yourself. You must again become so, and that entirely. Dying, I impress this on you, and I die gladly if you will abide by my entreaty. Everlasting nature knows that we did not wish to sin ; but it was so. My judgment is written on my brow ; inscribe thine in thine heart and live anew. Everything is still before you. I receive the kiss of eternity from death. Hear this voice and forget it not ! but forget her who calls to you. I wish for no remembrance."

These letters throw a bomb-shell into the midst of the king's domestic arrangements. The queen had long been the only person at court who was unaware of the true state of things, and she had been kept from the knowledge only by her own purity and her confidence in that of others. Her anger and contempt for those who have violated her trust are doubly bitter for this reason. She upbraids the king with the deceit practised on her, and declaring that his guilt and Irma's death must always remain a barrier between them, lives thereafter in a state of virtual separation from him.

Irma, however, is not dead. Almost at the moment when about to accomplish her design of suicide, she was saved by Walpurga, a peasant woman who had lived for a year in the palace as nurse to the crown prince. Walpurga is a charming character, full of naïveté and goodness, and some of the most delightful writing in the book concerns her and her household belongings. With her Irma lives on a farm in the mountains for four years, occupying her time in carving on wood, and her thoughts in speculating on the problem of her existence. The results of the latter occupation are given in a journal kept by her, which forms the most remarkable portion of the novel. Its peculiarity is, that it takes the question of sin out of the domain of conscience, and finds its significance without referring it to arbitrary standards. The results are practically the same as those achieved by the lesser moralists of the religious novels ; but the processes by which they are obtained have the great advantage of having been conducted on universal principles. In this journal is also enunciated distinctly the thought which is the key-note of the book—that the highest culture of the individual demands his subordination to society, that true freedom is found only in obedience to law. The theme of sin and expiation is one constantly recurring in fiction ; but we remember no instance in which it is treated on grounds so lofty. We all know how Hawthorne used it—the positive form in which evil appeared to him, and the terrible immortality with which he endowed it. His books, therefore, notwithstanding their artistic power, are utterly morbid and depressing. Like his own Hester Prynne, we chafe and grow rebellious under the too heavy yoke imposed upon us. Mr. Auerbach, on the contrary, does not outrage the individual, although he rigidly circumscribes his individuality. His heroine, voluntarily shut out for years from all companionship with her equals and all intercourse with books ; with the memory of her sin always before her, and saying to herself, "I will quietly bear the consequences of my actions alone by myself, looking for no material or spiritual help from without," has the rare courage to contemplate things as they are, and arrives at last at a state which is neither resignation nor despair, but a calm serenity in which the outworn consequences of the past drop from her, and she has a right to say : "Whatever may have happened, it is atoned for. There is a renewal of life, a deliverance achieved out of ourselves."

Perhaps a novel teaching a lesson like this is necessarily a result from a wider culture than that which English and American novelists have attained. When these latter are moral they are apt to be Puritanical, and when they exhibit a tendency to become philosophical their liberalism usually degenerates into license. But Mr. Auerbach's novel is conceived in the sphere of pure ideas ; it is at once delicate and strong, daring and yet profoundly appreciative of limitations. How justly, for instance, is the question of culture touched in this passage :

"I cannot regard work as the highest prerogative of man. The noble man is he who is idle, who cherishes and nourishes himself and develops himself ; thus do the gods live, and man is the god of the creation.

"This is my heresy. I have confessed it. But in the chair of confession there sits another being, and he is right when he says : Well, my child, to do nothing—merely to be here—that would be the worthiest and sublimest. Very right. But as no man can be here without another working for him, then each must also work. All must be satisfied. None are here merely for the sake of being, nor others merely for the sake of working."

The following paragraph, with which we close alike our notice and our quotations from this novel, inevitably suggests the fatal defect which marred the peculiar genius and varied culture of Henry Thoreau, and is the most searching criticism on the thought implied in such a life and such work as his :

"We cannot be subjects to nature alone. He who obeys his law of nature has no share in the historical world, no heritage ; for him no one has lived before him, no one has prepared, as it were, his existence ; his whole nature is born with him, and with him it dies. He who obeys the law of nature alone, and persuades himself that he is doing right, is a denier of humanity ; he denies that there is a history of the human race of which he alone is not the only representative, but which was before him and is without him. The denier of humanity is, in spite of all varnish, only a savage ; he stands without. Everything which he does and produces and enjoys, connected with culture, he has stolen ; he should sing no song but the natural effusion of his own voice ; like the bird, which brings with him into the world his plumage and his song, having no especial garb and no especial melody, for all in him is species, all is the law of nature."

MR. HEWETT, MRS. GAGE, AND OTHERS.*

WHEN small fruits, jams, and other sweet things are handed about for adult acceptance, a man has it feelingly brought home to him that he is further off from heaven than when he was a boy. Then it is that he finds, and sighs to find, that his coffee, his cayenne, his olives, his fish-sauce, his soda-water, his wines, and his bitter beers—all the sad stages in his progress "from the caster to the gutter," to use the acrid phrase of a certain social reformer—have taken from him his ability to enjoy the natural, simple delights of the unsophisticated palate. But now and again it happens that habit falls from him ; once in a while, though but for a moment, nature reasserts herself ; he deliberately goes backwards to assorted candies, he fills his mouth with the goodness of honey, and the cloying sweetness is in itself delicious, and also sweetly for an instant it recalls his days of callow greenness. The reader of the first poem on our list will get from its perusal a pleasure quite similar to this that we have mentioned. It is only necessary to forget a little and do a little violence on one's self and Mr. Hewett's poetry becomes a thing of joy. For example, if a man will but remember the days of his youth, it is not at all hard to take delight in this sort of a description of a banquet at Washington, D. C. :

"High at the board where thickest was the glee
Sat Rudiger, the wildest reveller,
The redolent Muscadine was in his brain."

And it recalls one's early, golden visions of department clerks and special correspondents to read this, which is how they do it at a later stage of the same banquet :

"Now shouted one 'Unto his lady each
A bumper pour !' And whispered he who sat
By Rudiger, his closest friend, 'Begin,
As fit, with hers, thy dainty Adelaide's.'"

But let us begin at the beginning, and tell intelligibly what Mr. Hogg would call "the sum total of the whole." Rudiger, who is a Pennsylvanian or New Jerseyman by birth, is a pallid student and a poet and a votary of fame—particularly a votary of fame :

. . . . "That steadfast soul
Spurned all for fame, throttled his pleading heart,
And flung the violated victim on
The shrine of his devotion and his life.
He crushed that bosom, with relentless heel,
On which love's most luxurious feast he 'd held."

And all for posthumous renown. What he studies we are not specifically told ; but he is in the habit of sitting up all night over tomes. Seven days in the week the aureate dawn looks in at the casement of his boarding-house, and makes pale his taper as he peruses olden lore, his brow rimmed with a thoughtful glory. As a poet, he is of the order which may be de-

* "The Votary : A Narrative Poem. By James D. Hewett." New York : G. W. Carleton & Co. 1867.
"Ellen : A Poem for the Times." New York : G. W. Carleton & Co. 1867.
"Poems. By Mrs. Frances Dana Gage." Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.
"Peace, and Other Poems. By John J. White." Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.

scribed as hot and strong. In his capacity of votary of fame we have spoken of him just above, but for the story's sake we add a word more. In his thirst for the airy phantom he leaves the haunts of his childhood, and becomes the private secretary of one of Columbia's leading sons, whose residence is at the national capital. In his native Pennsylvania lived a maid who loved our Rudiger, and in return he loved the maid with all the warmth of his passionate poet-nature. "Give me thy lips" he more than once says:

> "Give me thy lips! Thy moon-gilt hair floats o'er
> Thine ivory neck; those swimming violet orbs,
> Great lakes of love in which I'd freely dip,
> Again thy lips! Thy moist palm thrills to mine."

But his love of fame carries him to Washington. The senator or representative into whose service he enters, when he leaves his home and his Sybilla, has a queenly daughter, got up, if we may use the expression, "regardless of expense" both in dress and in personal appearance. Her sumptuous form was clad in emerald silk one morning when she called upon Rudiger at his room:

> "An India shawl fell lightly from a neck
> And shoulders statuesquely beautiful;
> Her radiant face and splendid hazel eyes,
> Full of fine crystal gleams, were softened by
> A snowy veil of rarest frost-work lace."

And thus to the private secretary spake the ox-eyed queen:

> "'Sir Student! fair good morrow,' said she, 'I
> Am peeping in to get a glimpse of this
> Dull oyster here. Nay, shrink not in thy shell.
> Wilt thou to church with me?'"

They go to church, and in the pew are joined by the statesman, Adelaide's father, who points out to Rudiger the new poet, who, as he says:

> "Doth sway the fickle fancy of the world.
> . . . That fragile youth
> With the pale, swarthy face and lustrous eyes."

Adelaide, during the morning service, repeats to her companion a tale of fiery love which she had read in this young man's volume:

> "A tale of passion of a maid who loved
> A youth who knew it not, but, too, himself
> Loved her with wild idolatry."

The application of the story is plain; the selfish statesman sees his account in an alliance with the young eagle Rudiger, and by-and-by the fortunate young man, who, meantime, has got a commission as Indian agent or postmaster, or secretary to a Senate committee, through the fascinating influence of the Lady Adelaide, forgets his early love, Sybilla, and marries the haughty daughter of the senator or representative. Sybilla, of course, dies, but, of course, not till after writing from Pennsylvania a reproachful but forgiving letter. This missive falls into the hands of Adelaide:

> "The post arrived, and unto Adelaide
> By dangerous chance the letter was consigned."

The address being in a woman's hand, Adelaide opened the letter. Rudiger, coming home not long afterward over the Washington branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, is at once confronted by his injured bride, who hisses into his ear the sibilant name of the martyred Sybilla. Rudiger's conscience awakes, he flees into distant realms, wandering by sea and land for many moons, his soul a perfect mass of scoriæ and lava, and his language always of the highest class. "Straight on to hell," for example, he says,—

> "Straight on to hell the currents drift me fast.
> In hell I will not deign to mingle with
> Those coward fiends who cast the blame of their
> Denunciation on their Maker. I will sit
> Apart, a solitary demon, while
> My great crime and my moanless fortitude
> Shall give me lofty place there;"

for he ever was a deep-browed votary of ambition, and when he cannot serve as Indian agent and eventual Secretary of the Interior, he very naturally feels like annexing himself to Tophet, and doubling the area of that kingdom. He comes out of this bad frame of mind, however, for one night at sea, when

> "The torpid moon hung green and livid in
> A mouldy cloud, as in a festering shroud,"

a tall man comes on deck from the ladies' saloon, and boldly accosts the wretched wanderer, shrinking not from his fearful language nor his brow of doom. He goes back to Adelaide, who has ceased to be haughty, and seems to have become a sort of a nun—at any rate, she is constant in attendance at church—but she does not see her way clear to live with Rudiger, unless he can say that he loves her more than he loves the phantom Sybilla. This, of course, he cannot do. Sybilla holds his heart, and he for ever goes away from Washington in the employ of the American Society for Foreign Missions. In short, "The Votary" is delightfully silly; not stupid merely and dull, but redolent of extreme youth and many thrilling romances; and Mr. Hewett is to be congratulated and envied as the gentleman who, having reached the age of twenty—we judge of this point by his literary skill—yet is endowed with all the toploftical sentiment and all the pleasing vacuity of thought o thirteen years of age. We sincerely advise our readers to purchase and peruse his poem.

A work of a very different class is "Ellen," a brief poem which is written in Spenserian verse, and which, in other less obvious characteristics of its style, is even absurdly Elizabethan. But it is full of thought, and it is by no means empty of genuine poetry. Briefly told, the story of it is this: A young man finds himself at night in one of the parlors of a house occupied by women of the town. Led thither by a friend who has imposed upon his ignorance, Horatio is filled first with disgust and then with pity for the wretched inmates of the dwelling. In one of the rooms he finds Ellen. His presence, which breathes chivalry and manly purity, recalls this unfortunate to her better self. She rises up and goes away with him into the street without a word, is cared for by some good women, and is at last taken home to her parents. The poem seems to be founded on an incident that actually occurred, and though on account of the very great involution of the style, the not infrequent refining subtlety of the thought, the word-hunting, and the wasteful and ridiculous excess of imagery, it is almost all of it hard enough reading, there are some really fine things in it, which must have been written by some one not only of a good heart but of true spiritual insight. If, as we take it, the author is a young writer, we think a good deal may fairly be expected from him. But he will have to give up the use of his borrowed style. These following stanzas must be read with more attention than is given to most contemporary poetry, but, on the other hand, they are worth reading. They describe Horatio's presence and its effects in the midst of "that friendless company":

> "And those banned, lonesome lost ones, they were saved,
> A moment saved. A moment their soul-ache
> Stopt beating, when the woman new was laved
> By the resurging spirit, as in a lake
> Of soft absolving light, and thoughts that raved
> Around infected prison-walls, now take
> Repose,—stilled in that manly presence pure,—
> And tune themselves, again serene, secure.
>
> "E'en in the most unsexed of all, whom years
> Had more and more in fleshly bands enwrapt,
> Through smeary eyelids, long unwashed by tears,
> A light (chaos with primal day-beam capt)
> Strange glistened in the unhallowed lap of leers,
> A soft maternal light inaptly apt,
> Ray from a blessing that had failed to bless,
> Sole flower in a hot weedy wilderness.
>
> "In younger days she lost an infant boy,
> And the dead babe had grown within her mind
> (Angel asleep mid sensual tumult's joy),
> Until by such mute secret nurture kind
> He came to manhood, so without alloy
> She seemed in this fine form her child to find:
> And when Horatio touched with grief she saw
> She trembled, and her heart stood still for awe.
>
> "Horatio's heart grew faint with tears."

Of Mrs. Gage we are unwilling to speak. We prefer to be severe with our readers and in place of criticism give them these few lines. The whole book is like these:

> "To-day the sun shines fair,
> And on the air
> The warmth of almost everyday life is borne
> And tree and shrub are shorn
> Of all their glittering brightness.
> The white clouds float in lightness,
> And the glad heart is radiant in the glo
> Of a bright winter day;
> And men go to and fro,
> Whistling their merriment as if 'twere June,
> (How changed the tune!)
> They laugh and chat,
> And all of that."

And we are entirely unable to see why Mr. White should have printed his book. He knows he never would have thought of publishing it if it had not rhymed; and if it had been his fate to be aware of the enormous amount of equally well rhymed matter that is issued yearly from the press, it must be that a man of his excellent intentions would have refused to add another thin duodecimo to the heap.

SWINTON'S TWELVE DECISIVE BATTLES.*

Mr. Swinton's "Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac" is a book of great value, but it hardly fulfilled the expectations that were raised when it became known that he was engaged upon it. It was and is the best book in existence upon its subject, but it was not so good as it ought to have been. With all its various merits it was disfigured by partiality, while the superior weight which it showed its author inclined to give to all statements

* "The Twelve Decisive Battles of the War: A History of the Eastern and Western Campaigns, in relation to the Actions that Decided their Issue. By William Swinton, author of 'Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac.'" New York: Dick & Fitzgerald, 1867.

made to him by Southern soldiers, discredited it in no small degree for the use of those who believed that Southerners were apt to be somewhat unscrupulous in giving their testimony whenever a question as to the comparative prowess of North and South was involved. His "Twelve Decisive Battles of the War" is a book of unequal merit, but on the whole we are inclined to regard it as quite superior to its predecessor. It is comparatively free from most of the graver faults of that volume, it shows equal research and at least equal skill in the use of materials, and, though it has many defects of style, it is in many parts a book of intense and absorbing interest.

The preface declares that the book is designed more for popular than professional instruction, and states the author's opinion that the proper rule of judgment to follow in selecting from the throng of battles those which may be pronounced decisive, is "to choose such as settle the fate of campaigns, the possession of great strategic points, the capture or dispersion of armies, the success or defeat of grand invasions, and, in brief, such battles as, though not final upon the war itself, were final upon the successive stages through which the war was fated to pass." Mr. Swinton admits the probability of a difference of opinion as to the correctness of his selection. In our judgment he has been extremely successful in it. There seems to be no room to doubt as to eight of the battles which he has chosen for description. There is more room for question when he inserts the names of Vicksburg, the Wilderness, Atlanta, and Five Forks in his list of decisive battles. The first was a siege, the issue of which may be said to have been rendered certain before it was formed by the successes gained by Grant against Pemberton in the field, and Mr. Swinton admits that it is doubtful whether the operations of the siege "hastened the final *dénouement* by a single day." The Wilderness seems to us to have been in no sense a decisive battle, and, according to the author's own reasoning, it was rather the fact that Grant went forward after it, than anything in the battle itself, that caused him to give this battle a place in his volume. Atlanta was the prize of a campaign of four months, counting from the time when Sherman commenced his march from Chattanooga, and was not gained by the sharp battles fought before the city. The victory at Five Forks was brilliant and complete, but the question whether if that battle had never been fought Lee could have succeeded in forming a junction with Johnson is too large for discussion here. But such speculations as these are for the student and not for the mass of readers.

The tone of the book is satisfactory. The writer appears to have been in a much better humor when he wrote it than while he was at work upon the "Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac." His treatment of prominent officers is more impartial and more just, in our judgment, as a rule, than that of his former work, and the few lines in which he speaks of Sickles's great mistake at Gettysburg are a model of candor and moderation. Our fallen natures cannot but feel a satisfaction when we read of General Halleck as "exercising, for the country's sins, the functions of general-in-chief;" and to those who have studied the military history of General Burnside with attention it is no matter of surprise to find his command described as "passing the day (of the battle of the Wilderness) in a fruitless course of peripatetics through the woods." His portraitures of Sherman and Thomas are elaborate and most interesting. With fewer and lighter but artistic strokes he delineates the military character of Rosecrans, and he does not fail to do justice to the sterling services of Buell, the man who turned the defeat of Grant's army at Pittsburg Landing into a victory for the North.

It is easy to find elsewhere as good or better material for studying the battles of Bull Run, the Antietam, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Atlanta, and Five Forks than is contained in this book; but we do not know where else to look for descriptions of Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Murfreesboro', Vicksburg, and Nashville so good in matter and manner. The author's plan of dividing each sketch into three sections, which he calls the prelude, the battle, and the results, is excellent, and possesses all the merit which he claims for it, namely, that it enables him to explain the train of events which led up to each battle and the circumstances under which it was fought, to describe the battle itself and to show what it accomplished or failed to accomplish, and to introduce a continuous thread of description, running from the beginning to the end of the war, whereon are strung its twelve decisive battles. The chapters which have pleased us most are those on Shiloh, Murfreesboro', the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, and Nashville.

The book contains many striking sentences and paragraphs, which want of space alone forbids us to quote. The description of the manner in which "Grant's army woke to the battle of Shiloh" is fine, though a little stilted, and a single sentence concludes, with effect, the description of the first day's terrible fighting: "Then night and rain fell on the field of Shiloh." This is Homeric in its simplicity, and the picture is perfect. The whole prelude to Hampton Roads; the paragraph in relation to the fine conduct of Reynolds at Gettysburg, on p. 328; the description of the advance of Pickett's division, on p. 343; the paragraphs which introduce the description of the campaign of Atlanta, on pp. 404–5; the account of the commencement of Sherman's march to the sea, on p. 436; the sketch of Schofield's battle of Franklin, on pp. 447–8, and of the first assault upon Overton's knob in front of Nashville, on p. 462, are all noteworthy as striking passages. The first two pages of the prelude to Five Forks, pp. 478–80, are a good specimen of sustained eloquence. Rapidly reviewing the events which led to the concentration of the great armies of North and South in and near the "historic campaigning-ground" of Virginia, the author, in one ringing sentence, announces the appearance on the scene of the great army of the Mississippi, and, sketching its triumphant history from the beginning, brings it forward to the time when its long marches were nearly over, so that "when the doomed Confederate armies, compassed in fatal toils, looked southerly for an outlet of escape, there came rolling across the plains of the Carolinas, beating nearer and nearer, the drums of Champion Hills and Shiloh."

There is very much to praise in all Mr. Swinton's writings. He collects his material with industry and uses it with skill. He has been much with the army, which in itself gives him great advantages for writing of it, and he seems to have a good theoretical knowledge of the art of war. He is a clear, forcible, and dramatic writer. Unfortunately, we do not know just how much confidence to repose in his accuracy. We give him the credit of taking pains to be correct; but he is certainly sometimes inaccurate, sometimes careless, and he sometimes exaggerates excessively. Thus he says, "The light of day, the 17th of September, broke with tender beauty over the lovely valley of the Antietam." The truth is that it was a dark, dismal, lowering morning, though the sun came out bright by half-past ten or eleven o'clock. His account of the experiences of Sedgwick's division of Sumner's corps at the battle of the Antietam is all awry, and he has either entirely misunderstood the statement of General McLaws in regard to it, or that officer himself is all wrong in what he says. We speak that which we do know, and testify that which we have seen. Again, in one place he declares that the capture of Fort Donelson "carried forward the whole Union front of war two hundred miles." A few pages later, speaking of the fall of the same place, he says, "the recoil was slight." He always speaks of Gettysburg as being in Western Pennsylvania. We find more fault with him for his exaggerated statements of the condition of the Union army after it had been defeated under Pope. He says that at that time the "broken fragments of two Union armies lay on the Potomac like the stranded wreck of a noble fleet;" that "the broken battalions of the once proud Union army reeled and staggered back to the fortifications of Washington," and speaks of it as a "shapeless mass" and a "panic-stricken mob." This would be in bad taste if it were true; but it is not true. It is the grossest exaggeration, and unpardonable at this late date. Such statements have been too often made, and too seldom contradicted. The truth is that the rear-guard, posted near the crest of a slope running across from the Centreville pike to and beyond the Little River pike, in advance of Fairfax Court House, saw the Army of Virginia and the Army of the Potomac pass by in retreat. There was no disorder, no confusion, no unseemly haste. The position of the rear-guard was maintained without molestation from the enemy until well into the forenoon of the 3d of September, 1862, and for a long time after no troops, not even cavalry outposts, were left in their front. Then they received the order to withdraw as quietly as possible, and they moved to the rear in good order. They found the village of Fairfax Court House occupied in considerable force. In front of it, in a line across the road, were twelve guns in battery, and on the left of this line of artillery was a large body of cavalry, massed in the shade of a cleared wood, the troopers all mounted and sitting steadily in their saddles, and looking workmanlike. Everything was quiet, orderly, and as it should be. Far on the right, as one faced toward the enemy, near the Vienna road, was a very solid-looking force, no doubt intended to protect the army against a continuation of Jackson's movements by the left flank. The troopers moved on in good order, and took up the positions that were assigned them, near and in front of the works covering Washington. Though few men living, probably, can speak with authority of the condition of every part of the army, there are plenty who know that there were many divisions and thousands of men who were not demoralized, and perfectly ready to fight stubbornly in defence of Washington, had the enemy advanced upon them there. Such misstatements as those we have noticed seriously impair the confidence of the reader in other statements of the author as to events that took place on a more distant theatre, and as to which accurate knowledge is not easily attainable.

Mr. Swinton's reputation is high and his books are readable, so that it is necessary to examine his writings with more care than that bestowed on the works of authors of less merit. He might perhaps make himself the first writer on military subjects in America; but to attain that position he will certainly have to use more simplicity of style and a little more careful scrutiny and weighing of his authorities in the composition of books which are so valuable and interesting as his "Twelve Decisive Battles of the War."

Nature and Life: Sermons by Robert Collyer, pastor of Unity Church, Chicago. (Boston: Horace B. Fuller; Chicago: John R. Walsh. 1867.)—The intrinsic interest of this volume would be very much enhanced were it preceded by a short sketch of the author's life. Throughout his own denomination his story is so generally known that such a sketch was probably considered needless by his publishers. They would have done well, however, to take for granted that this volume of sermons, which might better be called a volume of poems, will go outside the Unitarian denomination. For though incidentally it touches upon most of the disputed points among the sects, and sufficiently identifies its author with the radical wing of his own sect, yet the broad humanity of the writer, his ready sympathy, his recognition of the superiority of true religion over all its forms, and last, but not least, the poetic quality of his thought, bespeak for him a hearing with all earnest men. As much as Mr. Beecher, he belongs to all the sects. His style is perfectly original, sometimes at the expense of clearness and precision. He is evidently a man of wide reading, but it is men rather than their ideas that delight him. He has a keen eye for the sources of character. His handling of the Bible will doubtless be considered very free, but it is also truly reverent. He humanizes everything that he touches, and the men and women of the Bible as they move across his pages are just as real as those we meet in business and society. To some extent the book is autobiographical, but, though often speaking of himself, these references will always bear the touchstone of good taste. Born in Yorkshire, England, in 1823, the son of honest laborers, spending six years in a factory and twelve more at the blacksmith's forge, then coming to this country and for nine years more still working at his trade; going to Chicago in 1859 as minister-at-large and soon making his mission into a large and prosperous society, his experience has been necessarily broad and rich, and some of the best fruits of it are reported in this little book. He is at the present time, beyond a doubt, the most popular preacher of his sect, and this, too, without stooping to any of the tricks by which popularity is often bought, and without having any of the graces of the orator. A delicious humor runs through everything he says. The plan of his sermons is very simple. They consist every one of them of a dilemma and its solution. The statement of the dilemma generally occupies more space than the solution. This, too, is perhaps a fault. But it is one that is atoned for by the refreshing and consoling views of life that characterize the volume as a whole. By the way, we recommend Mr. Collyer when he quotes poetry not to quote from his unaided memory, which, apparently, is treacherous, but to have recourse to the originals.

Lectures on the Nature of Spirit and of Man as a Spiritual Being. By Chauncy Giles, minister of the New Jerusalem Church. (New York: Published by the General Convention of the New Jerusalem.)—The writings of Swedenborg are so voluminous that many persons who would like to know something about what he believed are deterred by the apparent hopelessness of the task. To read carefully all that he ever wrote would take full as long if not longer than it took him to compose it. And though by any compilation or second-hand knowledge of him we doubtless lose much of the aroma of his thought, yet, all things considered, the general public ought to be very grateful for succinct and definite statements of his views. In this handsome volume of 200 pages Mr. Giles has given such a statement of one branch of his master's thought, and that the most characteristic. He has brought eminent ability to his task. His style is clear and forcible; he does not seem to doubt what those do who doubt nothing else, that brevity is the soul of wit. The topics discussed are the nature of spirit and the spiritual world, the death, resurrection, and judgment of man, his preparation for his final home, his state in heaven and in hell. The leading thoughts are Swedenborg's, but nothing more. No appeal is made to the authority either of the Bible or the Swede. The attempt throughout is to prove that certain leading thoughts have intrinsic probability and reason on their side. The discussion is conducted in the best possible spirit. It may fail to convince any one who is not convinced already, but it cannot fail to interest any person who has ever thought upon these strange, intoxicating themes. The author's style, out of kindness perhaps to the uninitiated, is much less technical than the style of the New Jerusalem generally.

Bible Teachings in Nature. By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, author of "First Forms of Vegetation." (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867.)—The prevailing epidemic among writers is a love of nature and a delight in the discovery of natural laws. Almost every class is more or less infected. Just now the preachers seem to illustrate most forcibly the ravages of the disease. But it is a poor figure that we use for such a noble tendency. It has done great things for art and poetry. It is now doing great things for theology. The writer of these sermons is evidently an enthusiast in physical studies, and has studied them to good advantage. His pages show that he has pushed his investigations a goodly distance into various fields. As the author himself suggests, the book is in two parts. The first eight chapters describe various natural phenomena for the sake of their own beauty; the last seven chapters have a purely typical significance. It will probably be agreed by all that the first chapters are the best, though all the chapters have some degree of interest. And yet as sermons we can hardly think that any of these will rank very high. A sermon is as distinct a sort of composition as a dramatic or a lyric poem, as distinct if not as great a work of art as a statue or a symphony, and these sermons do not answer to the tests by which as such they should be measured. They are terribly overburdened with facts and information. They are all stitched somehow to the Bible; but the stitching makes a very awkward seam. We certainly would not exclude scientific illustration from the pulpit, but we would subordinate it to the religious idea. The scientific feeling is one thing and the religious feeling is another. Mr. Macmillan has apparently much of the first and little of the second. He should have been a botanist or a geologist. His sermons are good; but they indicate that he would have done better service in some other capacity than his present. And we must say that his sermons would be twice as good if they were only half as long.

The Caxtons. A Family Picture. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. 1 vol. 16mo. "Globe Edition." (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.)—"Books that you may carry to the fire and hold readily in your hand," says Dr. Johnson, "are the most useful after all;" at any rate a man likes his favorites for fireside companions, and no doubt the publishers are wise in giving us the standard novelists in cheap and portable form. As regards the judicious combination of cheapness, portability, legibility, and beauty, this "Globe Edition" of Bulwer we think better than any of the many new cheap editions with which the public has recently been made so familiar. To compare it with two of the best known, we should say, in the first place, that it is perhaps not quite so elegant in outward appearance as the Diamond Dickens; but it may almost be read by firelight, and to read the Diamond Dickens at the fireside one needs gas and very good eyes. And the Globe Bulwer, too, is certainly an elegant book; its paper is not thick, but it is fine and of an agreeable tint, the type is large and clear, and the volume is of a very handy size. The Globe Dickens is easily readable, though the paper is necessarily thin, but it is hardly a book that one holds readily in the hand, and it is not so handsome to the eye as the Globe Bulwer. Messrs. Lippincott & Co. have every reason, then, to be satisfied with their success in a difficult task. "The Caxtons," the volume before us, contains two good illustrations. The other volumes of the series are advertised to appear at short intervals.

Plutarch on the Delay of the Deity in Punishing the Wicked. Revised edition. With Notes by Professors H. B. Hackett and W. S. Tyler. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)—We are extremely glad to welcome a new edition of this work, not only on account of the value of the treatise itself, but also on account of the admirable manner in which the editorial portion of the labor has been performed. For a correct appreciation of what is required for an American text-book to be used by American students at the present time, Professor Tyler's books have always been remarkable, and the present work will, we believe, fully sustain his previous reputation in those respects, as well as that of the distinguished scholar whose name appears with Professor Tyler's upon the title-page. The Moralia of Plutarch have hitherto been too much neglected in our American colleges, and we have been much gratified to learn that more attention has been paid to them of late at Cambridge. We hope that this book will prove effective in awakening a permanent interest in writings which in many respects are among the most interesting which have been transmitted to us from antiquity.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE JULY SESSION.

CONGRESS has just afforded, by the sensible view it has taken of the work now before it, a remarkable proof of the advantage members derive from coming in contact with their constituents. As a general rule, the wisdom of the body diminishes in the direct ratio of the length of its session. The longer it deliberates, the more completely it seems to get out of sympathy and communion with the people, and, as might be expected, the bolder and more enterprising it becomes, the more eager for novelties and *coups de théâtre*, the readier not so much to advance but—to borrow a term from Senator Wade's recent happy description of his own mental condition—"to jump forward." The reason of this is not very far to seek. There is only a very small body of men in either House—there is, for that matter, only a very small body in any deliberative assembly in the world—who either act on fixed principles or have any fixed principles to act upon. Their guide in debate as well as in legislation is what they hear of the sentiments of their constituents, and their means of acquiring information on this point are very imperfect. The party organs, which constitute their principal reading, are obliged by the law of their being to speak strongly, to speak, in fact, far more strongly—or perhaps we should rather say violently—than the mass of the party either think or feel. Not one man in a thousand ever rises to the same level of enthusiasm as his newspaper. He doubtless reads the burning "editorial" with satisfaction, and is willing to say amen to the editor's fiercest denunciations or most gorgeous proposals, but he nearly always does so with a secret feeling that somehow he is not himself quite up to the mark—that he does not accept it all in the literal sense of the words, and that he would on the whole regret very much to see the editor rush off and put what he had been saying into practice. The average citizen listens to the bolder stump-speakers in very much the same frame of mind. He applauds, and is a good deal wrought up in the hall while the speaking is going on, but he cools down before he gets home, makes distinctions and modifications and exceptions which would be fatal to a bold, root-and-branch policy. But of all this the Congressman, of course, sees nothing. He reads the speech, sees that the meeting was largely attended, that the applause was loud and frequent, or reads the glowing and "loud-resounding" article, and remembers that the paper in which it appears reaches 70,000 or 100,000 readers, and concludes not unnaturally that every one of them swallows it as gospel, and he then looks round for some bold move which will be worthy of all these brave words.

One might suppose, at first blush, that any errors he might be led into in this way would be corrected by private correspondence, just as we all here at home have to have the notions we form from the newspapers of the state of things at Washington corrected by private letters from intelligent observers on the spot. But in this the member of Congress is also unlucky. The quiet, steady men who compose the bulk of the voters hardly ever write to him, or think of writing to him. He receives, no doubt, an enormous number of letters; but they are generally either from persons who have ends to be served by deluding him, or from excitable, nervous people who feel strongly in politics, and are constantly impelled to lend a hand "in the good work," and can, of course, seldom find anything better to do in aid of it than writing vigorous letters to some senator or representative, generally cheering him on, telling him he cannot go too fast, and describing to him the glow of enthusiasm with which the writer "watches his noble efforts," etc., etc. We suppose there is not a prominent man of either party who has not hundreds of these in his drawer, or would have them if paper were not in such demand for lighting fires and for pulp for the mills. But they are, of course, almost utterly valueless as indications of the drift of public sentiment—how valueless, we might illustrate by the way in which many well-meaning Congressmen have been deceived by them during the last three or four years.

Perhaps there has been nothing, however, for which the people have given such unmistakable signs of their desire as that the Reconstruction process should be performed thoroughly and once for all; that whatever amount of coercion and violence was necessary for this purpose should be resorted to, but no more. Consequently, all the harsh measures proposed by Mr. Stevens or others, as mere displays of virtuous indignation or merely for the purpose of carrying out a theory of government or of democracy, have all perished untimely. They came up thick as flowers in a clover-field last year and the year before, but they have one by one died out, and their authors have fallen more and more into the background. We mean no disrespect to two able and excellent men for whose honesty and humanity we have the sincerest respect, though we have constantly to differ from them on questions of means, when we say that the contrast between the influence wielded by Messrs. Boutwell and Stevens now and in the winter of 1865–6 is a striking illustration of the small hold which doctrinaires of any school have on the popular mind. Nobody who has during the last year seen anything of the community outside the circle of extreme radical politicians has felt that impeachment or confiscation had the least chance of success or had any popular support. There was something about them both which the average American in his own house never could take to except in some tremendous crisis. We see now, every day more and more, too, that the average American will not, and cannot be persuaded to, make sweeping political or social changes all at once without a good deal of talk about it, and without trying many experiments. It took much time and talking to bring the public up to the level of the Constitutional Amendment, and they refused to go further until the South had rejected it. The present Reconstruction bill is experiment the second, and nothing can be plainer than that until this has been tried and failed the popular sentiment will not sanction the trial of anything else. People feel that in a matter of such moment it is only step by step that they are competent to advance, and that nothing but plain proof of the necessity of the case will justify in the eyes of posterity the momentous precedents which they are now establishing.

All this members of Congress feel in their bones after they have paid a visit to their homes, and they are consequently proof just now against all the arguments of the doctors of the *à priori* system, like Messrs. Stevens and Sumner, who are sure that they know on general principles what ought to be done and who cannot bear the experimental method. We doubt if any member at all in sympathy with the people went back to Washington last week without feeling that the sole object of the July session was the amendment of the Reconstruction process which was determined on last session, and that all attempts to change this process for something else before it had been tried, or to make legislative excursions into the region of finance, or to frame general propositions either in politics or morals, would alarm and disappoint the country. Both Houses accordingly resisted all attempts to launch them on the open sea of general legislation, and are about to confine themselves exclusively to the work of making the Reconstruction act an instrument, as nearly perfect as circumstances will allow, for getting the South into the Union.

We look on this incident, trifling as it may seem in itself, as a most valuable indication of the power and activity of the popular common sense which has so many times saved the country for freedom and humanity—that common sense which, vulgar a quality as it may seem, is the very thing which after all makes constitutional government possible amongst us. Freedom has no warmer friends than *à priori* politicians, but the worst defeats and humiliations she has ever had to undergo have resulted from her trusting to them for safety.

NATURE "AN AGRARIAN."

IN addition to the terrible waste of war, and the loss caused by the withdrawal of so many strong hands from their accustomed farm-work, the country has for three years in succession been afflicted with indifferent or actually poor harvests, so that the price of bread and all other necessaries of life had risen this spring to threefold its normal figure.

and laborers and mechanics, while receiving extravagant wages, scarcely earned a fair living. Strikes and combinations of laborers and of employers have been frequent, the old battle-cries of "the rich against the poor," and "labor against capital," have again been heard on all sides, and the country has been recently startled by the sudden uprising of the agrarian ghost, at the bidding of Senator Wade, who is reported to have said that property is too unequally divided, and that Congress should find means to remedy the evil. The evil itself is no doubt partly due to the war, partly to ignorant and selfish legislation, but mainly to a succession of poor crops. This latter cause seems likely to be soon removed, for all accounts agree that the country is this year blessed with an abundant harvest. Wheat in the Southern and Central States is harvesting, and everywhere else is safe beyond all but the most extraordinary contingencies. The area planted in all the States is larger than ever before, and the yield promises to be liberal in proportion. The hay crop everywhere is magnificent. Corn, though rather late, in consequence of the cold, wet spring, is looking extremely well, and, under the influence of the favorable weather of the last two weeks, is rapidly making up for lost time. Cotton has had its drawbacks; the corn has this year engaged the planter's first attention, but the breadth of cotton sown is large, its present condition is highly favorable; the rumors of damage have from all quarters, except some of the lowest overflows, been indignantly contradicted; the present labor system is working admirably, and without very decidedly unfavorable weather, the crop promises to be far larger than last year, or indeed any year since 1861. With the exception of a few of the smaller fruits, and some comparatively unimportant products, the same abundance seems to await all the crops in all parts of the country. How is this abundance to affect the people?

The first effect of abundant crops is, of course, to lower the price of the articles harvested. Within the last sixty days flour has declined fully twenty per cent.; wheat, nearly thirty; and corn, nearly forty per cent., and the fall is scarcely begun. Cheap wheat means cheap bread; cheap corn means cheap poultry, cheap pork, cheap eggs; cheap hay means cheap milk, and cheap butcher's meat. All that the people eat declines in price, and the decline is not only prospective, but actual and instantaneous. The decline affects not only the crops about to be harvested, but every portion of former crops remaining unconsumed. The great profits made by dealers and speculators were made by the rise on the stock on hand; the stocks now on hand must be sold at a corresponding loss, and thus the profit is taken from the pocket of the dealer and speculator, and restored to him from whom it first came—the buyer and consumer. This is the way in which Nature forestalls Mr. Wade, and provides for a more equal redistribution of property.

When food is cheap, the laboring man is willing and able to work for lower wages. Hence, with cheap food, all that labor produces declines in price. Manufactured goods, the principal cost of which is labor, decline with the price of food. The stock on hand, produced at high wages, declines at once in anticipation of cheaper future production, and thus out of the savings of his high wages the laborer can buy the manufacturer's costly products as cheaply as if his own wages had always remained at their former low figure. Thus again Nature tends to "agrarianism."

Not only does the labor decline by which manufactured goods are produced, but the raw material from which they are made declines with it. Cotton has fallen thirty per cent. in three months, and is still declining. With the price of cotton the price of all other materials used for clothing must fall likewise, and thus every dollar of unnatural profit made on the rise of cotton and cotton goods, wool and woollen goods, is restored to its rightful owner by the gentle, peaceful pressure of Nature's own agrarian laws. Thus, whatever lowers the price of food, lowers the price of everything produced by labor. Abundant crops make lower prices not only for the articles harvested, but also for manufactured goods of every description; not only for the crops about to be harvested, but for any portion of former crops remaining unconsumed; not only for goods yet to be produced, but for every piece of goods already manufactured that remains unsold. Hence it is safe to say that the general anticipations of a profitable fall trade, based upon the prospect of abundant crops, are not likely to be realized. It seems certain, on the contrary, that the present stocks of goods of most descriptions can only be sold at a loss. Nor are those who anticipate an *early* fall trade likely to realize their wishes. A probable decline in prices is proverbially prone to delay purchases. The buyers of produce are not likely to be in eager competition for the farmer's crops, and the buyers of merchandise will wait until the manufacturer lowers his prices to the last figure. Thus the ordinary trade of the country is likely to be both late and unprofitable. When business is unprofitable, money-lenders are averse to loan. The capitalist is the most timid of human beings. Safety is with him the first consideration. When merchandise or stocks are declining, the money-lender is unwilling to advance on them, and is afraid to trust those who deal in them. In England, where money is to-day loaned at two per cent. per annum on good security, it is almost impossible to borrow money on cotton, or on the notes of cotton-dealers, because a decline in cotton is generally expected. A somewhat similar state of things is in prospect with us. Already, in some quarters, it is difficult for produce-dealers to borrow the money they need in their business, and this difficulty tends to hasten and increase the decline, which in turn only adds to the caution of the capitalist. The result is, that the capitalist, finding it difficult to lend his money at former rates of interest, will accept a lower rate if the security offered is only good enough, and thus abundant crops make money cheap. And, with money abundant at three or four per cent., what becomes of the cry that capital absorbs too large a share of the profits of labor? Declining wages, cheap materials, cheap capital which seeks a safe investment, induce moneyed men to employ a part of their means in building. Cheap new buildings lower the value of old dear ones, and make rents lower everywhere. Rent is one of the heaviest items of expense to all classes in this country, but proportionately far heavier to the laboring than to any other class.

Although Wall Street thinks differently, railroad and other stocks have likewise to decline under abundant crops. The decline in merchandise, and the consequent difficulty of borrowing money upon it, compel merchants and manufacturers throughout the country to obtain the money necessary for their business and for replacing the loss on their merchandise by selling out all their outside investments and securities. The lateness of the fall trade and the delay in moving the crops will cause great competition among the railroads, low freights, and diminished profits. The prevailing spirit of caution will cause many of the hollow shams of the Street to be thoroughly investigated and exposed. The diminished profits of the merchants reduce the bank deposits, or, in other words, the amount of money that the banks can lend on stocks. The preference which in times of doubt will always be given to Governments will likewise exert a depressing influence on railroad and other securities, and the Stock Exchange is likely to see a decline that few anticipate, and that will tend to distribute again some of those enormous fortunes that excite the jealousy of ignorant men, and furnish the stock in trade of political demagogues. The almost inevitable decline in prices of every single article of merchandise and of every kind of property is Nature's way of equalizing the distribution of wealth without the aid of Congress or of strikes or of co-operative societies.

It is an old story that dear bread makes more revolutions than the direst oppression. Cheap food in all ages has done more for peace and progress than liberty itself. Abundant crops this fall will do as much to reconstruct the South, to allay the labor excitement, to harmonize political differences, and to put down agrarianism, as any number of summer sessions or any variety of reconstruction amendments. Few will objects to the negro's voting if he faithfully helps to hoe the corn, and the crop yields enough for both master and man. Who stops to register while the wheat is yearning for the sickle? Will strikes or co-operative societies bring down the price of flour twenty-five per cent. in one month as nature's bounty has done? Who clamors for another's acres while in his own field the corn is growing an inch a night? Who cares for Stanbery's opinion while cotton promises an old-fashioned crop of three million bales? Can the President add a single grain to a single ear of wheat? Will Wendell Phillips's fierce philippics add one boll to the cotton plant? Can Congress secure one day's fair weather to the ripening fruit? Yet they think they rule the world! From all parts of our broad land, from the stony hillsides of New England, made fruitful only by sturdy Puritan labor and Anglo-Saxon ingo-

nuity, from the broad prairies of the West, where the bounteous soil asks only for seed-corn and the reapers, from the sunny valleys of the Central States, but recently vexed with din of arms, from the broad alluvial bottoms and dreamy glades of the South, from all parts alike comes one joyous shout of plenty, drowning with unconscious scorn the petty bickerings and broils of statesmen and politicians as the rolling thunder on the Fourth of July might drown the fitful rattle of torpedoes and fire-crackers.

We have, indeed, occasion for rejoicing. Human wisdom has not yet discovered a means of making war weigh alike heavily on rich and poor. Human virtue lags even behind human wisdom. Hence it is not to be denied that war has fallen most heavily upon the poor, that they are most oppressed by the weight of taxation caused by war. But in addition to the loss by war they have had to bear the loss of crops. Nature and man alike have battled against the poor. For six long weary years everything has tended to accumulate property in the hands of the rich. The men of the people who, like Senator Wade, are taught by their vague, untutored instincts "that property is not equally divided," are nearer the truth than their opponents think. But when they seek for the cause of this unequal distribution their instincts fail them, and when in their thoughtlessness they talk of "Congress distributing property more equally," they simply put their feeble shoulders to the chariot-wheel of Providence. The laws that regulate the accumulation or redistribution of property are made by a mightier power than that of Presidents or even president-makers. Of the laws themselves man in his ignorance has only a faint conception; but we do know that the harvest of each year is one of the instruments by which they are executed. For four or five years past the tendency has been in one direction only, but the wave of accumulation has now spent its force, the wave of redistribution has started on its career.

THE FUTURE OF ROYALTY.

The way in which the coronation of the King of Hungary—one of the most splendid and impressive of the ceremonies bequeathed to the modern world by the Middle Ages—has just been received by the European public; the half-astonished, half-amused air with which the press of all countries has described it, suggest some interesting considerations with regard to the changes which the political as well as industrial movements of the day are working in the prospects of royalty. It has been plain for more than half a century that the permanence and prosperity of kings in Europe depended very much on the success of constitutional monarchy. But it is now generally conceded that constitutional monarchy is not a success. The only country in which it is believed to have succeeded is England, but even there its success has been more apparent than real. Since its establishment there has been only one monarch of fair ability—William III.; and he, and Anne, and the first two Georges, owed the security of their thrones not to the fact that they were constitutional monarchs, but that they kept out the Stuarts. George III. was a constitutional monarch only in name; George IV. reigned by virtue of his father's prestige; so that it may be said that it is only in the case of William IV. and Victoria that the experiment has been fairly tried; and the acutest observers concede that Victoria is one of the last full-blown monarchs England will employ. In the countries which have been tempted by English example into trying it, it has either failed or shown every sign of failing.

All monarchies in the civilized world rest either on the feeling of loyalty or on force. Loyalty is unquestionably a form of superstition which the spread of knowledge and the growth of wealth are killing. The king, as he has come down to us from the Middle Ages, is "the Lord's anointed"—one of a family chosen by God for the work of governing men. His impulses are all noble; he is incapable of meanness, or baseness, or falsehood, and he is blessed with a wisdom far beyond that of other men. He needs counsellors, not because he needs advice, but because he needs to be supplied with facts. Give him the facts, and such is his power of reasoning that he is sure to reach right conclusions. And not only has he been chosen by God for the work of government, but it is very kind and considerate of him to do it. Nothing must be exacted of him; the word duty, as indicating obligation of any kind toward his fellow-men, is not to be used with regard to him. Consequently, when he discharges any of the functions of his office, or holds even ordinary intercourse with those around him, he is said to have "deigned" to do this, to have been "graciously pleased" to do that. Court etiquette is, in fact, simply the expression of the mediæval feeling of the monarch's quality. It is a mistake to suppose it was deliberately originated for the sake of show or of imposing on the vulgar. It expressed the monarch's own sense, and that of those around him, of the relations in which he stood to the rest of the world, of the immense gulf which separated him from his fellow-beings. Nobody was allowed to ask him a question, or to start a conversation with him, or turn his back on him, or sit down, or wear a hat in his presence. Let him be never so stupid, vicious, depraved, cowardly, and selfish, never so plain in person or diseased in blood or feeble in intellect, he was treated as a superior being; and for ages the most intelligent and enlightened portion of the population of every European country was taught, and firmly believed, that a man was never so well employed as when devoting all his faculties to the service of the king—not simply of the king and country, but of the king personally; the king with the country, if possible, but the king anyhow. The great Chatham, whose "eagle face" and trumpet voice held the House of Lords spell-bound, and who to all the rest of the world was a model of imperiousness, always knelt in transacting business with George III., and was stirred to the depths of his soul by a look or word of royal approbation. Scions of the proudest houses in Europe fill menial positions in kings' households to this day with infinite satisfaction—stand behind their chairs, pick up their pocket-handkerchiefs, help them to dress, and make amusement for them, with a profound sense of the importance and dignity of the work.

Now, as long as the tradition of the "divine right of kings" was unbroken, and they were believed to reign by "the grace of God" and not by charter or the national will, court forms were realities; they were acts of worship, a kind of *dulia*, in which the monarch occupied the place of a saint. But this tradition has been almost completely broken, and the reverence which it sheltered is passing away. In England it is perhaps stronger still than in any other country in Europe, owing partly to the long association of the sovereign in the popular mind with order and good government, and to the smallness of the number of points at which the public comes in contact with him, and partly to the respect of all Anglo-Saxons for rank—a respect so deep and so difficult of eradication that it seems inbred. But on the Continent, owing to the numerous political changes which have been occurring ever since the French Revolution, as well as to the growth of democratic feeling from other causes, it has been steadily decaying for half a century; and whether monarchy can exist after its complete extinction is a problem of which the solution cannot be very far distant.

Perhaps nothing has struck severer blows at it than the great number of sovereigns who have been made to order and put on thrones since 1790—the raw material being, in many cases, ordinary men, with whom the public had been perfectly familiar before their elevation, and about whom it was therefore impossible to raise any effectual illusion; and for this the old sovereigns "by divine right," strange to say, have been mainly responsible. The plan which they have adopted of setting up constitutional monarchies, as a mode of staving-off democracy, has been, we venture to assert, a temporary preventive only, and has rendered the ultimate triumph of their great enemy all the more certain. In other words, the old royal houses, such as those of Hapsburg and Romanoff and Brunswick and Savoy and Bourbon, have fancied that when they succeeded in inducing a discontented or rebellious people to accept a new king of their making, who was to reign under a charter, they made their own position all the surer. In reality, they weakened it; the force of monarchy lies not, as they foolishly imagine, in the form of royalty, but in the feeling of loyalty, and for a king newly made there can be no loyalty. Letting the people see a "dynasty" founded by a convention of plenipotentiaries sitting in a carpeted room, with foolscap and steel-pens, and publishing their protocols in the daily papers, is like admitting the faithful to see the priests making preparations for a miracle. Within the present century the world has seen Tom, Dick, and Harry—persons whom it had known

in the streets in shabby clothes, or short of money, or struggling in crowds—crowned and enthroned in Sweden, Belgium, France, Naples, Spain, Holland, Greece, and, last of all, in Mexico, and has seen most of them turned out again and replaced by others.

The effect of this on the popular imagination would perhaps not have been so unfortunate, if some means could have been devised of withholding from the newly-made kings the honors usually paid to the old ones, so as to make a distinction between sovereigns by the grace of God and sovereigns by the popular will; but this was impossible, and would have been opposed violently by the legitimists if the republicans had suggested it. Each newcomer was therefore received with the same ceremonial, and treated with the same outward deference, as if he had come down from the dark ages. But in these days people cannot be successfully imposed on in this way. When you take a young man out of the cafés and billiard rooms, as Louis Napoleon was taken, or out of the ranks of the army, as Bernadotte was taken, and put him in a palace, you cannot, by bowing very low before him, listening to all he says as if it was Solomon who was talking, getting down on one knee to kiss his hands, affecting to look on a note from him as a possession worthy of being bequeathed to your children, or telling the world that he had that morning "deigned" to eat an egg or been "graciously pleased" to put on his coat, or recording as an event of the day his having taken a walk in his own garden, diffuse round him the traditional haze of the old royalty; and what is still more serious, you lessen the strength of the forms for the older monarchs. No legitimist, we may be sure, ever laughs over the etiquette of the Tuileries, without finding his respect for the etiquette of St. James or Schönbruun diminish, and without hastening the day when the old machinery by which the world has so many ages been held in awe will lose all value for everybody.

There is, in fact, no class of persons against whom the realistic tendencies of the modern world tell with more terrible force than against kings. The great soldier of our day is no longer the dashing warrior like Henry IV. or Cromwell, Gustavus, Montrose, or Rupert, who brought broken squadrons back to the charge, and whose waving plume carried fresh life and courage to every quarter of a stricken field. He is not even "the Man of Destiny," with "cold grey eyes," or "Star," or famous overcoat, like Napoleon, who used to ride along the ranks before and after battle, and discharge speeches of burning eloquence on his enthusiastic grenadiers. He is a silent man, like Moltke, who knows half a dozen languages, seldom speaks in any, is rarely seen, and never recognized on the battle-field, and does most of his work in a business-coat at a writing-table in his office, with maps before him and a telegraph at his elbow. So, also, the judge who used to dress like a bishop, immure himself in his own house, whose "gravity" was proverbial, and who was seldom seen in public except on the bench as the high priest of justice, now goes gayly into society, and flirts and dances and dines out, and behaves like any other man of his age. The clergyman and the doctor have undergone a similar process of disrobing, and now neither expect nor get much of whatever reverence is paid them through the effect of forms on the popular imagination. But then the general and the judge and the clergyman and the doctor are real men doing real work in the world, the results of which every man can see or feel. The king stripped of his crown and purple robes, and seated in a common arm-chair, is, on the other hand, the most helpless of men. Everybody remembers Thackeray's amusing picture of the contrast between Louis XIV. "got up" for the day and the same personage in his night-clothes stepping into bed. The modern monarch, by the "national will," has the world at his toilet, and it knows exactly how much of his splendor and dignity he owes to the rouge-pot, the tailor, the barber, and the dentist. He wields power, to be sure, but only a little, and can only wield it through the instrumentality of plain generals and statesmen, whom everybody sees in the streets and meets at dinner.

How long the attempt will be kept up to palm him off on the world as a superior being, by the aid of etiquette, it is hard to say, but we doubt if in the most civilized countries it will be kept up very much longer. Etiquette once gone, he becomes in form as in fact a "chief magistrate," like our own respected "head of the nation," and will have to work for his living, cut down his expenses, and may even be reduced so far as to have to make stump speeches and attend Masonic celebrations. The saying with which the Bonaparte family are in the habit of consoling themselves, and on which they rest their hopes of founding a long-lived dynasty—"le premier des rois fut un soldat heureux"—was, they seem to forget, uttered of a period in which kings found no difficulty in veiling themselves in mystery. Hugh Capet or Rudolph of Hapsburg was not dogged by "special correspondents;" he had not to live under the awful scrutiny of the editorial eye; his biography did not appear in a million "enterprising sheets" the day after he mounted the throne, and his levees were not thronged by "practical men" appraising his clothes and furniture, and comparing them with the things they had at home themselves; he was not surrounded by a swarm of mockers and critics, occupied day after day in analyzing his motives and proving or disproving the necessity of his existence.

IN THE MEADOW.

IDLE, and half in love with idleness,
Caught in the network that my oak-tree weaves
Of light and shadow with his thrilling leaves,
And charmed to hear his easy song no less,—
On the shorn grass I lie, and let the excess
Of summer life seem only summer play,
Even to the farmers working far away,
Where one man lifts and strenuously heaves
A bristly hay-cock up to him who stands
Unsteadily upon the swaying load,
Which, while the shuffling oxen slowly pass,
Touched into wakefulness by voice and goad,
He shapes and smoothes, and, turning in his hands,
The long fork glistens like a rod of glass.

R. K. WEEKS.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, June 27, 1867.

THE popular fancy, released from the fascination of the Czar's presence, is now running riot in anticipations of the approaching visit of the Sultan and the gifts he is believed to be bringing for the Imperial hosts. At first we heard of a gorgeous necklace for the Empress that was to throw all Western jewellery into the shade; and then we were assured that the Commander of the Faithful would present her with a model, in gold, of the Imperial Kiosk of the Sweet Waters, the trees and flowers being enamelled, the river formed of diamonds, and the tower of rubies, the whole costing two million and a half of francs. Now we are informed that the Sultan has made choice for this visit of presents that will not necessitate any outlay in money, as they are all among his private possessions—for the Empress, an enormous uncut diamond that has been among the heirlooms of his predecessors for three centuries; for the Emperor, eleven magnificent horses from the Imperial stables; and for the little Prince, an extensive assortment of toys, trinkets, and other small objects of Turkish make.

Among the other movements growing out of the main gathering of this summer it is in contemplation to organize an "international literary congress," which will hold its preliminary meeting on Sunday next at the Grand Gymnasium, in the Rue des Martyrs, under the presidency of the well-known romance-writer, M. Paul Féval. We are also to have an international congress for the adoption of a unitary system of weights, measures, and money for all Europe, and a number of international gatherings on a smaller scale and for humbler ends. "Professor Sieurmes," too, the great corn-extractor, has established himself here for the season; and the notorious Madame Rachel, who "enamels" the face, bust, and arms of ladies dissatisfied with the complexion Dame Nature has given them, and occasionally sues their astonished husbands for the price of the operation, is also offering her services to the would-be beauties here assembled. It seems that this renowned "improver" of female charms effects her transformations by means of a mixture which she calls "the crystallized dew of Araby," and which imparts an especial fairness and delicacy to the skin. The women who have passed under her hands would strike beholders as being blessed with remarkably fair and smooth complexions, but nothing in their appearance would suggest in the least the suspicion of this fairness being artificially produced. The nature of the operation has never been divulged, but the "enamelling" is warranted to retain its perfection for six years, provided the *enamellée* religiously abstains from the application of water, contenting herself with an occasional dry rubbing of the enamelled "surfaces."

The various places of public amusement are all ambitious of rising "to the height of the situation" created by the presence of "all the world and his wife" in the "metropolis of Europe." Leotard is disputing the palm with the performers at the American Circus; the Porte St. Martin Theatre is reviving the favorite fairy spectacle of the "Biche au Bois," with the introduction of Batty's lions, which are to be brought on the stage in a kind of large cage (to the wires of whose walls the public eye is desired to be a little blind), which will be raised to the stage from its receptacle in the cellars of the establishment by means of complicated and costly mechanism, that seems to be throwing the "enterprising" manager, M. Marc Fournier, into a fever of anxiety and worry. The police, too, alarmed at the idea of a whole company of lions being introduced into a crowded theatre, have been minutely inspecting all the arrangements for the keeping and employment of these formidable brutes; and the public stops amazedly as it passes the hole which has been made in the wall of the theatre to give them air, on hearing the hideous roaring that every now and then startles the street from its propriety.

A musical novelty, particularly interesting to the lovers of Mozart, is to be brought out to-night at the clever little theatre of the Folies Parisiennes—the said novelty being nothing less than a comic operetta called "The Goose of Cairo," left unfinished by the great *maestro*, and just brought into appreciable shape by an accomplished young French musician. It appears that the libretto of "The Goose of Cairo" was accepted by Mozart before he began his immortal "Don Juan," when he was about thirty years of age, and in the full splendor of his power. The poem of "The Goose" was in three acts; and Mozart, in the course of a few weeks, composed the music of the first two acts, when he laid it aside, to devote himself to the composition of "Nozze di Figaro," the libretto of which had meantime been brought to him. "The Goose" was thus left in a corner for a year, during which period the great composer thought only of Cherubino and the Countess. In 1786, the "Nozze" being finished, Mozart was about to resume the composition of "The Goose" when he received the libretto of "Don Giovanni," and "The Goose" was once more laid aside. Four years after the completion of his *chef d'œuvre*, the *maestro*, who seems to have forgotten "The Goose," wrote his Requiem, and passed away, leaving the operetta buffa *minus* its third act. The manuscript was found among his papers, and a few of its airs have been executed at Prague, in concerts. But no musician would venture to take up the unfinished work of the great artist, and "The Goose" has remained unknown to the public for the last eighty years. The French composer who is now bringing it out, having found it on a recent tour in Germany, among other relics of Mozart, in the hands of one of his heirs, and being delighted with the beauty and brilliance of the music, has cleverly cut down the libretto, so as to reduce it to two acts instead of three, has adapted the music to the shorter poem thus obtained, and has brought the work to a triumphant completion without changing or adding a single note. The new operetta opens with a very beautiful quatuor and ends with a splendid septuor with chorus, the entire music being sparkling, graceful, melodious, and *savant*; a musical *bijou* of the first water, every way worthy of its composer's fame.

Byron's old flame, the Countess Guiccioli, now the widow of the late eccentric senator, the Marquis de Boissy, is just bringing out a volume of the poet's unpublished letters, edited by M. de Lamartine, whose state of health seems to indicate his being near the close of his earthly career; and our great culinary high-priest, whose *menus* have been studied daily by all France, for two years past, has now cut his connection with the *Liberté* and the *Figaro*, and is about to issue a daily paper, to be called *Le Baron Brisse*, and devoted exclusively to the teaching of the culinary art, as adapted to all classes, from the millionaire to the humblest possessor of anything cookable.

Fine Arts.

THE HARVARD AND YALE MEMORIAL BUILDINGS.

WITHIN the past year designs have been adopted, by the Committees of Alumni of Harvard and Yale Colleges appointed for the purpose, for the buildings to be erected in memory and honor of the graduates and students who fell in the cause of the country during the late rebellion; large sums have been subscribed for the building, and building committees have been appointed to direct the works. At Cambridge it is intended that the Memorial Hall should include a monumental antechamber, a great dining hall for public occasions, and a theatre for academic assemblies. At New Haven the building is to serve as the College Chapel, and the design provides ample and appropriate spaces devoted to memorials of those who sacrificed their lives for the life of the nation. Each of the designs adopted is the work of skilful and educated architects, each has merit and dignity, and each fairly enough represents the highest level of architectural art in our country.

As yet neither building is begun; the plans are still in some measure provisional, the details and working drawings of neither have been elaborated, and some time may elapse before the corner-stone of either will be laid. We propose, therefore, to take advantage of this pause, to submit to those having the buildings in charge some general considerations which seem to us worthy of attention, and some special reasons why neither of the plans ought to be executed without serious modification of the original designs. We do this the more readily because those who are most interested in these buildings are the men of highest culture in our community, and consequently are fitted to recognize the force of considerations which the mass of the public is not sufficiently educated to appreciate at their full weight.

In erecting buildings which are to stand permanently as memorials of our respect and honor for our dead brethren, we are bound not only to build worthily of their dear memory and of our own grateful and tender reverence for them, but also with reference to the effect of the edifices upon the hearts and imaginations of the future generations of youth who will gather within them, and who will pass some of the most critical years of their lives under the shadow of their walls. There are few buildings in any country, or of any age, whose function is more important than that of these will be, or whose effect is more impressive than that of these should be. To fulfil their object perfectly, or as perfectly as is possible with the resources at our command, these buildings should be alike beautiful in every part, and absolutely thorough in execution. They should be entire works of art and honesty. They are to commemorate the love of ideal beauty, and utter devotion to the truth; and in order fitly to commemorate this beauty and this truth, they must represent these qualities in construction and design.

Not a single building exists at present in America which embodies such thought and imagination as to make it of any great worth to the present or future generations. Architecture properly understood and properly practised is one of the most effective agencies in the development of the faculties of man. A great and noble building is the material representative and expression of great and noble thought, imagination, and moral sense. It is a work of genius embodied in a form in which it appeals directly to the eye, and through the eye to the moral sensibilities. Its object is not merely to afford a shelter, but to delight, to elevate, and to purify men. It gives dignity to life not only by its own fitness and beauty, but as a visible monument connecting the past with the present, gaining with every year new associations which add to its effect upon the heart, and by degrees invest it with an almost sacred interest and influence. Like a poem which becomes more beautiful with every repetition, until at length familiarity with it brings it into special relations with the innermost spirit, so time and age give to a building of poetic character a peculiar power, of subtle yet intense force over the imagination and the feelings.

Our colleges are now utterly destitute of noble architecture; they have not one building fitted to awake any deep emotion, except of weariness or disgust; they have not one around which the associations of youth may cluster with delight, or to which the memory of age may return with fondness. They have not one fitted to evoke those faculties of the soul to which it is the object of art to minister; and while professing to be institutions for the training of our young men in all good learning, they have hitherto neglected to equip themselves with means, than which there are none more effective, for the culture of those sympathies and associations which fine architecture is fitted to evoke, and which enlarge, illustrate, and dignify the lessons drawn from books.

There is now an opportunity in our two great colleges to supply, at least in some measure, this defect. But the opportunity may easily be lost, and will certainly be lost, unless those who are called upon to make use of it enter upon their work with a very different sense of the worth of art in education, of the preciousness, the difficulty and rarity of fine architecture, and of the means requisite to obtain it, from that which generally prevails in our country, We may see only another miserable and ambitious failure—failure worse than ordinary because the object to be achieved was higher.

If the Harvard and Yale memorial buildings are to be erected precisely in accordance with the designs now adopted, if they are to be built by contract, and to be completed in a brief term of years, it would be better that they should not be built at all.

The design for the Harvard Hall shows ingenuity, skill in adaptation and

combination, but is wholly defective in that unity and simplicity of organization which is the first requisite of great architecture, and displays little originality of conception or depth of feeling. It would be a big building rather than a great one. But it is unfair to pronounce upon it with a judgment formed from the photograph or engraving of the drawing presented by the architects, and the design ought perhaps rather to be regarded as intended as a general suggestion of the construction deemed desirable, than as a completed and final plan. Moreover, it is to be considered that there were special difficulties to be overcome in the combination of the three portions of the building, and that the architects and the committee rightly devoted themselves at first to obtaining a practicable solution of this main problem. There is, we think, nothing in the design as it now stands to prevent its receiving such essential modifications as may make it serve a good purpose at the beginning of the work.

The design for the Yale College Chapel is happier in its general conception, and possesses the merits of unity of motive and simplicity of organization. Its parts combine to make a tolerably harmonious whole. But the design lacks in variety and abundance of thought and imagination. There is little to distinguish it as a work of original creative power. It is a careful and elaborate construction—a work of intelligence rather than of genius. It has no place in history, as showing the development of the art of architecture. It is, like most of the best Gothic churches of the present day, an ingenious adaptation of old forms to modern uses and requirements.

The Cambridge building will be much the more costly of the two; but to build either of these buildings as well as they might be built, even supposing the work to be done by contract and in a short time, would require at least twice as much money as it is now contemplated to spend upon it. The fund for the Harvard Memorial Hall amounts, we believe, to between $250,000 and $300,000—a very large sum, certainly, but by no means enough to make the proposed building what it ought to be. As we wrote long ago, in speaking on the general subject of monuments, "every memorial building must be rich and ornamental, and even profusely decorated, and it must be built to last for ever. A plain building, well fitted to its purpose, and intelligently designed, such as would make a good alumni hall, would not serve for a memorial. There must be the evidences of lavish expense of money, all well spent, indeed, but also *freely* spent; of beauty sought for itself, and ornament loved for its own sake, and used to dignify the building." The Yale Chapel is intended to cost $150,000. But this sum will not suffice to give it the character which such a building should possess.

Every stone of a memorial hall should bear evidence of its purpose of honor; every stone should be the object of solicitous care, and should receive every desirable adornment. There should be no expense spared either in material or in the use made of the material so far as the ends of art may be served. Every feature of the building should show that patient, inventive, and imaginative thought had been bestowed upon it, and that all the labor needed for its beauty or its strength had been given it. The buildings, to be worthy of commemorating the men whom they are designed to honor, and of celebrating the cause for which these fought and fell—to be worthy of the freedom and the arts of America, and of the great institutions of learning of which they are to be the central edifices, must take rank with the noblest buildings in the world, with those in which other people in other times have expressed their faith, their aspiration, and their highest character.

But to accomplish this, these buildings are not to be put up by contract, nor to be completed in the lifetime of a single generation. If the alumni of Harvard and of Yale are wise, if they possess the large spirit which comes from free and generous culture, they will not hasten to push to an end the great work which has now fallen to their hands. It is a work on which the labor, the wealth, and the genius of a half-century may well be expended. The conception of a great building is one that grows slowly and attains perfection but by degrees, even in the mind of the architect himself. The chief cathedrals of Europe, with which these memorial buildings should be compared, were often a hundred years or more in building. If the architects of the Harvard Hall and the Yale Chapel could but be assured that their designs were to be carried out on the amplest scale, that the work was to demand a lifetime of devotion, that their love for and knowledge of their art and their own personal genius were to find a satisfactory field of exercise, and a reward proportioned to the greatest prizes of professional life—we may be certain that the defects now obvious in their plans will be remedied, that new beauties will be revealed, and new excellence developed. They will be inspired to design and carry on a monument worthy not only of their own highest capacity, but worthy of a regenerated people, and expressive of noblest moods and attainments.

Let these memorial buildings, to which so many of the holiest associations will belong and which may be so precious to all future generations, be built slowly, thoughtfully, lavishly. So only shall we build them better than we know; so only shall we make them worthy of the beloved dead whom they are intended to commemorate.

Correspondence.

A WOMAN IN REPLY TO DR. LIEBER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There are two ways in which an argument may be convincing, especially when supported by the authority of an eminent name—in leading men by its force to adopt the conclusions it advocates, or by its weakness inducing them to see what is to be said for the other side of the question. The views of Prof. Francis Lieber on the much-debated question of female suffrage have produced so entirely the latter effect upon me, I found myself when I had finished reading them so much less impressed by the professor's arguments than I should have supposed possible when I began, that I have been led to attempt an examination of objections, which the name of Dr. Lieber justifies one in taking as representative of those brought by intelligent men against the proposed extension of the suffrage.

Professor Lieber begins by denying *in toto* the truth of the theory that the right of suffrage is a natural right, on the ground that "a natural right cannot mean anything but a right (that is, a well-founded claim) directly proceeding from the very attributes of humanity, the nature of men." He then enumerates the various natural rights—those of life, of property, of education and self-improvement; the right of worshipping; "the right of government—that is, of forming political societies to govern and be governed," etc. etc. "The natural rights," he says, "are always observed, at least in their incipiency," and "the denial of them is always met with direct resentment, even in the lowest savage." But the right of voting for a representative stands on a different ground, since "the representative government itself is something that does not spring directly from the nature of man, however natural it may be in another sense of the word—that is to say, consistent with the progress of civilization." The right of suffrage is, therefore, not a natural right, but "a political right, to which Providence has led man in the progressive course of history." What, then, does Professor Lieber mean when he asserts that "the right of government—that is, of forming political societies to govern and be governed," is a natural right, yet declares that the right of each individual to have a voice in reference to the government is not a natural right? This natural right of government, then, in so far as it concerns the individual, is simply a right *to be governed*, which, indeed, no legislation, from the most ancient times, has ever denied to women. The right of a vote in the government of one's own country seems to me, I must confess, "a right (that is, a well-founded claim) directly proceeding from the very attributes of humanity," requiring only, like other rights, natural and acquired, the qualification of some guarantee of a reasonable capacity to exercise it. I agree entirely with Professor Lieber, that the conceptions "that no qualification whatever—neither residence, nor acquaintance with our polity or language, nor untarnished character, nor interest in the commonwealth—should be demanded as a requisite for the right of voting," are "erroneous conceptions;" but it is not to women who do not vote in the State of New York, but to a large number of the men who do, that these disqualifications apply, and they are, therefore, foreign to our subject.

Professor Lieber next sums up, as follows, the grounds on which the extension of the suffrage to women is claimed:

"Withholding suffrage from the women is a degradation of the female sex.

"If she cannot vote, she is not represented.

"Giving the right of voting to the latter would highly improve and even refine our elections, and not unwoman the woman.

"Lastly: Why not? Why should they not vote like ourselves? Are they worse than man?"

He then proceeds with a paragraph of generally received and quite unexceptionable statements as to the gradual improvement effected by the progress of civilization in the social position of women, the heroism displayed by the women of America in the late war, etc., but in the next paragraph we find an argument in answer to the theory that "withholding suffrage from the women is a degradation to the female sex." This, he says, is so far from being the case, that "not accepting the votes from women is as little degradation to woman as women are degraded in those monarchies

in which no princess can ascend the throne, or, we may say, indeed, as she is degraded in England, because she can there ascend the throne only when no brothers of her, even younger than herself, are left to assume the crown. It is a political law which regulates the succession, and no degradation ensues." That is, the *general* theory of women's political position cannot be a degradation to the sex, because it is *no more* degrading than certain *special* applications of the same theory—an argument of which I confess I do not quite see the force, and which looks to me a little like begging the question.

Dr. Lieber next states that "division of labor, as political economists call the very foundation of our whole economy, begins with the division of the sexes, and expands forth as a physiological and psychologic division and distribution of employment, pursuit, and social relations." Very true, but why does the conclusion, that "according to this distribution the political occupation ought not to be assumed by women," necessarily follow from this premise? Suppose an Indian to adopt Dr. Lieber's argument, might he not draw, with equal satisfaction to himself, the Indian conclusion that, as "division of labor begins with the division of the sexes," therefore, men being physically fitted for adventurous occupation, hunting and war, all other work, all that is tiresome, degrading, uninteresting, falls naturally to women? Is not the latter argument as logical as the former, the former consequently as illogical as the latter, though more agreeable to civilized notions? The real argument in Dr. Lieber's mind seems to me simply this: "The division of labor begins with the division of the sexes," *including* in this division a right on the part of *men* to draw the division line where they please, and to declare that because Providence has undoubtedly drawn the line somewhere, therefore the real line must be where *their* enlightenment or convenience leads them to think they see it. But it is in the next paragraph that the eminent professor develops most fully this line of argument, and rises to a strain of warning quite pathetic in its solemnity. "The destiny of the woman," he tells us, "is to rely, to be protected, to harmonize in society with her attractions, both physical and psychological, the jarring elements brought by men from the sterner and not unfrequently coarser pursuits of practical life;" "she exercises, and ought to exercise, much of her beneficial influence by her delicacy and modesty, and her legitimate influence in the proper sphere would be lost were she to enter the arena of politics." "Politics would undoubtedly unwoman her, and her essential character and desirable, nay, necessary, influence would be lost." Truly a fearful prospect! and what a sense it gives one of the value of these political privileges of which women are deprived! We knew already, on the authority of Artemus Ward, that the earth goes round the sun "subject to the constitution of the United States," but it was reserved for Professor Lieber to bring before us the startling fact that a change in the constitution of the State of New York can suspend the action of the eternal law of Providence which regulates the distinction of sex. I had always supposed that one of the peculiarities of an eternal law was a power of asserting and maintaining itself, human legislation to the contrary notwithstanding; it has even occurred to me that to put men and women on a footing of absolute social equality (and without political equality complete social equality is impossible) might be the surest, and indeed the only, way to give full play to the natural distinction between the sexes, and to that very system of mutual support and influence which Professor Lieber cannot believe in more earnestly than I do; but in the face of such an overwhelming prospect for the Empire State, to say nothing of the laws of Providence, I can but turn to some less alarming aspect of the question.

"Is she to vote by mere impulse and feeling, or is she to visit public meetings? Who wishes this of his own mother, his wife, his sister, or his daughter?" Does Dr. Lieber consider the latter appeal an argument, even supposing it to be true? The question is one of justice and expediency if it is anything, and the natural prejudices of the majority against any innovation are not very strong ground on which to argue it. "How would we like," says the professor, "to have a female President, and what would it lead to?" Heaven only knows! but it is to be hoped, in view of such a contingency in the dim future, to nothing worse than we have been led to already of late years by a male one. Dr. Lieber assures us that, "female monarchs, owing to their peculiar position, sometimes form exceptions" to his general rule, else the reigns of Elizabeth in England, of Catherine II. in Russia, of Maria Theresa in Austria, might have tended to reassure us in view of this threatening, though distant, peril.

The remaining paragraphs are devoted to a still further elaboration of the professor's views as to the effect of the suffrage on the feminine character, with the usual argument that women cannot be considered unrepresented because most of them have male relatives who enjoy the privilege of a vote. Far be it from me to desire a change by which women "would be infallibly contaminated." But is it not just possible, seeing the experiment has never yet been tried, that the influence of women on politics might be as great as the influence of politics on women? Is it not just possible that a little influence from politics might be beneficial to woman herself? Is a voice in the government of one's own country necessarily so undesirable a privilege that its effects can only be compared to "those produced in women who enjoy the turf or speculate at the Bourse in Paris?" The argument that women are in fact represented at present, is as absurd as it is untrue, since no class can ever be really represented by another, and the distinction between the sexes forms a distinction of class which no strength of family ties can do away with, but it has nevertheless a certain truth at the bottom of it in this great fact of feminine influence over the lords of creation. Admitting, for the sake of the argument, that women are through this influence as fully represented as men, though less directly, can there be a stronger ground for the extension of the suffrage? The political influence of women, without it, is power without the sense of responsibility, without which no class can safely be entrusted with it, and since the existence of women and their influence over the minds of men are indubitable and inevitable facts, is it not safer for men, for the country, for the progress of civilization, that women should be taught by the privilege of the ballot that they, no less than men, are responsible for the rational use of whatever power Providence has placed in their hands?

I would merely add that this subject is one which, until recently, has been a matter of profound indifference to me; but having in the last few years heard and read various arguments for and against the proposed change, it has seemed to me that all those in favor of it had a rational argument in them, while those on the other side, though urged, as in the present instance, by men whose opinions are entitled to respect, were mere illogical appeals to the prejudices and theories which the received state of things naturally produces and maintains. Such arguments as those of Dr. Lieber remind me so forcibly of the ineffectual clucking of a hen whose brood of ducks are just taking to the water for the first time, that I cannot but suspect that as ducks can swim, so women may be able to vote, without injury.

A Woman.

COLLEGE DEGREES AGAIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It seems to me that the essential vice of our college system of education is not exactly expressed by your words, "the democratic principle of giving the same degree on graduation to the highest and the lowest scholars." For all practical purposes the commencement list, on which are printed the names of the graduating class in the order of their rank in scholarship, supplies the place of degrees of different grades. The diploma itself is, of course, never referred to after graduation except as affording proof that some one whose scholarship was of the lowest order has succeeded in "getting through" college.

The "democratic principle" which governs our colleges aims at forcing the greatest possible amount of study out of a given number of students; to secure which result the recitations and examinations are adapted to the capacities of the lowest rather than of the highest scholars. Hence the student of better parts and more thorough preparation than the majority of his classmates, is subjected to the almost intolerable tedium of hearing lessons which he has well learned blundered and stumbled through with for three hours each day; and on entering the examinations is discouraged by finding the same papers set before him as before those who can have acquired, or should, under a proper system of instruction, have acquired, a far less amount of knowledge. Hence many promising scholars, lacking the iron patience to labor with regularity and diligence in what is to them a treadmill routine, take to desultory reading or to cultivating their rhetorical powers, to which latter course the unfortunately high value placed by our undergraduates upon "literary" honors, as they are called, is a peculiar temptation. The main strength of our college instructors is given not to aiding those who wish to study, either from a desire to obtain knowledge or from ambitious motives, but to forcing intellectual discipline upon those who care for nothing beyond a certificate of graduation. This is obviously unjust to the most capable and conscientious scholars, who certainly have a claim to the best services of their instructors.

Now, if there were no other remedy for this evil than the adoption of the elective system, this course would, probably, be far preferable to the present one. But the arguments brought forward against this system by President Woolsey, in his article in *The New Englander* of October last, in reply to Dr. Hedge's address, are difficult to answer. Most young men of eighteen or nineteen are not competent to choose their own studies.

Could not, then, the desired result be attained by a division of the college class into several different grades, and having different recitations, or at least different examination papers, for those of each grade? It would then be understood that those who have attained the highest rank as scholars have not only recited a certain number of lessons with greater accuracy than their classmates, but have passed over more ground and secured greater acquisitions. And many who, under the present system, are upon leaving college poor scholars and indifferent rhetoricians, would, if some such change were made, become excellent students, and probably in future life more accomplished and efficient writers.

Yours, DELTA.

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The Week.

On Tuesday week the House debated the Military bill, Mr. Fernando Wood making a good speech, and pointing out a defect in the act, which Mr. Stevens remedied; Mr. Bingham making a speech which is highly praised for its brilliancy, but of which the telegraph gives us a not very taking summary; and Mr. James Brooks delivering a true "effort," replete with historical illustrations, and, as a specch, absurdly bad; and, finally, Mr. Stevens closing the debate. The bill passed by a vote of 119 to 31. On Wednesday, nothing of interest occurred, except the passage of Mr. Shanks's resolutions ordering a committee of investigation into the treatment of Union prisoners in Confederate prisons—a measure which seems to come late, but will be soon enough for the purposes of history. An attempt made on Saturday by Mr. Mungen to add to these resolutions one ordering an enquiry into the treatment of Southern soldiers in Federal prisons was defeated, the House declaring that charges of such ill-treatment must first come from some responsible sources. It is to be wished, we think, whether there is truth in the charges or not, that the committee had been instructed to cover the ground completely. On Thursday, the friends of impeachment were decisively defeated, and on the same day the Senate Military bill came in to the House, and was referred to the Judiciary Committee; and on Friday it was adopted, only some slight changes, mostly verbal, being made in it. On Saturday, the bill, in the shape in which it had been left by the committee of conference, came back to the House, and was immediately signed.

The Senate has repeatedly had occasion this week to rally to the support of the Anthony resolution excluding general business, Mr. Sumner having assaulted it frequently with a persistency which seems to have given his fellow-Senators considerable amusement. After passing the supplementary Reconstruction bill, which originated in its own chamber, refusing to pass the House bill, and declining to accept certain amendments, the Senate appointed a committee of conference, and the bill was passed substantially as it left the Senate. It declares in substance that the military power is paramount at the South; that the commanders of districts named in the act may remove the civil authorities of Southern towns and States, and may fill the vacancy thus created; that such removals shall be subject to the approval of the general of the army, who also may remove in like manner; that previous acts of removal are confirmed; that boards of registration shall not merely register whosoever will take the oath required, but must enquire and judge of the applicant's qualifications; that the Executive pardon does not remove disability; that the opinion of no civil officer of the United States shall be binding on any district commander, or registrar, or officer acting by appointment of the commander or the registering board, and the true meaning of the oath required is explained fully. Of the intent of Congress there is certainly no doubt now at any rate. Mr. Stanbery's ingenuity and ability will hardly be called into requisition again.

Mr. Trumbull made last week in the Senate the ablest reply to Mr. Stanbery's opinion we remember to have seen, although, inasmuch as a bill was under consideration, which was sure to pass, to make a clean sweep of the Attorney-General's objections, the speech was valuable rather as a vindication of Congress from the charge of hasty and blundering legislation, than as an answer to Mr. Stanbery. Mr. Trumbull cited a case of great pertinence, which we believe has not been heretofore produced in this discussion—that of Cross *vs.* Harrison, decided by the late Judge Wayne—in which the question was raised whether a military government set up in California during the Mexican war was a valid government after the signing of the treaty of peace and the cession of California to the United States. The court decided that it was, and that it rested with Congress to say how long after the state of war had passed away the administrative machinery set up during the war, or as an immediate consequence of the war, ought to be maintained.

Mr. Mungen, of Ohio, made a speech last week also on the Reconstruction bill, which helps to explain how the use of the "previous question" became so popular with the majority. He filled six columns of *The Globe* with a dissertation on race, on the hereditary transmission of physical peculiarities, on the comparative size of the negro brain. If it had been a good dissertation, it would nevertheless have been an outrageous encroachment on the time of the House; but it was not good. It was a string of scraps of information, most of them absurd, strung together by a gentleman who knew nothing whatever of the subject, and he had the assurance to confess, before he sat down, that for "most of the ideas and thoughts contained in his remarks he was indebted to his esteemed friend, Dr. O. White, of Toledo, Ohio." We trust Dr. O. White will stop Mr. Mungen's supply of facts between now and December. If he sends him back to Washington charged in a similar manner on any other subject, he will be guilty of a crime against free speech.

Since we last expressed an opinion about Maximilian's execution, the whole subject has been reviewed by the learned and judicious Mr. Chandler, of Michigan. He divides the people who think the execution was a bad thing into three classes—one, the humanitarians, who are headed by Mr. Greeley; second, the flunkeys, who think princes are better than other people; and third, the rebels who hate the United States. The mental constitution of anybody who after this has any doubts about the matter must be very odd, and would well repay investigation.

In the long report of the trial of Maximilian, which has been translated from the Mexican papers and published here, the prisoner's counsel is made to say that he hesitated about assuming the crown even after it had been offered him by the "Notables," and in his

perplexity consulted "the most eminent English jurists," "and the College of London declared that he was elected by the will of the nation emperor." The learned gentleman then naïvely added "that the jurists of London, as well as the candidate, ignored the means used in Mexico in order to obtain the unanimity of the people by triumphant parties." What "College of London" it is which gives foreign potentates advice as to the title to their thrones, we cannot say, unless it be "The British College of Health," which, though its function is, strictly speaking, the supply of aperient pills, is the only learned body we know of in that city which would be likely, for a consideration, to tell an archduke whether he had been legally elected emperor or not. In this instance, however, the poor fellow was egregiously swindled, as the "College" had not got hold of the facts when it gave its "opinions," a little precaution which we recommend the "British jurists" to take on all similar occasions in future. Some of these gentlemen are, however, really giving "opinions" a little too freely, and Maximilian's case is only one illustration of the disappointment they sometimes cause. The Confederate bondholders, for instance, never meet without having "an opinion" from "a jurist" that the United States is liable for the Confederate debt. Luckily they are not so foolish as to come over with sword in hand to enforce their claims.

We review elsewhere the field of active effort open to such organizations as the Massachusetts Reconstruction Association, whose appeal for support has furnished us our text. To sustain with sympathy, and money, and ideas, and documents, the cause of the Southern loyalists, on the eve of a political campaign and an election whose importance cannot be overestimated, is the aim of the men whose practical sagacity has been more than once exhibited in the past twenty years. In fact, the formation of the Emigrant Aid Society, by which Kansas was saved to freedom, constituted an epoch in the anti-slavery struggle; and it was seen that besides the regular operations of the Abolitionists and the Free-soil party, which could be provided for, or at least were a constant element in the calculations of the South, the party of slavery was exposed to unexpected assaults from still smaller, but more concentrated and proportionately more powerful bodies, that defied calculation and provision. It was a disagreeable and ominous novelty to find men—the late Major Stearns was a good example—who, after giving liberally to the Abolitionists and still more liberally to the Republican party, were ready to contribute as much again for extraordinary service which was not in the line of either of those organizations, but which proved an invaluable auxiliary. The Sanitary Commission was another spontaneous movement which was omitted from the Southern reckoning when rebellion had been resolved upon. The Loyal Leagues were another. The Reconstruction Associations now supplement those which have preceded them, and promise as great usefulness, and probably as great a surprise to the reactionists both North and South. They deserve the energetic support of the people, and, in a philosophical point of view, the attention of those who make our republicanism a study.

Mr. Johnson has discovered another mare's nest. He has formally suggested to Congress the possibility that Congress may, as the consequence of enforcing the Reconstruction act, be compelled to vote the whole revenue required to pay all the governmental expenses of the Southern States, and that the Federal Government may become liable for the whole debt of these States incurred previous to the war. We are afraid Mr. Johnson has been consulting "the College of London" or "the British jurists," by whom the unfortunate Maximilian was induced to believe that he had a good title to the Mexican throne, or he would hardly fall into such absurdities. He surely knows that no government ever becomes liable for any debts except such as it chooses to assume. Congress will have to pay the debts of the Southern States, and to vote money for all their expenses, whenever it pleases to do so, but not sooner. There is no process for collecting money from governments against their will. If Mr. Johnson writes many more messages, we shall be driven into serious misgivings as to the state of his health.

If General Grant could be supposed anxious about the goodness or badness of his chances for getting the Presidency—and for our part we suppose him not at all anxious—he ought to be just at present well pleased with himself, for he has, no doubt, won the approving smile of all unattached old politicians in the country, and must have dreadfully troubled the hearts of those who had cast in their lots with Mr. Wade and the others, or those who, like Mr. Robinson, of Brooklyn, think General Grant may be useful to the "Democratic cohorts." The correspondence between the district commanders on the one hand, and the Secretary of War and General Grant on the other, reveals Grant as considerably more inclined to Radicalism than it has been some people's wish that he should appear. "It seems clear to me," he says in the matter of Governor Jenkins's threatened displacement, "that power is given in the bill for the more efficient government of the rebel States to use or not, at the pleasure of the commanders, the provisional machinery set up without the authority of Congress in the States to which the Reconstruction act applies. . . . . If the power of removal does not exist, then it will become necessary to take refuge under that section of the bill which authorizes military commissions." Nobody on the Republican side in politics will dislike these words, especially those of the last sentence, except people who wish to hear worse ones from that quarter. The correspondence also shows in a very pleasant light the friendship which exists between Sheridan and Grant.

Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis gives a very lame reason why "the summer-land" is not in the neighborhood of Mars and Venus—namely, "because the particles composing those planets are sufficient in quality to make it float exactly away in the place where it is," which is, to our mind, an unsatisfactory explanation. It is not much improved by what he added to it immediately afterward: "It was a grand, natural, reasonable, and wholesome emulation, not only of the population of the globe, but of all globes that have given their portion of particles to the formation of that belt." That belt, as we understand it, is the "silver lining within the cloud of planets," which is where the summer-land really is situate. The scenery of that land, Mr. Davis thought, "must be made of contributions of portions of the harmonies of sceneries of all these different planets." Among these selected scenes walk the population of this and other planets, and Mr. Davis says some of the people he met there supposed themselves to be dreaming. Particularly this was the case with one man who in this life had fallen from a high building to the pavement and been killed; the breath having left his body before it touched the ground, so "it seemed to him that before he struck something caught him, and he was rendered unconscious. It required a good deal of conversation with friends who welcomed him to the summer-land before he could be made to believe himself awake and not dreaming."

A new light in Congress has risen, blazed, and set within a week. On Friday Mr. Robinson, of New York, made the most astonishing speech that ever was made in the House of Representatives, and one of the most astonishing that ever was made by an Irishman. We do not know to what or to whom to compare him. His brain seems to consist in equal parts of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, the American eagle, and the sunburst of his native land. For shame's sake the reporters did not send over the wires all that he had said, and some things that they did send are not to be quoted; but thus, they say, he perorated:

"Mr. Robinson closed his remarks by an appeal in favor of humanity, kindness, and charity to the people of the South, and by quoting and adapting the following from Moore:

> "'O would thou wert near me, my Souther(u)n (*metri gratia*) brother,
> I love thee as dear as the son of my mother;
> I am lonely and sad since the day that we parted,
> My lips have the tone of a maid broken-hearted.
> But come; from the future fresh flowers we will gather,
> And we 'll sing the sweet songs of freedom together.'"

Mr. Robinson wished to offer an amendment making the provisions of the Military bill to apply to Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire, in which latter State no Catholic was allowed to hold office. He desired to show that in the draft riots in this city an Irishman died in an attempt to defend the flag of his country; that in a fireman's riot at Philadelphia Protestants spit in the faces of Sisters of Charity; that when sausages ruled supreme he himself had, as a newspaper correspondent, been expelled from the floor of the House; that after Washington, Jefferson, and Jackson, Andrew Johnson would stand as the purest and ablest of American Presidents; that the Impeachment Committee had pried into the secrets of the President's family

circle, and had even examined the scullions of the White House; that at the next Presidential election the Republicans would have to adopt the Democratic candidate. Mr. Stevens, with well-timed liberality, did not insist on moving the previous question, and Mr. Robinson came more or less peaceably to the prosperous conclusion above quoted. Mr. Logan followed Mr. Robinson, laughing at him—like an augur—and before he got done said one or two of those things which so much endear him to the average Western man: "If I had been he who captured Jefferson Davis—and Mr. Greeley might publish it if he liked—there never would have been any trouble in trying Jeff. Davis either by a civil or a military court except such a court as he might organize." He knew why the Democratic party hated him. "It was because he had put more of their friends to the sword than almost any other man of his age in the army;" which is, after all, as tall talking in its way as Mr. Robinson's. Finally, Mr. Stevens earned the gratitude of the country by moving the previous question, and gagging everybody.

Mr. William Lloyd Garrison's reception in London has been cordial enough to encourage the belief that there has been a revival in England of devotion to the anti-slavery cause, or rather the cause of weakness, amongst those most faithful to it. The proceedings, too, at a breakfast given him were enlivened by an incident which gave them almost an international character—Lord Russell's confession that Mr. Adams had convinced him that he was wrong in the view he took of the position and aims of the North in the earlier part of the war. Lord Russell has never been remarkable for either tact or perspicacity, but he has all his life long served good causes with a zeal, marred, it is true, by many indiscretions, but which will still entitle him to a high place amongst reformers. This last confession of his error, late as it is, will do much to wipe out the memory of his blunders. Mr. Vernon Harcourt was also present at the breakfast, and was very complimentary to the United States; but he was always shrewd enough not to pin his faith to the Confederacy.

Mr. Raymond's nomination for the Austrian mission has been rejected, mainly, we presume, because the Senate is still in an ill humor about Mr. Motley, for Mr. Bancroft's political opinions are no better than, if as good as, Mr. Raymond's, and yet Mr. Bancroft has, we are glad to see, been confirmed for Berlin. The latter is, by this time, at his post, but he is pursued by the inexorable Greene, "the grandson," whom the historian vainly flattered himself he had squelched. We are glad to see that Mr. Otterburg's chance of the Mexican mission is small, and that Governor Andrew is talked of for it. There is no country in the world in which we keep a representative at all in which we shall, during the next two or three years, need to be represented by a wiser, clearer, cooler, and better-trained brain, than Mexico. Sending Mr. Otterburg there is little better than a bad joke. *The Jewish Messenger*, we are sorry to see, is distressed by our remarks on this gentleman in a recent number. As *The Messenger* in another part of the same paper extolled Judge Cardozo to the skies as one of the most eminent judicial officers that ever mounted the bench, we are relieved from the necessity of making any reply. Judge Cardozo is the person, we may mention, who declared the Excise law unconstitutional last winter.

The Cable newsman on the other side of the Atlantic, as might have been expected, fell easily, last week, into the trap set by some wag in London, by the publication of a despatch purporting to come from Prince Gortschakoff, and proposing a joint European investigation into the condition of Ireland. The hoax was rather clumsily executed, and probably few people except the Cable newsman were taken in by it. He has apparently not yet got over the effect of the Ascot Races, though his account of the reception of "His Sublime Majesty" the Sultan in London is exceptionally sober. If he continues to be as deeply moved by public ceremonies, however, as he has been lately, we feel satisfied that his nervous system will give way, a result which we should be amongst the first to deplore.

There is a strong impression afloat in Europe that the Bishops who are now collected together in Rome from all parts of the Catholic world to assist at the canonization of a certain Arboes, a very bloodthirsty Spanish Inquisitor, who was "martyred" by the relative of one of his victims, will be converted before they separate into an Œcumenical Council, representing the visible church, and armed with all its powers. There is nothing within certain wide limits that such a council cannot do, and the particular thing which in this case it is thought likely to be called upon to do, is to declare the Pope infallible, which, in spite of the popular Protestant belief of the contrary, he is not now. Should it do so, the Pope would be in a position such as no human being has ever been in, and the new dignity would probably prove greater than any human being could support, and the Papacy sink under it. But the chances are that the council will not agree, and that, in fact, the bishops may prove on investigation too unreliable to be called into council at all.

There seems to be some difficulty about the surrender of Maximilian's body. The latest rumor is that Juarez will only surrender it under a treaty. If this be true, he probably imagines he can sell it for something, such as a surrender of some of the European debts. It would not be a bad idea to work on the feelings of the foreign creditors in this way, and it would be thoroughly Mexican. Many a barbarian has proposed to pay debts with his sword, but to wipe them out by disposing of the body of a dead enemy would be strikingly original, and would illustrate the march of civilization amongst the "Latin races" on this continent in a simple and touching manner.

The would-be assassin of the Czar has been found guilty, but with "attenuating circumstances," a qualification which French juries are allowed to attach to their verdicts, and thus save the prisoner from capital punishment. There is very little doubt, however, that had the attempt been made on Napoleon, he would have gone to the scaffold. The mitigation is probably due to an unconscious reflection in the mind of the jury of the strong pro-Polish feeling of the French public. The refusal of the Council of Advocates to punish the young men who insulted the Czar at the Palais de Justice was another illustration of it.

The English House of Lords, we suppose by way of answer to the doubts which have been expressed about its vitality, has just been getting up a debate about the Irish Church, on the motion of Lord Russell for a commission of enquiry. The Church was defended by Lord Cairns and the Earl of Derby on the odd ground, that the title of an endowed corporation to its property, as long as the property is used for the purpose prescribed in the endowment, is as indefeasible as that of an individual to his property, and Lord Cairns was uncivil enough to illustrate his argument by mentioning that the Russell family derived a considerable portion of their estate from precisely the same sources as the Irish Church—namely, the confiscated property of the Catholic Church. One of Mr. J. S. Mill's earliest contributions to periodical literature was an argument against this theory, and we believe it has never been answered. The debate in the House of Lords is evidently but the forerunner of more serious attacks in the Commons.

The story that the King of Abyssinia had shut up a batch of Englishmen, and threatened their lives, because Queen Victoria had refused his hand in marriage, which has had some currency here, never had any foundation in fact. He imprisoned them because a letter which he wrote to England, asking for an envoy regularly accredited to him, was allowed to lie for a year and a half in the Foreign Office unanswered. At this he was naturally indignant, although his mode of showing his indignation is open to objection. All attempts to effect the release of the captives have hitherto proved futile, as his majesty—Theodorus is his name—being totally wanting in respect for heralds, whenever anybody is sent to him to negotiate a ransom claps him in jail too; and one of his favorite amusements is giving the prisoners a cudgelling with his own royal hand. The British Government has now, after eighteen months' trial, concluded that negotiation is useless, and has announced its intention of employing Sepoys to bring the monarch to terms. The chances are that when he hears the Sepoys are coming he will kill the prisoners; but then they are certain to die before long if the Sepoys do not come, so that the use of force seems the best road out of the difficulty.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON have in preparation a volume, by Colonel James F. Meline, entitled "Two Thousand Miles on Horseback," this long way being the road through Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, New Mexico, to the city of Santa Fé and back again. Colonel Meline is at present with Major-General Pope in Georgia.——Dr. J. G. Holland has just finished the proof-reading on his new poem "Kathrina," which is to be issued by Charles Scribner & Co., and which, we are given to understand, is addressed rather to the literary and critical than to the general public, but which, if it is not an excessively popular book, will be unlike any of Dr. Holland's other works, unless we except his first novel, called "Bay Path," which is not very well known.

—Mr. Bancroft has fresh cause to regret the decease of President Sparks. In January last he thought, and expressed his mind about it, that if Mr. Sparks instead of Mr. Norton and Mr. Lowell had been in charge of *The North American Review* he would not have been reduced to the necessity of defending himself against the attacks of Professor G. W. Greene. The July *North American* will drag him into the arena again, and we do not very well see how, with due regard to the reputation of his history, he can avoid noticing some very plain language which is printed in the last number of *The Historical Magazine*. "He will remember, also," says the writer last referred to, "that on this very subject [the Greene controversy] he possessed information from sources which he recognized as trustworthy in his treatment of Colonel Reed—although they were far less so than in this, since *that* was hearsay and *this* direct testimony—yet *he has suppressed it when treating of General Greene*, without telling a reason for that suppression or even hinting at the existence of the unemployed material." The italics are not ours. We have not space to give even a synopsis of Professor Greene's forcible and clever letter in the July *North American*. We make room, however, for this sample of it, which is not an unfair one. We cannot call it a good-tempered letter, we do not know that such a letter ought to be very good-tempered, but it is quite dignified, and where the professor is moved to charge the historian with falsehood, he does so decorously in the Latin tongue, afterwards, however, translating the sentences. In the passage that we append Mr. Bancroft's words are at the beginning in italics. It should be said that Mr. Bancroft charges General Greene with taking the quartermaster-generalship for the sake of money-getting. The reader will very much doubt if the context, which is given by Mr. Greene, will allow any such meaning to be given to the letter as Mr. Bancroft attributes to it in the words which we quote:

"'In one of his letters he frankly confessed that the emoluments expected from the Quartermaster's Department were flattering to his fortune.' 'Here again,' says Mr. Greene, 'I ask your attention to the context:

"'The emoluments expected from the Quartermaster's Department, I freely confess, are flattering to my fortune, but not less humiliating to my military pride. I have as fair pretentions to an honorable command as those who hold them, and while I am drudging in an office from which I shall receive no honor and very few thanks, I am losing an opportunity to do justice to my military character. . . . . Nothing but the wretched state that the department was in and the consequent ruin that must follow, added to the general's and the committee of Congress's solicitations, could have procured my consent. It was not with a view to profit, for the general and the committee of Congress well remember that I offered to serve a year (unconnected with the accounts of the department), in the military line, without any additional pay to that I had as major-general.'"

Whatever may have been Greene's object in taking the office, it certainly is not right to twist this letter into a confession of expecting emoluments from it. We have read, we believe, all that has been written on the one side and the other of the historical controversy which at once sprang up on the appearance of Mr. Bancroft's ninth volume, and while we pretend to nothing like exhaustive knowledge of Revolutionary American history, we think it right to say that our confidence in Mr. Bancroft's veracity, or at any rate his accuracy, is very much shaken.

—The first number of Dr. Wm. A. Hammond's *Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence* (A. Simpson & Co.) appears this month, and makes a handsome brochure of 160 pages. In the department of original communications, the editor, as was to be expected in a first number, takes the laboring oar, contributing three papers: on "Instinct: its Nature and Seat," "Merlin, and his Influence on the English Character and Literature," and on "Organic Infantile Paralysis." The most noticeable selection, to the unprofessional reader, is that from the London *Times and Medical Gazette*. It is an interesting—whoever follows Hepworth Dixon's authority could not make an accurate—article on "Aberrations of the Sexual Instinct," of which the chief examples are derived from America, or, to speak properly, "New America." We fancy it must be from aberration of the classifying instinct that the writer includes in the same series fœticide and the agitation of women for political equality with men, which he calls *androgynism*.—This month also appears, after some little delay caused by mechanical difficulties in obtaining peculiar type, Messrs. Townsend & Adams's reprint of the London *Chemical News and Journal of Physical Science*, a small quarto of 48 pages, having a very wide range of subjects, and, from this specimen number, apparently recommending itself to a large class of readers outside the arts. There is a vast difference in the subscription prices of this fac-simile and the original, in favor, of course, of the former.

—Of late English books at Scribner, Welford & Co.'s, we notice Professor Charles Kingsley's "Ancien Régime;" Sir James Stephens's "Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography," already well known in this country; Matilda Betham Edwards's "Winter with the Swallows," which is a lively book of travel in Algiers; W. Walkiss Lloyd's "Philosophy, Theology, and Poetry in the Age and Art of Rafael;" "A Visit to some American Schools and Colleges," by Sophia Jex Blake. Miss Blake has written a book which will very likely be of service to her countrymen, though it appears at about the same time with the voluminous and valuable report of Mr. Fraser, who was sent over here to do officially what she did from an interest in the cause of education. As might be expected, she praises the American common-school system and pronounces American colleges inferior to those of Great Britain. Of the ordinary stuff of which travellers' books are made she gives her readers little. It is well enough, we suppose, for her to animadvert on the American fashion of smashing up boiled eggs in a glass, instead of eating them from the shell, though where she saw our countrymen pouring milk into the glassful of eggs we do not know. We have seen many States and cities, and observed somewhat attentively their manners, and nowhere have we seen eggs eaten in the way Miss Blake shudderingly describes. The continual vulgarisms in American conversation, even in the speech of those Americans whom Miss Blake knew to be well educated, were also shocking to her, and she expresses her opinion that the reputation for under-breeding, coarseness, and ignorance which Americans somewhat unjustly have acquired, is in great measure due to their carelessness in this respect. Miss Blake prizes highly the courtesy with which she was received by the managers of the schools which she visited, but excludes from her good books the principals of a young ladies' school at Poughkeepsie, who seem to have made on her mind a more unpleasant impression than could have been made by a simple refusal to show her the school in operation. The Marquis of Lorne's "Trip to the Tropics" is a volume of travels of less account than Miss Blake's. The world has already heard how a lecture by Mr. Emerson, which Lord Lorne heard, struck him as being a string of very obscure brilliants. We believe there is nothing else in his book that will much interest American readers. He found a "Fremont Hotel" in Boston, and he thought the members of the Porcellian Club at Harvard very good fellows. Professor Matthew Arnold's four "Lectures on the Study of Celtic Literature," which were delivered as lectures at Oxford, and published as essays in *The Cornhill Magazine*, are now issued in book form, and will soon, we suppose, be reprinted by Ticknor & Fields. "Fine Art, chiefly Contemporary," by William Michael Rossetti, contains criticisms on Millais, Maddox Brown, Turner, Whistler, and many other painters; on Mr. F. T. Palgrave considered as a critic of art; on Japanese pictures, on modern sculpture, and other kindred topics.

—Messrs. Marcus Ward and Company, of Belfast, Ireland, have for some years been training a large body of men in the art of illumination, inspiring them, so far as may be in this utilitarian age, with the spirit as well as the knowledge of the old monkish artists. It is, of course, not often that work is called for of the kind that was done four or five centuries ago, though now and then some such task is required. The life and miracles of Saint Patrick have, for instance, been beautifully done on vellum for Sir Benjamin Guinness, the great Dublin brewer, who, as our readers have heard, gave out of his own purse a vast sum of money for the rebuilding of Saint Patrick's Cathedral. But, generally, the revivers of this pious art have found it more profitable to seek patronage from noblemen and gentlemen who delight in pedigrees and emblazoned arms, from framers of addresses and promoters of testimonials. The Prince of Wales, among others, and the Earl of Hillsborough have given orders. The work, of which there are a good many specimens at the Paris Exposition, is said to

be very beautiful in color, nearly equalling the work of the illuminators who labored on their knees before chemistry was discovered.

—For the fifteen years previous to last month no play of Victor Hugo's had been enacted on the French stage, an absolute interdict having rested on his whole *répertoire*. The prohibition having been withdrawn, the play of "Hernani" was put upon the stage of the Théâtre Français on the 20th of June. Undoubtedly it is fresh in the memory of the author, who does not forget such things, how, away back in 1830, when Paris was divided into two camps, the romantic and the classic, this same Théâtre Français was the scene of a most violent uproar on the occasion of the very first representation of "Hernani." The Hugolâtres were, however, successful in the contest, and the play became a standard one. The scene at its resurrection would have still more delighted the author than the scene at its birth. There was so much applause that the spectators were hardly to be called an audience, for but little that was said on the stage could be heard, and the representation was almost reduced to a pantomime. Everybody applauded. The friends of "the proscribed," of course, were wild. This imposed on the official world also the necessity of becoming frantic, for evidently it would never do to allow the return of M. Hugo to the stage to wear the appearance of a triumph of the peculiar political opinions which he entertains. For once the gifted author would have been satisfied with the fume of incense, and it seems quite a pity that he could not be present to snuff it up. For that matter, he might have been present had he liked. It is told of him, in the scandalizing way which the French carry to perfection, that he is quite often to be seen in this or that Continental town, affecting extreme mystery, and transparently disguised, as if tyrants were hanging about all the railway stations seeking his life-blood. But he was included in the general amnesty of 1859, and there is nothing to prevent his return to Paris.

—The present state of geology has lately been reviewed by Professor Bernard von Cotta, of the Mining Academy of Freiberg, Saxony, in a volume entitled "Die Geologie der Gegenwart" (Geology of the Present Time). The book is written from the vulcanistic point of view, and, after an introduction on the history of geology, it treats all geological questions of the day in well written essays, two of which were translated into English under the title of "Geology and History," and published in London. In chapter vii., "Geology and Darwin," Professor von Cotta attempts to prove that the principle of Darwin's theory of species may well be applied to geology, and that, *vice versa*, geology goes to prove its correctness in general. In chapter x., "Cold Periods and Effects of Glaciers," the author says that the ice-period of Europe and North America coincided, but that the boulders of South America were transported by glaciers of an earlier or a later ice-period. The cause of the ice-period Herr von Cotta agrees with James Croll and Sir Charles Lyell in attributing to the alterations of the eccentricity of the ecliptic. In the same chapter he combats the theory that glaciers could produce valleys or the excavation of lakes. Altogether the work is well worth reading, and the reading of it is facilitated by its being printed with Latin type.——Darwin's theory of the origin of species has been hailed as a new fundamental principle by zoölogists more generally than by students of the vegetable kingdom. Especially was this the case in Germany, where, shortly before the publication of Darwin's book, Virchow in his "Cellular Pathology" had prepared the way by deriving the origin and substance of all organisms from one primitive cell, and all diseases from its alterations. Goethe by his "Metamorphosis of Plants" (1790) had already pronounced views similar to those of Darwin, without, however, in the then state of botany being able to erect them into laws or principles. Following Darwin's theory, the attempt has now been made by Professor Ernest Haeckel, of the university at Jena, to bring the morphology of organisms into a system by his work, "Generelle Morphologie der Organismen" (Berlin, 1866 and 1867; Vols. I. and II.) The first volume contains the general anatomy of organisms, the second volume the history of the development of organisms, with eight genealogical plates illustrating the beginning of the original cell, "its progress to *Plantæ protistæ* and hence to *Animalia*." The author is an anatomist, and the portions of the work referring to botany are consequently not so carefully treated by him as the zoölogical part of his work.——A valuable addition to chemical literature is Mulder's "Chemie der austrocknenden Oele, ihre Bereitung und ihre technische Anwendung" (Chemistry of Siccating Oils, their fabrication and use in the arts; translated from the Dutch by J. Müller, Berlin, 1867). The chemical relations and drying capacities of linseed oil are in this book compared with those of other oils. The principal product of each drying oil is *linoxyn*, which is durable if mixed with inorganic substances. If mixed with organic matter, like *carmine acid* (from cochineal), or with *alizarine* or *purpurine* (from madder), the color does not keep, and Mr. Mulder therefore warns artists who would transmit their pictures to posterity to abstain from the use of carmine and madder lacs. ——A "Scientific Catalogue, or Bibliographical Guide to the Literature of the Sciences," containing the more important publications of Europe and the United States, has been published by L. W. Schmidt, 24 Barclay Street, New York. This catalogue, though chiefly indicating the publications of the last ten years, reaches with regard to standard works as far back as the beginning of this century. It is scientifically arranged, and a table of authors is added at the end containing 1,300 names many of which appear several times, with the numbers of pages referred to, a feature which facilitates the use of the guide and gives it a more than ephemeral value.

YOUMANS'S MODERN CULTURE.*

A DEBT of gratitude is due to Dr. Youmans for this very entertaining and instructive volume. It meets a serious want in the popular literature of our time. We have for some time sorely needed a book in which the subject of education should be philosophically discussed. We have needed a book in which the claims which divers branches of study rightfully have upon our attention should be fairly and lucidly set forth. In the present volume the claims of scientific studies—a very important item in education—are ably, not to say powerfully, presented. The idea of collecting the opinions of various great writers, each an authority in his own province, upon this most weighty subject, was a happy one. As Dr. Youmans rightly says (Pref. p. vii.): "Although the reader may miss in this volume the connection and coherency of a systematic treatise on the subject by a single writer, and even note some minor points of disagreement, yet he will find that each statement is a section of a comprehensive and essentially harmonious argument which presents an attractive variety of treatment while the stamp of various and powerful minds, each speaking upon the subject with which he is best acquainted, must give the discussion far greater authority than the work of any one man, no matter how able, could possibly possess."

The model discussion of the book is Professor Henfrey's on the "Study of Botany." Liebig's essay on the "Development of Scientific Ideas" contains much fresh and vigorous thought. Tyndall's discourse on the "Study of Physics" is also greatly to be admired for its clear and consecutive reasoning and its grand and stirring spirit. Dr. Whewell's remarks on the "Educational History of Science" are sound and valuable, but rather insipid, like most of that excellent man's writings. The extracts quoted from Dr. Draper, Lord Macaulay, and Mr. Goldwin Smith possess little or no merit; but the articles contributed by Dr. Youmans himself are full of interest. The introductory remarks on "Mental Discipline in Education" may especially be noted as among the best things recently said on the subject of liberal education. Except Mr. Mill's superb address at St. Andrews, we know of nothing abler, nothing more powerfully reasoned or more to the point than this introductory essay by Dr. Youmans.

Dr. Youmans begins by pointing out and deploring the defects of the present traditional system of classical education. Inherited from the Middle Ages, shaped in accordance with a theory of the universe which has long been exploded, it has, he says, little or no fitness to meet the demands of our own time. It is of little use in training our reasoning powers, in disciplining our judgment, or in teaching us to estimate correctly the evidence for and against any given proposition. It disciplines nothing but our memory, and that it does in the most irrational and cumbrous way, bringing before us isolated facts in utter disregard of the laws of association. It diverts us from contemplating the great interests of the present time, and brings before us the affairs of a past which we never become able to appreciate, and with which we have little serious concern. We spend seven or eight years in acquiring an imperfect reading knowledge of two dead languages, and at the end of that time we have not only got no available knowledge of the history of ancient times and the spirit of ancient literature, but we remain in utter ignorance of modern history, of political economy, of physiology, and of physics.

There is, unfortunately, altogether too much truth in this view of the case. There is no doubt that our classical education engrosses too much time, and that it leaves us too shamefully ignorant even of the subjects with which it professes to make us acquainted. Indeed, our scientific education, as carried on under the present university system, is not much better.

* "The Culture demanded by Modern Life: a Series of Addresses and Arguments on the Claims of Scientific Education. By Professors Tyndall, Henfrey, Huxley, Paget, Whewell, Faraday, Liebig, Draper, De Morgan; Drs. Barnard, Hodgson, Carpenter, Hooker, Acland, Forbes, Herbert Spencer, Sir John Herschel, Sir Charles Lyell, Dr. Seguin, Mr. Mill; with an Introduction on Mental Discipline in Education, by E. L. Youmans." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867.

We take up a book on physics, and are told that the Newtonian theory is still one of the great rival theories of light, although that theory was utterly overthrown at the beginning of the present century. We take up a book on astronomy, and are told that the earth is 95,000,000 miles distant from the sun, although the researches of M. Foucault have shown that the distance is only 91,000,000. We take up a book on physiology, and read about a "vital principle which suspends natural laws," although every competent physiologist well knows that any such "principle" is as much a distorted figment of the fancy as the basilisks which in old times were supposed to haunt secluded cellars. We hear grave lectures on psychology, in which the antiquated systems of Locke or Kant are laboriously expounded, while of the recent prodigious innovations made by writers like Bain and Spencer we get not the slightest hint. So in history we are taught as if Mommsen and Grote had never written. In philology we are no better off. The same tense is called by one name in Latin, by another in Greek, and by yet another in French, to our signal confusion and discomfiture. Grimm's magnificent researches, throwing light upon the whole structure of language, and presenting the history of human thought in an entirely new phase, are utterly non-existent to the mind of the student. He pursues the even tenor of his way in blissful ignorance of Sir G. C. Lewis, and sees no absurdity in the mythological theories of Euhemerus.

Now, it seems to us that the reform which is most urgently needed in our system of liberal education consists not in the substitution of one branch of studies for another as much as in the more liberal, rational, and intelligent pursuit of all branches. Whether we study antiquity in Felton's "Ancient and Modern Greece" or science in Cooke's "Chemical Physics," we are equally wasting our time over profitless and ill-digested details. But, on the other hand, in studying Grote's "Plato" or Grove's "Correlation of Physical Forces," we are truly educating ourselves; we are not only gaining priceless information, but acquiring mental discipline—deftness in the use of scientific methods of research. It is a grave error to suppose that fairness of mind, accuracy of judgment, or shrewdness of perception are to be secured by abandoning one class of studies for another. In the main, these things belong as much to one kind of research as to another kind. The narrowness and torpidity—the "Kronian" characteristics (to use an Aristophanic word)—of classically educated men are due far more to the irrational method in which they have pursued their studies than to those studies themselves. Let the student really fathom who Julius Cæsar was, what he thought, what he did, wherein he differed from Marcus Cato or another, why his policy succeeded, and what its effects have been upon all human generations down to our time—let him duly fathom all this, and he will have gone far toward getting as good a political education as a man needs to have. Let him, again, justly estimate the value of ancient chronology; let him, for instance, intelligently appreciate the fact that much of Bunsen's and Lepsius's Egyptology is but a tissue of air-woven fables, and he will be as little likely to surrender himself to any current delusion as the man who has studied astronomy or chemistry. The trouble is, that our scheme of classical education does not provide for any adequate knowledge even of classical subjects. Its energies are entirely devoted during seven or eight years to the imperfect acquirement of two languages which ought to be thoroughly mastered in three or four. No time is left for anything else. We read Aristophanes, and never suspect his divine, soul-stirring humor. We read Demosthenes, and remain ignorant of Athenian politics. Depend upon it, if we were taught these things differently, if we were to study the classics so that we should recognize Sulla or Pericles on meeting them, we should less frequently be heard to complain of the uselessness of our "college lumber."

The claims of physical science we not only admit, but maintain with all our heart. We have no sympathy with those who look askance upon scientific studies, and pronounce them a mere spending of the time upon curious details. These know not of that concerning which they speak. Nothing can be more atrociously unjust than some of Professor Bowen's remarks in his reply to Dr. Bigelow's pamphlet on classical and utilitarian studies. Not content with defending, by some very able arguments, the real claims which the classics have upon our attention, Professor Bowen thinks his case is incomplete until he has gone on and proved, or rather asserted, that science has no value. It gives us an Atlantic telegraph and a few new medicines, and enables us to have our photographs taken. But what good does that do us? A vast amount, most certainly. To question the advantages of rapid communication is hardly the part of a political economist. Not an improvement is made by science in the industrial arts but helps us to live well and to fulfil more accurately the great objects of our existence. Nor does the chief value of science lie here in its utilitarian, but rather in its philosophical, function. Philosophy no longer rests contented with quiet introspection, but sallies forth to the conquest of the universe. Not one of her theories or her methods but has been metamorphosed under the influence of scientific facts. All these we must know if we would keep up with the knowledge of our times. We must know the new chemical theories, the latest researches on heat, the last word about the origin of species, or all at once we shall find ourselves deprived of some most essential fact when we come to piece together our theory of things. Logically, moreover, our scientific studies are most valuable. They impart to us skill in classification, in terminology, and in the use of hypotheses, accuracy in observation and skill in experiment. They beget in us a wholesome scepticism concerning the all-sufficiency of our mental powers, and show us that some things can be done while others cannot, and teach us that there are such things as laws or uniformities of succession in nature which must not, cannot, under any circumstances, be disregarded with impunity. They nourish in us a religious state of mind, inviting us to approach nature and life with trust and not with fear. But more need not be said. We need do no more in behalf of the claims of science than refer to Dr. Youmans's book, where nearly all that can be urged on the subject is most forcibly urged. For our own part, while recognizing most of what is said in the book as the expression of our own ideas and opinions, we still retain an intense feeling of the indispensable value of the classics. Believing, as Mr. Mill does, that there is no reason, except the stupidity of instructors, why classics and the sciences should not both be taught, we hold that they should both be taught. Our earnest recognition of the claims of the one should never blind us to the claims of the other. We are surprised at one little remark in Dr. Youmans's introduction. Having quoted Mr. Mill's address in behalf of scientific studies, he thinks it proper to add that the same vigorous discourse contains a strong argument for the classics. But while, says Mr. Youmans, "Mr. Mill urges the importance of scientific studies *for all*, an examination of his argument for the classics will show that it is applicable only to those who, like himself, are professional scholars, and devote their lives to philological, historical, or critical studies." An examination of Mr. Mill's argument for the classics will, we believe, show that it is as universally applicable as his argument for the sciences. He does not bring forward a single reason why the classics should be studied which does not fit the case of the dry-goods merchant as well as the case of the college professor. Nowhere in his address does he faintly intimate that he is not putting one class of studies upon the same footing as the other. If Mr. Mill had circumscribed the sphere of classical studies in this singular way, we, believing with Comte, that no man is completely educated unless he can run back through all time as well as run about through all space, should straightway throw down to him the gauntlet of argument. But as Mr. Mill has done no such thing, and we have already filled space enough, we must close by inviting every one interested in the subject of education to read Dr. Youmans's book and Mr. Mill's after it, if his curiosity tempt him. He will find in Mr. Mill's book the powerful argument for retrospective studies which we Americans, above every other people, need to have forcibly presented to us, and the absence of which from the work of Dr. Youmans is, in our opinion, its only defect.

THE COLLEGE, THE MARKET, AND THE COURT.*

Mrs. Dall's part in the movement for enfranchising women in this country and elsewhere is pretty well known to the public. Her "special work," to use her own language, is that of "collecting and observing facts," and though her commission issues from herself, no one has yet appeared to contest her right or her ability to execute it. A cultivated mind, wide reading, good social position, and the necessary moral courage have made her one of the best advocates of the claims of her sex. Perhaps a little too anxious to verify her own credentials, as she exhorts other women to do, and hence incurring the charge of pedantry or of egotism (a blessed if inglorious gift)—certainly too much given to praising her friends and living public characters, patronizing them, it almost seems, with epithets like "our dear" such-a-one and "saintly" so-and-so—these and other weaknesses she may unconsciously display, but she never lends herself to the arts of the demagogue.

She is unequivocally in favor of bestowing suffrage upon woman (*restoring* it, she would say, in many instances), but the argument elaborated in the three books of this volume does not begin with the ballot-box.

"Mr. Phillips," she says, "plants himself upon the right of suffrage, and *goes back* to secure education and free labor, for state reasons. He has every right to do it; but, on the other hand, *we* may rest upon our un-

* "The College, the Market, and the Court; or, Woman's Relation to Education, Labor, and Law. By Caroline H. Dall." Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1867. Pp. xxxv., 499.

doubted right to education, and go *forward*, with safe, strong steps, to claim the right of suffrage."

And, in another place:

"Education must, in time, earn independence for most women. Independence, taxed and made a citizen of, will insist, in the course of years, upon its suffrage; but whoso will help to reverse the process, and grant suffrage, so that woman may herself indicate what education she wishes to receive, and what labor she wishes to perform, will speed the process by scores of years."

In fact, there is no escape from Mary Wollstonecraft's alternative, "that women should either be shut up, like Eastern princesses, or educated in such a manner as to think and act for themselves." And if any one answers Mr. Higginson's question—"Ought women to learn the alphabet?"—in the affirmative, he must show why they must regulate their education with respect to their husbands, and not to their immortal selves, in whom the same faculties and a like understanding point to the same perfectibility as the law of their being, and the same responsibility for the use of their talents. Mrs. Dall is entirely right in affirming "that the duty woman owes the state is a *moral* duty," and so is that she owes to society and to herself in asserting an equality of rights and privileges. With her usual good sense the author meets the common objection "that there is no such thing as any abstract right to vote."

"We reply," she says, "that in this particular discussion we don't care about *abstract rights*—what we want is our *own share* of the tangible acknowledged right which human governments confer. If, in England, this right depends on a property qualification, then we claim that there the property qualification shall endow woman as well as man with the right of suffrage. If, in America, it depends upon an alienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, then we demand that our Government recognize woman as so endowed, and receive her vote."

Mrs. Dall has used the threefold division of her subject for a more convenient grouping of the facts which go to prove that women have already achieved much, in a great variety of occupations, which affords presumptive evidence of their ability to compete with men in almost every department when once the fetters of custom, tradition, and statute are removed. It is unnecessary for us, therefore, either to report these in detail or to examine the logic of the reasoning which they are made to illustrate. We will only say that the reader must be struck with the scope of the facts here gathered, and favorably impressed by the author's industry and extent of knowledge. Further, she declares that the best brains make the best housekeepers, is at pains to cite remarkable examples of this truth, and would have men equally with women learn and practise the use of the needle. In her strictures on the classics for what they have contributed to the proverbial depreciation of women, and for the impurity which they shelter for those who consult them, we recognize much that is just, and it is all suggestive. Suggestive, indeed, is the most comprehensive praise we can render to the book as a whole, and we would that the daughters and wives of the wealthy would improve the opportunities for usefulness which she so forcibly points out. Let not "the young girls in Beacon Street" shrink from having "something to do" because Mrs. Dall addresses them somewhat like a dressmaker who turns over her cut-out patterns to her apprentices, saying:

"I offer them the establishment of a Training School for Servants, of a public but self-supporting Laundry, of a Ready-made Clothes-room, and a Knitting Factory; all simple matters, entirely within their control, if they would but believe it."

Where much information has to be taken at second-hand, perfect accuracy is not to be expected. To begin with a trifle, Mrs. Dall errs in saying of Madame de Krudener (p. 447) that "she spoke only in French" when she preached, whereas it should read that she could not speak Russian although a native, and hence could not affect the masses by her doctrines. As the wife of a diplomatist at Venice and at Copenhagen, it is probable she was conversant with both Italian and Danish; and her last preaching while in the Crimea was partly in German. The late Dr. Beecher (to take a long skip) is put, we regret to say, in too favorable a light in narrating the Lane Seminary controversy. His quoted words to the future founders of Oberlin are: "You are right; but we are too weak to hold Lane Seminary on anti-slavery principles. Go and make it possible for us." His real words (in private) are reported to have been, and probably correctly: "Go on, boys, and roll the car up to the top of the hill, and then I'll get on, and shout as loud as any of you."

It is no harm that two of the three books of this handsome volume have appeared singly before. The appendix, of which the facts are brought down to the day of publication, is replete with instruction and interest, and we may specify among its contents the descriptions of the chief colleges for women or for men and women, of which Oberlin was the pioneer. We congratulate the author, the publishers, and the printer of this work, and wish it a profitable circulation, in all senses of the word.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR JULY.

The July *North American* is predominantly literary; Mr. Lowell treats of Rousseau, Mr. Norton of Longfellow's Dante, and Professor Whitney has a long article on the subject upon which he is an authority. Of the nine articles in this number only three are on politico-social subjects—"The Labor Crisis," "Serfdom and Emancipation Laws in Russia," and "The Judiciary of New York."

We do not know how the minds of members of the State Convention are constituted, and about getting from that body any rescue from the municipal tyranny under which this city is suffering we are not very sanguine, but we indulge a hope that so far as concerns a purification of the judiciary the writer of the article last named has told enough. There is no doubt that the facts made known in his thorough exposure are to some extent disgraceful not only to the city, but to the State, and even to the nation; and although obvious reasons forbade it, we wish it had been possible for the writer to pillory our judicial robbers and ruffians by giving the world their names. As to the truth of the facts set down in the article, the whole bar of New York city are witnesses that only a small part of the half has yet been told. In "Serfdom and Emancipation Laws in Russia" Mr. W. C. Gannett has gathered up a useful mass of information in regard to the great measure that has signalized the reign of Alexander Second. Of the practical working of emancipation he is hardly able to tell us anything as yet, and of the practical working of the system of serfdom he tells us little—a people that has just freed four millions of its own slaves is not, perhaps, in need of much information on that head—but after a brief survey of the history of Russian slavery, he puts into an intelligible form the official story of its destruction, and an account of the system that has been substituted for it. This latter would be of general interest, but it is too long for quotation and to condense it would be hard. Mr. Gannett sums up the matter as follows:

"Even the superstructure is not so much to be rebuilt as to be converted to new uses. The peasants are freed, and their future life and prosperity ensured by a single act. The government simply steps between the owner and the owned, and says to the one: 'Remain as you are; your serf represented to you the yearly value of his obrok or service, minus the value of the land he used for his support. He shall still represent to you nearly the same worth. But you must resign two things—first, your control of his person; second, your control of that land which he actually needs.' It turns to the serf and says: 'Remain where you are. You have now no master but the law. Keep your land also; none shall take it from you. But you must pay a rent to the old landlord, about as much money or labor as you formerly gave him. Should you prefer, however, you may buy your house whenever you like; and your lot also, as soon as the 'Baron' is willing. If without money, the government will help you; in this case you will be tenants of the crown, and your children will, in the course of time, become full proprietors.'"

Our own simpler plan of giving the newly-freed slave a vote and letting him acquire his own land is, like the Russian system, in its infancy. Mr. Gannett is somewhat familiar with the old and the new peculiar institutions of both countries, and we hope that five years from now he may be able in another article to give favorable accounts of both.

The first article in the review is on the various theories of "The Origin of the Italian Language," the writer arguing for the opinion of Cesare Cantù, "that Italian is only the naturally modified speech of ancient Latium, so that the law of continuity, established by Leibnitz in physics, has been verified in that language; that no solution of continuity was produced by sudden revolutions, but that successive evolutions reduced the spoken Latin to the modern dialect—evolutions conformable to the usual methods by which the human speech creates, wears out, transforms speech, and therefore similar to the organic processes of other languages." This theory excludes that one which makes the Italian simply the Latin barbarized, changed lexically and grammatically by the speech of the northern invaders of Italy; and it excludes that other one, that the present language of the peninsula is the Latin transformed by the indigenous dialects of the provinces into which it was carried by conquest. The writer's style is not captivating, but his presentation of Cantù's reasoning is, on the whole, well done, and his own additions to Cantù's proofs seem to be of value and to show acuteness. To speak of a small matter, we think him mistaken in citing the use by the English of Pennsylvania of the compound *through-other* as an example of the influence on their speech of the speech of their

German neighbors. But we have no better reason for thinking so than that we have heard the word in question commonly used by English people who had never seen Pennsylvania, perhaps never heard of it, and had probably never been in communication with people who knew that State. It is common in the British provinces and in the north of England and Ireland.

Mr. Henry James's "Ontology of Swedenborg" gives us once again the leading idea of Mr. James's "Substance and Shadow," an idea of Swedenborg's in which, if we understand it, the life of the creature is, as some have said, represented as a piece of loving *finesse* on God's part. It is a pity, we think, that the rush of Mr. James's style holds the reader, unless he struggles hard, a little above the sense. Vivid, eloquent, and energetic as it is, it seems like an unfortunate style for a metaphysician—even for a preacher of metaphysics not a fortunate style.

Professor Whitney, after a glance at the scheme of genetic classification of languages so far as comparative philologists have established it, proceeds to enquire whether linguistic science can ever assert the non-existence of an historical tie through all human language and therefore can prove that Adam and Eve could not have been the first parents of all the living? For such a purpose linguistic science is perfectly useless, Professor Whitney thinks, and, giving his reasons at some length, he reaches a general conclusion which he regards as incontrovertibly established; it is this:

"If the tribes of men are of different parentage, their languages could not be expected to be more unlike than they in fact are; while, on the other hand, if all mankind are of one blood, their tongues need not be more alike than we find them to be."

There is occasionally in Professor Whitney's writing a quiet, apparently unintended, sarcastic stroke that is not at all an unpleasant thing amid the comparative philology. For example, he remarks on the false analogies between discordant languages which some etymologists have thought they had discovered—"seeming indications of relationship which a little historical knowledge, when it is to be had, at once shows to be delusive."

Mr. Norton in his review of Mr. Longfellow's "Translation of the Divine Comedy" begins with some remarks on the opposing schools of translation, giving his voice for that which he prefers to call the realistic rather than, as it is oftenest called, the literal. Mr. Matthew Arnold's direction to the translator—that he should aim to reproduce on the intelligent scholar the general effect of the work he is translating—Mr. Norton finds fault with as a rule too vague. He remarks that the effect of a great poem depends in great measure on qualities which the translator cannot transfer. It can no more be transferred from one language to another, this effect, than the effect of a great picture can be produced by the best engraving. And it is to be remembered that a poem is not simply an abstract production of a pure poetic spirit, but it marks a stage in human progress, it has historic relations, its character is not less historic than poetic, its deepest interest pertains to it not as an isolated effort of human genius. We desire, then, to have the great works of other ages exactly as they are; the realistic method of translation far better than the literal method gratifies this desire, though it is true that it produces not so popular poems, each age as represented by the mass of readers having a natural fondness for the things of its own. Mr. Norton then compares Mr. Longfellow's with Mr. Rossetti's version, which till Mr. Longfellow's appeared was the best translation made on the realistic theory, and therefore the best of all previous translations. Mr. Norton very easily makes out a case in favor of Mr. Longfellow. Then we have given us some noble specimens of the great poem in its English dress, specimens without one of the not uncommon small deformities.

Mr. Lowell's article on "Rousseau and the Sentimentalists" is an exceedingly brilliant one, and, considered as a study of the sentimental character, it seems to us profoundly true. But as a presentation of the character of the man Rousseau, we think it not exhaustive. The reader, of course, wishes the article twice as long, but he feels it not wholly in his own interest, but in Rousseau's as well. Rousseau was a sentimentalist, and carried sentimentalism to insanity; but not only before Europe, but alone with himself, he was more than a sentimentalist. All of which, of course, Mr. Lowell admits; indeed, we do not know where to find more just or kind things said of Rousseau than are said here; but still this essay, in order to take rank with the "Lessing" and "Thoreau," will, we think, have to be filled fuller with the subject of it.

The "Critical Notices" are of course good, but certainly not too light. Master Swinburne gets a very neat feruling, however; and at the end of the reviews Professor Greene pays his attentions to Mr. Bancroft in a way that makes Swinburne's correction seem a succession of soft love-pats.

THE AMERICAN LAW REVIEW.

We are glad to see evidence of the prosperity of this valuable review, which is decidedly the best periodical now or for some years past published for the benefit of the legal profession. We have spoken in commendatory terms of each successive issue, and take pleasure in saying that the July number bears marks of faithful labor on the part of the editors, and of care and taste on the part of the printers.

But this number being the last of the volume, it is an appropriate time to make some criticisms not altogether laudatory, but animated by a sincere interest in the permanent success of the enterprise, and which we have forborne to make while there was danger of hindering that success.

It certainly seems to us that the leading articles of *The Review* are not its strong point, and that they are not improving in quality. There have been nineteen of these articles, of which only nine have been upon what a lawyer calls *practical* subjects; and of these nine only one (the article on "Delivery," April, 1867) is useful to a majority of the bar, while that one is not very well written. Now, we are far from thinking that all articles should be strictly practical, or from expecting that all can be well written. The discussion of abstract questions and of propositions for reform is an important part of the sphere of a legal magazine. But one article out of nineteen is clearly too small a proportion for information of immediate practical value. Again, no single article, if we remember rightly, has been exhaustive of its subject, or could be depended upon as reviewing all the cases, or presenting a complete view of the matter in hand. Such a merit we should not expect of all or most of the articles, but we have a right to look for it in some. Indeed for practical business use an incomplete article is almost worse than worthless, since it invites a reliance which it will not justify. A law-book may be incomplete in respect of the number of subjects treated, yet complete in its treatment of every subject actually discussed, and therefore valuable though faulty. But a mere article, being necessarily confined to a minute subdivision of the law, has especial need of absolute completeness after its kind.

The digest of State reports is prepared, as it seems to us, on a defective principle. It is confessedly a *selection* of cases. On what theory shall the selection be made? We should say, most certainly, if *all* the cases cannot be given, that the selection should be one of subjects and not of cases; that every decision under a given head should be cited whether it seemed interesting or not. The matter for publication may easily be narrowed by selecting points on a few leading subjects only, such as bills, carrier, trust, negligence, partnership, and the like, if space cannot be afforded for all.

The July number opens with an article upon the liability of ship-owners, upon which much pains has been bestowed; but the subject is one in which only a few lawyers are interested. The right of a bankrupt to continue suits commenced by him before his bankruptcy constitutes the subject of the next article, though it purports to review a broader field. The article on "Seals" is confessedly a mere patchwork, entertaining but not thorough. The article on "Government Claims," though not practical, is interesting, and contains some instructive information. The miscellaneous part of *The Review*—the digests, book notices, and summary of events—are good and useful. We are pleased to notice the freedom and candor of the book notices.

The article on "Modern Reform in Pleading" deserves a special notice. It is short, shallow, and supercilious; written by some one who knows little or nothing of his subject, and whose veneration for the Middle Ages has blinded him to the facts of his own time. The article is intended as an attack upon the system of pleading introduced by the New York Code of Procedure. That system as it actually exists is undoubtedly defective, simply because there have always been enough lawyers opposed to it upon the bench and in the Legislature, to misconstrue it in the former place, and to defeat all efforts for its correction in the other. For six years the original framer of the Code has vainly striven to secure legislative sanction for a set of forms as models for pleading, which represent exactly what the Code contemplates. But the perfection of the system is precisely what the old lawyers do not want and will not have. Nevertheless, in spite of all obstacles, the general system of pleading actually in existence in this State leads to more definite issues than that of any State retaining the common-law practice—if indeed there is any State which retains that practice in its palmy state of technicalities. In England and Ireland it has long been thrown overboard, and a system of pleading adopted both at law and in equity in almost exact conformity to the spirit of the New York Code, and, being administered by able men in good faith, the English system is more in accordance with the real law of New York than the system actually in existence here. The article vamps a quotation from Judge Gould which we have seen a good many times, showing that the

Code has actually confused the distinguished jurists of Texas and Arkansas, regions where, as we all know, the height of human wisdom has always been found upon the bench, and no confusion was ever known before the days of the Code. The authority of Judge Gould upon questions involving confusion of ideas will not be doubted by any one who is familiar with his writings. But we advise the editors of *The Law Review*, if they really mean to commence war upon the reforms which have swept the old practice into oblivion both in America and in England, to have the aid of some one who knows the facts of the case, who can avoid egregious blunders, and can bring a little logic and common sense to bear upon the subject. The only difficulty we apprehend in the way of their doing so is that no such person can be found who, if honest and candid, will maintain the vital proposition of the article to which we have thus referred.

We believe that *The Law Review* will speedily outgrow the defects and errors upon which we have commented, and hope to be able in our next notice to give it our unqualified commendation.

Die Insel Creta unter der ottomanischen Verwaltung. Von "Elpis Melena." (Vienna. 1867. New York: L. W. Schmidt.)—The author of this pamphlet is a distinguished literary lady of Germany, who, under the above assumed name, has already published several pamphlets on Greece. She now undertakes to narrate the origin and causes of the present rising of the Cretes against the Ottoman oppression. The population of Crete she numbers at about 300,000, of which 220,000 belong to the orthodox Greek Catholic Church, and the rest to Islam. The prime cause of the revolution consists in the *mekheme*, the only tribunal recognized by the Ottoman law in civil and religious matters. It is presided over by the cadis and the mollah, and applies the rules of the Koran to all cases submitted to it. This had lately been wielded by Mustapha Pasha with a pressure unheard of before. The mollah, the president of the cadis, is guardian and administrator of all minors, judge in all questions of inheritance, the only notary public through whom the Christians can execute valid bills of sale, deeds, bonds, and contracts. He receives five per cent. of the value of everything submitted to his decision or his signature. As the Mohammedan law imposes the cost of lawsuits on the defendant when he wins, he is exposed to endless chicanery and expenses, for his adversary may, if he choose, again bring the same charge against him, the mollah pocketing for the second time five per cent. and so on, besides which he makes the most extortionate charges, such as *tetalie* (summons fee), *calemie* (entrance money), *resm* (entertaining fee), and a number of others. The mollah and his subordinates, by a loose interpretation of the Koran, have the law entirely in their own hands, and are especially corrupt in the exercise of their power in cases of inheritance.

The second of the many causes which forced the Cretans to take up arms was the practice of farming out the taxes of the island. When Crete passed, in 1841, from the possession of the Viceroy of Egypt into that of the Porte, the tithe was reduced from one-seventh to one-tenth. But it was not long before a change for the worse took place. Mustapha Pasha leased from the Porte the collection of taxes—customs duties not excepted—and then in turn farmed out the collection to the highest bidders, making them all necessary concessions to facilitate their fulfilling their obligations towards him. Before the farmer could remove the harvest from his field, he was obliged first to hand over to the tax-collector the portion due the latter, who then kept him waiting, in order to screw out, as the price of his permission to let the harvest be taken away, a much larger assessment than really was due. Or, the farmers being legally compelled to convey the tithe a distance of three or four days' journey, if required, the collectors demanded an extra charge in all cases where they did not demand the transport of the tithe. Where the harvest could not be collected at one time—as with olives—the tax-collector fixed the average amount of the harvest and the proportion which the farmer had to pay, in which cases it often happened that the farmer was hardly able, after having sold the proceeds of his fields, to pay even the tithe fixed by the collector. Besides this oppressive tax there exists a military tax, levied upon all persons, even widows and orphans, the amount being fixed according to the pleasure of the collectors.

These were some of the principal abuses, the abolition of which—in a petition of thirty delegates, elected by the people of Crete, in April, 1866—was asked from the Porte. The answer was a threat that if the delegates did not at once disperse and retire to their homes they would be compelled by force of arms. The representatives of Crete then, on July 20, 1866, addressed a manifesto to the foreign consuls, and began hostilities, the result of which is still undecided. Under a liberal government, the undeveloped resources of the island would undoubtedly present a widely different aspect from what they do at present. The exports of produce in 1858, the date of the latest information which could be obtained, amounted to 15,373,000 francs. The imports in 1858 consisted of corn, cloth, dry-goods, fancy goods, iron, tobacco, hardware, and other manufactures, and were chiefly from Turkey (9,995,000 francs), Greece (5,132,000), Austria (1,505,000), France (200,000), England (193,000), Naples (110,000). With the exception of a few foreign and Greek merchants, the whole Cretan industry and commerce is in the hands of Mussulmans, the agriculture in those of Christians.

England im Reformationszeitalter. Vier Vorträge von Wilhelm Maurenbrecher. (Düsseldorf: Julius Buddeus. 1866.)—The sixteenth century is to Englishmen and Americans of our day one of the most interesting and most instructive periods of all history. Between the year 1509, in which Henry VIII. ascended the throne, and the year 1603, in which Elizabeth died, the foundations of the English church and state were laid. The Great Britain of to-day is both politically and ecclesiastically the work of the Tudor dynasty. It is this formative epoch which Herr Maurenbrecher treats in a series of four lectures, originally delivered in the university-city of Bonn, and afterwards revised and published with annotations, in which he briefly indicates his authorities wherever he deviates from current opinions or touches upon controversial questions. The author has evidently made a thorough study of original sources and contemporary documents, and carries into all his investigations the true spirit of historical criticism. His book is not merely compiled and condensed from more voluminous chronicles, but rests upon a wholly independent basis of research. In his lecture on Henry VIII., he sets forth in a very clear light the connection between that monarch's matrimonial vicissitudes and the changes in Wolsey's European policy. The Spanish marriage had been the result and expression of the Spanish alliance. The famous words of Louis XIV., *L'état, c'est moi*, were at that time the utterance of a literal fact. The monarch was the whole state, and consequently his personal and domestic affairs assumed an immense political importance. It is a serious defect of Froude's "History of England" that he does not make this relation sufficiently prominent. Had he done so he might have shown the necessity of the divorce without constantly panegyrizing the monarch and defaming the successive victims of his passions. Herr Maurenbrecher proves conclusively that the dissolution of the Spanish marriage was, under the circumstances, the inevitable consequences of the dissolution of the Spanish alliance of which Catharine had always been regarded as the representative. The issue of the battle of Pavia had greatly disturbed the balance of power in Europe. To restore the equilibrium Wolsey formed a league with France; but it was essential to the complete success of this new foreign policy that the aunt of Charles V. should cease to be queen of England. Froude's statement that the divorce presented itself to Henry VIII. "as a moral obligation" has no basis of fact to rest upon. It was simply a part of Wolsey's political programme. With the same objective clearness and freedom from prejudice Herr Maurenbrecher discusses the chief moments of the reigns of Edward VI., Mary Tudor, Elizabeth, and the unfortunate Queen of Scots. His narrative of events is concise and vivid, and the characters of Wolsey, Cromwell, Cranmer, Somerset, and Burleigh are sketched with great vigor and keen discrimination. Of the relations of Mary Stuart with Bothwell, and that wonderful whirl of criminal passion in which all thoughts of state and church and duty and shame were swallowed up, the author gives us a brief but impressive picture. We hope that some competent person will find leisure to translate this work and thus render it accessible to the English-reading public. The era of which it treats is one of intense interest. The political and religious parties of the sixteenth century still exist and hold towards each other the same hostile attitude. It is for this reason that it has been so difficult to write their history with due impartiality.

The Code as it Is. 1867. Edited by John Townshend. (New York: Baker, Voorhis & Co.)—This is a carefully revised edition of the Code of Procedure of New York, and of the rules of the various courts of record, embodying all the amendments down to the present time. It has also a very full index. The value of this pocket companion is too well known to the profession to need our commendation; but it gives us pleasure to notice the faithfulness with which each successive edition is prepared. The difference between this book and that published by Diossy & Cockcroft—a genuine pocket edition of the Code, small enough to carry in the narrowest and shallowest pocket—is that this includes the rules, retains the division of the Code into chapters, etc., and has an index; but there is of course a corresponding difference in price. The typographical execution of this edition is not equal to the other, nor quite what we expect from such usually excellent printers.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of The Nation *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN THE SOUTH.

Registration under military control has added one more to the hundred proofs of the utter failure of "Conservative" prophecies concerning the freedmen of the South. Notwithstanding all demonstrations to the contrary—in spite of the clearest evidence that science could draw from shins, hair, and cuticle, or wisdom draw from long experience, whip in hand, on cotton plantations—it is now admitted that the negro can fight, will work, and is both capable of receiving education and eager for it. Almost the only predictions of "those who knew the negro best" which have not long since been so thoroughly overthrown by facts as to be ridiculous, are the assertions (1) that the mass of the freedmen care nothing about the right of suffrage, and (2) that in exercising that right they will be entirely controlled by their old masters. The war of races, which Mr. Johnson dwelt upon with so much emphasis as certain to result from the admission of negroes to vote, has long been a public jest. Wade Hampton made it absurd in a single day.

There were certainly plausible grounds for believing that the freedmen would be indifferent to the right of suffrage. Never having had the privilege, and having been trained from time immemorial to seek for happiness only in sensual indulgences to which such a franchise could not contribute, it did not seem unlikely, from that point of view, that they would be indifferent to it. But, on the other hand, those who believed in the natural capacity of the colored race for improvement insisted that they had learned or would rapidly learn the value of political rights, and would not fail to exercise them. The result of the registration thus far in every Southern State has justified the latter view. In every State and, as far as we know, in every county, no matter how secluded from Northern influences, a far larger proportion of the resident colored voters have registered than of whites. In Virginia the colored electors are in a large majority on the roll, although the whites, if all registered, would outnumber them by nearly 40,000. In Louisiana, where the numbers of the two races are nearly equal, the colored voters on the register number twice as many as the white. The case is much the same in Georgia, Alabama, and, indeed, everywhere. The freedmen have, in every place where they have been properly protected from intimidation, manifested an eagerness to be enrolled for which there is no precedent among white people North or South.

The only prediction that remains to be disproved is, that the freedmen will vote under the dictation of their former masters. It is abundantly proved that this will not be the case in large cities, and the registration of such vast numbers of the plantation negroes, contrary to the well-known wishes of their masters, affords strong evidence that they too will vote independently of local influences. Indeed, no reasonable man who has watched the course of affairs in the South can doubt that almost the entire body of the newly enfranchised race desire to cast their votes for men who are heartily in sympathy with the party and the policy which secured their freedom. The only real danger lies in the want of organization and information among the colored people, which leaves them open to imposition alike from secret enemies and from indiscreet and over-zealous friends.

A serious duty is thus devolved upon the Republicans of the North. They have the best organization ever known in the political history of this country, abundant wealth, and every facility for conducting political campaigns. They have now an opportunity to extend the same organization over the entire Union, and thus to secure the perpetuity of the nation even more effectually than has been done by war. They cannot with any wisdom or safety leave their Southern allies to carry on the work alone. Where all are inexperienced, the most presumptuous, and therefore the most unfit, are likely to rush to the helm, and guide a movement with which they ardently sympathize, but the perils of which they do not comprehend. There will be distracting quarrels for leadership, in which the power of the majority may be lost. Demagogues will raise false issues by the use of enticing programmes which can never be carried out. The large number of Southern white men who are now coming into the Republican party may be driven off by the jealousy of petty leaders anxious for office, and parties be thus divided strictly upon color—a result greatly to be deprecated, and which may, by a little prudence, be entirely avoided.

We do not wish that the course of Southern politics should be absolutely dictated by Northern men; but it is well known that judicious Northerners have the confidence of all in the South who are disposed to act with the Republican party, and can reconcile conflicting interests more completely than any Southern man can do. A striking example of this has recently been given in Virginia, where the presence of a few gentlemen from the North resulted in healing a bitter feud in the party, and in starting a movement which is now spreading over the whole State, promising to bring within the Republican ranks almost every man who was sincerely for the Union before the late war.

The aid which the North can and ought to give will consist in giving money to defray necessary political expenses, in sending out public speakers, who should be men able to interest large audiences, and of moderate language, free from passion and revengeful feelings, in supplying sound advisers who can harmonize internal difficulties and suggest plans of organization, and in distributing political tracts or papers, which should be simple enough for children to read to their parents, short, plain, and to the point. Congressional speeches are not of much value for this purpose. They are calculated for Northern latitudes. Their tone is not often likely to attract Southern whites, and they are not simple enough for the colored people, who depend almost entirely upon their children for reading matter.

We are glad to see that Massachusetts has taken hold of this duty in earnest, and that an association has been organized under the presidency of Mr. George C. Richardson for this purpose. The names of the officers are all good, but we notice with special pleasure the names of Messrs. Andrew, Atkinson, Dana, and Loring, whose abilities and discretion assure us that the work will be conducted under the best auspices. We need not urge such men to see to it that nothing is done to excite the freedmen to feelings of revenge or with delusive hopes of direct benefits from Government; while we are equally confident that they will seek to arouse the allies of the Republican party over all the South to a sense of the importance of the coming elections, and to give them an organization which will bring out their full strength and attract additions to their number. Similar associations might well be formed in every large State, or, which would perhaps be better, the Massachusetts association might nationalize itself, and give to all who co-operate in the movement the benefit of the wisdom and efficiency which we are persuaded will characterize the parent society.

TRUE RADICALISM.

Many well-meaning persons, impressed with a sense of the value of past reforms, and disgusted with the stupid conservatism which blindly adheres to every ancient abuse, are so anxious to be considered "radical" in their views that they fear to stop even when they have attained all that is really desirable or practicable. They distrust themselves if their common sense tells them to pause, and feel uneasy at the thought that they have no more fields to conquer, and no progress, as it seems to them, to make. They dread the imputation of conservatism, and would almost prefer to have risked what they have gained rather than stand still. This class is never likely to form the majority of a community, but as its errors frequently afford an excuse for a reaction against wise reforms, it may be well to address a few words of advice to those who feel troubled by such fears.

The first thought that occurs to us is the folly of imagining that, for hundreds of years to come, there will be any difficulty in finding subjects for radical reform. As fast as one topic of discussion is disposed of a dozen are ready to rise in its place—all important, involving

much labor, needing long consideration, and sure to lead to animated controversy. It is a law of human nature that only one such controversy can be carried on at one time and place. Slavery, and the evils growing out of it, have absorbed the attention of this country for some years past, and so gigantic an abomination could never have been overthrown without an intense concentration of the public mind upon the work. It has been cut up by the roots, and the Congressional plan of reconstruction is rapidly extracting the last remnant from the ground. Universal suffrage is so nearly established, and appears so certain, that some who are more anxious to be radical than to be right are already casting about for some new demand for the benefit of those who were lately oppressed. But who cannot see that there are many other great questions which have been lying in abeyance during this great struggle, and which will give ample scope to the powers of the most radical reformer? Let no man be impatient for conflict. He will soon have quite enough in the legitimate path of duty. With a system of taxation which demoralizes a large part of the community, with rotten legislatures, municipalities, and judges, with systems of education grossly defective, with extravagance and inefficiency the rule in government rather than the exception, it is clear that no one need fear that the work of reform is at an end.

In the next place, genuine radicalism aims only to uproot evil, and to plant in its place that which promises good fruit. Having done this thoroughly, the wise radical is content to wait for final results, and slowly to build up when the work of pulling down is properly over. If we can never reach a state in which growth rather than destruction is desirable, then all destruction is useless, and the radical is the most unwise of men. But such is not the fact. We have already, in respect of many things, reached the stage in which development, and not simple uprooting, is the duty of the race. The Christian religion, the education of the young, the republican system of government, the family state, the liberty of commerce, and many other instances, might be given as illustrations of institutions or doctrines which need no change at the root, but have yet vast room for development and progress.

The practical application of these remarks at the present time relates chiefly to those persons who are uneasy lest by opposing confiscation and other punitory schemes they should cease to be radical. The party which claims to be conservative is so amazingly stupid that we cannot blame any one for doubting his own sagacity when he finds himself agreeing with it upon any point. But it should be borne in mind that, like a man who sings on one note the whole time, a party that persists in one line of conduct must be right occasionally and may happen to be right frequently. Let no one fear to act upon his own convictions of duty even if he does find himself sometimes in strange company.

All the propositions which are made by demagogues, looking toward special favors for special classes of people, are simply schemes of robbery which will, if carried out, despoil the majority of the very classes intended to be favored. Suppose the land of the South should be confiscated and divided among the negroes, as some advise. Not one-fourth of the negroes would get any land which they could live upon, while the other three-fourths would be deprived of a large part of their wages by the universal disorganization of the employing class. Suppose the eight-hour law should be made compulsory, as its friends insist. Who would suffer so much as the workmen, whose wages would be cut down and whose employers would largely abandon enterprises undertaken under different expectations?

It is not the mission of true radicalism to enter upon such schemes as these. In the sphere of politics it has long been the maxim of radicals that nothing can or should be done except to secure to every man the free use of his powers and a fair and equal opportunity for his development. In other spheres of action there is abundance of work for the most zealous reformer. Nay, in political affairs, as we have already intimated, there will always be enough to do. While the nation has been crushing one evil, others have sprung up which in their turn demand attention. Let us be content with securing equal justice at the South, and then combine to attack corruptions nearer home.

THE MEXICAN MORAL.

Whatever may be thought of the morality of Louis Napoleon's performances in Mexico during the last four or five years—and no one can think worse of it than we do—it is safe to say that nothing has ever happened, or will happen, to render more service to the reputation of Juarez and the Liberals than the French invasion. The constitution which the intruders upset was just three years old, and had managed to survive one revolution and one sub-revolution—if we may apply that term to a convulsion in the ranks of one of the two great parties. Juarez had got comfortably into his place, and he promised to do great things. He was about to try to introduce order into the public finances, and he was to oppose resolutely the Church party, of course; but there was really no reason to believe that he would have succeeded any better than any of his predecessors in doing for Mexico the one thing (as yet) needful—supplying her with a regular government, a tolerable administration of justice. He was compelled to acknowledge in his negotiations with the French that the great difficulty of his position was that the provinces refused obedience to the orders issued from the capital, and that he was consequently unable to collect the revenue; which is very like a paralytic assuring his friends that he would be in the enjoyment of perfect health if he only had the use of his limbs. In fact, the only reason which his friends in this country have ever offered for the belief that Mexico would have been any better off under his Government than under that of those who had gone before him, was that his intentions were good and that his opponents were worse men than he. He had really liberal ideas; was opposed to ecclesiastical domination, wished to secularize the Government, and, if he could have got the country to submit to him, would doubtless have met the public obligations, and have made Mexico somewhat happier and more peaceful than she had ever been before. But whether he had the capacity to carry out his good intentions was what remained to be proved in order to raise him any higher in the estimation of the world than the scores of pretenders and revolutionists with whom he had had to contend in the political arena; and this, happily for him, as we think, the arrival of the French relieved him for the time being of the necessity of proving.

How little real strength his Government had was proved by the feebleness of his resistance. It managed to hold a paltry French force in check for a short period at Puebla, but as soon as Puebla fell the contest was over. The capital fell, too, and the empire was set up. Juarez fled, and had to be hid in obscure villages, with a price on his head, and the operations of the national defenders during the remainder of Maximilian's career consisted of robbery and murder, which were dignified with the name of "guerilla warfare." Now, when a moderately orderly, industrious, and law-loving people, such as the Tyrolese of Hofer's day, or even the Spaniards of Palafox's day, take to guerilla warfare as a means of driving out or even wreaking vengeance on a foreign invader, one feels satisfied that the patriotic sentiment is strong in their hearts, that unless they loved liberty and independence dearly they would never engage in an employment so repulsive in itself to good citizens. But when we hear of Mexicans carrying on guerilla operations we cannot draw any such inference. When French baggage-guards and couriers and travellers had their throats cut and their purses taken on the highway during the days of the empire, they simply met with a fate to which in the most peaceable times everybody, no matter what his public or private virtues, has been for many a year exposed in Mexico whenever he ventured out of the great towns. Brigandage on a great scale has prevailed in the country ever since the war of independence. It is one of the ordinary sequelæ of protracted wars carried on by badly organized and undisciplined armies; and the phenomena which after the fall of Puebla were made to appear to the outside world as the heroic efforts of Mexican patriots to shake off a foreign yoke, were simply the ordinary symptoms of the national disease, aggravated by the presence of foreign armies.

It is quite true that during the whole period of Maximilian's reign there were many districts in which his authority was never acknowledged, and others in which it was acknowledged only as long as his troops were present to support it; but all Mexican rulers, no matter how legitimate the origin of their government, have had, since the

expulsion of the Spaniards, the same story to tell; even Juarez had it to tell, before Maximilian arrived. So that it may fairly be asserted that there was nothing in the character of the resistance which the Liberals made to the invaders to show that they were possessed of either much influence with the people or of the capacity to use it, if they had possessed it. No doubt there was a somewhat deeper feeling excited against the French than any native faction ever has to contend with, and doubtless towards the close Maximilian, as a foreigner, met with less sympathy, had a smaller following than most native chiefs have been able to boast; but in being generally abandoned, overpowered, and finally shot, he simply ended his course as prominent politicians in Mexico are apt to end theirs. There is, therefore, for us, we honestly confess, nothing especially impressive or valuable in the lesson of his story. It will, we fear, teach princes and invaders nothing, except that Mexico is a disgusting country peopled by ruffians, into which a Christian and a gentleman is a fool for venturing. Maximilian's reputation in Europe at this moment is probably about as much affected by what has happened as that of Speke or Grant would have been if, after having put themselves at the head of a faction in an African tribe and attempted to civilize it, they had been vanquished, slain by the native ruler, and served up cold at a court banquet.

Nor will the triumph of Juarez do much, we fear, to inspirit the defenders of liberty and national independence either in other parts of the world or in coming ages. The resistance of the Mexican patriots was, as we have shown, in a military point of view, paltry and insignificant, and capable of being ascribed to anything but high motives; but even supposing it to have been dictated by genuine love of liberty, the exertions in behalf of liberty and nationality of those who have not shown any capacity to put either the one or the other to any good use have happily never made much impression on mankind. The moral judgment of the race has never been so warped in any civilized age that men were profoundly moved by the spectacle of brigands gallantly resisting foreign armies, lest their brigandage might be stopped, or factions uniting for a brief period against an usurper, so that their game of revolution and counter-revolution might not be disturbed. Juarez owes nearly all the reputation he possesses in the United States at this moment first, of course, to the belief in his good intentions, which prevailed six years ago; to his opposition to the priest party, for which every good American has a traditional hatred; and though last, not least, to the fact that those who overthrew him did so for the avowed object of discrediting republicanism, establishing monarchy on this continent, and checking the spread of American principles and dominion. This, of course, made him in some sense the martyr of our cause and of republicanism, and procured for him the honor of being the object of Victor Hugo's last rhapsody; but a reputation acquired in this way could only have been preserved by the inaction and obscurity of the wearer. The minute he came out from his hiding-place to play once more the statesman's part, it perished. He showed that he had in his retirement learnt nothing and forgotten nothing, and that his great instruments of order and progress were still the rifle, the forced loan, and "domiciliary visits." As might have been expected, too, the only public men in the United States from whom his performances command admiration are politicians of what may be called "the hammer-and-tongs" school, who have little or no faith in ideas as a political force, and to whom gentleness, forbearance, or persuasion are signs of weakness or lukewarmness; or of the other and worse class, who think there is something very noble, grand, and republican in shooting "a prince," when you catch him helpless and defenceless.

The moral of the Mexican imbroglio is—and we predict that it is a moral which the events of the next six years of her history will make clearer and more impressive than the events of the last six—that forms of government or constitutions have in themselves very little value; that the best ever devised may, in the hands of a people too ignorant or too vicious to work it, prove the greatest of curses. There can hardly be a question that had the Mexicans fallen into the hands of an "enlightened despot" when they threw off the Spanish yoke, they would by this time have made considerable progress in civilization and in the acquisition of political ideas. They were, however, so impressed by the example of the United States and so hostile to monarchical traditions, and there was such a complete absence amongst them of persons having pretensions to royalty, that they had little difficulty in setting up what seemed to be a democratic republic. What they did set up was an oligarchy of rascally adventurers, who have been enabled under the cover of republican forms to play for forty years a game of mutual slaughter and plunder, and to play it in a spirit and with results which make the Roman Empire in its worst days seem respectable. During the whole of the revolting farce there has not been the slightest evidence that the mass of the people have the slightest idea of what republican liberty means, or that the political leaders have either the self-restraint, respect for life and property and liberty and law, without which political leaders in a semi-barbarous country are sure to prove a curse. What Mexico wants now is to be civilized, and civilization she cannot have without a reasonable period of tranquillity and security. The long disorders of which she has been the victim have apparently weakened or destroyed most of the bonds which hold society together, and from what quarter the strong hand which can give her peace and repose will be stretched out we confess we cannot guess. That there are amongst the people themselves the elements of revival it is difficult to believe. The nearest approach to public spirit they seem to have made consists in a holy hatred of foreigners; but this virtue, if it be a virtue, unfortunately flourished amongst the Iroquois, and still flourishes amongst the Affghans and the Koords, in a much manlier and more robust form than any form in which the Mexicans have yet displayed it. The lesson which all the world may learn from their story, is that the only sure defences of freedom and independence are the education and intelligence of the individual citizen, and the general respect for family and property and life which results from education, and from education only. The lesson is all the more valuable, too, at this moment, because the doctrine has begun to gain some currency that you have only to take a community of ruffians, no matter how isolated they may be, or how cut off from good influences, and convert them into model citizens by a few turns of the ballot-box. The secret of political success is to be found in the school-house, and nowhere else.

"THE NATION" AND THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

Religious periodicals, meaning by this periodicals which not only undertake to be the organs of particular denominations of Christians, but to make themselves in an especial manner the defenders of religious truth, are somehow every year losing more and more of their value in the eyes of educated, intelligent, and sincerely religious men; and are every year falling more and more behind what they are pleased to call the "secular" press. This proposition was admitted and commented on with a good deal of elaboration by *The Christian Advocate*, of this city, not very long ago, and anybody who chose to take the trouble might produce plenty of illustrations in support of it. One of the great causes of the decline of the influence of the religious press, both in this country and in England—for it is only here and in England that it flourishes—we take to be the amount of time and space it devotes to the mediæval sport of scenting out heretics and infidels and running them to earth. It seems to consider itself in some sense a militant order, whose special duty to religion is to ferret out and chastise the heterodox. Now, the world is getting tired of seeing the heterodox chastised, as it believes there is much better work for Christians to do, and it has begun to consider mere denunciation of infidels uncommonly poor sport. When *The Christian Advocate*, therefore, was foolish enough some weeks ago to designate "the editorial corps" of The Nation as "polite infidels," we did not deem it necessary to take any notice of it. When a religious newspaper calls persons of whose opinions it knows absolutely nothing "infidels," it simply "calls names," and it would be a waste of time to make any reply. Since then, however, we have noticed mysterious allusions in other papers of the same character, hinting, rather than asserting, the presence in our office of "a disciple of Comte," engaged in the work of reviewing religious books. We let these pass, in the same way, till they appeared in so respectable a journal as *The New Englander* in the form of a positive assertion.

We beg now to say that it would be as near the truth to allege that we had imported a Buddhist and kept him constantly at work writing on questions of natural religion as to allege that we have committed this task to a "disciple of Comte." If charges of this kind only fell into the hands of educated men, who knew who Comte was or what he taught, nothing would induce us to depart from our usual rule by defending ourselves against them. But a very large body of the readers of the journals who

are hardest on Comte and his followers know nothing whatever about him except that he was a "crazy infidel," who set up a rather ridiculous god of his own manufacture, and when their "family paper" tells them that his disciples are writing in a certain journal they naturally expect to find in its pages traces of brimstone.

Although we have mentioned *The New Englander* as one of the periodicals which have been indulging in this unfair style of criticism, we are far from placing it in the same category with those weekly religious papers which throw most of the mud at their "secular" contemporaries and at each other. *It* does make valuable contributions to the thought of the day, on a wide range of subjects, and is characterized by a genuinely Christian spirit. Many of the weeklies, however, though greatly improved and almost weaned from the depraved habit of sectarian controversy of which they were once victims, still discharge their duties as *ex-officio* defenders of religious truth in what we cannot help calling a repulsively perfunctory manner; and this, if *The Christian Advocate* will allow us to say so, is, in our opinion, another cause of the waning of their influence. Their articles read very much like the Pope's allocutions. The sound and the phraseology are technically unexceptionable. It would take a doctor of divinity to detect a flaw in their doctrine, but the substance, the life, the glow of conviction are wanting. One feels on running through their homilies as if they were written rather to furnish a certain number of good people in the country districts with proper Sunday reading than because an earnest and honest man had something to say in them, and could not help saying it, and knew how to say it in simple and manly English. To rouse them into a burst of genuine feeling it seems necessary to parade before them an infidel or heretic or something that looks like one. On catching sight of him all constraint and hollowness vanish from their language. They tear off from him the wretched cloak of philosophy, and reveal the workings of his miserable soul to their shocked and affrighted subscribers with real zeal and enthusiasm.

Yet it seems to us the slaughtering of infidels and Comtists, whether real or supposed, is not the mission of the religious press of to-day. Whether it be possible to find in any community many men capable of regularly once a week taking, in a newspaper, a strictly religious view of the events of the day, and treating them from this point of view with real fervor and real force, may be doubted. But that the business of the religious press is to do this, and not to bring railing accusations against its neighbors, admits of no doubt. That it is only by doing this with eloquence and earnestness that it will ever justify its existence, admits of just as little. At present the world begins to feel dissatisfied with what it offers as its *raison d'être*. Not that people's thirst for true and undefiled religion is in any wise abated, or that they are not to-day more firmly persuaded than they have ever been in any age that without God "nothing is holy, and nothing is strong;" but that they are more determined than ever that those who address them on the weightiest of all themes shall do so in their mother tongue, in the English of the fireside and of the Bible, the English in which we all think and talk when we are deeply moved, and that they shall do it with the air of men who are more occupied with giving vent to the convictions of their souls than of keeping within the technical bounds of denominational orthodoxy, and saying nothing which an Episcopal or Congregational or Presbyterian organ ought not to say. More than this, the world requires of all those who attempt to teach it religion a frank and hearty acknowledgment that the great laws of morality are of universal obligation, that all men are the "neighbors" of the Christian man, and that, therefore, to revile or to impute bad motives even to those whom we suspect of being heathens or publicans, is now, as it was eighteen hundred years ago, something worse than a violation of conventional propriety. Of this truth, we regret to say, the religious press on both sides of the Atlantic has been almost habitually forgetful, and the result is that the spread of moral and intellectual culture, instead of telling in its favor, tells against it.

Of course we can and do make many exceptions in thus criticising these papers. There are many of them which do bear in mind that the denunciatory periods, if we may call them so, of the Church's history have not been those in which grace most abounded. But they have all of them a widely different aim from that of The Nation, and we protest against their judging us by their standard. They seek to provide for their readers a pleasant, trim garden, snugly hedged in, across which the wild winds by which the world of religion, of morals, and of science is shaken shall never blow, in which all the smells shall be perfumes, and all the sights and sounds shall be peaceful and grateful. We, on the contrary, seek to place our readers on the open hillside, in full view of the clanging fights and flaming towns and sinking ships and praying hands of real life. The Nation is written for men and women and not for children; and it is written for Protestants—that is, for persons who have their faith and conscience in their own keeping, and do not need to submit their books and newspapers to a spiritual director before opening them; and one of its objects is to keep them informed of what the best minds are thinking and saying in all fields of thought; and just now the best minds are thinking and saying a great deal that is novel. No writer is either invited to or excluded from its columns because of his religious opinions. What we ask of him is, that he shall be an honest man, understand his subject, and be able to express his thoughts about it. But we do not guarantee that every book review or article on questions of morals or philosophy will stand the criticisms of an assembly of divines, or of editors of religious newspapers. Heresy is a subtle essence, and any secular editor who undertakes that it shall never penetrate his pages is very apt to be pronounced an imbecile for his pains. What The Nation undertakes to be is Christian in tone and temper and aims, and when anybody believes that it fails in these things, we shall be glad to hear from him. The parade of formal professions of religion in the market-place as a mode of attracting custom has not only become repulsive to all good men, but has become worthless as a commercial expedient. So that those who refrain from it not only keep their souls clean, but avoid a waste of labor.

ANOTHER COMIC JOURNAL ENTERPRISE.

Two or three years ago Mr. Taxile Delord, who had been figuring successfully as one of the wits of *Le Charivari*, was writing in *Le Siècle* on a serious matter—something on the nature of liberty, we believe it was—and allowed himself to discuss his subject in a manner which, had he been speaking through *Le Charivari*, would have seemed quite appropriate and pleasant. At once there was a great commotion; his proceedings were highly resented; he was told by the other writers in the dignified journals that *Le Siècle* was not *Le Charivari;* that if, however, it was his determination to employ ridicule and drollery in the discussion of subjects which demanded a thoughtful and earnest style of treatment, he should have enough of it, and *L'Avenir National*, *Le Temps*, and other Parisian newspapers forthwith took a course with him, in controverting and commenting on his arguments, which speedily had the effect of convincing him of the error of his comical ways, and of inducing him to apologize for his misstep. He publicly announced his intention of putting a bridle on his tongue and thenceforth showing his teeth only carnivorously when he had weighty matters in hand, and of conforming himself strictly to the laws of serious journalism.

And whoever is at all familiar with the English press knows how it is given to dignity, and how imposing in deportment is the British editorial staff. In Great Britain, as in France, wit in all its kinds is, of course, not only permitted in journalism, but is eagerly sought after, and the Fonblanques and the Lowes no more lack an appreciative and delighted audience than do the Prévost-Paradols across the Channel. But fun-making and the wildness of humor are no more tolerated in the leading articles of the one country than of the other. Whether or not the same standard is set up in German newspaperdom we can hardly say. We may be sure, anyhow, that the fun of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* is itself a very serious thing, and we have little hesitation in asserting that in practice, at all events, whatever may be the German theory, the German press, like its more powerful neighbors, is even oppressively dignified. So, then, over there on the other side they are provided with regular comic journals which live and flourish, and by their length of days and prosperity put to shame our short-lived and disastrous attempts at American *Punches* and *Charivaris*.

This theory is not original with us. Previous enquirers have already declared that if our nominally serious press were fettered by the rules which obtain in the world of trans-Atlantic journalism, if political, discursive, and party warfare among us were carried on in the lofty fashion which alone is allowed by English and French taste, we also should have room for a good comic paper. And it seems true enough. Imagine, for instance, that all the political writing of the New York *Times* were done by "A Veteran Observer," and there were no "Minor Topics;" that *The Tribune* were to confine itself to the "Men and Brethren" hortatory-denunciatory sort of writing and had no political economists on its list of contributors; that *The World* were to surrender itself wholly to its explications of the Constitution; that *The Evening Post* were to do likewise; that *The Commercial Advertiser* were to discard its "Timely Themes" and turn itself with eye single and undistracted upon "H. G." and the Canada negotiations; that *The Advertiser* of Boston were to go back to the solemn days when the graduates of the class of 1798 of Harvard College read it and wrote it and loved it well, to the days when it would have shuddered at its own present column of things "In General;" imagine that *The Post* of the same city were to remember only the custom-house officers and the postmasters of the good

old time and were to be decent and reputable, with no column of "All Sorts;" and, finally, imagine that the country papers East and West were to follow after these and were all to become like the high-toned press of "Richmond on the James," ignorant of wit, destitute of humor, or with only unconscious humor—then we can very easily imagine the readers of newspapers crowding once a week, or a good deal oftener, to buy our *Vanity Fair*, which, as the case stands now, is dead, or our *Mrs. Grundy*, which also is dead, or some other channel of the wit which at present runs in a thousand streams and makes the existence of a humorous journal of a tolerable kind almost an impossibility.

We have, however, lately heard a piece of news, or rather a rumor, which seems to promise that our reproach shall be taken away. It is said that Mr. Nast and the Rev. Mr. Nasby are going to manage a comic paper. And either these gentlemen or the concocters of the report are wise, for it is said that the paper in question is to be issued not at regular intervals, but now and then. The reputation of these two humorists, and a way they have of upholding it, would make it pretty sure that a paper filled up with their devices would sell in the face of almost any competition, and we suppose the plan of irregular issues to be based on an intention of the managers to issue it when they shall have filled the paper themselves, perhaps only when some exceptionally ludicrous or ridiculous occurrences shall have enabled them to fill it exceptionally. Who knows? Our posterity in the fifth generation may have a first-class humorist paper like *Punch*" which, in honor of the great success of the pioneers, shall have for its name, then become a patronymic, "Nast & Nasby." All this, however, by the way; the report we mention has an air of extremely dubious authenticity.

We have not named among our serious journals which do more or less comic work *The Herald* of this city. It is only in consideration of its advertisements and some of its news that it has any claim to be regarded seriously; it certainly merits its own praise—and only Mr. Punch himself shows more modesty in self-praise—of being *the* comic journal of America. Mr. Parton—whom, perhaps, no joke completely overpowers—did not, as regards this point, do justice to *The Herald* in his well-known account of Mr. Bennett and his paper. But the fact is that *The Herald* in almost its every issue is really extremely funny. The fun is almost always, or at any rate very often it is, of a disgraceful and wicked kind; far more than any other publication in the world—more, at least, than any of which we have any knowledge. *The Herald* has its being in that atmosphere of moral license, or rather lawlessness, in which wit is apt to flourish. Can anybody name a single consideration of the kind called high which to *The Herald* is apparently of any force? Probably nobody. So its wit would oftenest be of the Mephistophelean order were it not that out of regard for the mental weakness of its audience it is frequently obliged to make a mental descent and moral rise to what may be called gross buffoonery, jingling of cap and bells, and thwacks with the bladder. Undoubtedly this is very bad, but undoubtedly there is some fun in it. Compare it with the funny efforts of some of the men that every little while furnish the pure and elaborate fun to the editorial page of some of the other papers, and the latter very often seems very wooden. The laugh of *The Herald* may be wicked, but it is not forced, and one feels, too, that *The Herald* is all the time, and not very secretly, laughing at itself as well as at something else existent or supposed to be existent.

To *The Herald*, we think, more than to any other newspaper, or to any half-dozen other newspapers, it is due that we are without an American *Punch*. But the credit or discredit of this state of affairs is, after all, to be distributed throughout newspaperdom. And this being so, why is it so? Why is it that our journals of news and politics supply us with a sort of reading which, it is said, ought to be left to journals of less dignity especially devoted to it. People give various answers to this question. Some of them go so deep as to the difference which has been wrought in the Anglo-Saxon man by his communion with Niagara, the prairies, the unbroken forest, the wild and free institutions of our democratic country, our habitual scorn of laws or disregard of the small proprieties, the infraction of which or the pressure of which gives the satirists of *Punch* so much of their game. It is possible that it may be worth while for the philosophic eye to pierce so deep, and we shall be very glad of an answer when one is found. For ourselves, we are inclined to think that when we are a little richer and a little more educated, when the principle of the division of labor begins to be more widely and effectually operated in things outside of manufacturing, then newspapers will confine themselves more strictly to particular fields of labor, and the journalist will not be compelled at one and the same time to collect news, write leaders, run for Congress, keep an eye on the religious world, prepare scraps of personal gossip, and fill a funny column or two. But the matter is at present a mystery.

ENGLAND.

London, July 1, 1867.

Though Mr. Murphy and his doings at Birmingham are vulgar enough, I cannot help regarding them as more or less ominous. I feel convinced, for more reasons than I could well put into a letter, that our present political discussions and reforms will lead to such a discussion of religious questions as there has not been in England since the Reformation, and as is not likely to take place in any other country in half such a practical or interesting shape. The existence of the Established Church, and the fact that Parliament is its governing body, give a scope and object to religious discussion in England which attach to it hardly anywhere else. With you, for instance, religious discussion has its own sphere, and there are few if any points, I suppose, at which religion and politics could intersect, though even you, I take it, may some day or other find yourselves confronted by quasi-religious problems which will give you a good deal of trouble. How, for instance, will you deal with Mormonism? That, however, is your affair. Here in England we have half-a-dozen points in which politics and religion run into each other, and, as our Government is not in a position to deal with such questions as the French or Prussian Government can deal with them—as our clergy, of whatever denomination, neither are nor can be treated as mere functionaries, the result is that our religious differences attract great attention, have a great influence in political life, and excite a degree of discussion and an intensity of interest which, from what I have heard, I believe to be hardly equalled elsewhere. One of our principal German scholars lately told me that a great German bookseller had lately told him that about a third, I am not sure that he did not say a half, of the books published in Germany on religious subjects were sold in England. To see how many points there are, with us, on which religious differences can find expression in political life, you have only to remember that Parliament has to consider the question of the constitution of the Established Church, including such points as the terms of subscription to its articles to be required of the clergy, the character of its ritual; the question of the existence of the Established Church in Ireland (on which there was a remarkable debate the other day in the House of Lords); the question of the Irish Roman Catholic clergy; the question of education in England, and herein, as the law-books say, the question of university education, the question of education in endowed schools, the question of education in subsidized schools; the question of education in Ireland, subject to the same, or nearly the same, division; a variety of questions about marriage; and many other topics, all of which are more or less mixed up with theology and affected by the views which people take of it. These points of connection between theology and politics might, perhaps, attract little attention in times when theological speculation attracted little attention, but in an age when such speculation is active, their existence may at any time lead to practical results of which it would be very difficult for any man to predict the end. No one can have watched the course of English thought for the last twenty-five or thirty years with any degree of intelligence or sympathy without seeing that a progress has been, and still is, taking place in theology by no means unlike the progress which has been taking place about reform. People talked and wrote and talked again about reform (just as they did about the corn laws) for many years without ever realizing the fact that it really was necessary to come to a decision upon the subject, and to act upon it practically. They have formed their decision now, and are quite surprised to find what an immensely long stride towards democracy everybody was in his heart prepared to take if he was absolutely driven into realizing and acting upon his own convictions. You will see, I think, though I cannot even guess the precise form which the question will take, that sooner or later the English people will find it practically necessary to decide whether they are or are not satisfied with, and if so, with which of, the forms of religion which are at present competing for their allegiance. When they fully realize the fact that there is a question upon this subject, and that the question is one which can no longer be shirked, it will be answered, and what the answer will be no man living can tell. Many people will tell you that there has been an immense reaction toward Popery, and that there is a chance that England may become once more a Roman Catholic country. I, for my part, altogether disbelieve that; but I have no doubt we shall have before long singularly troubled waters, and that the Pope and his clergy will fish in them with more or less success; but, viewing the nation as a whole, I think its progress will be in the direction of liberalism in some form. What form, I cannot even guess. The common answer is that the Church establishment will be destroyed sooner or later. I do not myself think this would be a move in the liberal direction, nor do I think the general question can be got rid of by transferring it from the

sphere of politics to the sphere of private opinion. But I must not run into the department of prophecy.

One small fact may interest you. A little knot of Positivists—disciples of Comte—consider that they have solved the great question of the religion of the future. They meet and do whatever is their substitute for praying once a week, near the Temple, in a small upper chamber, which holds about sixty people—most, if not all, of whom belong to the imaginative classes. Mr. Congreve, formerly tutor of Wadham College, Oxford, is their high priest, and preaches to them the doctrine that if there had been a God, Comte would have been his prophet, if one had been required, but that things are much better managed as they are. I must own, Positivists always remind me of Talleyrand's observation to Lepaux (Lepaux of the Anti-Jacobin) upon theophilanthropism, "I have but a single observation to make. Jesus Christ, to found his religion, suffered himself to be crucified, and he rose again. You should try to do as much."

The second subject on which I meant to have addressed you was the revelations which have lately been made about the trades-union proceedings at Sheffield, but I must reserve that for another time.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, July 1, 1867.

THE concerts of the "genuine original" Strauss, of Vienna, continue more brilliantly successful than ever—a success shared by everything connected, however remotely, with the Austrian section of the Exhibition, and Austria itself, which the Parisians are petting out of anger against Prussia. Ling-Lok, the Chinese conjuror, has been performing his feat of swallowing an enormous sword and a basketful of eggs in presence of a company of *savans*, who have failed to discover the nature of the trick, and have publicly recorded their conviction that he is the most astounding conjuror in existence. Madame Rachel, the renowned "enameller of ladies," is giving lectures to the women of the modern "Vanity Fair" on "health and beauty," and thus recruiting subjects for the exercise of her meretricious and unwholesome arts. And to sum up the list of recent arrivals, we have "Professor Siemmes, of London and Liverpool," who deserves to have his likeness placed on a pedestal by grateful humanity, having devoted fifteen years to the work of investigating the nature of corns and other similar pedal excrescences, and to devising methods for their safe and painless removal.

For the benefit of the victims of one of the most painful and troublesome ills that boot-wearing flesh is heir to, let it be proclaimed from the housetops of impartial testimony that the "Professor"—a German, long and honorably known in England—is by no means to be classed with the host of charlatans who make a trade of deceiving the afflicted. He is a genius in his way; and he performs all that he promises. A host of princes, dukes, and lesser glories, enthusiastic in his praise, are unanimous in declaring that his system of extraction is both effectual and absolutely without pain. Nothing can be simpler or more expeditious than his treatment. He takes your foot gently in hand, places it upon a napkin on his knee; ascertains, with the aid of a magnifying-glass, the precise situation of the "roots" of *the* corn, applies a small quantity of an oily yellow salve to the suffering surface, and at once, with the aid of a pair of fine tweezers, draws out from the corn the sharp spikes, in substance resembling horn, several of which often exist in a single corn, and which constitute the heart of the mischief. This being done—generally in less time than I have taken in describing the operation—and the professor having presented you with the peg-like spikes he has just extracted, daintily held between the points of the tweezers, you no longer wonder at the suffering so often occasioned by excrescences of this kind. These extractions, as performed by Professor Siemmes, cause no pain whatever; in fact you feel nothing, and are only aware of what is going on from seeing him at work upon your foot. When the spikes in question (which are really the "corn") have been extracted, the professor gently pares away the dead skin which has generally formed around them, and applies to the spot a bit of diachylon plaister, which you wear for a few days, to protect it while the new skin is forming. No rest or special precaution of any kind is needed. You don your ordinary footgear, and walk about as usual, with no other consciousness than that of a welcome deliverance from a familiar pest.

With a view to providing the best possible facilities for the acquisition, during boyhood, of the four principal European tongues, by the youth of England, France, Germany, and Italy, a limited joint-stock company, styled "The International Educational Society," was formed, some years ago, by a group of progressive-minded men of those countries, under the auspices of the late enlightened and excellent advocate of free-trade and of international friendship, Richard Cobden. This company, of which Mr. Cobden was president until his death, has founded a college at Spring Grove, in the suburbs of London; another in the neighborhood of Bonn; and a third at Chatou, a few miles from this city, on the railway line to St. Germain. The corresponding Italian college is not yet founded; but will probably be founded before long. These institutions are conducted on a common plan, and are in constant correspondence with each other. The pupils whom it is purposed to educate in them usually begin with the college in their own country; a thorough knowledge of their native tongue being regarded as indispensable to the easy and effectual acquirement of other tongues. When this basis has been fairly laid, the pupil is sent to the foreign colleges, one after the other, at the choice of his parents; continuing the course of study already begun by him, with the sole difference that his studies will now be conducted in the tongue of the country to which he has been sent. In this way, while being fitted, as usual, for entering any university in which it may be intended to complete his education, a youth who has been trained in the colleges of the society will find himself, on his entrance into practical life, thoroughly in possession of the four most important and useful languages of modern days; an advantage whose value—practical, intellectual, and social—will be readily admitted. The course of study adopted in these colleges is large and thorough; the boarding arrangements are superior to those of the great run of schools, and the terms moderate.

A very curious old work on arithmetic has lately been brought to light, being a manuscript of Abbo, who in the tenth century was Abbot of Fleury, and taught the science of counting to his monks. The learned churchman says in his preface:

"As some time ago I was explaining the *calculus* of Victorius to my brethren, they begged me to write a commentary upon it that might remove all difficulties. . . . From my earliest youth I have grieved at seeing the liberal arts neglected, and left to but a few persons, who make people pay dear for their lessons. . . . I will strike the ignorant minds," continues the worthy abbot, "I will build a bridge of introduction to arithmetic. Victorius teaches how to make multiplications and divisions of numbers without making mistakes, both in questions relating to the sciences connected with numbers, such as arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy, and also in questions relating to weights and measures."

The abbot, having talked of all possible subjects in his book, gets at last to the "Abacus," when he enters at length into the explanation of digital arithmetic, or the art of expressing numbers by the fingers, as then practised, and lays down the following rule:

"If you multiply a single finger by tens, each finger must stand for ten, and each joint for one hundred. If you multiply tens by tens, then each finger stands for one hundred and each joint for one thousand."

Imagine the ease, rapidity, and capacity of a system of numerical combinations established upon such a basis! But the author of the unique old relic in question appears to have been thoroughly satisfied with his work, and winds up his dissertation with the following verse in Monkish Latin:

"*Hic Abbas Abaci doctor dat se Abbo quieti.*"

("Here the Abbot Abbo, teacher of the Abacus, gives himself up to repose.")

The "schoolmaster abroad" of the present age has, happily, something rather more effectual to give his pupils in the way of calculation; but that he has still a good deal to do, even among people who consider themselves enlightened, would seem to be implied in the fact that the most popular of the Paris daily papers, in its number of a few days ago, informs its readers, *apropos* of a quotation from the Boston *Advertiser*, anent the Maine Liquor Law, that "the Maine is one of the States of the American Union, on the north of Canada;" while a subsequent number of the same popular sheet in recounting the pedestrian feats of an Englishman who is said to be walking through all the countries of the globe, remarks: "On leaving Japan he went to Batavia, where he was at last advices, and whence he was intending to proceed, *still on foot*, to Sydney, in Australia."

Correspondence.

JOHN VANDERLYN, THE AMERICAN ARTIST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

A pleasant paper in *The Atlantic Monthly* for February last, respecting the old painter above named, invites additions, or the supply of omissions, which I chance to be able to make, and which, I think, will fill out some features of the "Recollections" that are only, and doubtfully, alluded to by the writer.

I was personally and well acquainted with Mr. Vanderlyn, and, strange

to say, under very similar circumstances and relations to those reported in *The Atlantic* by its California contributor. My father had been Vanderlyn's friend during the period of my childhood; the artist spent a whole winter at our house painting two family portraits, and prolonged his visit and the sittings until all parties were wearied of his slow work, and the room he had darkened into an *atelier* was much wanted by the family. This was soon after Mr. Vanderlyn's return from France (1809 or 1810), when he was projecting the rotunda for panoramic paintings at New York. He was very sanguine of making a fortune, as well as awakening a love of art in this country, by the introduction of good pictures of that kind, two of which he had brought over with him. The one I remember particularly was a panoramic view of the palace and gardens of Versailles, painted by himself from sketches taken on the spot. It was exhibited in a frame building on the northwest corner of Eleventh and Market Streets, in Philadelphia, there being then no suitable place; and this Mr. Vanderlyn had altered and fitted up, while looking forward to a permanent and proper building in New York. I think the other panoramic picture was of the City of Mexico, by an English artist who stood high in Mr. Vanderlyn's opinion. I remember seeing the view of the palace and gardens of Versailles, and being much pleased and astonished by its seeming realities; it was the first panorama I had ever seen, and I recall having gratified the painter by recognizing, in the figure of a gentleman walking in the gardens, Mr. —— Carter, of Virginia. Vanderlyn smilingly said "*it was taken for him, he being there at the time.*" The peculiar step and well-made person of Mr. C. were admirably hit, and he was among the wealthy American gentlemen in Paris who admired and befriended Vanderlyn as an artist.

The California contributor of *The Atlantic* says he has lost all trace of Vanderlyn's fine picture of "Ariadne, the Sleeping Beauty." Mr. Vanderlyn told me he had borrowed money upon it in New York, and finally had to part with it (for much less than he liked) to the mortgagee, who, I understood him to say, was Durand, the engraver.

But my personal and better knowledge of Mr. Vanderlyn was in the period of his old age, when he went to France to paint his picture of the "Landing of Columbus" for a panel of the rotunda at the Capitol. The time allowed by Congress for producing the work had expired, and Mr. Vanderlyn having received peremptory orders from the State Department to bring his picture of Columbus home, the poor old gentleman wrote me from Paris, complaining bitterly of Mr. Buchanan, then Secretary of State, and indulging his habitual spleen in regard to the want of consideration for art and artists in this country. He stated that the picture was unfinished; that, being deceived by an agent to whom he had entrusted the larger part of the money received on account of his Columbus, he had been obliged to give much of his time to portrait painting for his daily bread. This, together with ill health, he said, had caused the delay. And now, with some debts which he could not pay, and without money to meet the expenses of a return to the United States, he had been ordered, in no very polite terms, to bring the picture home at once, finished or not. The old gentleman's letter then suggested the only plan by which he could obey orders, viz., contributions or advances from a few friends (named) in such amounts as would make up the sum he required—a few hundred dollars.

It was no very difficult or unpleasant task to comply with the old artist's wishes and relieve him from his painful position, so that he came back to the country bringing his unfinished Columbus and grateful for the prompt aid afforded him. It is scarcely just in Mr. Vanderlyn's California friend, however kindly meant, to attribute the deficiencies of the Columbus entirely to the artist's employing young French painters to do the work at Paris. I saw him at the Capitol busy finishing it, and although he then had assistance on unimportant parts of the painting, he worked assiduously upon it with his own hand, and directed what he did not touch. It was not easy for a man of Mr. Vanderlyn's advanced years to climb up ladders and temporary scaffolds, and the figure of Columbus himself and other prominent persons of the eventful scene, being within his easy reach, naturally secured the artist's special attention.

Not long after seeing Mr. Vanderlyn at Washington City he wrote me that he wanted portraits to paint, particularly among public men, and asked for letters that would be likely to bring him such sitters. It is my good fortune to possess an excellent portrait, then painted by him for me, of the Hon. George E. Badger, of North Carolina. In my letter to Mr. Badger, knowing his great reluctance to sit for his likeness, I urged upon him the peculiar position of an old American artist, no less than my personal claims as a friend; and during the many tedious sittings, I well remember the wit and patient benevolence with which the excellent man and distinguished senator remarked upon his "sacrifice of himself on the altars of patriotism and friendship." He said, "It is not only that I have an endless number of sittings, but that I must sit and sit still."

Thus did Mr. Vanderlyn manage to live to finish his Columbus at the Capitol, and then to obtain payment of the last instalment upon his work. I do not agree with the San Francisco writer as to the cause of the unfavorable distinctions he draws between Vanderlyn's earlier paintings and that of Columbus—his last of any note. Some difference may reasonably be put to the account of old age, but the glare or objectionable coloring complained of in the picture of the "Landing of Columbus" seems to belong properly to the characteristic and flashy costumes of the Spaniards and native Mexicans of the period.*

It is appropriate for me to say here that, soon after the death of Mr. Vanderlyn, I was applied to by a friend of his family for letters written to me by the deceased artist, my numerous letters found among his papers showing that they were replies to as many written by himself during a long period of friendly intercourse. I was informed that Mr. V.'s letters were to be used in a life of the artist then preparing for publication in New York. I remember having furnished such letters as I thought would subserve the object, but I have yet to hear that any such work has been issued by the press of that city.

E. B. G.

* Prescott.

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The Week.

CONGRESS adjourned on Saturday to the 21st of November. The chief bills passed during the week were the Reconstruction bill and that making the necessary appropriations to carry it into effect—on Friday, over the President's veto; the House bill for the relief of nominal deserters from the army and navy, with Senator Wilson's amendment, allowing no remittance of forfeiture of back pay, etc.; Mr. Henderson's bill for establishing peace with certain Indian tribes now at war with the United States—a practical measure for the security of travel through the Territories and for the selection of a new area sufficient to contain all the unsettled tribes east of the Rocky Mountains, and fit for tillage and pasturage; and Mr. Sumner's bill to allow colored people to hold office in the District of Columbia—which, of course, the President pocketed without signing. The principal interest of the debates was on Friday, when the veto message came in to the House. Mr. Stevens held the reins of the previous question in his hand, but good-humoredly slackened them to allow an earnest, almost impassioned speech from Mr. Boutwell, arguing the duty of immediate impeachment. General Butler followed with a "quousque tandem," but contented himself with confuting the positions of the message. Mr. Williams, of the Impeachment Committee, was quite ready to begin operations. The chairman, Mr. Wilson, on the contrary, was neither to be coaxed nor pressed into swerving from the conscientious discharge of his duty—that is, into reporting, as his colleagues had been doing, before it was time. When he had finished, Mr. Stevens, who had previously given up impeachment on account of "unseen agencies" and "invisible powers" at work against it, called for the vote, and obtained a verdict of 100 to 22 against the President.

The close of the session was marked by some snarling in the Senate and some confusion in the House. In the Senate, Messrs. Chandler and Fessenden had a regular "set-to" in the old-fashioned style, in which "scorn" was flung to and fro with great vigor. The amount of this commodity which is consumed in Congress in the course of a single session during the "spicy" personal debates, would astonish the public, if it could be set down in figures. Mr. Fessenden, besides being very conservative in temperament, is rather tart in manner, but has a sharp, clear, business mind, and marches straight to the point with precision. The small amount of sympathy existing between such a man and Radicals like Messrs. Sumner and Chandler can be readily imagined, and Mr. Sumner, in particular, has undergone several severe maulings at his hands, many of them entirely unprovoked, and all borne with great patience and good temper. When Mr. Chandler and Mr. Fessenden attempt to work together, however, the scene very much resembles the efforts of an Austrian drill-sergeant to put a bashi-bazouk through the manual of arms. With Mr. Chandler's peculiar style of warfare, and his particular "ideas," most people are familiar, and few, therefore, will be surprised to learn that when he is not extravagant he is abusive, and that in this last bout with Mr. Fessenden he was both.

The President contributed another veto message at the close of the session, in which he repeated what he has said a good many times before, adding that he would "never willingly execute the law"—a phrase out of which some of the supporters of the impeachment tried to extract some comfort, but which of course revealed nothing which we did not already know. The question which interests the public is not what his state of mind will be when he executes the law, but whether he will execute it at all; and there is every reason to believe that he will execute it—not heartily or zealously, perhaps, but after his fashion, and as long as Grant and Sheridan, Sickles and Pope, are in office his fashion will suffice. The comparison of him to James II. and George III. made by one eloquent advocate of impeachment is hardly correct. If the English people had felt sure of getting rid of James in the year 1689, they would certainly never have disturbed him and sent for William of Orange in 1688; and if the American people had felt sure of being relieved of the rule of George III. and of being placed in full enjoyment of their constitutional rights in the year 1779, they would hardly have begun an armed revolution in 1775.

Mr. Greeley has been nominated for the Austrian Mission, and as the Senate adjourned without confirming or rejecting him, he might, of course, go if he pleased; but he announces that he shall decline. He is in principle opposed to the maintenance of foreign missions, and he is by nature anything but a diplomatist. We may add, too, that the Austrian Court is perhaps that one of all in which Mr. Greeley would possess least influence, as it is that in which conventionalism is most worshipped. Mr. Greeley with all his faults is a power in the United States, and at foreign courts a power he would not be; therefore, we hoped he would treat all advice like that of the New York *Times*, encouraging him to start for Vienna, as the advice of an enemy in disguise, but we perceive he takes it as kindly and well meant.

The very fact that General Butler is a lawyer sometimes damages his cause as a legislator. His charge, on the strength of the Booth diary, that Mrs. Surratt was judicially murdered, transferred from the jury to Congress became a weak sensation that brought its inventor not a particle of credit. Last week he was visited in the House with the old reproach about the exchange of prisoners during the war. We have never had reason to think him culpable in that matter, and, after all that has been said, his part in it is perhaps as honorable and as indicative of his ability as any incident in his military career. In replying, therefore, to Mr. Eldridge and *The National Intelligencer*, he certainly went out of his way to assert that the sworn testimony in a court of justice had lately shown that paper to be the accredited agent of the assassin Booth. No doubt Booth chose deliberately a journal of rebel sympathies in which to publish his *post factum* justification, but it was quite possible for him to have preferred (say) Forney's *Chronicle* or the New York *Tribune;* and as a piece of news, either of those papers would have been very glad to receive it.

We are just now a good deal troubled by the condition of Mexico, and some restless Democrats are trying to inaugurate a movement to establish a protectorate over her. We venture to say, however, that no such state of things as is described in the article in the last number of *The North American Review*, on the Judiciary of this city, is to be found either in Mexico or in any other civilized country, and we have not yet heard or seen one word of horror, or astonishment, or indignation from any Democratic man or organ. Of the Republican papers *The Tribune* is the only one which seems to have thought it worthy of attention. The Citizens' Association is silent, and so is the bar, and so are the judges themselves. Although the charges thus solemnly made against some of their number would damn any man of whom they were true to the lowest infamy, they take no notice of them, and sit down smiling and apparently contented in their shame. Anarchy is a bad thing, but there are worse things than anarchy, and a corrupt and debased civilization is one of them; and it would seem as if we should shortly be able to exhibit a very finished specimen of it in this city.

The activity of the Republican leaders in preoccupying the South for their party is forcibly revealed in the circular of the Union Republican Congressional Executive Committee, dated at Washington, the 20th inst. With less than twenty thousand dollars, but through unstinted use of the franking privilege, a Republican organization has been established in every State, and over seventy speakers and organizers of both colors have been employed. There are now twenty thousand loyal persons at the South to whom documents are regularly transmitted, and who in turn distribute what they receive to four times their number; and every Congressional district is in communication with the committee. Since the passage of the military bills the fifteen Republican journals have been sextupled, and among them are twenty dailies. Of course the poverty of all classes at the South compels them for the present to depend wholly on Northern assistance in this campaign; yet the committee say that under their stimulus, "in many localities, funds have been raised to defray the expenses of local agents and much work accomplished." More money and more documents are needed to carry every State. The committee have faith that this can be done, and those who wish to help make it sure can communicate with their secretary, Hon. Thomas L. Tullock.

Mr. G. W. Curtis made a strong speech in behalf of female suffrage in the New York Constitutional Convention this week. The speech has been very imperfectly reported, so that it is scarcely possible to criticise it fairly. So far as we have been able to get an idea of it from the summary published by the daily papers, all that portion of it which deduced woman's right to vote from her right to be well governed, and which sought to base her claims on expediency and on experience, was excellent, and all that portion of the argument which made her right to vote a natural right was, to our view, fallacious. The natural right to vote involves the natural right to govern other people, or, in other words, the divine right of the majority, which Mr. Curtis no doubt, as well as we, would be very sorry to concede.

John Minor Botts is now one of the most active and thorough apostles of the Republican faith and the Congressional policy at the South. He is a candidate for the Virginia State Convention, spends his Fourth of July at Culpepper addressing the blacks, and urging them to send representatives of their own color to the convention, and makes the usual profession of faith of a delegate *in petto*, in a letter to "James H. Barrister, Alexander Jackson, and other colored friends." His tenth article is "universal amnesty and restoration to the great body of the people, who were misled or seduced into the war by the more artful or wicked men, but exclusion from all political power hereafter to those who were instrumental, either by speaking, writing, or preaching, in bringing on the war." Mr. Botts is supported in doctrine by Governor Peirpoint, and both lay a proper stress on public education. Undoubtedly the free-school system will be adopted by every Southern State as part of the new basis on which to re-enter the Union; and it is well to remember that this revolution is principally due to the practical workings of the freedmen's schools established by the voluntary benevolence of Northern citizens, aided by generous contributions from abroad. As these schools, again, determine the current of immigration and confirm the predominance of Republican principles at the South, the political wisdom of the Freedmen's Aid Societies is very strikingly illustrated.

"How, for instance," asked our London correspondent last week, "will you deal with Mormonism?" Mr. Bowles has answered, Run the Pacific Railroad through Salt Lake City. That expedient will be tried presently; but the Mormonism of Brigham Young is at this moment exposed to greater dangers from within—greater, even, than if the Government were to forbid the importation of Scandinavians into the country. The anti-polygamous branch of Mormondom which was reunited in 1860 by Joseph Smith, Jr., and has now its seat at Plano, Illinois, the State which bloodily expelled the original founder and his followers, is making proselytes not only in Europe, but even in Utah. The "Josephites" denounce the "Brighamites," and if the martyr's son were not afraid of turning martyr himself, he would undoubtedly contest the primacy of the faithful in the Salt Lake tabernacle. Within the immediate sphere of Brigham Young's despotic authority, little has as yet been accomplished; but outside the City of the Saints, the Illinois emissaries are preaching with some success, and do good service in meeting and turning back the fresh accessions to the Utah colony. About a month ago Brigham, we quote from *The Vidette*, an eye-witness, "boldly and openly announced that Amasa Lyman, Orson Hyde, and Orson Pratt had apostatized and were cut off from the Church." These three men were then, or had been, members of the Quorum of Twelve—the Apostolic body that ranks second in the Mormon hierarchy—and Lyman was actually their president. Pratt is returning from a missionary tour in England, and the other two are in Southern Utah beyond Brigham's reach. They are accounted among the ablest and most intelligent members of the Church, which they have aided powerfully to sustain. We do not gather that they were really heretics, but it is possible they could not brook Brigham's intention to make the presidency hereditary in his own line, and nothing would be more natural, in order to divest themselves of the appearance of selfish motives, than to take up the complaint of usurpation preferred by the Josephites against Brigham, in behalf of their present leader, the lawful and ordained heir of the martyr. Other factions and secessions *en masse* are reported, and the issue of the struggle deserves to be watched by the trans-Atlantic pupils of Mr. Hepworth Dixon.

The College Regatta at Worcester, last Friday, was not so remarkable for the mere victory of Harvard over Yale as it was for the diminution of the time hitherto supposed necessary for accomplishing a three-mile course. Indeed, if, as asserted, the course was lengthened this year by twenty seconds, the difference between the Harvard's time and that previously recorded as best is astonishing. It is clear that neither in horse-racing nor in rowing have we done our "possible," but whether we need do more in order to have healthy men and the best breed of horses is perhaps open to question. In rowing, it may be thought, "the trial still is the strength's complement," but the axiom holds rather of morals than of muscles. Fortunately, this year we have to record no serious injury to any of the contesting oarsmen, the weather having kindly removed the chance of sunstroke; we notice, however, the death of a member of Brown University, superinduced by excessive exercise in a match game of base-ball prior to those at Worcester.

We do not remember to have read any treatise on that great American institution—the serenade. Midnight music, other than that of hand-organs, is, of course, not an American invention; in one form or other it must be very nearly as old as the art of love. The Spanish lover, the Italian lover, and the German lover are adepts in it. It is the common form of attention to "the fair sex" in all civilized countries, and probably in some which are only barbarous. With us the serenade is not wasted on sentiment or on women. Once in a while we start from our beds, rush to the window, and would fain appropriate to ourselves the compliment intended for a neighbor across the way or in the next block. It is a novelty of which we do not fail to speak the next morning at breakfast. In general, the men get serenaded,

and when this happens to the lucky candidate on election night, we know that the party pays the bill for the music, and he for the refreshments. But it often happens as it were spontaneously, and then, we confess, we do not always know who pays the bills. In its most harmless application the serenade is merely a corkscrew to the bottle, or a spigot to the vat, of eloquence: the crowd turns, and the orator pours. Maliciously employed, it becomes a thumb-screw or any other instrument of torture. It was thus applied to Mr. Johnson's cabinet in the memorable February of last year. The party of reaction that induced the President to make the speech which Mr. Seward thought "saved the country," wanted to force Mr. Stanton to take sides at the risk of his place. Mr. Stanton appeared, but did not disappear, as was hoped. The serenade given the other night in Washington to the retiring Congressmen was of the innocent sort, and to it we are indebted for a very good speech from Speaker Colfax, who, in a few words, proved that every sin charged upon Congress had been first committed by the President, except that of forgetting to perpetuate distinctions of color.

One of those touching incidents which refute Mr. Hawthorne's excuse for seeking the subject of his last novel in Italy—that there were no gloomy wrongs at home (slavery was not then abolished), in short, no stuff for fiction—is the recent reunion of Frederick Douglass with his brother Perry, who had been forty years separated from him by the common lot of Southern bondage. We are inclined to think that the romance of American slavery has not been exhausted by Hildreth and Mrs. Stowe, but that it will support a host of novelists for many years to come. The very facts of slavery—the truth which is stranger than fiction—may yet form the staple of volumes; and fifty years hence the diaries and account-books of the planters, some of which fell by abandonment into Union hands, will be ripe for publication in aid of history.

Mr. Garrison continues to receive warm testimonials of respect in Great Britain, the last being the presentation to him of the freedom of the City by the corporation of Edinburgh. There has been a subsidence of the faint praise of a portion of the press, and even the highly cultivated and philosophical view of his career taken by *The Pall Mall Gazette* has met with but indifferent success.

The European news is singularly meagre and unimportant. The sudden stop put to the great fêtes in Paris by the news of Maximilian's death has borne very hard on the Cable newsman, who has had in consequence a week of great barrenness. No more balls, no more reviews or processions. In this extremity he has gone back to his occupation of last spring, and for a day or two has been "arming" France for war, and has been "filling" Europe with uneasiness. Judging from his accounts, the people of Europe must lead a horrid life. One anxiety is no sooner over than they are plunged into another, keener and more torturing than the last. They have hardly got over the agony of hearing of Maximilian's death when they behold Louis Napoleon arming and buying horses, and are forced into fearing a bloody war "in their midst." In France the mourning for Maximilian still continues, and the emperor, no doubt, mourns sincerely, and would give much to recall the irrevocable. The story of his sorrow is, perhaps, not so dramatic as lively writers would like to have it. The scene on which the New York *Tribune* based a "thrilling" article, representing the presentation of the despatch announcing Maximilian's death to the modern "Belshazzar" as he sat on his throne in the Great Exposition, the horrible pallor of his guilty countenance, the strange, lurid light which flashed from his diamonds as he read it, was, of course, what the artists call "a composition," and came, perhaps, from the same fertile brain which described the death agonies of P. T. Barnum's lions and tigers in the fire which destroyed that worthy man's Original American Museum. But no coloring or composition is needed to make Louis Napoleon's situation horrible, or make his sorrow seem real. He talks of going to Vienna, but it is hard to see what consolation his presence would carry to the Hapsburgs, in whose annals the past year has been truly a year of woe, filled with defeat, disaster, death.

In England, the business of the week has been the entertainment of the Sultan and the King (late Viceroy) of Egypt. The Sultan has been magnificently lodged in Buckingham Palace, the Prince of Wales acting as host in the absence of the Queen, who is still mourning in the Scotch Highlands. There was considerable trouble about the King, for whose accommodation no provision was made till the last moment, although he entertains every Englishman of rank who passes through Egypt with a princely hospitality. It was then determined to put him up in a hotel—or, as the newspapers in their rage call it, a "public house"—and have the bill paid by a Parliamentary vote, when for very shame Lord Dudley, the great mining peer, came to the rescue, and offered him one of the most magnificent private houses in the world. The matter has excited more feeling than on the surface it seems to merit, inasmuch as it has seriously increased the long growing dissatisfaction with the Queen for her failure to perform the important duties of her station. There is little left now for a constitutional monarch to do in England, except entertain distinguished strangers, and this the Queen flatly refuses to do. She will not even entertain native society, and what with her absence and the long illness of the Princess of Wales, native society is getting alarmingly accustomed to doing without a royal head. Thus it comes that Conservatives are, on this occasion, angrier than the Radicals.

The attention paid to the Sultan both in France and England is vastly out of proportion to his real power; he reigns over 40,000,000 of people, but he cannot be said to more than half rule them. But all the Great Powers compete for influence over him in the hope of having the start of the others whenever the "Eastern question" really comes to a crisis. The enthusiasm of the people is easily explained. The Sultan is the heir of more romance than any other official personage in the modern world, the awful, dark, implacable husband of ever-so-many wives, the lord of ever-so-many concubines, the "Eastern tyrant" of ever-so-many ages of poetry and story. All other monarchs have become commonplace modern gentlemen; he has done so in nothing but his clothes, which are always badly made. Either the Turkish frame does not suit Christian tailoring, or the Sultan's tailors are the worst of their kind. The dark side of his fêteing was, that while he was riding gloriously through the shouting crowds in Paris and London streets, his Cretan vassals were dying by inches on the hillsides of Candia or in the alleys of the Levantine cities for a cause which all the world professes to have at heart, and of which the sultans have for four centuries been the worst and most barbarous enemies.

The latest sensation is the proposed United States protectorate of Mexico, with a view to annexation. This beautiful scheme for rebuking Napoleon without violating the Monroe Doctrine (which only concerns foreign intervention) might have occurred to a good many minds, but, if we may trust the rumor, its author is none other than a brother of Mr. J. S. C. Abbott, the historian. We are afraid it will not receive the attention it deserves. The compulsory protectorate of the Southern States, with a view to annexation, and of Walrussia in consequence of annexation, makes it inexpedient to attempt to cover more territory with the limited wings of our national bird. When General Sherman gets more than one soldier for every three thousand square miles of hostile Indians, it will be time to talk with Mr. Abbott—on some other subject with which he is more familiar.

Santa Anna's fate seems to be still in doubt, but the Mexican public inclines to the belief that he will be shot. The shooting of Maximilian's officers still continues. Since 1793, in France, there has hardly ever been such a glorious vindication of republican liberty against foreign tyrants. If Mexico is not improved by the present process it must be a very remarkable country—that is, if such a brave people needs improvement. It is not every nation that would have the courage to kill an unarmed emperor and scores of generals inside the same month, read and publish their dying letters to their wives, and embalm their bodies for sale to their relatives. What makes this great work all the more interesting is that it is intended as a protest against the "Church Party," which has been at the bottom of all Mexican troubles.

Notes.

LITERARY.

"Tout le monde chôme"—it is everybody's holiday, though in such comfortable July weather it is clear that more vacations are determined by the calendar and by custom than by the thermometer. One might safely guess that those who have taken refuge in the mountains are wishing themselves back again in the city, and hugging wood fires in damp hotel parlors, and finding with dismay that the books they had thought sufficient to outlast their stay will be quite read through before a genial temperature permits excursions. Publishers, we suppose, are as much bound as schoolteachers to escape from care and routine during this month and the following. If any remain at their desks, they refuse to take advantage of a rival's absence, and this, with the prevailing dulness in every branch of business, produces general inactivity in the bookstores, and consequent meagreness in the announcements which we usually glean from them. Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son publish this week their work on free trade, founded on Bastiat's "Sophismes," and announce as in press an American edition of Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates," with additions to August, 1867, making a very large volume of 1,000 pages; a new revised edition of "The World's Progress," a manual of universal reference, for the use of schools, brought down to the present month; "The Legende of St. Gwendoline," with eight photographic illustrations, after drawings by Ehninger, quarto; "The Book of Landscape," with sixteen steel engravings from pictures of well-known New York artists, folio—a new edition of a very handsome publication, for which Bryant, Bayard Taylor, Tuckerman, etc., furnished the letter-press; Tuckerman's large work on "American Art and Artist Life," in three editions, one quarto; "Portia, and other Stories of the Early Days of Shakespeare's Heroines," by Mary Cowden Clarke, ingenious romances for the age of sixteen or younger, illustrated; and "The Ghost in Boston," a powerful Christmas story, by W. D. O'Connor, that appeared about a dozen years ago in *Putnam's Magazine*. ——Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt will republish two deservedly popular works—they have reached their eighth or ninth edition—by Dr. Pye Henry Chevasse, entitled "Advice to a Wife on the Management of her own Health," and "Advice to a Mother on the Management of her Children." Everybody knows that neither womanly nor maternal instinct can supply altogether, and, in fact, rarely does supply, the place of experience and tradition; and there is so much profitless experience and so much mischievous tradition, that a respectable work which shall supplant both ought to be welcome to almost every family. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields announce "Wool-Gathering," a volume of hitherto unprinted sketches by Gail Hamilton, and "An Arctic Boat Journey in the Autumn of 1864," by Dr. Isaac Hayes, a new and revised edition with illustrations and maps.

—Acquaintance with the language of a foreign country being generally the last and not indispensable requisite of the representatives whom we send there, it would appear to be merely a lucky coincidence that Mr. Eugene Schuyler has been appointed United States Consul at Moscow. The new incumbent had shown, we might almost say, a fatal fitness for the post by his translation of Turgenef's admirable novel, "Fathers and Sons," and his chances would, perhaps, have been hopeless if it had been generally known that he speaks Russian as well as reads it, besides having a knowledge of French, and perhaps one or two more of the Continental tongues. Minister Clay, if he were capable of it, would envy Mr. Consul Schuyler's acquirements; but Mr. Schuyler, if he should remain a dozen years in Moscow, would have no guarantee of promotion. However long he may remain, we hope he will employ his leisure in giving us other translations from Russian authors, and in due time present us in book form with such observations of Russian character, customs, and institutions as it is now exceedingly difficult to obtain, and for which no person is so well qualified, perhaps, as an intelligent American. Viewed in this light, his appointment may be considered a literary event of some interest, and we shall be glad if, contrary to our surmises, it has also a political significance.

—"W. M. R." (William Michael Rossetti?) reviews in *The Chronicle*, the new London weekly, the poems of Walt Whitman, or, rather, deduces from them a critical estimate of the author's place among poets. It is the most temperate of any we have yet seen from Whitman's admirers, and all the stronger on that account. The reviewer believes that a "very extensive and very prominent fame to Mr. Whitman is in prospect, and even inevitable;" thinks that "only a very restricted and literal use of the words rhythm or poetry could deny the claim of these [his] writings to being both poetic and rhythmical," and that they are "of an exceptionally high standard, and with a great future before them." This, in spite of their formlessness, and of acknowledged blemishes of style, such as the use of "a large number of words detestable to the literary sense, sometimes actually misapplied, and, at best, fitted for a Yankee stump orator, but forbidden to a poet." (But does the Yankee stump orator adorn his speeches with *Philosophs, Harbinge, Experient, Orotund*, and the other words cited by "W. M. R."?) Mr. Whitman further appears to him as intensely modern and intensely American, and "may be expected to stand in a relation to future poetic efforts hardly less typical and monumental than the Homeric poems towards Grecian and epic work, or those of Shakespeare towards English and dramatic." This is an unexaggerated version of Mr. (not "Dr.") O'Connor's "open-mouthed" estimate of his friend Walt. Emerson's praise of him is also quoted by the reviewer, who unconsciously explains the possible intellectual sympathy between the two men, when he says of Whitman that "he is sometimes obscure, often fragmentary and indefinite, and too *much addicted to writing on an agglomerative system*, where scores of items succeed each other scarcely to be fagoted together, still less united." When, finally, after saying that "his book is incomparably the *largest* poetic work of our period," he goes on to compare it with Victor Hugo's "Légende des Siècles," he suggests an actual resemblance which is perhaps best seen in the enthusiastic pamphlet of a disciple, "The Good Grey Poet."

—A very valuable work must be "A Memoir of General James Oglethorpe, one of the earliest Reformers of Prison Discipline in England, and the Founder of Georgia, in America," by Robert Wright (London: Chapman & Hall). The predecessor of Howard, the founder of the thirteenth of the afterwards United Colonies, and the esteemed friend of Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, and the other great Englishmen of the last century, is indeed an interesting and too little known character. Mr. Wright's book, by its very title, bears an incidental refutation of the quondam theory of the Southern chivalry, that they were chiefly descended from English cavaliers and the warm blood of the Mediterranean races. How Virginia, Maryland, and Louisiana were peopled with transported convicts, is no secret. But the very idea of founding Georgia, after making a defence for South Carolina against the Spaniards to the South, was derived from Oglethorpe's investigation into the prison discipline of England; and he selected as the nucleus of his colony discharged debtors, and "those persons at home who had become so desperate in circumstances that they could not rise and hope again without changing the scene and making trial of a different country." To these he added subsequently—for they proved to be wretched stuff—agricultural laborers, Scotch Highlanders, and oppressed Protestants from Germany and other parts of the Continent. He also provided in the patent of the colony that there should be no slavery; and when Georgia changed its government in 1753 and legalized slavery, he and the other trustees resigned their charter, and washed their hands of the iniquity. Oglethorpe is brought near to this generation by the reminiscences of Samuel Rogers. His present biographer has had access to the colonial papers in the British Record Office, which abound in details of the founding of Georgia.

—The importers, too, or their agents abroad, are taking their holiday. Scribner, Welford & Co. have Dr. Forbes Winslow's "Light: Its Influence on Life and Health" (Longmans). In the appendix the author is incautious enough to quote as possibly genuine the poem, "I am old and blind," which has a thousand times at least been attributed to Milton, and less than a thousand times denied to him, and which, though written by a woman at this moment anonymous to us, may fairly be liked on its own merits.—— We commend to the Board of Health Frederick Charles Krepp's "Sewage Question" (Longmans), which gives, to quote the expanded title, a general review of all the systems and methods hitherto employed in various countries for draining large cities and utilizing sewage, with reference to the public health, agriculture, and national economy generally; together with a description of Captain Liernur's system of daily inoffensive removal of fæcal solids, fluids, and gases by pneumatic force, etc.——How the mathematics came, notably through the influence of Isaac Barrow, to assume their present importance in the curriculum at Cambridge, England; how they had to contend against the overweening admiration for antiquity and the classics, which imparted a rhetorical form to the writings of the day and stuffed them with quotations, as witness Jeremy Taylor; how the University adopted Neo-Platonism, and was Royalist during the Cromwellian Revolution, and other like interesting matter, should appear in "Cambridge Characteristics in the Seventeenth Century; or, Studies of the University, and their Influence on the Character and Writings of the most distinguished Graduates during that Period"—a prize essay by James Bass Mullinger (Macmillan).——Christopher Hughes has done into English, side by side with the Latin text, the "Odes, Epodes, Carmen Seculare, and First Satire

of Horace" (Longmans). He has added, what is of considerable value, an index of proper names and of first lines of the Odes. The favorite Lib. I. carmen xxii. is vigorously rendered, the initial line, "Integer vitæ scelerisque purus," being turned into—

"Fuscus, the upright man,
Who will no evil plan."

——"The Law of Creeds in Scotland," by Alexander Taylor Innes, M.A., treats of the legal relation of churches in Scotland, established and not established, to their doctrinal confessions.

—At Mohun & Ebbs's may be found two unique works, one: "Anecdotes, Observations, and Characters of Books and Men. Collected from the Conversations of Mr. Pope and other eminent persons of his time, by the Rev. Joseph Spence." The original work was in two volumes, published in London in 1820. The owner of this copy has interleaved it with engravings and prints of all sorts to illustrate every proper name and place mentioned in the text. The other is a two-volume Pickering edition of Walton's "Complete Angler," treated in the same manner and swelled into four volumes, with a separate, privately-printed index to all the illustrations.—Among other curious books the same firm have a scrap-book collection, folio, very rare, of the etchings of Stefani della Bella, making 184 pages in all, but many times that number of engravings. There is a very wide variety of subjects.—The "Early English Chronicles" is perhaps not to be found complete, in twenty-one volumes, in this country, except in this quarto edition, which may be had for the trifling sum of $600. In fifty-three volumes may be had also the "Revolutionary Memoirs," as the English translation is called of the "Biographie Moderne," from the beginning of the French Revolution to 1811. The imperial edition of the "Histoire de Jules César," quarto, the same which is always presented "with the Author's respects," is within the reach of whoever wishes to emulate the crowned heads of Europe.—Of pictorial works there are here the seven volumes of artists' proof engravings from the Royal or Queen's Gallery, the Vernon Gallery, the Turner Gallery, and other galleries and private collections—a recent magnificent publication; also the art treasures of the Pitti Palace, engraved and published at Florence in 1843. Hachette, in Paris, is publishing in numbers, of which there will be sixty in all, La Fontaine's Fables, with large and small illustrations by Gustave Doré. There will be 248 of the former. The complete edition will cost $15.

—The French Academy has awarded the prize of "haute littérature" to M. Caro for his work, "La Philosophie de Goethe."——The economical and social state of France from Henri IV. to Louis XIV. is the subject of a work by M. Moreau de Jonnès, member of the Institute, which is described as very curious, very learned, and fascinating even in its statistics. The author is a veteran of 89, in a double sense. In '92, as a grenadier, he carried the Tuileries at the head of his section; and more curious than the contents of his book is the fact that his career extends from the death of Rousseau to the present time, and is more or less intimately connected with all the political changes and all the great characters from Danton to Napoleon III., and from the taking of the Bastile to the Great Exposition.

—Two hundred inhabitants of Saint-Etienne complained lately by petition to the French Senate that the city council, in stocking the public library of that place, furnished the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Proudhon, Michelet, Eugene Sue, George Sand, Balzac, and other more or less famous writers. A special report, condemning this selection, was approved by a large majority of the Senate, but eloquently opposed by Sainte-Beuve, albeit he was in feeble health. His attitude on this occasion procured him a complimentary address from the pupils of the Normal School; and the principal, M. Nisard, having expelled the supposed author, and refused to allow him to return, a general withdrawal ensued, but has since doubtless yielded to a compromise, as such "strikes" are apt to yield.

—The third volume of Professor Curtius's "History of Greece" (Geschichte Griechenlands), forming one of the series of hand-books of classical antiquity begun by Mommsen's celebrated Roman history, has just been published. It is divided into three books—"Sparta's Reign in Greece," "Thebes as a Leading Power of Greece," and "Macedonia and Greece," and treats of the period from the government of Athens by the Thirty to the last struggles of Greece for her independence against Philip of Macedon. The author gives a very clear and critically elaborated picture of the balance of power, the *coups d'état*, conspiracies, and corruptions of political parties in Greece, and their leaders; and he always traces the connection between the civilization of Greece and her political history. Especially graphic and accurate is his estimate of Demosthenes.——Nearly ten years elapsed before the author of "Soll und Haben" (Debit and Credit), a novel which had in Germany a success paralleled only by Goethe's "Werther's Leiden," again brought forward a novel, "The Lost Manuscript," which, we believe, will shortly appear in an English translation. In the intervening period, edition after edition of "Debit and Credit," in every living language of the civilized world, testified to the enthusiasm with which the work of the foremost representative of the realistic school in Germany was appreciated everywhere. Its readers eagerly looked forward for the next production of the novelist; but they were disappointed when it came. Instead of a novel, Herr Freytag published "Bilder aus der deutschen Vergangenheit" (Sketches from the Past of Germany), the two first volumes of which, under the title "Mittelalter" (The Middle Ages), have reached a fifth edition. In the best of styles the author discusses in lively essays the principal episodes of German history, interwoven with miniature biographies of the more prominent historical characters of his fatherland. One of these masterly portraits, drawn in vivid colors, is that of Charlemagne, of whom Mr. Freytag tells the following novel anecdote, which he found in a Latin chronicle written by a monk at St. Gallen: Charlemagne had heard of the vanity and avarice of one of his bishops, whom he accordingly thought to humiliate. He therefore instructed a Jewish merchant, who used to bring many costly things from the Land of Promise, to gull the bishop, and the Jew, embalming an ordinary house-mouse, offered it for sale to the bishop as a very precious and unheard-of animal, which he had brought over from Judea. After some higgling, the bishop, who never gave anything to the poor, bought the great rarity from the Jew for more than twenty pounds of silver. This done, the Jew made his report to the emperor, who assembled his counsellors and bishops, warned them against avarice and vanity, and concluded: "One of you has given so much silver to a Jew for an embalmed house-mouse." The guilty party at once fell on his knees and begged pardon, which was readily granted. Mr. Freytag's book is full of interesting facts of a similar character, that shed much light on the habits and mode of life, the literature, and the influence of the Church of mediæval Germany.

MR. J. S. MILL'S LAST VOLUME OF DISSERTATIONS AND DISCUSSIONS.*

THIS volume contains eight of the shorter productions of Mr. Mill's pen published since 1859, including the recent inaugural address at St. Andrews. One has already appeared in pamphlet form, and the remainder in *Fraser's Magazine* and *The Edinburgh Review*. With the inaugural address and the articles on the "Contest in America" and on "Non-intervention" the American public is already familiar. The one on "Parliamentary Reform" and the review of "Some Recent Writers on Reform" appeared in 1859, when the reform movement in England of which we are now witnessing the consummation was just beginning, and it is in the highest degree interesting to read in the light of subsequent events Mr. Mill's estimate of it and of the course it would probably run. He called attention in 1859 to the small amount of excitement by which the new movement was marked, the small amount of interest which it seemed to create amongst the mass of people, although the leaders of all parties felt that "reform was a political necessity." As it turned out, however, this feeling on the part of the leaders of all parties did not bring reform about. Bill after bill was introduced during the ensuing seven years and all perished under the secret hostility of the House of Commons and the apathy of the public out of doors, and it is notorious that the present one has succeeded not without popular excitement, but under the pressure of popular excitement. In the article on "Some Recent Writers on Reform," Messrs. Austin, Lorimer, and Hare, whose works had then (1859) just appeared, Mr. Mill, too, congratulates the English public on the fact that the reform movement, besides being distinguished by the absence of popular discontent, "seemed likely to be still farther distinguished by the quality of the contributions made by individual thinkers towards a better understanding of the philosophical elements of the subject," and he speaks of the then demand for reform "as being in an unusual degree the product of calm reason." The bill which has actually passed, however, has been the product of political trickery combined with happy accidents, and we believe it would be impossible to point to a single section of it which has been the product of "calm reason," or on the framing of which the thinking of political philosophers has had much if any influence.

Of course however, this failure to anticipate the course of events detracts little if anything from the value of the two papers. A large portion of the points discussed in both of them are of interest rather to English than American readers. The elaborate argument against the ballot con-

* "Dissertations and Discussions, Political, Philosophical, and Historical. By John Stuart Mill." Vol. IV. Boston: William V. Spencer. 1867.

tained in the "Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform" derives, we are bound to say, little or no support from the actual working of this form of voting here. After carefully considering it, we are unable to recall a single piece of American experience that would fairly justify Mr. Mill's forebodings about it. His statement of his opinions regarding the propriety of a qualification for the franchise, coming from so able and ardent and effective a champion of universal suffrage as he has proved himself, is, however, of great value, and, although made eight years ago, he evidently finds nothing in it to change. He would give a vote to every adult, of both sexes, as he thinks every man and woman is entitled to exercise some influence on the government under which he or she lives, but he would not allow all to exercise the *same* influence on the government; and the passage in which he speaks his mind on this matter we cannot help quoting, particularly as we can think of no adequate reply to it, except that what he proposes is not practicable:

"The possession and the exercise of political, and among others of electoral, rights, is one of the chief instruments both of moral and of intellectual training for the popular mind; and all governments must be regarded as extremely imperfect until every one who is required to obey the laws has a voice, or the prospect of a voice, in their enactment and administration.

"But ought every one to have an *equal* voice? This is a totally different proposition, and, in my judgment, as palpably false as the other is true and important. Here it is that I part company, on the principle, with the democratic reformers. Agreeing with them in looking forward to universal suffrage as an ultimate aim, I altogether dissent from their advocacy of electoral districts, understood as a means of giving equal weight to the vote of every individual. They say that every one has an equal interest in being well governed, and that every one, therefore, has an equal claim to control over his own government. I might agree to this, if control over his own government were really the thing in question; but what I am asked to assent to is, that every individual has an equal claim to control over the government of other people. The power which the suffrage gives is not over himself alone, it is power over others also; whatever control the voter is enabled to exercise over his own concerns, he exercises the same degree of it over those of every one else.

"If it is asserted that all persons ought to be equal in every description of right recognized by society, I answer—not until all are equal in worth as human beings. It is the fact that one person is *not* as good as another; and it is reversing all the rules of rational conduct to attempt to raise a political fabric on a supposition which is at variance with fact. Putting aside for the present the consideration of moral worth, of which, though more important even than intellectual, it is not so easy to find an available test; a person who cannot read is not as good, for the purpose of human life, as one who can. A person who can read, but cannot write or calculate, is not as good as a person who can do both. A person who can read, write, and calculate, but who knows nothing of the properties of natural objects, or of other places and countries, or of the human beings who have lived before him, or of the ideas, opinions, and practices of his fellow-creatures generally, is not so good as a person who knows these things. A person who has not, either by reading or conversation, made himself acquainted with the wisest thoughts of the wisest men, and with the great examples of a beneficent and virtuous life, is not so good as one who is familiar with these. A person who has even filled himself with this various knowledge, but has not digested it—who could give no clear and coherent account of it, and has never exercised his own mind, or derived an original thought from his own observation, experience, or reasoning, is not so good, for any human purpose, as one who has. There is no one who, in any matter which concerns himself, would not rather have his affairs managed by a person of greater knowledge and intelligence than by one of less. There is none who, if he was obliged to confide his interest jointly to both, would not desire to give a more potential voice to the more educated and more cultivated of the two.

"The most direct mode of effecting this would be to establish plurality of votes in favor of those who could afford a reasonable presumption of superior knowledge and cultivation. If every ordinary unskilled laborer had one vote, a skilled laborer, whose occupation requires an exercised mind and a knowledge of some of the laws of external nature, ought to have two. A foreman or superintendent of labor, whose occupation requires something more of general culture, and some moral as well as intellectual qualities, should perhaps have three. A farmer, manufacturer, or trader, who requires a still larger range of ideas and knowledge, and the power of guiding and attending to a great number of various operations at once, should have three or four. A member of any profession requiring a long, accurate, and systematic mental cultivation—a lawyer, a physician or surgeon, a clergyman of any denomination, a literary man, an artist, a public functionary (or, at all events, a member of every intellectual profession at the threshold of which there is a satisfactory examination test) ought to have five or six. A graduate of any university, or a person freely elected a member of any learned society, is entitled to at least as many. A certificate of having passed through a complete course of instruction at any place of education publicly recognized as one where the higher branches of knowledge are taught, should confer a plurality of votes."

"Bain's Psychology" is an elaborate review of "The Senses and the Intellect," and the "Emotions and the Will," published by that author in 1855 and 1859, books which are now familiar to most students of philosophy. Mr. Bain is now the acknowledged head of the "Association Psychologists," who may be pronounced the most advanced section of the great *à posteriori* division of philosophers. Mr. Bain has gone one step—but it is a very important one—beyond his predecessors, in ascribing to the brain not only the power of receiving sensation, but spontaneous activity capable of originating movements without any impression from without, and thus putting the machinery of association, if we may call it so, in motion. Mr. Mill probably never appears to so much advantage as a writer as when he is engaged in the discussion of subjects of this class, as they are subjects for the discussion of which power of clear statement is as important as it is rare, and Mr. Mill possesses it in an almost unrivalled degree.

"The Contest in America," which appeared in 1862, when the fortunes of the North were at the lowest, is perhaps the ablest and noblest tribute to the righteousness of its cause which the struggle called forth on the other side of the water. It would be hard to find in the English language a finer specimen of argumentative indignation, or indignant argument, whichever we please to call it. Mr. Mill's style is, of all things, intellectual, and when it is suffused with the deep feeling, as in his political writings it sometimes but not often is, the result is apt to be a model of vigorous eloquence—that most vigorous of all kinds of eloquence in which every movement contains evidence of power held in restraint and disciplined. The following is now a famous passage, but it reads now better than when it was written (1862), and deserves remembering:

"For these reasons I cannot join with those who cry Peace! peace! I cannot wish that this war should not have been engaged in by the North, or that, being engaged in, it should be terminated in any conditions but such as would retain the whole of the territories as free soil. I am not blind to the possibility that it may require a long war to lower the arrogance and tame the aggressive ambition of the slave-owners to the point of either returning to the Union, or consenting to remain out of it with their present limits. But war, in a good cause, is not the greatest evil which a nation can suffer. War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things; the decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks nothing *worth* a war, is worse. When a people are used as mere human instruments for firing cannon or thrusting bayonets in the service and for the selfish purposes of a master, such war degrades a people. A war to protect other human beings against tyrannical injustice; a war to give victory to their own ideas of right and good, and which is their own war, carried on for an honest purpose by their free choice, is often the means of their regeneration. A man who has nothing which he cares more about than he does about his personal safety is a miserable creature who has no chance of being free, unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself. As long as justice and injustice have not terminated *their* ever-renewing fight for ascendancy in the affairs of mankind, human beings must be willing, when need is, to do battle for one against the other. I am far from saying that the present struggle, on the part of the Northern Americans, is wholly of this exalted character; that it has arrived at the stage of being altogether a war for justice, a war of principle. But there was from the beginning, and now is, a large infusion of that element in it; and this is increasing, will increase, and, if the war lasts, will in the end predominate. Should that time come, not only will the greatest enormity which still exists among mankind as an institution receive far earlier its *coup de grâce* than there has ever, until now, appeared any probability of; but in effecting this the free States will have raised themselves to that elevated position in the scale of morality and dignity which is derived from great sacrifices conscientiously made in a virtuous cause, and the sense of an inestimable benefit to all future ages brought about by their own voluntary efforts."

Perhaps the most interesting tribute in the volume is that on "Austin's Jurisprudence." Mr. Austin was one of the ablest men England has produced in the present century, and the second Englishman who could fairly lay claim to be considered a jurist in the large sense of the term—that is, a man who made a successful study of the philosophy of law. He was not, properly so called, a disciple of Bentham, as he worked a narrower field, and with much more effective tools as far as the world outside was concerned. Bentham occupied himself with the whole field of legislation, Austin only with the form which all bodies of law must take. Bentham's voluminousness, complexity of arrangement, combined with the extraordinary jargon which he invented for his own use, prevented the general public from ever knowing much about his labors, except in a few short papers of popular interest, such as the "Defence of Usury," which made him famous, and would have always prevented it, if his friend Dumont had not undertaken the herculean task of mining in his manuscripts and presenting some of the ore to the world in a portable shape, though in French. Austin died young, five or six years ago, leaving his "Lectures on Jurisprudence," which were a sequel to his "Province of Jurisprudence Determined," unfinished, and a large portion of the material presented to the public in his last volume consisted of memoranda and fragments. His lectures excited extraordinary interest in London at the time of their delivery, amongst the ablest men in England. The course was followed by the most distinguished, though not the most numerous, audience that any English lecturer has ever been able to get together. Had he lived, he would undoubtedly have founded what no community of the Anglo-Saxon race has yet produced—a school of legal philosophy. The appearance of Mr. Maine on the scene just as Mr. Austin was quitting it

proves, however, that the seed sown by the latter did not fall on stony ground, and that brilliant results in the same field of enquiry may still be looked for from English students. Mr. Mill's review is simply a résumé of what Mr. Austin accomplished. The only bit of criticism in it is his adherence as against Mr. Austin, and justly, it seems to us, to the classification of the body of law adopted by Bentham and James Mill—that is, of a law of rights and duties, and law of wrongs and remedies—Mr. Austin having followed the Roman classification somewhat closely, making his classification consist of two divisions of the law of rights, including under the latter what he calls "sanctioning rights," *i. e.* remedies, and "consequences of duties."

In the article on "Grote's Plato," which may be called the weightiest and most elaborate article in the collection, Mr. Mill has done for Mr. Grote what Mr. Grote himself has done for Plato, and he has displayed in it that happy faculty of explaining ancient life by illustrations drawn from the modern world, and of using the lesson of ancient life in the social philosophy of our own day, which has given Mr. Grote's labors so much of their charm and value.

FROM RUSSIA TO ICELAND.*

ONE can never be certain where Mr. Browne's humor will carry him when dealing with things which, being in one sense facts, may be styled sober realities; but the extent to which it will go when he lets it loose we were first made aware of by his present narrative. It is easy, when once forewarned, to allow for that habitual extreme exaggeration which is the characteristic quality of American humor. But it is difficult, for simple-minded and untravelled readers at least, to discern the true from the fantastic when both are bound up together, as here, in the closest connection. These excesses are not redeemed by an unusual amount of moralization—unusual for our author. The combined effect is of alternate exaltation and depression, quite incompatible with the steadiness of a guide. Mr. Browne's intention is to amuse, but as he is capable of instructing also, it is a pity he should sacrifice to the more doubtful aim the nobler one—the one at any rate which, as a traveller telling us of strange lands, it would seem that he ought to have kept in view. The chapters on the "nose regiment" and on the "mysterious adventure" would justly shake dependence on statements quite trustworthy, such as the descriptions of the Moscow and St. Petersburg Railroad—which, by the way, has just passed into private hands—of the country between the two capitals, of the public and private buildings in Moscow, of the bear-hunts of the court and nobles, of the customs and traits of the people, etc., etc.

As may be inferred, the author did not directly visit "the land of Thor." A few weeks previously spent in Russia, in the cities just named, gave him material for half his book, but of course gave him opportunity for only the most superficial observations. Of interior and domestic life he saw almost nothing; of green roofs and gilded domes a great deal; and of the people in the streets he saw enough to make him partial to their native disposition, and to make him prefer the unobtrusive, if despotic, regimen of the Czar to the police systems of France and Germany, which incessantly recall the absence of liberty. Emancipation of the serfs was not yet consummated, and Mr. Browne is at pains to instruct Alexander in his duty, evidently fearing, however, that his remonstrances will not be heeded. He perhaps has a better opinion of Alexander now, and brighter hopes of Russia; and he probably would not have written, though he has printed, after Sadowa: "The states of Germany—what future have they?"—implying, of course, that they have no "future," or a very melancholy one.

From the Volga to the Arctic Circle, which is the range of these covers, the spectacle of a drunken man, the smell of whiskey and tobacco, the opportunities for dispensing with spittoons, throw the author into what must be thought indecent ecstacies, and invariably remind him of America, of home, of California. Mr. Browne has undoubtedly a genuine affection for the Pacific Coast, but he has an odd way of showing it. The climate and the scenery of California he often compares favorably with those about him; its people only as viewed from the side of its vices, or rather of the vices of its worst and no longer representative class. The taste and wit of these truly odious comparisons, repeated *ad nauseam*, are therefore exceedingly questionable, even when they provoke a smile. A foreigner who should chance upon this book, or indeed upon any other by the same writer with which we are acquainted, would certainly derive from it a very erroneous impression of California manners, as, to let one example answer for a score, from this passage (p. 188):

"There was something really homelike in a reeling, staggering crowd—their shouts and uproarious songs, their boozy faces and tobacco-stained mouths. Everybody seemed to be on a regular 'bender.' The only point of difference between the Swedish and the California 'bender' was in the way the boys hugged and kissed the peasant girls; but even in this respect," etc.

In Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Iceland—the true land of Thor, in short—Mr. Browne restrains himself, and tells in a generally unobjectionable way a good deal that is useful to know about those countries. It is pleasant, for one thing, to have in the same book descriptions, more or less minute, of Stockholm, Copenhagen, and St. Petersburg—the Venices of the North. In Scandinavia, too, and in Iceland, we are no longer confined to views from the outside, but are favored with gratifying accounts of peasant hospitality in circumstances the most trying to host and guest. The horrors of the "best chamber," it appears, are not peculiar to the country houses of New England and the West. When we have added that the chapters on Iceland are rendered more valuable by the illustrations—some, not all—we have said more than we care to assert of the remainder. The sketches of landscape in that volcanic island suggest great possibilities for the artist resolute enough to encounter the drawbacks of rough roads, bogs, fords, and uneven weather.

The following description has sufficient interest, we hope, to excuse the style:

"Before me stood the tall, thin, shambling, raw-boned figure of a man a little beyond the prime of life, but not yet old, with a pair of dancing gray eyes and a hatchet-face, all alive with twists and wrinkles and muscles; a long, lean face, upon which stood out prominently a great nose, diverted by a freak of nature a little to one side and flanked by a tremendous pair of cheek-bones, with great hollows underneath. Innumerable ridges and furrows swept semicircularly downward around the corners of a great mouth—a broad, deep, rugged fissure across the face, that might have been mistaken for the dreadful child-trap of an ogre but for the sunny beams of benevolence that lurked around the lips, and the genial humanity that glimmered from every nook and turn. Neither moustache nor beard obscured the strong individuality of this remarkable face, which for the most part was of a dull granite color, a little mixed with limestone, and spotted with patches of porphyry. A dented gutta-percha forehead, very prominent about the brows, and somewhat resembling in its general topography a raised map of Switzerland, sloped upward and backward to the top of the head; not a very large head, but wonderfully bumped and battered by the operations of the brain, and partially covered by a mop of dark wavy hair, a little thin in front and somewhat grizzled behind; a long, bony pair of arms, with long hands on them; a long, lank body, with a long black coat on it; a long, loose pair of legs, with long boots on the feet, all in motion at the same time, all shining and wriggling and working with an indescribable vitality; a voice bubbling up from the vast depths below with cheery, spasmodic, and unintelligible words of welcome—this was the wonderful man that stood before me, the great Danish improvisator, the lover of little children . . . . . this was no other, and could be no other, than Hans Christian Andersen."

THE AMERICAN ORIENTAL SOCIETY.*

WHAT sensations Dr. Bigelow would experience at the sight of these learned volumes, and a knowledge of the aim and purpose of the society which published them, can be faintly imagined by those who have read his indignant protest against the turpitude of Homer and the futilities of the dual number and the middle voice. That a couple of hundred respectable gentlemen, most of them wearing black broadcloth and advanced in life, should deliberately set to work to cultivate and extend the knowledge of the "Asiatic, African, and Polynesian languages"—should import Chinese type, and print in Sanscrit the "Atharva-Veda-Prâtiçâkhya," with a commentary for the information of the enlightened Yankee nation—must be a thought so painful to every admirer of steam-engines and sewing-machines, that we doubt if the fact has been accepted in all its blank enormity. Even Dr. Bigelow allows that there may be some advantage derived from the study of Greek, in spite of the horrors of the middle voice and the second aorist—but what possible benefit can accrue from the Drawidian dialect, or the barbarous vocabularies of Tamil and Telugu? Nevertheless, it is our sad duty to record the fact that, though still "we have a Pacific Railroad to be built and a nation to be reconstructed," there are misguided scholars in the United States who will persist in reading Persian and Japanese, and will even prepare grammars of the Isizulu and the Micronesian languages.

The originators of the American Oriental Society seem to have been certain learned and pious men in Boston, Andover, New Haven, and New York who shared in the general revival of Oriental studies within this century, and who had the additional incentive of a strong interest in foreign missions. It is well known how modern is the whole subject of comparative philology, and how much has been done to develop it by the researches of missionaries and magistrates in the East. Before the time of Sir William Jones and Warren Hastings, the Jesuits in India and China had given much information respecting the literature of those countries; but since the occupation of India by the English, and the establishment of

* "The Land of Thor. By J. Ross Browne. Illustrated by the Author." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1867.

* "Journal of the American Oriental Society. Volumes I.-VIII." New Haven: E. Hayes; New York: B. Westermann & Co.

our American Board of Foreign Missions, more recently, the work of investigation has gone on very rapidly. And yet it is amusing to notice how ignorant many eminent men have been on Oriental topics. The great Sir William Jones complained of a Chinese dictionary that it did not contain the letters A and B—the former letter being never used as initial, and the latter never used at all in Chinese words; and even so late as 1827, the celebrated but superficial Dugald Stewart spoke of the Sanscrit as a jargon made up from Greek and Latin. The Asiatic Society of Paris was not founded until 1822, under the direction of De Sacy, Remusat, and other famous Orientalists. Twenty years later, Dr. Jenks, Dr. John Pickering, Professor Stuart, Dr. Edward Robinson, and others established the American Oriental Society, which was incorporated by the Massachusetts Legislature in 1843. Its first president was Dr. Pickering, whose address, delivered in May, 1843, gives a good summary of the then existing condition of Oriental scholarship in this country, in England, and on the Continent. Dr. Pickering died in 1846, two years after his old friend Peter Du Ponceau (who also was one of the original members of the society), and was succeeded as president by Professor Robinson. About the same time the office of corresponding secretary was accepted by Professor Edward E. Salisbury, of Yale College, whose labors for a succession of years were sufficient to build up the society and to make New Haven as much its home as Boston had been. At the present time Dr. Woolsey, president of Yale College, is president of the society, its fine library is in New Haven, its corresponding secretary, Professor W. D. Whitney, resides there, and several of its most active members are connected with Yale College. The number of corporate members is now nearly two hundred, of corresponding members nearly a hundred, and there are about thirty honorary members. Among the past and present members in this country we find the names (besides those given above) of the two Everetts, Edward and Alexander; R. W. Emerson, W. C. Bryant, Bayard Taylor, Theodore Parker, Noah Webster, Joseph E. Worcester, Dr. Peter Parker, Dr. F. L. Hawks, Dr. Charles Pickering, C. L. Brace, and Caleb Cushing; in foreign countries, Alexander von Humboldt, Richard Lepsius, Julius Mohl, Stanislas Julien, Ernest Renan, Franz Bopp, Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, and Sir John Bowring. And though it could hardly be expected that all the members should take an active part in the discussions and correspondence of the society, yet the extent to which this has been done shows the interest felt by the great majority in the special work undertaken.

But what is this work? It is perhaps imagined by some that to be a member of the Oriental Society it is necessary to read at least one "Asiatic, African, or Polynesian language," and to be able to discuss topics in Arabic, Sanscrit, Chinese, or Persian literature. No doubt this would be desirable, but it is not expected of all those elected to membership. Nor, on the other hand, are the only requisites, as a witty outsider once said, "to live down East, and have five dollars in your pocket." It seems to be expected of the members that they shall first of all take an interest in learning, and particularly in that branch of learning which deals with the languages, history, institutions, and civilization of nations, remote either in space or time. Ethnology is, perhaps, the best single term to denote this class of topics; and this is a science which may be studied and promoted by merchants, travellers, missionaries, sailors, and observers of all kinds, as well as by professed scholars. It is the ethnology of the East that the American Oriental Society specially considers; but in doing this there is a place for those who are familiar only with Latin and Greek among foreign tongues, or who are confined strictly to the vernacular.

"We call upon the enlightened and cultivated in our community," said the directors, in 1858, "to come forward in aid of the society. We rely especially upon classical scholars, and professors of philology, philosophy, and the historical sciences in our colleges. We rely also upon general students of history, literature, and art. We rely upon those who are interested for the character and reputation of American scholarship. We rely upon the friends of missions and of the missionaries. We rely upon American merchants who have been successfully engaged in Eastern commerce, assured that they feel more than a merely commercial interest in the East. The society is an association not of Oriental scholars only, but for the promotion of Oriental science."

In the quarter of a century that has passed since the humble beginnings of this association, it has done much to justify the hopes with which it was founded. It has collected a library containing thousands of volumes and hundreds of manuscripts, most of them rare, some unique, and all of value to the student. It has published four or five thousand pages of curious and learned research, which has added largely to the knowledge of mankind. It has served as a means of communication between scholars in all parts of the world, and has aided their private studies by information, sympathy, and encouragement. It has not produced a patent churn or an improvement in steam-engines or cotton machinery, but it has done something to open to Western commerce and to Western ideas the wealthy and populous empires of China and Japan. At the last annual meeting, held in Boston on the 22d of May, it was stated that the Chinese government are about establishing schools in which the sciences of Europe, and, in particular, the Baconian philosophy (to which it is fashionable to ascribe much potency in modern civilization), are to be taught to Chinese youth; and in these schools we find members of our own Oriental Society employed as teachers.

There has been, however, a serious defect in the administration of this society. It has not allowed, or at least has not sought, that publicity which the value of its labors deserved. For this reason, little is known of it outside of the circle of members. It is much to be desired that the directors should cause to be published, in newspapers and magazines, the principal transactions and the most important information of the society. In this way it would reach thousands of readers who now never see the volumes of the "Journal," and it would stimulate researches as well as satisfy curiosity. We commend this suggestion earnestly to the attention of the society, being confident that, if acted upon, it will greatly enlarge the usefulness of their organization.

JANNEY'S HISTORY OF FRIENDS.*

THE work before us, of which the first two volumes were published in 1859, opens with a statement of the more prominent "testimonies" of the early Friends, which is succeeded by a very cursory sketch of the history of the Christian Church to the time of George Fox. Then follows a record of the experiences of that remarkable man, who for many years was a veritable apostle of the truth, a particular statement of the persecutions to which he and his followers were exposed from magistrates, priests, and people, and all other noteworthy matters relating to the society until the separation, which took place in America about the year 1828, the circumstances preceding and attending which are very fully detailed in the latter half of the fourth volume. The bulk of the work consists of more or less minute memorials of a very large number of ministers and other prominent men and women, the reading of which, it must be confessed, is sometimes a monotonous employment; but the monotony is frequently relieved, especially in the earlier part, by incidents of an heroic or sadly tragic character. The records from which the author was able to draw the material for the construction of his history were ample, perhaps more full and complete than those which have been preserved by any other sectarian body.

It is remarkable that those most actively engaged in organizing the Society of Friends were young men and young women, few being thirty years of age at the commencement of their ministry, and some not more than eighteen or twenty. George Fox himself was about twenty-three years old when he began to preach in 1647. All the more noble, therefore, is the story of their constancy under the severest trials of their faith, and it would awaken much wonder in us had we not learned in the school of experience that the little trials of this life are even harder to bear than the large ones, and that there is in every great cause an inspiration adequate to the making of martyrs. The society rapidly took form and gained adherents. The period was one of much theological as well as political activity, and there seems to have been a large class of persons denominated "seekers" who were very ready to join such a movement as this. The "testimonies" of the new Protestants brought them of necessity into collision with those in authority in such troublesome times, and imprisonment in noisome dungeons, the stocks, and many stripes were the aliment upon which they thrived for many years. To those holding the supreme power in the state they spoke boldly, and they do not seem to have been treated by them with especial discourtesy. It is perhaps an open question whether Cromwell did not intend to be somewhat facetious when, at the close of a conversation with George Fox, he said to the leather-clad apostle, "Come again to my house; for, if thou and I were but an hour of a day together, we should be nearer one to the other."

After about the year 1720, when their persecution had in great measure ceased, the society seems to have grown much more slowly than before. The narrative becomes less interesting to the outside reader, excepting when it touches, as it necessarily often does, upon the connection of the society or of its members with the great social questions of the day. The evils of slavery and the slave-trade engaged the attention of this people almost simultaneously with their settlement in America, but with characteristic slowness, though with equally characteristic pertinacity, the question was dealt with and argued upon for eighty years before total abstinence from

* "History of the Religious Society of Friends, from its rise to the year 1828. Vols. I.–IV. By Samuel M. Janney." Philadelphia: T. Ellwood Zell.

all connection with the institution was required of the members. In the anti-slavery agitation of the past thirty years the Quaker "testimony," renewed and vitalized by the Motts, the Hoppers, and others less famous but equally faithful, contributed powerfully to the great overthrow which could not come through peace. Against intemperance also the Friends have labored efficiently, for the promotion of education, for a juster system of prison discipline, and for many other humane objects. Their treatment of the Indian tribes in this country gains lustre from the unhappy occurrences of the present hour.

If the author, himself a Friend and a schismatic, had taken too favorable a view of the position both of the society and the branch to which he belongs, it would not have been surprising, and it is probable that the record has been colored to some extent in this way. Yet there is an evident intention to write with judicial fairness; for instance, after detailing the infamous persecutions to which Friends were subjected in New England, particularly in Massachusetts, he says: "Although a regard for historical accuracy requires an impartial account of the severe persecutions endured by the early Friends in New England, the narrative cannot be continued without reluctance; especially when we reflect that among no people on earth is religious liberty, in this age, more highly appreciated or more fully secured than by the descendants of the Pilgrims." And, further, after giving an account of the execution of certain Friends on Boston Common: "There can be but one opinion among all reflecting minds concerning the bloody tragedy enacted at Boston; it should be remembered, however, that a large proportion of the colonists were opposed to the course pursued, and the infamy must rest upon a few who were enabled, by the ecclesiastical features of their government, to hold the reins of power."

In treating of the great separation—a difficult task—we should say that Mr. Janney has endeavored conscientiously to do justice to both parties, and, it seems to us, with a considerable degree of success. Belonging as he does to the branch called "Hicksite," to distinguish it from the "Orthodox' Friends, it is to be expected that the latter will not accept his narrative as a truthful account of the event, its causes, and the principles involved; at the same time, it must be borne in mind that the feeling of bitterness subsisting even yet between the two branches, especially on the part of the Orthodox, is such as ill comports with their peaceful and forgiving faith, and prevents that fair and equitable judgment which is to be desired. Mr. Janney frankly acknowledges, what we think must appear to any unprejudiced reader, that in regard to belief both parties had somewhat diverged, and that in opposite directions, from the position held by George Fox and his more prominent converts. Yet the belief of these earlier Friends was not uniform, and in this connection our author well says: "An attempt to enforce entire uniformity of belief was the rock upon which the Protestant reformers split, and which the early Friends had the wisdom to avoid. In the days of George Fox they were remarkably tolerant; but in succeeding times, as the bond of Christian love grew weaker, a greater reliance upon rules of discipline became manifest."

The work is much of it written in a plain, simple, unpretending style, but abounds in some parts in that peculiar stilted Scriptural phraseology with which those who have often attended Friends' meetings or read Friends' books are thoroughly familiar. Sewell's "History of Quakers" has the advantage of the direct personal knowledge and connection of its author with many of the events which he details, it having been written between 1700 and 1720, and is attractive on account of a certain quaintness of style, but it covers a period of only about seventy years. There are other histories, but none, we believe, so comprehensive as that now offered to the public. We commend it to the reading of persons of all sects, and not least to the young, for an insight into spiritual purity and fidelity to the inner light such as are not likely to be exhibited again, certainly not in our day, in the formation of a new society. The Quaker forms and organization are perhaps declining, and may, in a few generations, become extinct. Even more on this account is their history worth studying, and their decadence may serve even more distinctly than their rise to point out the foundations of the "broad church" of the future.

Co-operative Stores. Their History, Organization, and Management. Based on the recent work of Eugene Richter, with annotations and amendments rendering the work specially adapted for use in the U. S. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1867.)—We have carefully compared this translation with the original, and though it bears marks of the haste in which it was executed for the press, we find it on the whole a creditable piece of workmanship. We may say more than that. It is easier to translate a play of Lessing's or of Schiller's than some of these chapters, full of technical business terms, and full of new words to which the dictionaries, made before the day of the great co-operative movement, hardly afford a clue. In several instances we have noticed difficulties of these sorts which have been very skilfully overcome in the rendering. It remains to hope that this volume, accessible to all from its cheapness, and undoubtedly the most practical of its kind in the English language, will be widely purchased by the working classes, and will encourage them to establish societies and stores for mutual help. The sixth chapter is one of the most important, because it deals with the question of sales, as between making them general to the public or confining them to members. We do not say it would be regrettable if the latter course should prove the more popular in this country, but we think that in the former lies the germ of the great moral advantages obtainable through co-operation. It is, of course, something that men of small earnings should get the necessaries of life at a considerable discount, and it is worth while to combine for this, and this only; but we honor those who are content to fund this discount before touching it, and who connect with the object of cheap living that of social and intellectual improvement, and who make the store only the basement to the library and the lecture-room, and a means to purer homes and happier domestic relations. If there is any doubt—and the author presents all sides very fairly—we advise that the benefit of it be given rather to the English than the German example, on the principle that the former is likely to be better adapted to our national conditions and character than the latter. In conclusion, let us reproduce here the table of contents:

I. History of Co-operative Stores in England; II. Nature and Object of Co-operative Stores in England; III. Formation of Co-operative Stores in Germany; IV. Nature and Object of Co-operative Store Societies in Germany; How to start a Co-operative Store; Constitution and Laws of Co-operative Store Societies; VII. Different kinds of Business, and their Peculiarities; VIII. Establishment of Business and Accumulation of Capital; IX. Purchase of Goods; X. Sale of the Goods; XI. Book-keeping in Co-operative Stores; XII. General Hints for Management of Business; Index.

Recent Republications.—The lives and the heroic death of noble men having instruction for all the world, and being too seldom told without prejudice or without undue exaggeration, it is a solid service to the public which Mr. Higginson, seconded by his publishers, Messrs. Sever & Francis, Cambridge, has done in preparing a second edition of the "Harvard Memorial Biographies." The mechanical part of this edition, indeed, is wholly new, and the literary has doubtless been improved by corrections which the editor solicited in March last. In one instance we notice a biography of the average fulness substituted for one purely temporary, and therefore too brief, in the first edition. The list of obituary works at the end is also more complete, and just allusion is made by name to some of the Harvard dead whose courage and devotion and self-sacrifice during the war—everything but military enlistment, or death as an immediate or evident result of army experience—would have entitled them to a place in this record, and some day on the stone tablets of the college whenever erected. In short, except for a well-proportioned shrinking in dimensions of page and margin and type, the present edition is more desirable than the former, being as carefully printed and as neatly bound. Its price is too moderate for profit as it is for the real value of the contents, which include, we must not forget to say, Mr. Lowell's lofty commemorative ode.

Messrs. George Routledge & Sons' cheap edition of Bulwer's works, of which the sample before us is "The Last of the Barons," is sold at a price that puts the volumes within the reach of everybody. It appears in stiff paper covers, the print is of course fine, the paper is pretty strong, and the edition generally—though it will not be purchased by those who care to have only good-looking books on their shelves; for that class of readers Lippincott's more expensive "Globe Edition" is better—is yet to be commended to the attention of the many people with a strong appetite for novel reading who want to have at hand all the famous novels, but whose purses, like the purses of most novel readers—and other people—are not burdensome in size and weight.

The New York, Boston, and Philadelphia editions of Dickens's works are issued punctually according to the programmes of their respective publishers. Between them all a complete set could already be made, of course at the expense of uniformity. Each, as we have heretofore shown, has its peculiar claims and its peculiar admirers. Last week yet another—the "Charles Dickens edition" of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields—appeared, and up to this time we have seen none better and none so good. It is not meant for the pocket, but is of fair, well-proportioned dimensions, and is distinguished by its blue cloth covers, stamped with the autograph of the author. The full page is employed, without columns or dividing rules, and the print, though, small is not tryingly small.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of The Nation *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE END AT LAST.

We presume the work of reconstruction, so far as Congress has to do with it, is now over. This time there is no mistake about the meaning of the Reconstruction bill. The military commanders are fairly installed in possession of the supreme authority in the districts assigned to them, and the President is more powerless than ever he was, for he has fired the last arrow in his quiver. He has said, it is true, that he will never "willingly execute" the law—a speech which threw Mr. Boutwell into a state of great excitement and made him call more solemnly than ever for impeachment; but then if presidents were to be tried and deposed for not executing laws "willingly," we fear hardly any president would reach the end of his term, because at least one law is passed in every term which the "chief magistrate" would rather not enforce. The mass of the public, we think, will be perfectly satisfied if he executes the law at all, and has given up caring greatly what his state of mind is. His last two communications to Congress, particularly the one in which he suggests the possibility of Congress having to assume the whole debt of the Southern States as the legal consequence of its interference with the work of reconstruction, were too foolish to make it worth anybody's while ever again to follow the course of his thought with either interest or anxiety. As long as he seemed a bold and desperate man, as he undoubtedly did when he first began the game of vituperation in the spring of 1866, his manner of looking at public questions naturally was of considerable importance. But the course which Congress has ever since pursued has so cooled his courage that we really believe him to be at this moment one of the most inoffensive men in public life. As a general rule, when a president announces that he means "to take the Constitution for his guide," as Mr. Johnson has so frequently done of late, he means that he intends to pursue a perfectly harmless career. The South, too, has by this time given up depending on him. No doubt there was a good deal of mischief done at first by his exposition of his views, but the extent of his powers is now known to everybody, and whatever hates or hopes Southern men may cherish they certainly have ceased to rely on Andrew Johnson for the means of gratifying them.

We have no doubt impeachment is by this time an unpleasant subject to a large and respectable body of members in both houses of Congress. Indeed, we know from Mr. Stevens himself that he, at least, wishes he never were to hear it spoken of again, and we feel sure that many other members are equally sensitive. We therefore refer to it with considerable reluctance, and without the least desire or intention of wounding any gentleman's feelings. But we owe it to ourselves and to the public to mention that the affair has ended very much as we expected it would end—in rather ridiculous failure. The longer the investigation lasted, the louder were the promises of the impeachers and the smaller their performance. The committee has quarrelled a good deal, and indulged in much open recrimination; but in spite of their quarrelling none of their "startling revelations" have ever reached the public. We venture to repeat the assertion which we have already several times made, that the public knows now as bad things of the President as any member of the committee knows, and that the efforts of the minority have for the last six months been directed simply to making up in bulk of evidence for what was lacking in quality. When this movement was first started, nearly a year ago, we attempted to show why it ought not to succeed, and we prophesied that it would not meet with any popular favor, although at that time the country was seething with excitement and the penalties of differing from Messrs. Stevens and Boutwell on any public question were heavier than they are now. We have never since then abated one jot of our confidence in the popular good sense with regard to it, in spite of many vigorous remonstrances from excitable subscribers, and the result has fully justified us. So, too, when, shortly after The Nation was started, we ventured to controvert the theory which was set afloat in Massachusetts, that the Supreme Court could be got to establish negro suffrage by declaring all governments to be non-republican which made electoral discriminations based on color, we incurred some obloquy for taking such a cold, heartless view of the powers of the court in opposition to such weighty authorities as Messrs. Boutwell and Sumner, and we forget how many others of like respectability. We were not shaken, however, and we have lived to see this same court decide against Mr. Boutwell's whole plan of reconstruction, and see him denouncing it with his usual fervor and threatening it with abolition for its perverseness. We have not the slightest doubt that the confiscation scheme will meet with the same fate as the impeachment scheme. The knowledge of history and of legislative science may not be very widely diffused amongst the American people, but the sound common sense, the feelings, hopes, and sympathies out of which the lessons of history and the principles of legislative science are drawn, pervade all classes and conditions, and any writer or speaker who holds to these lessons and principles firmly may feel right well assured that even if his path should temporarily diverge from the popular path, he will not fail to come out in the end in the same place.

Speaker Colfax told the story of reconstruction to the crowd under his window on Saturday night, in Washington, in fewer words and with more force and effect than we have ever seen it told, and it is a story which does infinite credit both to Congress and to the people. The process has now lasted two years; it has been marked by much foolish speaking, no doubt, and much waste of time, but we doubt if it would be possible to point to a legislative process in any age or country of equal intricacy and gravity which has been marked by so few mistakes. The essential facts of the case were, when the war closed, little known; they were infinite in number and variety, and they had been complicated by Mr. Johnson's premature and unwarrantable interference. Every step taken, therefore, at the outset, had to be tentative. Nothing positive was done till the South had fairly recovered its self-possession, and had revealed its real spirit. This spirit was then met by a minimum of coercive legislation. The Freedmen's Bureau act and the Civil Rights act were the least that could be done, if anything was done at all, to secure to the negroes not political rights, properly so called, be it remembered, but the common rights of humanity, and the Southern States were offered, in the Constitutional Amendment, conditions of restoration in which the North exacted nothing whatever as a victor in a bloody struggle. It simply asked the South to adapt its political organization to the alterations in its social organization. The South, acting under the advice of Northern Democratic politicians—perhaps the shallowest politicians which any country or age has ever produced—refused this offer with much bombast and rant. A whole year was then taken for the next step, and this next step was to arrange machinery for bringing the South into the Union *nolens volens*, not as a slave or a vassal, but with every form and guarantee, right and privilege, which has ever been found in, or suggested for, a free government.

Affliction and disappointment have, beyond a doubt, reconciled the Southern whites to their fate, and this time the revolted States will qualify for readmission, and will be readmitted. The duty of the Northern people in the meantime is clear. They ought, in the first place, to embody in their own legislation the principles they are forcing on the acceptance of the South; in the next place, bear with patience and good temper any capers which Southern politicians may be pleased to cut while coming back to their old places; in the third place, devote themselves strenuously during the next ten years to the work of education. If the experiment of freedom and equality should not end well in the South, it is ignorance that will cause its failure. What the blacks as well as the whites need is not land but light, and this no expense or labor ought to be spared to supply, and the more demagogues rave and rant, the more car-loads of teachers and books we ought to send off. Every time Governor Perry makes a speech, a dozen fresh schools ought to be opened with Northern money. Every time Wendell Phillips calls for forty acres of land and a nomination for the Vice-Presidency for every black head of a house, a ton of school-books, besides periodicals, ought to be ordered and despatched. Of this work we cannot do too much; and in it we cannot waste or go astray.

THE MEXICAN SENSATION IN EUROPE.

The great topic occupying the attention of the public in England and on the Continent during the last two or three weeks has been the death of Maximilian. Judging from the language of the press, and of "good society," we should be driven to the conclusion that the execution of a man taken in arms against an established government had never been heard of before, if we did not know that most of the sympathy expressed for Maximilian was poured out, not on a good man who had come to an untimely end, but on a European gentleman of ancient lineage who had been slain by Mexicans and half-breeds. The argument of the London *Times* that the atrocity of killing him lay in the fact that the fighting was over, and no further danger was to be apprehended from him, applied with equal force to the case of Governor Eyre, by whose permission or with whose connivance a thousand persons, men and women, were tortured or executed in Jamaica, not after the fighting was over, for there never had been any fighting, but after every symptom of disorder had disappeared. As far as mere inhumanity is concerned, Mr. Eyre is a far more execrable person than Juarez, and yet Mr. Eyre's cause has been taken up by almost the entire upper class in England, by her leading poet and one of her leading philosophers; his wife has been presented with testimonial jewellery by a large body of the choicest women of the choicest circles; he has been received at court and is enjoying a very comfortable and honored existence, although the Lord Chief-Justice, in spite of his remarkable command of language, acknowledged that he found some difficulty in expressing his sense of the atrocity and illegality of the governor's performances during the latter days of his administration. Mr. Eyre's friends acknowledge, it is true, that he indulged in unnecessary severity, but they excuse him on the ground that *he* thought it was necessary—an excuse which can be put forward with equal force for Juarez. What a man thinks, we can only infer from his acts and speeches; and judging from these, there is as little reason to suspect the sincerity of Juarez's convictions as that of those of Governor Eyre.

It thus appears that the question of the morality or immorality of killing a political adventurer or malcontent under martial law turns, in European eyes, not so much on the nature of the process or of the crime as on the social position of the victim. An officer may, under the influence of a panic or from mere cruelty of temper, kill negroes or peasants or such like, after the killing of anybody at all has, in the eyes of all calm lookers-on, become totally useless; but if he kills a prince under similar circumstances he exposes himself to the execration of mankind, and all civilized countries are bound to break off all intercourse with the government which employs him. A more startling and discreditable illustration of the shifting basis on which the notions of political morality rest in many of the most highly civilized countries of the world has hardly ever been afforded than is afforded by these two cases of Eyre and Maximilian, and luckily they have occurred in sufficiently close juxtaposition to make their resemblance very striking.

We observe that a good deal of stress is laid by a portion of the London press on the condemnation passed on Maximilian's execution by the larger and better portion of the public in this country. But it would be a pity to allow Europeans to suppose that American opinion has been in any degree affected by a comparison of the social value of Maximilian with that of Juarez, or that people here have been in any way moved to pity or indignation by the fact that Maximilian was a better born man or was of a more "exalted rank" than his executioner. There are people amongst us—and the celebrated Mr. Chandler, of Michigan, is one—who do think or seem to think that a prince caught filibustering is entitled to less mercy than other men, and that there is something peculiarly fine and heroic and democratic in shooting an aristocrat, and that this is a good way of spreading republican ideas through the world. But the number of these is exceedingly small. Those amongst us who approve of the act do so because they would approve of the shooting of any man under similar circumstances, because they believe it to have been necessary to prevent a repetition of such ventures as that in which Maximilian had been engaged. Those who disapproved of it, amongst whom we count ourselves, did so because they felt it would bring great discredit on the republican cause; because they thought it indicated the continuance of that ferocity of temper which disgraces Mexican political contests, and the disappearance of which will be the first and only sure sign that the country has entered on a process of regeneration; and because they felt that Maximilian's death was unnecessary, and that, being unnecessary, there were in the circumstances under which he ascended the throne and in his character and antecedents abundant reasons for treating him with indulgence. He enjoyed the extraordinary distinction of being a humane and liberal Hapsburg, of having filled many places of responsibility under the worst government in Europe not with credit only, but with great benefit to all who came under his influence or control; and there is nothing in the code of international morality as it now exists to make his attempt, under all the circumstances, to reign over Mexico a necessary indication that he was either unusually selfish or cruel or ambitious. In fact, his death and the performances in which the Mexican leaders have been indulging since his death, furnish, absurd as it may seem, a better justification of his attempt than anything in his life, because they go to show that whatever his faults may have been he was a civilized man trying to reign over barbarians. To be killed by such a political antagonist as Escobedo, and in order to make way for such a *régime* as is now established in Mexico, would entitle a far worse man than Maximilian to some of the honors of martyrdom in the eyes of a vast number of good people who thought his coming to Mexico wholly wrong.

THE BENCH AND THE BAR.

The North American Review for July contains an article exposing some of the corruptions and abuses which disgrace the administration of justice in the city of New York, the truth of which will not be questioned by any one at all familiar with the facts. It declares that many of the judicial officers of this city are in the habit of using their position for purposes of indirect and unwarrantable profit, that some of them take and indeed *extort* direct bribes, and that most of them are incompetent to fill properly the stations which they hold.

We are in possession of information of the most explicit kind, and upon the best authority, which confirms some of the gravest charges thus made, and demonstrates to our satisfaction, as it would to the satisfaction of the public, the personal corruption of some of the judges; but the details having been given to us in confidence, we are not at present free to publish them. It ought not to be necessary to do so, and if the friends of the parties implicated are wise they will withdraw their opposition to a change in the system which has made such things possible, without compelling the advocates of reform to spread before the world facts with which many lawyers are already familiar, but which are only vaguely suspected by the community at large.

Leaving *The Review*, however, to deal with the judiciary for the present, we desire to call attention to the condition of the bar, as a branch of the general question upon which the reviewer has but lightly touched. It could not reasonably be supposed that the bench might be degraded without dragging the bar down with it. There are no legal restraints, and few moral ones, upon the practice of the law other than such as are imposed by the discretion and moral sense of the judges. It is not to be expected that any very stringent restraint can be put upon bad lawyers by judges who are conscious that they neither have nor deserve the respect of the public themselves.

Accordingly, it has happened that a large and ever-increasing tide of young men have been pouring into the profession of law in this city, with very little evidence as to their abilities or character; while many of the older members of the bar have fallen into habits entirely inconsistent with the high character which such a profession ought to maintain. With regard to the bar, as with regard to a great many other things, the great cities are in an exceptional condition. In small towns and country districts the necessity for rigid, or, in fact, any rules of admission, is not very apparent to the ordinary mind. Of course it could be easily shown that the most important of political and social considerations is that justice should be well administered, and that justice cannot be well administered unless the judges are aided by enlightened, honest, and well-trained advocates. But then, throughout the country generally, every man's moral character as well

as his professional competency becomes very soon well known to his neighbors, and the bar, like everything else, is, if the bench be in a fair condition, kept tolerably pure and fairly learned by public opinion. Knavish or ignorant lawyers cannot thrive in a small community, and the country bar is thus sifted by the clients themselves, perhaps even more thoroughly than it could be by any legal machinery. But in the large cities no such check on knavery or ignorance exists. Nobody but the leaders of the profession are known to the general public. Below them there may be, and there is, a vast swarm of lawyers of whom nobody, except their unfortunate clients, knows anything, and who literally live by lying in wait for the unwary; and in a place like New York the unwary are so numerous, and the general indifference of each person to all concerns but his own is so great, that it is possible for a dishonest or incompetent lawyer to pursue a career of dishonesty and blundering for a lifetime without having his fame as a cheat or blockhead spread abroad.

The government in most civilized countries undertakes to guarantee that members of the bar shall have a certain degree of knowledge and a fair moral character; and in most European countries, even in England, where the guarantee of legal knowledge was, until very recently, a sham, there is some tribunal within the bar charged with the responsibility of seeing that advocates are not guilty of flagrant misconduct. Law and medicine are, in fact, generally admitted, even by the disciples of the *laisser-faire* school, to constitute exceptions to the general rule which forbids state interference with the pursuit of private callings; because lawyers and doctors are persons whom the very poorest *must* sometimes employ, and whose mistakes may cause ruin or death. The doctor deals in poisons and the lawyer stands between the suitor and justice, and in all highly civilized countries, with a complicated legal system, must stand between them; and it therefore seems absolutely necessary that somebody should formally ascertain whether they understand their business, or have character enough to perform it faithfully. The experiment of letting everybody come to the bar with as little trouble as possible, and letting the public find out the good lawyers as they find out the good grocers, was tried in this State in the constitution of 1846. The courts, however, refused to admit men to the bar absolutely without enquiry, obliged candidates to furnish certificates of "good moral character," and to pass an examination in law. But here is one more illustration of the worthlessness of regulations on paper, unless there are men upright enough and courageous enough to enforce them. We venture to say the required certificate of "good moral character" could be procured by any male adult in this city who had not served a term in the State prison, and it might, we think, be procured even by some who have served a term in the State prison—John Morrissey, for instance. The examination for admission, too, is a farce, and has for many years been a farce. Any smart boy who could borrow Kent's Commentaries for a month might pass it, and men do pass it who are no more fit to take charge of legal business than to navigate a seventy-four. The graduates of Columbia College Law School have of late been admitted, as a matter of course, without examination, but they are lost in the crowd who come in without even a pretence of training; and in the general scramble it is very doubtful whether in this city their education renders them any help whatever in securing business.

The present condition of the New York bar, as regards legal knowledge, could only be adequately described by the older members of the profession. But its moral condition is known to everybody who has had much to do with law or lawyers. No one feels any responsibility for preserving the reputation of the bar. No one attempts to punish a dishonest lawyer, unless directly interested, for himself or his clients, in securing a remedy. There are many lawyers in practice in this city who habitually plunder their clients, sometimes by retaining the moneys collected by them, sometimes by selling their clients' interests outright to the adverse party. One of the most reputable firms in the city not long ago offered a bribe to a young lawyer opposed to them, to allow judgment to go against his client by default. The offer was refused; but it would never have been made by lawyers of so much respectability if it had not been true, as they said, that such offers had been accepted in other cases. Instances in which collecting lawyers appropriate their clients' funds to their own use are notoriously far from rare; but they are seldom brought before the courts, partly because other lawyers are unwilling to expose and quarrel with their professional brethren, partly because clients think it better to compromise their claims, and partly because of the political or other influences which these rogues can bring to bear upon the judges.

The most striking illustration of the condition of the bar is to be found in the fact that, although the corruption of some of the judges is notorious and is within the personal knowledge of a large number of lawyers, not one of them ventures to expose it, or even to organize a movement amongst his brethren to prosecute the offenders. Cases of this kind have occurred in other countries before now, but only when the judges were sheltered by the government and there was no law through which their misconduct could be punished. Here the bad judges are supported by nobody except a small gang of knaves in and around the City Hall, and the people have provided ample means for bringing them to justice; and yet it would, we venture to assert, be impossible to-day to find ten lawyers, no matter how high their standing, with courage enough or public spirit enough to have a judicial offender removed from the bench, so low has the tone of the profession fallen and so thoroughly cowed are its leading members. This fact, for fact it is, suggests some startling conclusions as to the policy advocated by some of letting whatever is bad in the body politic go on getting worse, in the expectation that we shall at last touch bottom, and then the people, finding badness unendurable, will begin to work vigorously for reform. Unfortunately there is no bottom to badness. There are hardly any depths of human degradation of which it can be said that they are the lowest that can be reached. Moreover, in sinking very low, men lose the capacity for reform. In the downward progress the moral sense gets blunted, the horror of what is bad lessened by familiarity, and the desire for reform, and, therefore, power of reform, weakened. More striking examples of this truth than the apathy of the best men of the New York bar with regard to the rascalities of their professional brethren, and to the corruption and degradation of the bench, and the apathy of all classes with regard to the corruption of the city government, could hardly be offered.

Various propositions are made with a view to a reform in this state of affairs. It seems to be generally conceded that the profession of law should be regarded as a species of public office, and the State should not leave it as widely open to the world as if it were a mercantile or mechanical pursuit. Some propose the restoration of the old rule requiring a long period of apprenticeship or collegiate training; but the objection to this is that it creates an iron rule which must operate oppressively upon men of superior talent, who can qualify themselves for practice in half the time required by others. In this country it is by no means uncommon for men who have followed mercantile or other business for years, after coming of age, to forsake these occupations for the practice of law. Such also was the case with one of the profoundest legal writers of England, who entered into the law after he was forty years old, and had to wait several years for admission. An arbitrary delay is unjust to such men, whose experience in business affairs is often of more value to them in their legal practice than half the training of a lawyer's office or of a classical institution.

The real remedy, as it seems to us, must be found in more stringent examinations at the admission of candidates, and in a more rigid watchfulness over the conduct of lawyers after their admission. For both of these things there is sufficient provision by law; but neither can be practically attained without an entire reform in the judiciary, nor without an effective organization of the better class of members of the bar. Judges whose integrity and ability are beyond question, and whose position is sufficiently secure to make them fearless of evil-doers, will not hesitate to purge the profession of unworthy members upon proper application; and there is abundant material in the bar, even as it now exists, for an organization which should make it a business to expose fraud and trickery, and secure their punishment. The failure of past efforts for this purpose need not discourage any one, provided the Convention has the wisdom to frame, and the people to ratify, a constitution abolishing the elective judiciary. That system is the root of most of the evils from which justice now suffers, and all the power of good men should be directed to a change in it.

"FEMALE INFLUENCE."

The elevating and refining influence of women on society has been for many years a favorite theme at debating clubs, commencement exercises at colleges, and amongst the writers for country magazines and the flowery orators who are usually called upon to respond to the toast of "Woman" at public dinners. In the discussion about the admission of women to the suffrage which is now raging, the opponents of the movement are very eloquent on the same subject, and draw glowing pictures of the enormous moral power wielded by women in social life, and wielded for good, and which women would be sure to lose if they were permitted to vote. Anybody who is familiar with the declamation which is poured forth on this matter, year by year, will acquit us of exaggeration when we say that the sum and substance of it is that man—that is, the male man—is a creature with naturally low and coarse tastes; that the influence of men on each other is hardening, even brutalizing; that communities composed of men solely naturally and inevitably drift into sensuality and irreligion, and that the presence of women is absolutely necessary to prevent men making beasts of themselves; that therefore women are the great civilizers and elevators of society. This work of civilization and elevation they do negatively, however, if we may say so, rather than actively; not by the utterance of valuable thoughts, or by the example of lives of usefulness or self-sacrifice, so much as by being pretty and graceful, patting men on the head when they are tired, bringing their slippers to them, playing on the piano for them, putting arnica and wet cloths on their bruises, looking grave and blushing or leaving the room when they are profane or indecent, having silvery laughs, making nice little absurd speeches about the events of the day, breaking down sweetly over arithmetical calculations, and in being so very helpless and very dependent, both physically and mentally, as to call on men constantly for displays of tenderness and sympathy. In fact, the refining portion of their influence seems to result from the entertainment afforded by their innocence, absurdity, and inefficiency and prettiness, and the softening portion from their constantly furnishing the men about them with a spectacle of physical and mental weakness.

We do not say this picture is a true one, but it is the picture drawn by two-thirds of those who talk about "woman's influence" on society, as it is now exerted, and praise it up as something not to be changed or meddled with, and who maintain that, if we exposed women to the play of political passions or interests, something very valuable would be lost to the world. We are, however, of the number of those who, while thinking the millennium a long way off, and while expecting no sudden or very marked improvement in human society from any regulation or extension of the suffrage, do still believe that the influence now exerted by woman on society is not half so great as people believe it to be; that what there is of it is not wholly good; and that we have reached a stage of progress at which it must undergo some change to prevent its becoming positively mischievous or retarding, and who think that, apart from all question of right or justice or good government, anything which promises to make the female mind a little more masculine in its way of working will be a positive gain for society. The arts by which women spread refinement and purity nowadays are arts which were adapted to the condition and habits of men in the Middle Ages and down to the end of the last century, but they are antiquated, and bid fair very soon to become, if they are not already, useless, and worse than useless. The man for whose cultivation and elevation the typical lady of modern society was created was a man who passed his days in hunting or fighting or robbing, and his evenings in drinking and listening to indecent songs and stories. He had little or no book-learning; he had very few ideas; in politics and religion he did not think, he felt; and in the conduct of his life he was governed by a code of his own invention, in which sins were elevated into the rank of virtues and virtues degraded into crimes. His passions were boisterous, his sense of resentment strong, his hates violent, and all his tastes coarse. The woman of that time, therefore, became just the kind of woman which such a man required in order to keep society from going to pieces. He being passionate, overbearing, impatient of contradiction, and unused to self-restraint, she became sweet-tempered, submissive, patient, forbearing; he having no education, few ideas, and having absolutely no interest in intellectual pursuits, she became a sort of refined amusement for him—something vastly purer than he could get in the hall amongst his retainers or at the dinner-table with his male friends; she sung or played on some musical instrument for him, or said pretty nothings to him, or caressed him. He passed his days in a world of lawlessness and violence, in which most men carried their lives on their sleeve, and in which nothing was respected but the strong hand; he found in her a companion who lived by the moral law, who had no defence but her weakness, and who could be, and was proud of being, pure and above reproach, and who diffused around her an atmosphere of calm. Her society furnished, in short, a complete contrast to men's society; it was not only something different, it was something vastly better; it had to be better to prevent the family, as an institution, from disappearing completely.

Within the last century or two, however, a great change has come over men's manners and modes of life. The man who in the eighteenth century spent his days in fox-hunting or badger-drawing or cock-fighting and his evenings in boozing or quarrelling, because he could find nothing better to do, now finds a thousand means of refined distraction, and is, consequently, a changed man. Men now travel a great deal, read a great deal, listen to a great deal of music, are fond of and see a great many pictures, attend meetings and lectures, and are constantly occupied with weighty problems in sociology, in religion, in morals, in science, or in trade. In fact, commerce in our day has become so widely diffused and its operations so complicated that a business man's brain is worked almost as hard as a mathematician's was a century ago. In every field of activity men have made enormous strides in advance. They are more moral, more refined, more reflective, more intellectual, purer in their tastes and pleasures than they were, and this we take the liberty of ascribing not to female influence, but to the progress of civilization, to the influence of art, science, literature.

But while men have changed, women have remained very much the same. Their range of ideas is about the same it was a century ago; the arts by which they please are about the same; they still play a little, sing a little, dance a little, talk a little bad French, look pretty through ever varying combinations of color and form in dress; still remain amusingly ignorant of "men's subjects" and "men's books;" still talk charming nonsense on the "great questions" of the day; are still proud of their inability to reason, and are still supposed to be incapable of taking care of their own virtue, and have to have "male protectors" to murder the people who seduce them; still revel in sentimentality; and still make amusement, pure and simple, the great business of the early part of their life. We do not say that, such as they are, they do not exercise a refining influence on manners, particularly in semi-civilized communities. In the mining regions, for instance, where adventurers from all parts of the world are assembled together in mad pursuit of gold, and where the law lies in every man's revolver, and home or household is unknown, we can well believe that the sight of a petticoat in the streets, or of a woman seated at her own fireside, does, by recalling the civilization which has been left behind, and the tender memories of home and childhood which never wholly die out in any man's breast, make the community somewhat better than it was, and accelerate its progress on the upward road. But no careful observer of the signs of the times can help seeing that woman's power as a moral and social influence is, in all the more highly civilized countries of the world, decidedly on the wane; that she does not fill the place she used to fill in men's eyes; that the parlor does not furnish the pleasant contrast to the world outside that it once did; that her "pretty ways" have by no means the attraction they once had; that marriage is falling more and more into disfavor, and amongst young men of the educated classes becomes rarer and rarer, club life and irregular connections more and more popular; that—to express an unpleasant idea in a plain way—the wife does not, in their eyes, differ sufficiently from the mistress to make it worth while to encounter, for her sake, the hard work, privation, and self-restraint which, in our days, are necessary to maintain a household comfortably and give children a fair start in life; that the fine speeches one hears about female influence are simply repetitions of phrases which once had a meaning, but have lost a large part of it; that, in short, the average woman of to-day, after she has been duly trained for the society of the modern man, and "brought out" by her mother, does not differ essentially from the woman who was trained for the society of the man of the twelfth or seventeenth century, while the difference between the two men is enormous.

The vices to which men incline in this age are not coarseness and brutality, and yet these are almost the only vices against which woman's training in the present day enables her to contend. Men's manners are tolerably soft, and are, under all the influences of our civilization, growing every day softer, and would grow softer, in our opinion, if (which Heaven forbid) there was not a woman in the world. The sin which most easily besets modern society, that into which even the best men in the most highly civilized countries are running, is the sin of materialism, the love of material enjoyment and of display, the lavish expenditure of money on the means of physical comfort, and on the elevation of physical comfort into the great end and aim of life; contempt for ideas, for moderation, for simple pleasures, for self-denial; indifference to all distinction not based on or supported by money. To this tendency, which, in some of the great capitals of the world, is reproducing the

mental condition of the pagan society of the ancient world, woman offers absolutely no resistance. On the contrary she is, we venture to assert, the influence which most favors and promotes it. She is the spur which in our day sends men through fire and water in pursuit of wealth; she is the goddess for whose shrine the costliest things the air, earth, and sea affords are sought. To have their wife outshine other women, or have her think she outshines them, in plate, houses, horses, furniture, dress, and jewellery, is at this moment the object on which the health, heart, soul, and energies of half the men of the modern world are expended. Of real enjoyment of the fruits of men's toil, men every year get less and less—women every year more and more. That women should play no nobler part than this in society we can hardly wonder, when we consider what their education is. There have been additions made to it of late in the schools, but in point of fact the multiplication of instructors has ended in little else than an increase of weariness, because at the age at which a boy really begins to lay hold of ideas, and to prepare in earnest for the great work of life, a girl is taken home, and "brought out." During the next ten years—in other words, the golden period of her life—she is simply a candidate for matrimony, and her sole occupation is going on visits to "young friends," and having "young friends" come on visits to her—the visits being passed in going to parties, reading novels, and criticising young men, and the whole energies and thoughts of all her friends during that period being devoted simply and solely to providing her with amusement, to securing her what is called "a good time"—that is, constant protection against serious thoughts by constant changes of place and people and clothes.

It may, of course, be said that, as society is at present constituted, woman's proper sphere of activity is social life, that it is in this her ambition has to be gratified, and her triumphs have to be won; that social life consists largely in the dispensing of hospitality, and that hospitality, to ordinary human beings, is rendered all the more grateful by elegance, costliness, and even display. We admit that it would be difficult to rate too highly the social art. There is no grace, or gift, or acquisition which does not enter into it. Society is, perhaps, the purest pleasure of civilized life, and that of which the influence may be made most elevating and refining, and we admit, too, that the conduct of it rightfully and properly belongs to woman; that she has all the natural qualities required to conduct it successfully. But we deny that she does conduct it successfully, and we deny still more emphatically that she receives any training for it, either from teachers or parents. Of course every man can recall exceptions to this rule. One meets everywhere women so richly endowed by nature that art could do but little to heighten their attractions, whose influence on men is ennobling, whose lives are a constant protest against the materialism of the age, and in whose hands the art of entertaining becomes the noblest of all the arts—the art which does most to purify ambition, to exalt the ideal side of life and cast down the material, and to infuse grace, sentiment, and poetry into the daily doings of commonplace people. But only comparatively few women are thus endowed. To play their part in society with efficiency, most women would need, it is safe to say, a more elaborate training than men receive for any pursuit or calling. Personal adornment and the tasteful arrangement of the house are, after all, only the lowest branch of the art; and how few women ever receive for this art any training whatever, and how few can be said to possess it. If they devoted their lives to the acquisition of it—if even the "leaders" of "fashionable society" had or could make any pretence to it, there might be sense in the cry that the suffrage would spoil the sex for social life. As it is, the cry is senseless.

We admit we have only discussed the subject from an economical point of view, and want of space compels us to leave many things unsaid and many other things only half said. The passional influence of women, on which we have not touched, is, of course, very powerful, and affects men and society at large very seriously, but that influence is not likely to be affected by any possible distribution of the franchise.

HOW WE MIGHT RIDE.

A RECENT article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is devoted to an account of the public conveyances of Paris, and from it we derive the statistics which follow. In nothing does the French passion for organizing appear more strongly than here, nor to better advantage.

For ten years succeeding 1855 all the coaches of Paris of the genus *fiacre* were controlled by a monopoly. A strike in 1865 made evident some evils which caused in May of last year a return to free competition, by sanction of the Government, and now, under certain impartial conditions, everybody may station his carriages on the public way or let them from his own private stand, or both. There are now reckoned 1,800 proprietors, of whom nearly half own but a single vehicle and a single horse; and there is, besides, the General Company, which surpasses all in the extent and efficiency of its organization. Their carriages, which, under the general name of *fiacre*, or *petite voiture*, embrace the *coupé* (or English cab), victoria, and various other well-known styles of four-wheeled carriages, are divided into three classes, according as they stand in the streets (*de place*), or in livery stables (*de remise*), or are at liberty to do either (*mixtes*). The first are numbered conspicuously on the body and on the lanterns in gilt; the last two in red, with the addition of the stamp of the prefecture to which they are subject, P. P. (police), P. S. (Seine). There are 6,101 conveyances of this description, of which 5,181 have a right to stand at the 158 stations indicated by the police, for an annual payment of a franc a day (Sundays, of course, not excepted). The coachman is dressed in uniform, and his carriage is generally scrupulously neat and in good repair. But among the small proprietors it is not strange that something like our New York "bummers" should be met with. Within city limits his charge for "la course," *i.e.*, from his stand to your destination, as you may see by the card he hands you on entering, is one and a half francs (thirty cents specie), with a few cents extra for "pour-boire." By the hour, for as many as the coach will hold, his charge is two and a half francs, or half a dollar. These prices are unremunerative, seeing the great extension of the city by annexation, and the ascending prices of fodder. They will probably soon be raised, as they ought to be, and regulated by the kilometre of travel.

The General Company keeps also its carriages called *de grande remise*, which are let by the day, month, or year, and are designed for the accommodation of the wealthy. For these, the finest of all, they keep the most expensive horses and the most stylish drivers. Monsieur Oran Haut-ton may hire a *calèche* with eight springs and two matched horses for 1,200 francs a month, plus 150 francs for the driver, and six francs a day for the footman, if he desire the latter appendage. At his wedding, the company will furnish any number of aristocratic vehicles, and put bouquets in the button-holes of the drivers. They will at any time dress the latter in his chosen livery, powder them, and paint his coat-of-arms on the panels of his coach. Nobody, in short, shall know that he is not parading his own property and surrounded by his own servants. There are 2,950 of these conveyances.

The number of employees of the General Company is 6,815, of whom 160 are in the company's offices, 900 in its workshops, 160 are inspectors, 180 smiths, 900 washers, 200 greasers, 500 grooms, and 3,925 drivers. In 1866 it owned 4,500 carriages, putting 3,200 in circulation; 10,741 horses, well fed, well groomed and housed, broken in gradually to their work, with abundant relays, constant medical inspection, etc., etc.; and there were 30 livery stations, whose rent was more than $20,000 per annum. The Company makes its own carriages from the raw material, and every year turns out five hundred new ones, which may last twelve years, and will last ten. A new cab weighs upwards of 1,200 pounds, and will seat four persons besides the driver. It is registered by itself, and a regular account kept with it. Its daily wear is estimated at half a franc; it is painted twice a year, and in the end gets broken up in the shop where it was made. It will then have outlasted two, three, or perhaps four lives of the horses attached to it. In its stable economy especially the Company's system is most admirable; but we cannot go into details. When the driver makes his appearance in the morning he finds his team cleaned and harnessed, and the smith, the wheelwright, the glazier, and the *dégraisseur* have severally examined the objects of their special attention, and never send out a loose shoe, a broken spring, a weak axle, or cracked tire, or broken glass, or greasy cushions. When he takes in a passenger at the private or the public stand, he notes in a little book the hour, the place of departure and of destination, shows it to the inspector at each station, hands it in at night with his fares, less the four francs (his meagre day's wages), and goes to lodge where he pleases.

The police alone authorize a man to be driver of a public conveyance. When he applies to them, they enquire thoroughly into the genuineness of his credentials, writing to his last employer, writing even to his native town for information. If the answers are satisfactory, the driver gets his permit, and with it a number irrespective of that of his coach, and a *dossier*, *i. e.*, his papers or "charácter," a sort of history and minute description of the man. Should he apply for employment to the General Company, they exact of him a twenty-five franc entrance fee, after an examination calculated to test to the utmost his knowledge of Paris streets. He deposits besides, as security for the payment of the fines he may incur, 200 francs, and then has a six-months' trial before he is fairly installed. He is

probably from the provinces, or of that vast shoal of bankrupts who have experienced fatal reverses in fortune and descend to anything for a living. He is either a decent whip, generally sober, pilfering little from his employers, or generally drunk, or a "bohemian"—the *enfant terrible* of coachmen. In any case his sense of what is and what is not his property will be exceedingly weak, but his cunning surpasses the ingenuity of all devices for detecting him. The Company plants an inspector at every station, who every five minutes records the number of carriages present, watches that the foremost drivers do not feed their horses, nor leave them without permission, and notes the hours of departure and arrival. Other inspectors rove from station to station, taking notes by the way. The Company supports also a secret police, selected from its patrons, and these the drivers dread more than all other surveillance; but they only reveal a part of the dishonesty and misconduct, and they cost, in 1866, 229,552 francs, besides 50,000 paid to the agency which directs them. The fines go to the treasury of mutual aid societies, of which the drivers are members along with other employees. Lastly, the *sergens de ville*, in behalf of the city government, watch the drivers most uncomfortably, and every Tuesday dismount those who have been complained of the week previously, and have been found guilty. The police never fine; the Company dismounts only in the last resort. It is estimated for all Paris that the drivers of the *petites voitures* pilfer 6,680,595 francs a year, by retaining three francs per diem above their allowance; and there is no help for it.

We can barely allude to the special receptacle for things lost in the carriages, which the driver is bound to gather up and deposit with the police. Everything, to a glove, is labelled and numbered, with all circumstance; the owner, if discoverable, is written to; but only forty per cent. of the articles are returned, and one-third of the remainder are umbrellas!

The omnibuses are a monopoly which dates from February 22, 1855. There were, in 1866, 664 of these vehicles, not to mention nearly 200 attached to the railroads. In 1834 the system of exchange-tickets (*correspondances*) was introduced, by which one payment secures a passage on two lines. The Philadelphia horse-cars have or had not long ago a similar arrangement. In 1853 the top of the omnibus was provided with seats along its spine, which are reached by steps at the rear and accommodate twelve persons at three sous each. The interior holds fourteen, at six sous each. When all are filled, the sign "complet" is exhibited, and then it is vain to signal the driver or conductor. The omnibus is longer and broader than those with us, and much nearer the ground. In the outbreak of revolution they are the first prey of the barricade-makers, as ours were in the July riots of 1863. The horses are taken out, the omnibus turned up on its end, and the red cap perched on the end of the pole. They are so heavy and carry their centre of gravity so low that in a press of vehicles they almost always secure the right of way. Like the Persian cavaliers, the Company uses only stallions (9,656 in all), who endure much better than geldings. There are ten attached to each omnibus, serving every day, two at a time, in five relays. On steep acclivities they are assisted by an extra horse. They are stalled and fed in couples in the same box and at a common manger. There is thus a perfect understanding between the driver and his team.

Compared with the hackney coachmen the omnibus drivers are "d'une moralité extrême." Why should they not be? They get only four francs daily, it is true, for the first year of service, and in three years will only have increased this sum to five; but they get now a daily "bread indemnity" of two sous, which goes to offset the high price of provisions, and are clothed at cost and doctored gratis, and have their mutual aid and insurance establishments (*caisses de secours, caisses de retraite*). Besides, they handle no money and are not tempted, and have no solitary passenger to browbeat or defraud. It is the conductor in this case who has to be watched, and must pull the wire of a tell-tale dial and exhibit his book to the 120 inspectors, and withal look out for secret spies as best he may. In reality he steals very little, not so much from principle as from want of opportunity.

There are thirty-one lines of omnibuses, which traverse Paris in almost every direction. In 1866 they carried 107,212,074 passengers, or about 447 per line daily. The lines would be fewer and the average greater but that the Company is compelled to run lines through districts that would otherwise be neglected on account of their poverty, and to charge, nevertheless, a uniform tariff. It is a singular fact that the day of the week conspicuous above the rest for slender receipts is Friday, which the superstition of a Catholic country converts into a day of repose, as not being auspicious for journeying. The earnings, finally, would be more considerable except that, over and above the municipal taxes, the Company is obliged to help clear the snow from the streets.

It is difficult to compare the locomotive facilities of New York with those of either Paris or London. The peculiar topography of this city, its insular situation especially, compels thousands to ride who would naturally walk. Since nature has prescribed limits on three sides, the steam-cars and ferries that are constantly transporting people to and from the suburbs must enter into the supposed comparison. It is, perhaps, true that we walk more from a love of it than either Parisians or Londoners, but it is equally true that with many of us it is a choice of evils, and that with greater facilities there would be far more riding than there is now. Some one who has the leisure will perhaps also take the trouble to estimate exactly for New York the modes of transportation, the number of passengers, the number of vehicles, of horses, of drivers—in short, all the particulars as we have reviewed them in the French system. The first information elicited will be that there is no system, as there is no monopoly, among us. No one company owns most of the hacks and carriages of livery, none controls the omnibuses (or, as we call them, stages), none evolves order out of the chaos of horse-cars, and the strong arm of municipal government to protect the rights of the public is only feebly supplemented by the State. It is easy to gather the superficial data: that there are about 750 coaches that stand at our ferries, our railroad depots, and in the streets and squares, and about 650 "special coaches," as they are called at the City Hall—*de remise*, in Paris, as we have seen; that none of these are at present obliged to take out licenses; that the usual price, where no extortion is attempted, is about the same for each class—$1 50 per hour, with this difference, that the special coaches charge for the vehicle, whether full or partly filled, and are, therefore, cheaper (as they are far cleaner and more respectable) than the others, which charge each passenger the gross amount; that single trips are more or less expensive according to distance—for $6 one may ride handsomely through Central Park, and for $10 to High Bridge. Regular customers can easily obtain the same driver for every occasion, and perhaps in other respects our first-class livery-stables may approach the "grande remise" of the Paris company. We should suppose that 4,000 horses would be a fair estimate of the cavalry of these conveyances.

Of omnibuses there are seven lines, embracing, perhaps, 300 vehicles—never, in our experience, "complet," in any sense of the word. They can hardly employ 3,000 horses, though it would not take them long to use up that number. The drivers' wages are from $1 50 to $1 75 a day, and it is well understood—by nobody better than by the proprietors—that they regularly help themselves from the cash-box according to their needs and their astuteness. Only the inordinately greedy man can be said to be in danger of detection, for proof is very difficult here, and must be obtained chiefly by averages. Spies are sometimes but not systematically employed, and when suspicion has fallen upon a driver he is dismissed "sans phrases."

There are twelve main and four branch lines of horse-railroads, moving upwards of 800 cars, and owning certainly not far from 8,000 horses. They have extensive stables, with forges and repair-shops attached, but no factories, we apprehend. The drivers and conductors of some receive equal pay, generally $2; of others, $2 25 and $2 50 respectively. What means are taken to preserve the integrity of the conductors we do not know, but the dial system of reckoning passengers was soon abandoned as farcical. In Cincinnati we learn that a trial is to be made, at least in the one-horse cars, of the exploded omnibus device of a transparent cash-box, inaccessible to the driver. In the end it is found that some dependence has to be placed on the honesty of man, and though the losses can be diminished, they can never be wholly prevented.

We have before us a stereoscopic view of the Strand, London. Approaching the spectator, and in the order of mention, are a hansom, a cab, and an omnibus—the last not much different from this at the station Place de la Bourse, or that discharging a passenger on the Boulevard de la Madeleine. The cab is a one-horse coupé, with the driver's seat so low that his head alone shows above the top of the carriage. With us the seat is commonly higher, and the coupé is often drawn by two horses. The hansom is an unfamiliar object in our streets, though one may be seen daily on 'Change, and appears to belong to one of our hotels. It is a low-swung chaise body, with a wooden boot making a front impervious to the wet and mud, a driver's seat behind, and window or trap at top communicating with him. The reins pass over the top, and rub a light iron railing on its edge. These two are the vehicles of the future. They were both tried in New York something over a year ago. Two cabs and four horses were procured, and put in circulation as a charitable experiment; they proved a pecuniary success. The number was extended to eighteen, of which one was a hansom, the rest coupés and victorias. There was opposition; but, resolutely met, it accomplished nothing. The enterprise failed from the usual dishonesty of the employees, and for want of personal attention on the part

of the proprietor, whose proper business he could not neglect. The rates were $1 an hour in the city limits; $1 50 including Central Park or crossing the ferries. More extensive calculations were subsequently made for hansoms and coupés, to be managed by a stock company, but from what we have seen of the figures we judge they were too favorable, and that the profits were over-estimated. This scheme proposed as rates twenty-five cents a mile per passenger, or $1 per hour, and the driver's wages were reckoned at $12 a week. It was further estimated that each day-cab would return (net) $7 50, and each night-cab $5—that is, about twelve hours' hire. But, in 1864, when fodder was cheap, the General Company of Paris realized but 14 francs 55 centimes (about six hours' hire) per cab, of which the day's expenses were 13 francs 42 centimes—a very narrow margin of profit; and in 1865 the figures stood: expense, 15 francs 27 centimes; return, 14 francs 67 centimes—an absolute loss.

We feel very sure that there is scope enough for these small, expeditious, and reasonably cheap conveyances, which no amount of tunnelling or bridging will seriously interfere with, and which will span the serious difference between the car and stage fare and that of the coaches, while giving us all the conveniences and none of the disadvantages of each. We believe, too, that here is an admirable field for the co-operative principle, and we venture to predict that the best solution of the problem how to guard against the peculation of drivers and conductors will be a system in which the gains of these employees are made contingent upon the profits of the companies to which they are attached. Add to this, as far as possible, a uniformity in dress for the sake of an *esprit du corps*, employ good men at fair wages, and there will be reason to hope for the best results for the public and for the capital invested.

THE "GENIAL CRITIC" IN A NEW FIELD.

It was our pleasing duty some weeks ago to make known to our readers the proposal made by the "Genial Critic" of *The Independent* to supply the book publishers with "candid and favorable reviews" of all "books of merit" they might be pleased to send him, in return for the advertising patronage. The inducements he had to offer were obvious, and were set forth with great clearness and explicitness, and foremost amongst them was a very large circulation amongst reading families in "comfortable circumstances," including "eight thousand clergymen." We had for some time previously observed with regret that the Critic, instead of devoting the whole of his valuable time and attention to book notices and book advertisements, had displayed an unpleasing partiality also for presenting the reading families and the eight thousand clergymen with the advertisements of quack doctors engaged in the Christian duty of relieving diseased libertines of their spare cash, and for puffing petroleum and other corporations of limited present means but very brilliant prospects. For this we fully expected every week that the Congregational body, whose organ he professed to be, would call him to account, well knowing that the puffing of quack medicines and rising oil companies was forbidden by the laws of Christian morality. We were, therefore, somewhat surprised to find that he was not visited with any formal censure whatever until he revealed symptoms of unsoundness in his doctrine, upon which he was summarily brought before the ecclesiastical tribunals, deposed from his office, and a new organ started in his stead. We were curious to see what use he would make of his newly acquired freedom, knowing his insatiate lust for advertisements, and watched his course with some anxiety. On the 11th of July there appeared in his columns a savage attack on the bonds of the St. Paul and Chicago Railroad, which led us to hope that he was engaged in the noble work of warning small and ignorant investors against a swindling enterprise, and we were beginning to feel devoutly thankful that in the midst of the general corruption we had at least a pure and fearless "religious press." We were therefore greatly pained to discover last week in an obscure corner of the New York *Tribune* the following unfeeling letter:

"The New York *Independent* seems to be still in the 'general order business' which filled so much of the report of a committee of the last Congress on the New York custom-house. *The Independent* has apparently taken a general order to break down the St. Paul and Chicago Railroad. The Congregationalists of the West have decided, for the most part, that *The Independent* never took holy orders to any great extent. They have accordingly established a paper of their own, under the charge of the Rev. W. W. Patton, called *The Advance*. The people of the West intend likewise to advance the St. Paul and Chicago Railroad, in spite of the calumnies of the financial director of the New York *Independent*."

"Office of Lockwood & Co., Bankers,
New York, July 15, 1867.

"The foregoing, cut from a Western paper, suggests the propriety of our indicating to the friends of the St. Paul and Chicago enterprise, and to the public generally, the power that binds the pen of the financial writer for *The Independent*, Mr. H. C. Bowen, who is also, as we are informed, publisher and proprietor of that paper.

"On the appearance of the St. Paul and Chicago Railway advertisement, it was solicited for *The Independent*, first through its agent, then personally by Mr. Bowen, who called at our office, and finally by a letter from that gentleman addressed to one of our firm. On these occasions Mr. Bowen *proposed to give the bonds a very favorable editorial notice* if they were advertised in his paper, offering that as a great inducement.

"Soft words failing, some three weeks since he sent us a proof-slip of the article which appeared in the issue of *The Independent* of July 11—not printed until after he despaired of the success of his blackmailing efforts.

"Lockwood & Co."

We greatly fear that if this sort of attack on a modest and unassuming Critic be persevered in, the natural sweetness of his disposition will disappear, and he will write scurrilous "notices" not of railroads only, but of some of the choicest compositions of our best authors.

For the guidance of the Critic in his dealings with coy or niggardly advertisers we subjoin a form of circular which we take from the columns of our esteemed English contemporary, *The Tomahawk*:

"We have now been long enough established to sell our pages to enterprising advertisers, like the rest of our contemporaries. We beg, therefore, to submit the charges we make in the 'literary' part of our paper for their inspection, premising that their orders shall be attended to with wit, economy, and despatch:

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"*A nice pithy critique of a condemned play.* From four orders for 'Two to the Boxes' to an 'Admit three to the Stalls.'

"*Superior ditto, with genial and humorous description of the plot.* From half-a-dozen private boxes to perpetual advertisement on the editorial page.

"*A logical defence of the foreign policy of the government.* From three scraps of good information up to a consulship for the editor.

"*A pleasant notice of a grocery, etc.* (*warranted sound and serviceable*). From a pot of pickles up to Five Pounds."

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The Week.

THE exceeding dulness of the season since the adjournment of Congress has driven many politicians into making nominations for the Presidency, although the Convention will not sit for a year yet. The Republican Central Committee of this State has begun the work by nominating General Grant, though what is gained by this sort of thing it is hard to see. The theory of the performance we suppose is, that by keeping a candidate's name before the public you familiarize them with the idea of electing him; but, on the other hand, you expose the candidate himself to many and divers temptations, and you give an immense stimulus to the malignity and ingenuity of his enemies. General Grant seems just now to be the favorite; but whether he will remain so will depend on his skill in keeping out of scrapes during the coming twelve months. Not all his reticence will any longer avail him, as conversations, more or less elaborate, will be invented for him and energetically circulated.

Senator Wilson has made a sensible speech at Saratoga, in which, talking of the next President, he said that the people would vote for either Grant or Sheridan, or Thomas or Chase, or Colfax or Brave Old Ben Wade, and this being the case the haste in making nominations seems to us ridiculous. Some of these gentlemen are sure to be forthcoming next spring. We are glad Mr. Wilson mentioned Old Ben Wade, as that gentleman has been somewhat under a cloud since the Kansas speech, and needs to have something cheering said to him. Mr. Wilson's summing up, in which we cordially concur, ought to put many troubled politicians at ease, that "no man who opposed the cause of the country during that war, no man who opposed emancipation, no man who opposes the civil rights of the emancipated race, no man who opposes negro suffrage, will ever be President of the United States again."

Great preparations have been made to prevent rioting at the elections in Tennessee to be held to-day, and it is said that troops have been moved from Kentucky into Tennessee by Grant's orders, in view of the emergency. *The World* sees in this a monstrous violation of the Constitution—the Legislature not having called for the troops; but the matter did not strike it in this way when there was talk of Governor Swan's calling in Federal troops to put down the Maryland Radicals last winter. But the state of things in Tennessee is shocking. We do not see that it makes much practical difference whether the existing troubles are due to the indiscretions of the Radicals or the villany of the Secessionists. The fact seems to be that the Radicals are not strong enough to exclude their opponents from the polls, and no such exclusion ought to be attempted unless there is force enough to make it effectual. The result, so far, is a close approach to anarchy, and it becomes a grave question whether an experiment which has fared so badly thus far ought to be persisted in. What has now to be decided is, whether Tennessee shall or shall not be governed, like the rest of the South, for the present, by the Federal forces. The minority has tried to do it in the regular way, and it is in no unfriendly spirit that we say it has failed.

The New York *Tribune*, of whose faults we have often made mention, has taken a course with regard to the condition of the judiciary here and elsewhere which entitles it to the gratitude of the public. It is, as we mentioned last week, the only paper in this city which has called attention in fitting terms to the shocking revelations of the condition of the bench in this city, in the last number of *The North American Review*, and it offered on Tuesday last a strong protest, which we trust will be heeded, against the way in which the Pennsylvania Republicans are conducting the canvass for the election of the Chief-Justice of the State. The office is being fairly dragged through the political mire. One of the points made against Judge Sharswood, the Democratic candidate, is that he decided against the constitutional power of Congress to issue paper money. But if judicial decisions on points of law are to be cited against candidates at elections, we might better abolish the judiciary altogether, and submit all legal controversies, above a certain amount in value, to mass meetings and decide them by a show of hands.

The final action of the Michigan Constitutional Convention has not yet been taken, but some indications of what will be submitted to the people are plain enough. There will be no color in the constitution, even the Indian being "admitted to equality." It is also probable, in spite of the decision at Albany, that woman will be invested with the suffrage, so far as lies in the power of the Convention, and many persons believe that the popular vote will ratify this enfranchisement. As the women themselves will not be permitted to manifest their own will in the matter, we shall not know what proportion of them are interested or indifferent, which, of course, has no bearing on the question of right. So we shall feel in doubt, whatever be the decision, how much to attribute to that "female influence" which is thought to be quite the equivalent of the ballot. One circumstance encourages us, in the prospect of impartial suffrage, and that is the character of the people of Michigan, who, of all in the Union, are perhaps most worthy to be entrusted with such an experiment. In no State is education more highly appreciated.

Apart from the question of its legality, the importation of coolies into the South is in every way to be deprecated. It appears, nevertheless, to have been begun in Louisiana, the supply being brought from Cuba. There are many decisive reasons against it, of which the first is that they are not needed, and if they were—if there was a veritable scarcity of labor in the State—far greater advantages would result from European or Northern immigration, which is only prevented by the instability of Southern society, the fault, as everybody knows, of the persistently rebellious. But in the next place, the coolies are chiefly desired not to supplement but supplant the negroes, of course by inferior wages and a larger measure of physical control—a twofold disaster to the laboring classes, and another proof of the con-

tumacy of the South. Inevitably there will follow the same evil consequences that attend always the contact of a superior with an inferior civilization, seen already in our history in the case of the imported African and the native Indian. And, finally, the evil which is peculiar to the coolie trade—the total absence of women—will aggravate the licentiousness bequeathed by slavery, and make the Gulf States, in point of chastity, the middle term between Cuba on the one hand and Utah and California on the other. The last resort of the Jamaica planters, when their unjust laws had reduced the blacks to poverty without effecting their re-enslavement, was to introduce and employ Chinese apprentices.

The effort to open the Boston Public Library on Sunday has met with a temporary defeat. We say temporary, because the agitation is not new, and evidently gains strength from year to year, and because, whatever may be thought a fair interpretation of the statute cited against the opening, people will not always consent to classify warehouses and libraries together, and assign the same reason for closing both on Sunday. The question, so far as we have observed, was argued by the opponents of the measure on the ground of principle and public morals, and not on the more tenable ground of municipal order and propriety, for which on one day of the week there may be stronger reasons for insisting than on the remaining six. The Sunday horse-car circulates freely in Boston, and carries some to church and some away from it to seek recreation in the suburbs. We apprehend that the churches would gain as much and lose no more by a circulating library, the extended use of which in any community would seem to improve the field for the preacher, the teacher, the philanthropist, and the reformer.

Juarez has, during the week, found a defender in the person of a Mr. Edward E. Dunbar, who writes a letter to the New York *Times*, showing that Juarez is a man of great polish, and in "gentlemanliness" could compare favorably with Maximilian, "while in scope of intellect, solid acquirements, and all those qualifications that constitute the true statesman, he far surpassed him." As neither Maximilian nor Juarez ever ruled a state long enough to give anybody the least means of judging what their qualifications were, and as it is only by his ruling that anybody can judge a statesman, Mr. Dunbar's comparison is worth very little. Maximilian did adminster the province of Lombardy for a short period, and did there display, inside the limits set him by a wretched system, every good quality of head and heart that a ruler needs to have. But the comparative personal merits of the executioner and his victim do not in the least affect the question of the morality and expediency of the execution, and whatever has been said of Juarez's Indian blood has been said not by way of throwing doubt on his polish and cultivation but on his humanity. A man may be as polished as you please, and as accomplished as Crichton, and yet have the heart of a tiger. By way of lighting up Juarez's descent Mr. Dunbar mentions that he is of the pure Toltec race, and adds:

"Taking the now remaining Toltecs as one family, Juarez can trace a pure lineage, clear and distinct, a great ways further back than the Hapsburg family. He comes from the mysterious regions of Mitla in Oajaca, where the winds sweep mournfully through the stately groves of cypress that shade the graves of the kings of his ancient people—graves whose dates are lost in the unknown past."

The art of reading and writing is, however, necessary to the tracing of pure lineage even as far back as Rudolph of Hapsburg, and in this the great Toltecs were, to say the least, deficient; and as to the "mysterious regions of Mitla in Oajaca," we feel quite sure the Hapsburgs can trace their ancestors up to regions fully as "mysterious," and where the wind still howls at times just as mournfully. The later accounts from Mexico are the best comment on all this balderdash. Juarez's first lieutenant, Escobedo, seems to be a pattern savage, and any Toltec that permits him to commit the atrocities of which he is now boasting is a disgrace to civilization, no matter how the winds sweep in the mysterious "Mitla in Oajaca."

A correspondent writes us a long letter, for which we have no room, showing the errors of *The Independent* in maintaining that Juarez had the same right to shoot Maximilian that Washington had to hang André, and that Maximilian, as an "alien invader," fairly deserved death. *The Independent* in its enthusiasm often takes up positions which it probably would not in calmer moments defend, and enthusiasm brought to the discussion of questions of law is, of course, likely to cause more than usual confusion. Washington hanged André under the old and well-established usage of war which makes death the penalty of being found in disguise inside an enemy's lines, and which has no more application to Maximilian's case than the Statute of Frauds. Moreover, invaders are nearly always aliens, and the practice of modern warfare is to hold them as prisoners, when taken, not to kill them. Maximilian's execution, if justifiable at all, must be justified by something exceptional in his position, and his being "an alien invader" certainly did not make his position exceptional.

A terrible lamentation is still kept up in Paris and London over Maximilian's death. One would think that a man was never shot for being caught in arms against a constituted and established government before. The *Moniteur* has actually had the folly to accuse the Mexicans of "regicide," a crime which republicans on their own soil cannot, of course, commit, and which is an odd charge to appear in the columns of the *Moniteur* of all papers in the world. The Earl of Derby positively ranted in trying to characterize the execution in fitting terms, although this same nobleman was only prevented by the Queen's personal interference and the strenuous remonstrances of the Liberals from hanging Burke, the Fenian, and was the most earnest and outspoken in his denunciations of all attempts even to have Governor Eyre's conduct judicially investigated. His son, Lord Stanley, whom he calls "his noble relative," dealt with the matter much more sensibly in the Commons. He deplored it, but warned the House that it ought not to make any formal declaration of its sentiments about it, as it was the Parliament of England only and not the Parliament of the world.

The French public also have been occupied during the past month with little else than the execution and the discussions arising out of it. It furnished M. Thiers with an excuse for another biting attack on the Imperial *régime*. It is not often, in fact, that a government supplies its enemies with such complete materials for an indictment as are to be found in the Mexican affair. Such a well-rounded, thoroughly-finished dramatic failure is hardly ever to be met with in any enterprise undertaken in our day by a civilized country. The moral which the Opposition draws from the affair is, that one man ought not to be allowed to manage the affairs of a great people out of his own head. But to this M. Rouher very naturally replies, that the Mexican expedition twice received the formal approval of the Chamber by large majorities, and to rejoin effectually the Opposition would have to go deeper than it cares to do, and acknowledge that the whole Imperial *régime*, including the mode of electing the popular branch of the Government, is a delusion and a snare and a cheat.

The part played by the President of the Corps Législatif, during an exciting discussion, is a curious illustration of the small amount of proficiency yet attained by the French after seventy years' practice in the art of parliamentary debate. In the first place, the audience will hardly ever submit to parliamentary rules on the very occasions on which parliamentary rules are most needed, viz., when passions are strongly roused. So that in a debate on any exciting subject, the orator is sure to be interrupted by contradictions and exclamations of horror and surprise, or indignation, as well as by the inarticulate uproar which the French journals describe as "mouvement," "sensation." The part played by the presiding officer at such crisis is not that of an arbiter or enforcer of fixed rules, as here and in England, but of a teacher whose duty it is to see that the right triumphs. He often sides with the interrupters against the orator, and declares that they cannot be expected to listen quietly to such monstrous sentiments, and occasionally he even admonishes the speaker on the vices and imperfections of his style, as when, in this last debate, he reminded M. Favre that "violence of language too often only betrayed feebleness of ideas." The failure to lay hold of the fundamental principles of the parliamentary art, after so long a trial, would seem to indicate some defect in the

French mind, rendering "the Speaker" an inconceivable personage When the French first began to debate, after the Revolution of 1789, Bentham offered his services to draw up a code of procedure modelled on that of the English House of Commons; but the offer was scornfully rejected on the ground that it was beneath their dignity to borrow anything from Englishmen, and they went on hallooing and shrieking rather than debating, till Napoleon turned them into the street on the famous Dixhuit Brumaire. Mr. Madison used to tell an amusing story, *apropos* of this difficulty on the part of Frenchmen in understanding some of the usages of representative government, of an attempt made to explain to one of the officers who was in this country during the Revolution the exact character of the Speaker of the Virginia House of Delegates and the nature of his functions. "Ah!" said the officer, after listening to a long and elaborate account of the dignitary's position and duties, "Ah! I understand; he 's a prince of the blood!"

Perhaps the most interesting incident in the late news from France, however, is the refusal of M. Ste.-Beuve, the well-known critic and essayist, to fight a duel. The French Senate, of which M. Ste.-Beuve is a member, and which he honors by belonging to it, is composed, as most people know, largely of successful military men, renegade legitimists, and adventurers of all professions who have managed to scrape together enough character and reputation to enable the emperor decently to reward their devotion to his dynasty by giving them seats in the body. They are not remarkable for devotion to any principle under heaven, but free thinking in religion they cannot bear, so they are very hard on the "positive philosophers" and critics of the Renan school. These unfortunates, however, M. Ste.-Beuve invariably defends whenever they are assailed, not because he sympathizes or thinks with them, but because he loves free thought and free speech, and this advocacy of his always enrages the saints by whom he is surrounded, amongst others that eminent theologian, Marshal Canrobert, who ably represents the strong devotion to religion for which officers of the French army are so remarkable. In a recent debate, in which this subject was touched upon, M. Ste.-Beuve played his old part, and was rudely interrupted by a senator named Lacaze, a man of sixty-eight, who has belonged, in the course of his life, to nearly every party that has figured in French politics, except the legitimists, and has been unfaithful to most of them. M. Ste.-Beuve replied some days later to this insult with dignity and moderation. M. Lacaze then challenged him through a Baron Heeckeren, who passed his early life in the Russian service, married a sister of Pouchkine, the Russian poet, and then killed the poet in a duel and had to fly. M. Ste.-Beuve refused to fight, on the plain and impregnable ground that he would not submit to the decision of the pistol a matter which can only be decided properly by public discussion. M. Ste.-Beuve's position, both in society and in the world of letters, is such that he can afford to set a good example in this matter, and one which, we have no doubt, will be followed, as he has already "fait ses preuves," as it is called, having fought a duel in early life. An example of some kind is necessary, as many of the literary men in Paris seem to be becoming mere swashbucklers. One of the editors of the *Courrier français* has, doubtless encouraged by M. Ste.-Beuve's course, refused to fight a son of M. de Cassagnac, the cause of dispute being whether the name Granier de Cassagnac should not be written Granier (de Cassagnac.) The matter is, however, not quite so trifling as it seems. Written in the first way, it would indicate that Granier was a *gentilhomme;* written in the second way, it would indicate that he was a *roturier*, named Granier, who came from Cassagnac. The French have a keen sense of the ridiculous, but this does not seem sufficient to save people from all sorts of social folly, just as the Irish, with all their humor, have never seen the fun of their political movements. But to make either humor or a sense of the ridiculous a defence against absurdity, what constitutes absurdity has to be previously settled, just as the value of reasoning powers depends altogether on men's ability in selecting premises.

The Sultan has gone home by way of Vienna. How much he has learned, or whether he has learned anything by his tour, we shall probably never know, or only know through his reforms at home. He has produced a rather unfavorable impression everywhere, owing, in great part, to the totally different standards of good manners in use in the East and West. The Sultan, in the first place, never acknowledges salutations in public, and, in the next place, the object which every Turk aims at in regulating his demeanor, is not to seem interested in anything or astonished by anything, an object which is not entirely lost sight of, let us say, in the manners of the upper classes in England. "His Sublime Majesty," as the Cable newsman calls him, has therefore seemed heavy and stupid to the crowds who cheered him in London and Paris. Why they were enthusiastic about him it would be hard to say. He is not, however, as the New York *Times* has pronounced him, doubtless on *à priori* grounds, a worn-out debauchee. He is in every way a very different man from his brother; always led a temperate and hardy life up to his succession to the throne, and, like most Turks who have not been ruined by the harem, is a model of physical vigor.

The Cable newsman, by-the-by, after some weeks of terrible dulness, during which he must have found life a bore, has had within a day or two another *fête* to report, in Admiral Farragut's arrival in France and reception at the Tuileries. He reports the state dinner sensibly enough, but when he comes to describe the visit of the Empress to the *Colorado* his feelings overcome him, and he telegraphs to us that "Her Imperial Majesty *graciously expressed herself highly pleased*," etc. He also mentions that she has received the honors "befitting her *exalted rank*."

The revelations recently made about the trades-union outrages at Sheffield have naturally excited a great deal of indignation in England, and the enemies of the unions have been making a vigorous use of them, in the hope of being able to procure, in the next session of Parliament, a revival of the prohibitory legislation against these combinations. Professor Beesley has been more than usually active in his efforts to bring the cultivated Radicals and the working-men closer together, and has been a frequent speaker at working-men's meetings, as well as a frequent contributor to working-men's periodicals, and, like Tom Hughes, he has never hesitated to prove his devotion to the working-men by talking to them in very plain terms about their faults. That the working-men appreciate the counsels and assistance of such friends was well shown at the Geneva "Conference" last year, when the French and Italians introduced resolutions pledging the members against accepting all aid or co-operation from collegemen, or "men of education," commonly so called, and the English indignantly protested against any such rule, and declared that they should not only disgrace themselves by agreeing to it, but should deprive themselves of their most useful allies. Professor Beesley has, since the exposure of the Sheffield outrages, spoken of them in the working-class periodicals, that is, in the place in which such talk is most likely to produce effect, in terms of the strongest condemnation, and has earnestly urged the unions to take every means to bring the perpetrators of such atrocities to justice. But at a recent meeting of working-men in London, he gave way to the not unnatural irritation caused by hearing the defenders of the Confederacy and of Governor Eyre, day after day lifting up their voices in horror over the Sheffield atrocities, as if they had never heard of anything so dreadful before, and declared that the performances of Broadhead & Co., bad as they were, were no worse than those of Eyre & Co. in Jamaica. From that moment the Professor became the mark for the scorn and execration of the combined middle and upper class, which, when they unite in a passion of any kind, as many Americans know, have the most extraordinary facility in making a man's life miserable. The newspapers have bombarded him, the dinner-tables and clubs railed at him, until "good society" worked itself up into the belief that something more than social indignation ought to befall him; so a movement was actually got up to have him turned out of his professorship. At this point, however, a reaction seems to be setting in; the Professor has shown successfully, by citations from what American politicians would call his "record," what the real nature of his influence on the working-classes has been; but the spectacle of his suffering has nevertheless furnished the Eyre party with some delicious moments.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. G. ROUTLEDGE & SONS announce as nearly ready for publication Major Ross King's "Sportsman and Naturalist in Canada," with notes on natural history of the game, game birds, and fish of the Dominion. The book will be elaborately illustrated with chromo-lithographs and wood engravings. They also announce a cheap edition of "Guy Livingstone," and Mr. Arthur Sketchley's new book, "Mrs. Brown's Visit to the Parish Exhibition."

—In the fall we are promised a complete translation of the Bible, by Joseph Smith, the Mormon martyr. The manuscript has been for many years in the hands of his son and successor, and the plates are already being stereotyped. The word "baptize," it is said, will be retained, with the understanding that it means to immerse. The version may be pronounced in advance a curious contribution to literature and theology, and will deserve to be treated respectfully. In the universality of its missionary or apostolic labors, the Mormon religion seems more closely than any other to resemble primitive Christianity, and, perhaps, also in its almost exclusive appeals to the ignorant and the humble. Both the Josephite and the Brighamite colonies, though at opposite poles in everything but ecclesiastical organization, make more proselytes, probably, in proportion to their numbers and the peculiar condition of conversion—viz., that the converts are not to remain and build up a church where they are, but shall migrate, from all parts of the earth, to America—than any other religious body in Christendom. They present in this a marked contrast to the Quakers. At the recent annual gathering of that sect in England their present number in that country was estimated at 13,786, of whom more by 838 than half were women. The net increase for the year previous had been but *eleven*. Ninety had joined, while eighty-five had withdrawn, by conviction; so that the growth by natural increase is reduced to *six!* The reasons given for this languishing were more curious than any, we venture to say, advanced in the numerous prize essays on the subject. One Friend thought the cause was in the census itself, as David offended by numbering the people of Israel. Another thought things would be different if there were more Friends ready to go to jail; but, he asked, Who will go there? "And," says *The Pall Mall Gazette*, "who, he might have added, will send us?" The subsequent passage, in the House of Commons, of the bill abolishing church rates, threatens to remove even the small catalogue of "distraints," etc., which afforded some comfort to these "Friends in council."

—Mr. Emerson's address to the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge was a characteristic review of the advanced culture of the present age and of the responsibilities of educated men. Of politics he observed that "men are now to be astonished by seeing acts of good nature and common civility and Christian charity passed by statesmen and executed by the constable and police." The controlling influence and distinction of the century "has been the wide and successful study of natural science," from which the old chronology of six thousand years appears "but a kitchen clock or an hour-glass to the geologic periods that have come into view;" that "geology is only chemistry with the element of time added," and "nothing is old but mind," which is a "citizen of the universe." As showing that only a few experienced minds are needed to give a noble turn to the public mind, the orator remarked that "the true hope of any time must always be sought for in minorities," and that "all history is a record of the power of minorities, and of minorities of one"—in other words, of individuals. They, finally, are great men "who see that the spiritual are greater than any material forces, and that they rule the world." Such was the tenor of Mr. Emerson's pregnant discourse, of which the cumulative argument is as usual more discernible and therefore more effective in the reading than it was in the delivery. Those who heard it probably passed with delight from apothegm to apothegm without catching sight of the connection or clearly of the end from the beginning.

—From the fourth annual report of the Long Island Historical Society it appears that their first publication—the journal of the two Dutch Labadists who visited this country in 1679—has been so eagerly taken up as to return to the treasury two-thirds of the original cost. By the terms of the bequest under which the Society publishes, the outlay must be wholly made good before a second can be attempted. The work next contemplated is an accurate and detailed account of the occupation of Long Island by the British in 1776, compiled by Mr. T. W. Field. The librarian acknowledges the gift of the reports of the Massachusetts Board of Education, complete in thirty-five volumes. The first of the series were written by Horace Mann and being now rather scarce it is well to know where they may be consulted. The same donor, Dr. Samuel A. Green, of Boston, has presented other sets of reports—of the State, and of the Massachusetts Horticultural and Agricultural societies, together with a long line of Harvard College catalogues. A large number of books have been received from the authors themselves—an excellent example for all others. Perhaps the most interesting contribution to the history of the rebellion is the five-folio volumes of *The Index*—the late Anglo-Confederate organ.

—Considering their voluminousness, the sale of the original manuscripts of many of Sir Walter Scott's poems, novels, and prose works, which recently took place in London, is perhaps not to be matched in the case of any other author. These manuscripts had belonged to the late Robert Cadell, of Edinburgh, and were disposed of at auction by order of his trustees. They are described as "all in perfect preservation, and uniformly bound in russia, with uncut edges;" and the catalogue calls attention to the "extraordinary fluency with which they were written, and the very few corrections or alterations which occur in them, thus establishing a proof of the facility with which Scott sketched out the productions of his most entertaining and lively imagination." They were put up in twelve lots, and realized altogether the handsome sum of 1,255 guineas, or upwards of $6,000. That which brought most was "The Lady of the Lake," of which a part of the notes were in the handwriting of Mrs. Scott—264 guineas. "Marmion" brought 191 guineas, "The Lord of the Isles" 101, "Anne of Geierstein" 121; fragments of "Waverley" and "Ivanhoe" 130, and of "Tales of a Grandfather" 145.

—"A Catalogue of the Hebrew Books in the Library of the British Museum, printed by order of the Trustees" (London: Longmans & Co.; New York: L. W. Schmidt), has just been published. This is the largest collection of the sort in the world, comprising 10,000 volumes, the titles of which are in this catalogue alphabetically arranged under the authors' names and under the general headings, viz., Bible, Mishna, Talmud, Thoseftha, Liturgies, and Periodical publications. Anonymous works are arranged under the name of the author whenever known, and also in the index of titles. In this large collection there are sixty-five works of the fifteenth century mentioned by De Rossi, two hundred and thirty-seven works printed from 1500 to 1540 mentioned by De Rossi, thirty-two works printed from 1480 to 1540 not mentioned by De Rossi, thirty-eight books of which no other copy, or only one or two other copies, is known to exist. In order to give a general idea of the nature and importance of this collection it may be sufficient to specify the following classes: Bible and commentaries, 1,770 volumes; Talmud and commentaries, 1,430; codes of law and decisions, 1,780; Midrath, 160; Cabala, 460; sermons, 400; liturgies, 1,200; divine philosophy, 690; scientific works, 180; grammars and dictionaries, 450; history and geography, 320; poetry and criticism, 770.

—Among recent art publications in France we notice the fourth volume of A. F. Rio's "De l'Art Chrêtien," which extends to the middle of the sixteenth century (Hachette, Paris); the life and works of the late painter Ingres, by Olivier Merson (Hetzel, Paris), with a fine photograph of the subject; and "La Génie des Peuples dans les Arts," by the Duc de Valmy (H. Plon, Paris).——M. P.-F. Steenackers has written and published very sumptuously a history of the orders in chivalry and honorary distinctions in France ("Histoire des ordres en chevalerie et des distinctions honorifiques en France"). He is said to demonstrate that the principle of decorations is a democratic principle, and he does so without philosophizing, simply by the aid of historical documents. Lieutenant-Colonel Charras, one of the French exiles of the *coup d'état*, wrote a "History of the Campaign of 1815, Waterloo," which is esteemed the most impartial, in fact the best French work on this subject. At his death, which occurred two years ago, he left behind him in manuscript a "History of the War of 1813 in Germany" ("Histoire de la Guerre de 1813 en Allemagne") which has now been published at Leipzig, Charras' works being interdicted by Louis Napoleon. Unfortunately the history extends only to the battle of Lützen. It speaks without reserve of the causes of the German rising against the despotism of Napoleon I.

—A history of the French people has been commenced by M. Challamel ("Mémoires du Peuple Français depuis son origine jusqu'à nos jours. Paris: Hachette. 1867"). Adopting the method inaugurated by Buckle in his "History of Civilization in England," M. Challamel professes to write not a political history, a history of princes only, but the history of the whole population and their individual condition. To illustrate his method he proposes in his introduction the question which of the three following events of the year 1653 was the most remarkable: (1) Turenne's victory before

Rethel; (2) The pope's bull condemning the doctrines of Jansenius; (3) The publication by Blaise Pascal of his treatise on the equilibrium of fluids. He comes to the conclusion that the blood shed before Rethel contributed only to the fame of Turenne and to strengthening Mazarin's menaced power; that the second event brought about useless, deplorable, and incessant troubles now forgotten; but the third event, as the production of genius, establishing the principles of hydrostatics, is, in M. Challamel's belief, the most remarkable of the three, because, though not understood at their time, these principles are now useful for the development of our industry. He traces, with Balbi, the origin of the French from six different families, the Greco-Latin, the Germanic, the Celtic, the Basque, the Semitic, and the Hindu races, each of which has contributed something to the formation of the French language, of which the Celtic or Cimbrian was the first element. This interesting work will be complete in eight volumes, three of which, reaching to 1461, have been published.

—All our readers may not be aware that there are on the Continent certain newspapers which consist almost wholly of correspondence from all parts of the world, but chiefly, of course, from Europe. Of these the *Indépendance Belge*, of Brussels, is a French specimen, the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, of Augsburg, a German. The first-named is famous for the accuracy of its correspondence, and its liberal views often exclude it from the French post-office. It comments every morning in short paragraphs on the news of the world, but its editorial articles treat only of domestic matters. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* is the leading newspaper of Germany, yet has no editorial articles or comments on political affairs, and prints only the shortest and most unsatisfactory telegrams. But, besides its voluminous correspondence, its reputation is based on the high character of its literary reviews. A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* writes that the paper has five editors, who each preside over a principal European language. The chief is Dr. A. J. Altenhoefer, who overlooks the most important correspondence, and appropriates all the English publications. Hebrew and Sanscrit are among his acquirements, and both he and his associates are thorough classical scholars, quotations from the Latin abounding in Continental writing. Their duties are confined to the correspondence and the literary department. Each has a private library in his comfortably furnished room, and the chief editor's numbers upwards of 7,000 volumes. His salary is $1,000 per annum, while a common school-teacher in Bavaria gets $142, and the principal of a normal school $340. The circulation of the paper is 22,000 daily. Its expenses last year were $56,400, of which the correspondents received $14,700, being paid at the rate of $3 50 for a page about equal in size to that of The Nation. War correspondents, however, got only $12 a week. All these figures must be compared with the dearness of living in this country as contrasted with prices in Germany. Our printers are paid fifty cents per thousand ems for their composition; the *Zeitung* pays its compositors 6⅔ cents per thousand; but in Munich the bookbinder will charge you twenty-five cents for work that would cost in New York at least ten times that sum. Every day, said one of the editors, enough correspondence is thrown into the waste-basket to fill five of the ordinary issues of the paper.

THE PHYSIOLOGY AND PATHOLOGY OF THE MIND.*

The human mind and its manifestations may be investigated in two very different ways. The one necessitates no knowledge of the structure of the brain or of the functions of its several parts, the other requires no acquaintance with metaphysical subtleties or the principles of thought; the one regards the mind as an abstract property common to all mankind, and pays no heed to the numberless varieties due to inherent differences in organization; the other takes it up as the resultant of certain functions the organs of which are tangible facts; the one has been followed by the greatest thinkers and philosophers the world has produced, the other has been trod by but few enquirers, and by them not in a manner to lead to the establishment of many enduring principles; the one has resulted in the foundation of a science which has apparently reached its utmost stage of development, the other has as yet scarcely approached the confines of true scientific enquiry. These two ways or methods are the metaphysical and the physiological. What have we to expect further from the first of these? As Dr. Maudsley remarks, Plato interrogated his own mind with a degree of wisdom and perception which no one since has been able to give to such enquiries, and in what respect has the science of metaphysics advanced since his day? Over and over again the same arguments and points have been stated with little variation, except in the degree of obscurity, each one thinking his own reasoning more perfect than that of his predecessors, and imagining that he was unfolding new truths which were to overturn all existing knowledge of mental phenomena. But as there is no other method for the metaphysician to adopt than that of self-examination, he must needs possess a mind superior to that of Plato before he can hope to bring forward a single principle which that great man overlooked. That there has been no such mind devoted to psychological enquiries is very certain, and hence it is that the science of metaphysics—the true, well-founded science—remains as imperfect as when Plato left it, notwithstanding the labors of the French, the Germans, and the Scotch, and the consequent production of hundreds of systems and thousands of absurdities. It was time, therefore, that an earnest and competent scholar, one who had not only made himself acquainted with the old way of investigating the mind, but who had likewise skilled himself in the knowledge of the structure and physiology of the organ of thought, should take up the study of mental science and investigate it from a more advantageous standpoint. That Dr. Maudsley is competent to this task, and that he has performed it in a manner to command the respect and thanks of all psychologists who desire the advancement of their science, is a question which we feel very sure the great majority of those who read his book will unhesitatingly admit.

Dr. Maudsley divides his work into two parts. Of these the first is devoted entirely to the physiology of the mind and nervous system—a very proper introduction to the second part—the pathology of the mind, which he evidently regards as the more important division of his subject. The first chapter treats of the proper method by which the mind is to be studied, and the advantages of combining the physiological with the metaphysical are forcibly urged. The author does not believe that the latter is worthless. He admits that it has been productive of grand results; but he thinks that very little is to be expected from it in future, and he shows how through it the most contradictory views have been advanced in regard to very obvious and simple mental phenomena. In his opinion, the true plan is for the student to make himself acquainted with the science of metaphysics as he finds it, and to bend his energies towards the study and further development of cerebral and nervous physiology. That he is right in this view we cannot doubt. To study metaphysics without at the same time endeavoring to acquire some knowledge of the brain, has always appeared to us a very short-sighted course. Metaphysicians have constantly shunned the dissecting-room. They have had a contempt for the contents of the cranium which they have not even attempted to disguise. They have been, and indeed are, deplorably deficient in the most rudimentary knowledge of the brain so far as relates to its anatomy and physiology. Let them take care that men trained in the observation of nature, familiar with the methods of experimental enquiry, quick to see the truth and deduce from it legitimate conclusions, do not drive them from a field which they with their antiquated processes can no longer cultivate to advantage.

The second chapter, on "The Mind and Nervous System," points out how intimately mental manifestations are related to the character and quality of the brain. We do not find anything very new or striking in this chapter. Whether the mind results from the action of the brain, or whether this latter is the organ—the tool by which the mind does its work—is a question not yet capable of being determined. It is very certain, however, that the brain does not, as Cabanis asserted, secrete thought as the liver secretes bile. Thought is an intangible power manifest only through its effects; but the bile is a very evident fact capable of being appreciated by all the senses. And yet there is an analogy between the mind and the bile, or any other secretion; for if the brain be a bad one, the mind will just as surely be imperfect as that if the liver or the pancreas be defective there will certainly be faulty bile or pancreatic juice.

In the third and fourth chapters Dr. Maudsley treats of the spinal cord and the ganglionic system. In these we find the actual state of the physiology of the subjects given with precision. Referring to the experiments which Pfluger and many other observers have performed upon decapitated frogs, the author does not find that the results obtained afford any evidence of the existence of a principle of consciousness in the spinal cord. And yet there are many who at the present day are more disposed to agree with Pfluger than they would have been ten years ago. The state of the question is simply this: It has been observed that if a frog be decapitated, and an irritating substance be applied to his side for instance, the animal endeavors with the foot of that side to remove the matter which causes it uneasiness. If the foot be cut off, it appears to be in doubt what to do; but, after a short time, it attempts to get rid of the irritation with the foot that is left, or else uses the mutilated limb for the purpose. Pfluger inferred from these facts that the spinal cord, like the brain, possessed sensorial functions; and Dr. Bennett Dowler, of New Or-

* "The Physiology and Pathology of the Mind. By Henry Maudsley, M.D., London, Physician to the West London Hospital, etc." American Reprint. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867.

leans, who has performed many analogous experiments on the alligator, agrees with him in this opinion. All such instances—and there are innumerable examples of them—are classed by Dr. Marshal Hall and the great majority of physiologists as reflex acts. They are regarded as being due entirely to the effects of an irritation transmitted as an impression to the spinal cord, and thence reflected through a motor nerve to a muscle: a movement accordingly results.

Whilst we are not yet prepared to admit the doctrine that the spinal cord is endowed with consciousness, and is thus able to take upon itself some of the functions of the brain, we cannot accept as correct all the arguments which Dr. Maudsley adduces against it. He says that the decapitated frog which has lost its leg acts as if the limbs were all there, which, were there intelligent consciousness, it plainly should not. We do not see the force of this view. Animals which have not lost their heads, but which have been deprived of part of a limb, will attempt to use the mutilated member in the manner to which they have become habituated. There can be no doubt that if a bee were to alight on the face of a man whose hands had been cut off, he would make the effort to dislodge the insect with the stumps. His action would not, therefore, be materially different from that of the decapitated frog to which reference has been made. He would act with his brain in full possession of its functions; the frog acts without a brain, but with a spinal cord. It is impossible for us to say, with any certainty, that if consciousness dictate the action in the one case, it is not also the excitant in the other.

Disease or disorder of the spinal cord or sensory ganglia gives rise to abnormal manifestations of nervous action, which may be the first phenomena of approaching mental derangement. Illusions, or hallucinations, as Dr. Maudsley prefers to call them, may be produced by many causes which interfere with the proper function of the ganglionic cells. Some of these causes are innate, others are acquired. Among the latter the most efficient are excessive use, and a condition of the blood, either as regards its quantity or quality, different from the natural standard.

In the fifth chapter Dr. Maudsley discusses the question of the origin of ideas. The opinion, based upon numerous pathological observations, that language is located in the third frontal convolution of the anterior lobe of the left hemisphere, finds no favor with him. In this view we decidedly agree with him; for, although it is true that, almost without exception, *post-mortem* examination has resulted in discovering disease in this situation in persons who have died whilst suffering from aphasia, and although it is also the case that almost invariably aphasic individuals are paralyzed, when at all, on the right side, showing disease of the left hemisphere of the brain, there *are* exceptions, and the theory is so contrary to sound physiological science that we cannot bring ourselves to its acceptance.

The doctrine of innate ideas is also discarded by the author. He holds, with Hobbes, that in order for an individual to have ideas it is only necessary for him "to be born a man and live with the use of his five senses." This division of his book is hardly, we think, considered with sufficient fulness by Dr. Maudsley. Instinctive impulses, which if not ideas are strongly allied to them, and which are clearly set in action without the medium of sensational impressions, are not even alluded to.

In the sixth chapter the subject of the emotions is discussed with much fulness and perspicuity, and Dr. Maudsley shows how intimately the pleasure or pain which we experience from certain feelings is dependent upon the physical condition of the brain and nervous system. All of us know that an idea which at one time causes us delight is at another period productive of the very opposite emotion. As he says, "It requires no very careful observation of men to discover that different persons are very differently affected by one and the same object, and often pass very different judgments upon it in consequence." That this diversity is due to inherent variations in the organizations of the nervous centres we cannot doubt, and hence we have a very important application of the physiological method to the investigation of mental phenomena. In incipient insanity the emotions are among the first elements of the mind to give evidence of abnormal action, and any change in their habitual current should always be regarded with great anxiety. We all have our accustomed types of emotional manifestation. We are either brave or timid, generous or niggardly, quarrelsome or slow to anger, imprudent or cautious, ambitious or unaspiring, or we are negative as regards these extremes and endowed with a mediocre but perhaps more happy cast of character. These or other qualities which we may possess excite in us corresponding desires or aversions which it is pleasant for us to gratify. They are as much parts of our organization as are our hands or feet, or heart or lungs, and if they give evidence of derangement they just as surely point to disease as though any one of the organs mentioned should take upon itself a morbid action. The proper regulation of the emotions and passions is one of the first duties of man. He cannot change them without changing his individuality, and this is impossible within the limits of health; but he can control them, and bring them under subjection to those higher faculties of his mind which place him so far above all other created beings. If he once allows them to gain the mastery, there is danger that a time will come when he will be powerless to assert his intellectual superiority, and when, either as an imbecile or a madman, the nobler elements of the mind will have given place to those which he holds in common with the brute creation.

The remaining three chapters of the first part of Dr. Maudsley's treatise are devoted to the consideration of volition, the motor-nervous centres, and memory and imagination. His definition of the will is, "The desire or aversion sufficiently strong to produce an action after reflection or deliberation." This is not, however, a very correct definition. Clearly the will is not either desire or aversion, but the power which desire or aversion sets in action. That it is dependent upon structure for its manifestations, and is not a mere ideal principle, is, we think, very certain. As the author remarks:

"When a definite act of will is the result of a certain reflection, it represents physically an available or a liberated force consequent on the communication of activity from one cell or group of cells to other cells or groups of cells within the cortical layers of the hemispheres. Any modification therefore of the condition of these centres may, and notably does, impede reflection and affect the resultant power of will—a power which, in reality, is seen to differ both in quantity and quality in different persons, and in the same person, according to the varying conditions of the nervous substratum."

So intimately is the will, as well as other faculties of the mind, influenced by the physical condition of the brain and nervous system, that even slight causes—such, for instance, as produce no permanent change of structure—are capable of effecting very decided changes in the mental phenomena of an individual. An indigestion, a fit of anger, a disappointment, a piece of good fortune, a fever, an empty stomach, with hundreds of other causes, so affect our judgments and our wills as to produce thoughts and actions which are to a certain extent abnormal, and which, in the even current of our lives, we should have shrunk from; and certain drugs produce such changes in the constitution of the blood circulating through the brain as to bring about mental conditions scarcely distinguishable from insanity. A drunken man has his illusions and his delusions; his judgment is warped, his will perverted, his emotions exaggerated or changed, and all this from the addition to his blood of a comparatively small quantity of a fluid capable of inducing a transient derangement of its normal condition, and a consequent alteration in the tissues which enter into the composition of his brain and nerves. Such facts as these teach us great lessons. They show that, whether in health or disease, the mind is to be studied from a purely material standpoint, and not as a mysterious principle to be looked upon with awe as something entirely beyond our reach. There is no one feature of cerebral action which we may not hope to understand. Books like Dr. Maudsley's encourage us to persevere in our efforts to investigate the secrets of our being. There is scarcely a page of it which is not marked by well-digested thought and cogent reasoning. If he succeeds in doing for the brain what physiologists and chemists have done in elucidating the functional actions of other organs of the body, he will have accomplished a measure of good with which he may well be satisfied.

And here we take our leave for the present of Dr. Maudsley's interesting and instructive treatise, with half its contents unconsidered in this very inadequate *résumé* of his labors. The pathology of the mind, to which the second part is devoted, is treated in a manner which our readers can readily comprehend from what they now know of Dr. Maudsley's views. Were we to dwell upon this section, we should be led into paths somewhat out of the way for the non-professional student to follow. Still, for those who take an interest in the subject of psychological medicine, and who care to examine into the great advances which have been made in this department of science during the last few years, we recommend a careful perusal of what Dr. Maudsley has written.

FRANCE, NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN.*

POSSIBLY more, probably better, champagne will be drunk because this book has been written. We are quite sure, however, that it was not published by the advice or with the approval of the wine manufacturers of Rheims, for whom Mr. Tomes entertains a sufficiently slight esteem, unmixed with envy for the disorders they have contracted in carrying on their lucrative business. Nor shall we be surprised if he is one day summoned as

* "The Champagne Country. By Robert Tomes." New York: Hurd & Houghton. Pp. 231. 1867.
"Glimpses of Southern France and Spain. By L. E. Mills." Cincinnati: Robt. Clarke & Co. Pp. 153. 1867.

a witness in the negative, in the important question whether vine culture ought to be encouraged in this country as a remedy for drunkenness. For he says expressly that though drunkenness is reputed uncommon in France, there is plenty of it in Champagne, the home of the vine; and, without a great deal of hard drinking, it is not possible that Rheims should be "the most corrupt city in the world." There is a solidarity of vices as of virtues, and that intemperance is a proper measure of licentiousness admits of little doubt.

Some astonishment is expressed in the preface that so few American tourists turn aside from the grand routes to visit Rheims; but, so far as the people and the wine manufacture are concerned, the author has furnished the pure-minded with excellent excuses for not going thither. Even the scenery of the suburbs, among the vine-growing hills, is uninteresting, and the only unalloyed satisfaction appears to lodge in the architecture and antiquity of the capital of the Remi. To explore the wine-cellars is about as agreeable as to explore a coal-mine. To "assist" at the vintage is to dispel the illusions of the theatre and the chromo-lithograph.

"It was a cheerful scene of labor," says Mr. Tomes; "but there was nothing in it to remind me of the many vintages I had beheld in the gas-light of the Comic Opera. I neither recognized the plumed cap, velvet doublet, pink hose, and silver buckles of my stage acquaintance, nor the elaborate coiffure, diamond cross-laced petticoat, the well-filled and extensively displayed silk stockings, and high, red-heeled little shoes of his sweetheart. There was no love-making, as far as I could see, and I certainly heard no one singing songs composed by Verdi and Donizetti.

"I saw nothing but a great number of coarse laborers hard at work. There was nothing in their dress to distinguish them from the same class in any part of the world. They were all in their working-day suits—the men in shirt-sleeves and straw or felt hats, and the women in tow-cloth petticoats and ugly coal-scuttle bonnets. There was great quietude and deep devotion to work. I could see that the laborers were in earnest, and it was not surprising, for most of them, being proprietors, were working for themselves. The only picturesque objects were the donkeys munching their food, with their noses in a bag—for there was no thistle or any weed, or even a blade of grass, at the roadside."

And later:

"Still beset with the memories of the opera-house, I asked if the day was not to close with the feast and dance, but I was answered that all were so wearied with their work that they would seek an early sundown repose in unromantic slumber.

"Towards evening, however, whether it was the effect of the vapor of the new wine which filled the atmosphere, or the drinking of the old which flowed freely everywhere, or merely the natural exhilaration which comes with the satisfaction of having completed a hard day's labor, I observed a growing excitement. Men and women were arguing loudly and energetically, and the rude swains were philandering with and kissing the 'sunburnt daughters of labor.'

"I found myself, too, becoming the object of a warmth of affection I would have preferred to have dispensed with. Brawny arms, stained red with wine to the shoulder, were wound about my neck, and stuffy hands sticky with grape-juice thrust into my grasp."

Some consolation, it may be thought, should be found in the rival manufacture of woollens; but the tidy figures of girls carrying great bundles of cloth through the streets are picturesque only. In all the townful there is not so much virtue as in the operatives of a Lowell factory. They carry greater burdens—these *rentreureuses*—than rolls of defective web, and, sadder than all, their parents connive at their infamy and share their gains. And the spirit of gain is eminently the curse of Rheims. Cobden's free-trade treaty has wonderfully stimulated the industry of the place, and made everybody a disciple of Bastiat; but it has also made everybody a confirmed imperialist, a contented subject of the Second Empire, with no aspiration for freedom, with no political thought, with no expression in speech or through the press. It is only amusing, as Mr. Tomes points out, to notice how the bottle aristocracy holds aloof from the aristocracy of the loom, and gets for itself titled alliances and mayoralties and a place in the Corps Législatif, and builds châteaux, and once in a while paints a picture in oils or writes an obscene book from excess of leisure. It is also curious to find in one quarter a colony of English cotton-operatives, helping France to surpass Great Britain in the flannel market, and importing their Methodist Church into the superlatively monkish and Catholic town; in another, a cork-cutting Spanish colony; and, in all the great champagne houses, the German partner, who is the real and indispensable manager of the concern, so that the author can say, "There is, in fact, not a single wine establishment in all Champagne which is not under the control, more or less, of a native of Germany." His explanation is worth reproducing. He says:

"I fancy that the French have a natural inaptitude for commerce. With an unquestioned superiority of taste, a precise attention to details, much thriftiness, an easy compliance, and a polite address, they make good workmen and excellent small dealers. Napoleon called the English a nation of shopkeepers. The saying in its literal sense is more justly applicable to the French. They are emphatically the shopkeepers of the world. Wherever the traveller goes he finds the Parisian *monsieur* or *madame* installed behind the counters of the confectionary, perfumery, millinery, and curiosity shops. It is so at Rio Janeiro, Lima, Valparaiso, and over the whole continent of America; but the Frenchman is rarely found in the counting-houses of those places. While he is the shopkeeper, the German, the Englishman, and the American are the merchants."

But we must close our quotations. In a book which does not contain a dull page, it is difficult to stop when one has once begun to make extracts. We commend the whole volume for its delightful admixture of amusement with useful facts, and for its not inconsiderable value as a study *ex uno* of all France and the French character.

If Mr. Mills had omitted to publish what he got from the guide-books and a few books of travel, his own observations would have occupied less than one quarter of the space he has actually employed, and he would then, perhaps, have seen how juiceless they were, and how little they could contribute to our knowledge. His progress is from cathedral to cathedral, and —what is not so wise, albeit quite as common a mistake in tourists and letter-writers—from dimension to dimension. Some friend to whom the manuscript was submitted should have reminded him that the cathedral is the *pons asinorum* of travellers, and that not one in a hundred can handle it so skilfully as does Mr. Tomes in the case of the *chef d'œuvre* of Rheims. In a word, we do not say that there is nothing to be learned from his book; but it is sometimes inaccurate, colorless throughout, and too little novel to justify its appearance.

MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

NOTHING new or striking, for *The Atlantic*, appears either in "The Guardian Angel" or "Poor Richard" this month. Miss Eudora Clark contributes a paper of reminiscences of hospital life, a kind of literature of which we have, since the war, had a great deal, but of which we do not think we can well have too much, as we are satisfied that every sketch of this kind will grow in value as the years roll on. The same thing may be said of Mr. Higginson's "Up the Edisto," which is a pleasant and picturesque account of one of the many fruitless—from a military point of view, but from a moral and political one, very fruitful—expeditions up the Southern rivers on the eastern coast, in the earlier part of the war. Mr. Whipple's article on the "Growth, Limitation, and Toleration of Shakespeare's Genius" discusses the evidence afforded by the poet's works as to the character of his individuality, the extent of his insight, sympathies, prejudices, his way of looking at religion and religious people, and contemporaneous social phenomena. There is nothing striking and not much that is new in the paper, but it is full of suggestiveness and sets a good many points in a light in which readers of Shakespeare do not often see them. "A Week's Riding" is a capital specimen of the throwing together of old materials. A fine old English gentleman tells before a winter's fireside how he went down in his youth to stay at the house of the last of the fine old English yeomen, just after being badly jilted by a London flirt, the daughter of a fine old earl; how he found, in the fine old farm-house, a fine tall girl, with glorious Saxon fair hair, mending fine old saddles in the sitting-room, and generally occupied with horses, doing her sewing a good deal in the stable; how she was a perfect lady nevertheless, and how he fell madly in love with her, rode a fine old horse madly across country with her for exercise, and then agreed to ride a glorious roan colt for her at a fine old-fashioned country race; how he rode this race in the presence of the fine old county gentry, bringing the colt in winner by several lengths amidst the applause of the aristocracy; how the London flirt, strange to say, happened to be on the ground, and at once sought to take him up again, but how he declined to be humbugged again, and offered himself to the owner of the roan colt, and was refused; and how, being weak, he finally married the London flirt, who, before long, went mad as a hatter, and left the fine old English gentleman alone in his old age in his fine old English home. We hereby give notice that this plot, and all modifications of it, are now used up and must be laid aside.

By far the most interesting paper in the number is Bayard Taylor's account of the Canton of Appenzell, at the "Landsgemeinde," or cantonal election of which he was present—a curious and interesting spectacle—the voters carrying swords, because the law required them, in accordance with mediæval custom, to come armed—and dressed in black, with stove-pipe hats, because the law required them to be respectably dressed. We do not remember to have anywhere seen a better account, in a small space, of the working of the Swiss democracy, the most interesting and picturesque democracy in existence, owing to its mediæval coloring. He records one curious incident—his meeting with two well-educated men, discussing the classics in patois, and unable to speak or understand pure German. Mr. Parton describes "Cincinnati"—another Western city—with its excellent municipal government, a great deal of wealth, a rising taste for literature, much

smoke, an enormous commerce, fine villas, a charming cemetery, disgusting theatres, a laughable museum, great manufactories, a flourishing book interest, lots of hogs, much wine, and large numbers of liberal and enlightened Jews. We mention these phenomena in Mr. Parton's order, and not in our own. The book notices are, as usual, good, one of them being an obituary notice of Mr. Ball, "the poet," *quâ* poet. The number is, on the whole, entertaining but not brilliant. There is nothing in it except "The Week's Ride" that is not good, but nothing that is very good.

The weightiest name on the list of *Hours at Home* is that of Dr. Bushnell, who takes up a seasonable division of his subject, "The Moral Uses of Dark Things," and, after showing how other theologians, to whom musquitoes have been a stumbling-block in the argument from final causes to a beneficent Creator, have attempted to make these and other "animal infestations" ministers of vengeance or ministers of good, concludes that they "are appointed to serve grand purposes of benefit in the moral training of souls." This they do partly by showing us that God is not constantly concerned about our happiness, and partly because they admirably symbolize our sinfulness.——Rev. D. A. Wilson furnishes a readable paper on Sierra Leone, and notes the remarkable aptitude of the Africans for language. — Professor Wells treats of "Brazil and the Amazons," and speaks of the extensive colonization of Germans in that and the adjoining countries of South America. He alludes to the hard fate of many of these colonists in Brazil, and perhaps could have told, if he had chosen, how that emigration was brought to an end, what connection existed between the subsequent diversion of German settlers to Uruguay, and the present war on the Plate, and what part slavery in Brazil, by turning the Germans also to the United States, had in overthrowing slavery at the South and shortening its own term of existence. The writer corroborates the remark of Mr. Tomes that the French are by nature shopkeepers, and in that capacity abound in Rio Janeiro and other South American cities.——Dean Alford is warmly, and, as we think, somewhat indiscreetly, defended in the article on "The Queen's English and Brother Jonathan's." The writer's observations on the Yankee pronunciation and enunciation will appear less startling if we reflect how much this running together of words is practised in all languages. "So am I" was once vainly searched for in the dictionary by a Frenchman, under the spelling "somi"—a common enough contraction even outside of New England.——Dr. Van Santvoord writes well of "Nashville during the War," and gives some statistics of the national military cemeteries there which, more than any others we have met with, have helped us to realize the enormous sacrifices of the North. ——We recommend the author of the verses, "Grandma is Dead," to read Victor Hugo's ballad on the same theme.

If we may trust a medal, struck "grato animo," in 1846, in memory of "Henrico Pestalozzio, concivi immortali," born just a century before, Mr. Gardette has given the Swiss one *l* too many in writing of "Pestallozzi in America," in the August *Galaxy*. The title must be understood to refer only to spiritual presence—in which sense it would have been just to have written, "Rousseau in America," since, if Joseph Neef was a disciple of Pestalozzi, his master was in turn a disciple of the citizen of Geneva. The whole paper is well worth reading, and its unexpected relation to Admiral Farragut enhances its interest. One may be sure there was nothing impracticable about a teacher who could confess, "the education of children and rearing of vegetables are the only occupations for which I feel any aptitude."——Mr. Winwood Reade, who does double duty this month in the magazines, gives here some account of "London Amusements," in which, with a dig at Du Chaillu, he contrives to say a good many hard things of his countrymen, and to describe some disreputable places of resort, along with the Derby and the Italian Opera. The latter "is, without comparison, the best in the world;" and the buffoonery of the workingmen who attend the former "is of the grossest description—so much so that it is impossible to take a lady to the Derby."——Sophie May has hitherto, we believe, addressed chiefly "our young folks," but she essays here to persuade adults that the theory of marriage laid down in Gail Hamilton's "New Atmosphere" is too exacting in respect of affection. This would, perhaps, have been easy if she had resorted to simple argument; but she has chosen a fiction with a moral, and having allowed herself too little space for the development of so large a "motive," she makes a very bald failure.——Some one vindicates Walter Hunt's claims as against Elias Howe and Mr. Parton, in the enquiry, "Who invented Sewing-Machines?" The case is strongly put from the Singer point of view; and since we hint at partisanship, let us say that the writer is justified in asserting of Mr. Parton's article in the May *Atlantic* (with reference merely to appearances), that "its tone was that of an article written expressly to promote the pecuniary interests of Mr. Howe, and [so far] in opposition to the interests of the public."——In a retrospective discussion of the Pacific Railroad, Mr. Church recovers another personage for the honors of history—Mr. Asa Whitney, who first "talked up" the scheme, and has been forgotten.——We extract from Miss Olive Logan's article on "The Leg Business," which means ballet-dancing, the following excellent sentiment: "A woman should have her destiny in her own hands as completely as a man has his, and the first boon that should be vouchsafed her is the happy knowledge that, before she lies down at night, she may really thank her Maker, and not her husband, for having given her this day her daily bread."——We sympathize entirely with Mr. White's aversion to the practice of *The Evening Gazette* in "gossipping" about public characters and advertising the next victim in advance. We were, therefore, grieved to meet, after reading his strictures, this announcement: "A sketch of Richard Grant White (writer of the 'Nebulæ' in *The Galaxy*) will appear in an early number of *The Gazette*." But he ought to drown his annoyance in the satisfaction of having done his best to persuade the public-spirited to purchase Mr. Jarves's Gallery of Early Italian Pictures, which has gone begging too shamefully long, and is in imminent danger of being sold to Europe.

The best article in *Harper's* is that on Port Hudson, better than "Porte-Crayon's" account of the Cedar Mountain fight, although the latter is illustrated. Both involve the generalship of Mr. Banks. The other illustrated papers are "The Dodge Club," which is excessively humorous, and "The Turks, the Greeks, and the Slavons," which is excessively dull, being poorly condensed from a rather lean book of travels; so that the writer's satisfaction at the close for the information obtained seems to be purely personal or else ironical. But perhaps he is satisfied with little.——"Mr. Gregory" is a local story about the trials of a young schoolmistress in this city; but she ought to have been forced to purchase her situation to give the last touch of reality to the narrative.——In spite of the well-handled conception of the "Reformed Ring-Man," we doubt if any one ever recovered from an attack of the "Ring."——In "What shall they do to be Saved?" a physician exposes the lamentable consequences of opium-eating, warns the young against the habit, and points out, with scientific but awful exactness, the chances of recovery for those who repent and would fain be rescued.

The only controversial articles in *The Catholic World*, and almost the only original ones, the poetry excepted, are "Guettée's Papacy Schismatic," "The Indissolubility of Christian Marriage," and "Playing with Fire"—in which last the conduct of the preacher Murphy at Birmingham, and all pretexts for religious mobs, are properly censured. There is the usual entertaining variety of selections, from Lady Herbert's "Impressions of Spain" to an article on "Thermometers" from *Chambers's Journal*. Indirectly from Montalembert, whose "Monks of the West" is reviewed among the literary notices, is derived an account of the Irish saint Columba or Columbkill, and a brief mention of another more famous is contained in the article "Solution of some Parisian Problems." St. Fiachra, having had his effigy placed on the front of the inn of Nicholas Sauvage, who also kept a livery stable in Paris about 1650, is the veritable ancestor of the modern *fiacre*. An article from the *Revue des Questions Historiques* rightly exonerates Vespuccius from the charge of stealing the glory of Columbus, and names, after Humboldt, the map-maker who invented the name of America, Martin Waldsee Müller, or Hylacomylus. The full history of this controversy may be found in the "Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima."

There is hardly anything worth mentioning in *The New Jersey Magazine* except the paper on "The Inner Life of the House of Commons," which is fresh and accurate, and altogether good.

NOTES ON THE NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

XVIII.

Coach. The historical evidence points to Katce or Kocs, the name of a town in Hungary, as the origin of this word. See the note in the American edition of Wedgwood, p. 186. Further evidence on this point may be found in a volume entitled "Dell' origine e dell' uso dei Cocchi," by Count Giovanni Gozzadini, published at Bologna in 1864, from which it appears that the coach, then known as the *Ongaro*, or Hungarian, was introduced at Ferrara, certainly not later than the year 1509, by Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, who had been bishop of a Hungarian diocese, and was the nephew and heir of Beatrice of Aragon, queen of Hungary. The facts stated by Gozzadini seem decisive. The Rev. Isaac Taylor, in his learned "Words and Places," p. 448, *note*, refers to "two most exhaustive treatises on this word by M. Cornides in the Ungrisches Magasin," Vols. I. and II. I have no opportunity of consulting these articles, but I believe they lead to the conclusion arrived at by Gozzadini.

Cold-short, applied to iron which is brittle when cold. This word is sometimes pronounced and written cold *sheer*, or *shear*, cold *shut*, and the last element in *red short* or hot-*short*, brittle when heated, is varied in the same way. It is evidently the same word as *short* in pastry-cookery, meaning crisp or brittle, *short* cake, *short* crust. Although *short*, in all its different senses, may be from one and the same primitive, yet, as is shown by the history of the corresponding word in the Scandinavian languages, the two significations have been differently developed, and it is not improbable that our *short*, brittle, is borrowed from the Swedish or Danish. In the metallurgical industry of the Scandinavian countries, *kallt skört*, *kold-skjört*, *röd-skört*, *röd-skjört*, have been used from time immemorial, and similar forms are found in the Platt-Deutsch dialects, while in all those languages *short*, in the familiar sense, is without the initial *S*, which seems to have been first introduced in Anglo-Saxon, *sceort*. I do not find, however, that the A.-S. *sceort* had the sense of *brittle*. The adjective does not occur in Old Northern in either form or signification, but the verbs *skera*, *skora*, to cut, divide, break, are found in that language, and the Lat. *curtus*, whence Ital. *corto*, Fr. *court*, seems to be an allied word.

Commander. This word, one in form, has a double origin and signification. In its familiar sense of one who *commands*, it is a noun derived from the English verb *command* by the ordinary process of adding the terminal *er*. In its meaning of a certain charge, in a religious order of knighthood—a sense not given by the editors of Webster under *commander*, though indicated under *commandery*—it is derived from the French *commandeur*. In the first signification this noun is active, in the other passive, being applied to persons to whom an estate called a *commandery* is committed or *commended* in trust for the use of the order to which he belongs. The two significations are etymologically, but not logically, connected; the one not being deduced from the other, but both independently from a common origin.

Commodore. This word is referred to the Ital. *commendatore*, Sp. *comendador*, as a probable source. These Romance words are of the passive class, meaning originally one who holds a *commandery*, not one who *commands*, nor have they the signification of *commodore* at all. It might very naturally happen that a knight of Malta, who held a *commandery* of his order, should have the *command* of a naval squadron, and Englishmen, ignorant of the meaning of *comendador* may, in such case, have taken it for the designation of a naval rank, and introduced it, in a corrupt form, into their own language. But this is no better than a mere *guess*, which is worth nothing without proof. If the signification of the source is to be regarded, the Portuguese *capitão mor*, which, as I have elsewhere suggested, exactly corresponds in meaning to *commodore*, furnishes a better etymology.

Corfute, a native or inhabitant of Corfù. I cannot say that this appellative may not have been employed by somebody, but the regular word is *Corfiote*.

Cross. } These words and their immense family of compounds and
Crutch. } derivatives furnish a good illustration of the way in which
Curse. } particular incidents, connected with the moral interests of humanity, often give great prominence and variety of application to words which otherwise would have been forgotten when the objects they express have fallen into disuse. Simply as the name of a barbarous implement of punishment inflicted by the Romans and other cruel nations of the ancient world, *cross* would hardly have become the stem of a great multitude of words of very diversified and important significations both literal and figurative. Whether *crux* has any etymological connection with *crudelis*, *crudus*, *cruentus*, *cruor*, etc., may be doubted; but the Romans do not seem to have felt the possible alliance between them, and they formed but a small number of derivatives, mostly literal in sense, from *crux*. But when the *cross* became familiar as the instrument of the death of the Christian Saviour and the symbol of Christianity, it assumed at once a great etymological importance, and hundreds of words, some of them but remotely resembling the Latin *crux*, are now traced to it as their proximate or remote original.

Cur, referred to German *Köther*, a peasant's house-dog. The O. Dutch *korre* gives some countenance to the supposition that this is a Gothic word, but the historical evidence is in favor of the supposition that it comes from *curtail*, persons not qualified to hunt by the laws of England, and, perhaps, other countries, having been formerly required to dock or *curtail* (*court tailler*) the tails of their dogs. See *curtail dog* in Webster.

Currier. } I have investigated the history of these words at some length
Curry. } in a note in the American edition of Wedgwood. There is little or no doubt that *currier* is from the Latin *coriarius*, and *curry*—to dress leather—may be from the same root, though this is by no means certain. *Currier*, a leather-dresser, appears to be older than the verb to *curry*, and it is difficult to doubt that Wycliffe first introduced the noun directly from the *coriarius* of the Vulgate. I find no earlier example of the verb than the participial form in the "Promptorium Parvulorum," p. 110, "*Curragyñ* horsys, or other lyke, strigillo," "*curragyñ* leder, cociodio."

The verb to *curry*, in the sense of dressing a horse, is certainly from the French *conréer*, as is abundantly shown by the examples I have cited in my note in Wedgwood. Several others are referred to in Müller, Mittelhochdeutsches Wörterbuch, under *kunriere*. There is no reason to believe that *conréer* is from *corium*, though my citations prove that this verb was sometimes applied to the dressing of leather at a very early date.

The editors do not explain the origin of the popular phrase, "to *curry favor*," which is properly stated by Wedgwood. It is the translation of a French proverbial expression, *étriller Fauveau*, to *curry Favel* (for this is the original English form), *favel* meaning a chestnut-colored horse. The French say, "Tel étrille *Fauveau* qui puis le mord,"—the ungrateful jade bites him that *curries* her. The third number of the seventh volume, 1866, of the "Jahrbuch für Romanische und Englische Literatur" contains an old French poem of the beginning of the fourteenth century, entitled "Le Roman de Fauvel," or, "Lignage de Fauvel, Satyre contre le Pape," etc., in which, or in some other old satire of the same character, the origin of the phrase is to be found.

Shakespeare, Henry IV., Part II., V. 1., employs the verb *curry* in what must be an abridged form of the proverbial expression, "I would *curry* with master." This use of the word is not noticed in Webster.

G. P. M.

The Results of Emancipation in the United States of America. By a Committee of the American Freedman's Union Commission. (New York; July, 1867.)—This month there meets at Paris an international anti-slavery conference, whose projectors having solicited reports on (1) the slave-trade, (2) slavery, and (3) the results of emancipation, the commission named above responds with perfect propriety, and with an authority which cannot be questioned, upon the third subject of enquiry. One does not report to a public meeting details which would make a volume, and this pamphlet has, accordingly, nothing in point of thoroughness or of bulk in common with the admirable work of M. Cochin, which it recalls by its title. A few pages of statistics, to be read rather than recited, are furnished by the committee to relieve the simplicity of their résumé, which, for breadth of view, methodical arrangement, and accuracy of statement, has, perhaps, never been equalled in the same compass by any previously attempted sketch of the transition from slavery to the *status quo* of civil equality and educational development. It swiftly passes in review the history of emancipation as a military and political movement, the legal and social condition in which the negro was left by emancipation, the instrumentalities—voluntary and governmental—employed for the improvement of his condition, and, finally, what has been achieved by them towards providing for his physical wants, securing him impartial justice, reorganizing labor, and providing education.

Such a document cannot fail to impress deeply the minds of those to whom it is specially addressed, and does not need the weight which the signatures of Chief-Justice Chase and Major-General Howard lend to it. The Sanitary Commission has justly taken a prize at the Paris Exhibition, and has equally shed honor on the United States and light on the American character. Compared with the Freedman's Commission, however, its aims must be confessed more restricted, more akin to the common feeling of humanity and human relationship, and therefore more naturally spontaneous, while having every attribute of popularity, and elevated beyond reach of party odium or party hatred. The Sanitary Commission naturally ended with the end of bloodshed—of the warfare between army and army; the Freedman's Commission will terminate, by self-limitation, with the warfare of civilizations—whenever the only guaranty of republican government is established unshakably where slavery flourished. Its object does not appeal to enthusiasm, but to reflection; it does not touch the family chord, nor rouse the sympathies by tales of physical suffering; it is not exempt from the disfavor of the fashionable and the enmity of a numerous and yet powerful party. The movement to educate the freedmen is really political, but partisan only because to be republican is, in the United States, to be partisan; but as it is conducted from disinterested motives, by honorable, usual, and approved means, and as it consults the ultimate welfare of the entire country, it should receive the support of every citizen who to national pride joins faith in the institutions of his country; and to him we cordially commend this pamphlet.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of The Nation *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE NEGRO'S CLAIM TO OFFICE.

Men who say a great deal and are fond of startling effects must needs sometimes say things that it is not very easy to make good in calm discussion. Mr. Wade and Mr. Phillips have of late both got into difficulty owing to their having, in their eagerness to be in the advance ground of radicalism, taken up positions which it was easier to occupy than defend. Mr. Wade startled the world a few weeks ago by some rather confused talk about the duty of the Government toward the laboring classes, and as his discoveries were not favorably received by the public, detachments of newspaper correspondents had to be sent to his rescue to disengage him from the unbelievers. Mr. Phillips also having secured all the objects for which he labored for thirty years, began to find himself rather hard pressed for congenial occupation, and has accordingly begun to agitate for the election of a colored man to the Vice-Presidency. The public having received his arguments on this subject with irreverence, not to say with hilarity, and there being some indications that he has advanced too far, detachments of his friends are also coming to his rescue. *Harper's Weekly*, accordingly, undertakes to show, last week, that it is by no means "absurd" to claim the Vice-Presidency for the colored people, and that the election of a colored man to office will be the only sure sign that the caste feeling has died out with regard to negroes, and that therefore "we should labor for their election to office both as a sign and as a help." That is to say, by electing negroes to office, we shall help to destroy the prejudice against them, and at the same time furnish proof that the prejudice has ceased to exist.

This view of the case is, it seems to us, based on a false impression of the cause of the prejudice against colored people, as well as of the principle which should regulate the bestowal of public offices. This prejudice is not confined to the United States; it exists in a greater or less degree all over the Western world. It exists in almost as great a degree in aristocratic circles in England as in Southern circles in this country; it is nowhere stronger than in white circles in Jamaica, where the negroes have been free for nearly forty years, and have filled almost all public offices, and figured at the governor's levees, and dined at his table, though we admit it rages nowhere with such virulence as amongst the Anglo-Saxon race. Nor is the African race the only object of it. Hindoos and Chinese are exposed to it in almost the same degree. The contempt with which the average Englishman regards the Hindoo can hardly be surpassed by anything which the negro has in this country to undergo from the most besotted Democrat; and yet the Englishman has seen the Hindoo in all the pomp and pride and circumstance of royalty, and of every other great office; he has seen him serve gallantly in war, and knows him to be acute, refined, and descended from ancestors who, if their glory differed from European glory, were, nevertheless, glorious. Hindoos now are admitted to every department of the government service, sit on the bench, practise in the courts, and yet nobody will say that their official dignities have done much to raise them in the estimation of Englishmen. What they have done is to raise England and Englishmen in the estimation of Hindoos.

The dislike of Englishmen and Americans to colored people, and their unwillingness to admit their equality, is not due simply to difference of feature, or color, or race, but to difference of feature, color, and race combined with apparent want of mental, moral, and physical vigor. People whom an Anglo-Saxon can "lick" easily he never respects, and cannot readily be got to respect. The Indian is as repulsive in appearance as the negro, and less capable of civilization, and yet, during all the earlier period of American history, an admixture of Indian blood in one's veins was considered as something to be proud of; and it will be observed that this feeling has declined, and the Indian has fallen into the contempt which at present surrounds him, in the ratio of the decline of his powers of mischief. When he was capable of putting the scalps of a whole colony in danger nobody greatly objected to having a squaw for a grandmother, but since he lost his power of taking scalps at all, nobody likes to acknowledge relationship with him. Taking scalps, to be sure, may not *per se* be a remarkable indication of anything but ferocity and cunning; but the power of combining and carrying on a destructive war does indicate considerable power both of mind and body. Now the disability of the negro in the eyes of American society is due to the fact that he has never done anything which was an evidence of great capacity. He has never achieved wealth, which, in an Anglo-Saxon community, is the greatest evidence of power, and he has achieved neither literary, nor scientific, nor *military* distinction. That he has never had a chance to do so it may be easy to show; but society, in judging people, does not take opportunities or want of opportunities into account. Its decisions are shaped simply by accomplished results. When a man talks to it of what he might do if he had a chance, it laughs and leaves him. The only field in which the friends of the negro have been as yet able to produce strong indications of capacity superior to that of white men, is that of art; but it is only very recently that Americans and Englishmen have begun to look on painters or musicians or actors as anything better than vagabond adventurers of whom the community would be well rid.

We hold, therefore, as we have once before said when discussing this same subject, that the removal of the white prejudice against the negro depends almost entirely on the negro himself. You can work sufficiently on the religious and moral feelings of the white community to secure for him justice and political equality, and a fair chance in the race of life; but as long as the great mass of negroes—in fact, the whole colored population *as a class*—are in a lower state of civilization than the rest of the population, less learned, less wealthy, less cultivated, less refined, less progressive, have, in short, achieved less in every walk of life, it is chimerical to ask the white majority to bestow on negroes, as a class, special marks of honor by selecting a colored man for the Vice-Presidency or other high office, simply *because of his color;* and yet, as we understand them, this is what Mr. Phillips and *Harper's Weekly* ask us to do.

The right of negroes, *as negroes*, to seats in the State legislatures and in Congress we do not question; nay, we assert it, because in the existing state of society in this country negroes can only be fairly represented by negroes. The admission of colored men to the representative body, as long as a sixth of the population are colored, and are separated in feeling and antecedents and condition by a wide gulf from their white neighbors, is not the bestowal of an honor, it is an act of justice. But the election, by the whole Union, to a high Federal office, of a colored man for the sole reason that the fraction of the community to which he belonged was poor and mean and despised, would, in our opinion, be a degradation and perversion of the office, and would not help the colored population, because it would outrage the sense of justice and sense of propriety of the best portion of the whites. There is something very amusing in the simplicity with which Mr. Phillips tries to persuade himself and persuade others, that as soon as people saw a negro foisted into the Vice-Presidency by political manœuvring, the whites would begin to respect the colored population more than they had previously done. He might as well talk of regulating the temperature by forcing the mercury up and down in a thermometrical tube. Election to office is, and always has been, and we trust always will be, the result of the popular estimate of a man's character, not the cause of it. Therefore, whenever we see a negro in the Vice-Presidency, it will, we admit, be a *sign* that negroes, as a class, have risen in popular estimation. But to raise them in popular estimation, we must go about exhorting them to do the things and lead the life which win popular esteem, instead of exhorting the whites to bestow highest honors or their gifts on the class which has done least to deserve them, or to bestow the most important political trusts on the class which has done least to prove its fitness for them.

The offices of government, as we understand government, are established for the service of the whole community, and not for the consolation of the unfortunate or unsuccessful, and if there be one political abuse from which, more than any other, the country has in these latter days suffered, it is the practice of bestowing nominations and appointments with reference not to the candidate's fitness or to the public needs, but with reference to such arbitrary and senseless considerations

as "the claims" of particular sections or localities or interests. It is to this abuse of its power by the convention that we owe our present valuable ruler, Andrew Johnson, and it is to this abuse of their power by the President and Senate that we have owed and do still owe most of our worst diplomatic officers, and many of the worst in other branches of the public service. It is to the idea, too, out of which this abuse springs —that offices are "spoils" or prizes and not trusts—that we owe much of the jobbing which marks the election of United States senators. Many a valuable man is lost to the Senate because some one section of a State has "claims" involving the choice of somebody else. To this abuse Mr. Phillips wants to give an immense extension.

It is said that the arguments now used for the election of negroes to high office are such as have been and are constantly used in favor of the election or appointment of persons belonging to other despised or unfortunate classes, or interests. We deny it *in toto*. During the long contest in England which preceded the admission of Jews to the House of Commons, nobody ever thought of claiming seats for them as a means of raising Jews in the popular estimation. This work the advocates of their claims well knew the Jews must do for themselves. What was demanded in the case of the Jews, as well as of the Irish Catholics, was the removal as an act of justice of all legal barriers to their holding office. The moral and social barriers they were left to remove themselves by the ordinary means—that is, by industry, learning, energy, activity, eloquence, and public spirit. Baron Rothschild got his seat in the House of Commons not as a means of elevating his race, but because his race was elevated; because it had shown itself in every country in Europe foremost in the work of civilization; because its members were the first in the ranks of commerce, literature, arts, and arms, and because, in short, it had become ridiculous and absurd to exclude a Jew, as Jew, from any post of honor. The mere social prejudice against Jews is still strong in every Christian country—stronger with many people than the prejudice against negroes—but as long as Jews are amongst the wealthiest merchants and bankers, the ablest lawyers and scientific men in the world, no prejudice can shut them out from more than their share, calculated on numbers, of political honors.

The foreign population in this country is more numerous than the negro population, and has contributed far more to its wealth and strength and fame and prosperity. Foreigners are found in the most distinguished places in all walks of life, but how many foreigners are there in Congress? What foreigner has yet been nominated for the governorship of a State or the Vice-Presidency? Two or three have filled second-rate embassies; but, so far as we know, no high official position has yet been conferred by the popular vote on a man of foreign birth, and we have yet to meet with a foreigner who is fool enough to complain of this as a grievance or as an indication that foreigners are treated as "political outcasts." The exclusion is a natural one, and because natural perfectly just. As long as native Americans do most of the brain work of the country, have most to do with the supply of its ideas and the direction of its industry, the high political positions will fall to their lot. If the day should ever come when high political positions shall be distributed, as treasury clerkships and custom-house places now are, as a mode of relieving or encouraging the helpless or friendless or destitute or incompetent, a serious blow will assuredly be struck at the stability of the government, and we, for our part, hope that nothing of the kind will ever be submitted to by the people either for the sake of the negroes or any other race or tribe, because we know that when negroes have contributed their fair share to the work of civilization and good government, no prejudice can, in a free Christian country, prevent them from receiving their fair share of the prizes.

THE POLITICAL VALUE OF GOOD INTENTIONS.

If we may judge from the letters we occasionally receive from correspondents touching our manner of dealing with public men, and, in fact, concerning our whole theory of political criticism, a great many excellent people can only account for hostile or unfavorable criticism of men whose intentions are good, and whose services have been valuable, or whose reputation, whether their intentions be good or bad, is of value to the party to which they belong, when it appears in a journal which professes to have high aims, by ascribing it either to undue devotion to intellectual considerations, and consequently undue neglect of moral ones, or to a mere love of fault-finding. One correspondent asks us whether "great intellectuality and a certain kind of refinement may not exist with but little real moral development or little knowledge of what is required to attain it?" The obvious answer to this is, yes; this particular combination resulted in Napoleon Bonaparte amongst rulers; and very remarkable instances of it might be cited by the score from the annals of literature and science and theology. But this question is of very little value by itself. To give it any pertinence for the purposes of this disoussion we must ask the converse: Whether considerable moral development, or, in other words, a very highly cultivated state of the conscience, may not exist with a low state of the intellect? To this the answer must also be, yes. This particular combination has been even commoner than the other, and it has produced fanatics and persecutors and tyrants and blunderers by the thousand, who have probably inflicted more injury on mankind than all the ordinary criminals, intellectual or non-intellectual, the earth has produced. To it the world owed Philip II. of Spain, and James II. of England, and Arboes, the Spanish inquisitor, who was canonized the other day at Rome. But the end of all political criticism, which professes to have any end beyond the critic's personal gratification, or the infliction of pain on others, is the promotion, in statesmen, of as near an approach as possible to equilibrium between the mental and moral powers, and the maintenance in the public mind of a fair appreciation of the necessity of this equilibrium, in order to produce good government.

The course of events in America, for the last twenty or thirty years, in our opinion, has been such as to bring the moral qualities of public men into very high esteem, and make intellectual ones seem of very little account. The country has just emerged from a struggle which was, perhaps, more nearly a purely moral struggle than any in political history. The question involved was, whether it was right or wrong, wise or foolish, that the powers of a great government should be used to assist in retaining four or five millions of human beings in the condition of beasts of the field; and the circumstances of the case were such that the wealthy, the intellectual, and a large proportion of the professedly religious people, not of the United States only, but of the world, were ranged on the side of the wrong. What was needed to keep the struggle up was not clear brains so much as valiant hearts; not learning or experience so much as pluck and tenacity, sympathy with humanity and hatred of oppression. The result was that people came to look upon fidelity to the anti-slavery cause, and a generally philanthropic tendency, as the one test of statesmanship, and under cover of this feeling a large number of gentlemen have won their way to places in public life, which we will not say they did not deserve, or which, as the country was then circumstanced, they were not the right men to fill. What we do say is, that the circumstances have so changed, and the problems presented for solution are now so different, that they are fit to fill them no longer.

Moreover, during the last thirty years the spread of democratic ideas, both here and in Europe, has naturally given humanitarian feelings an immense impulse. The good things of the world have been so long reserved for the high-born few, that the spectacle of the low-born many entering or enjoying them gives immense satisfaction. The spectacle of human faculties exerting themselves without trammel or hindrance from law or social usage also gives immense satisfaction, and it is only in the United States that this spectacle is to be witnessed in anything like perfection. The consequence is that the sympathy, pure human sympathy with one's fellow-men as men, has received a development in this country such as it has received nowhere else. Nowhere else is there as much disposition to help the unfortunate, as much readiness to rejoice with the successful, as much reluctance to bear hardly on the stupid and ignorant, or even the criminal, or to exact of anybody more than he finds it convenient to give, or to pass harsh judgment on anybody's errors or shortcomings. Nowhere in the world is "the poor devil" so sure of a "chance," so sure of oblivion for his follies or recognition of his efforts to amend. Nowhere, in short, is society so pervaded by the spirit of good nature—genuine, hearty good nature.

Now, good nature, like many other good things, may exist in excess, or it may be allowed to act at wrong times and places; and when it is allowed to affect the public judgment as to the qualifications of public servants, or as to their manner of doing their duties, it may work infinite mischief. Ask any officer of sufficient cultivation to be able to look objectively at the system of which he forms a part, or anybody who had much to do with the working of the Sanitary Commission during the war, or any one who has had much experience in the work of administrative and social reform, what he has found to be the greatest obstacle to efficiency, to the prompt and punctual discharge of duty, to the promotion or employment of good men, to the eradication of abuses and malpractices, and he will tell you almost invariably that it was the unwillingness of everybody to complain of anybody else or hold anybody to a strict account, or, in short, be in any way disagreeable to anybody for any reason whatever.

The result of the working of these two influences combined on the popular mind is very curious. If you say of a member of Congress that he has displayed gross ignorance of political economy, of history, and of most things which a legislator ought to know, you are told that he has for years been the friend of the black man, or that he is kind to his wife and to the poor, or sets a good example in regard to total abstinence. If you say that he has been making a demagogical speech tending to confuse the ignorant, excite false expectations and false notions of the powers and duty of government, you are told that he is a "self-made man," that he never had any schooling, but learnt all he knows over the fire in the evenings, and spent many years of his youth as a day-laborer; and these things are put forward, not as excuses or by way of palliation, but as positive merits, which make your criticism improper, if not foolish, and you are probably accused in your turn of placing a low estimate on moral development, and of want of sympathy with the poor.

Now, at the risk of being accused of talking Buckle, we assert that ignorance or "small intellectuality" is, in politicians, immorality; that, in short, their blunders are nearly all crimes, and that God has so ordered the world as to make mind as necessary in governors as even conscience, inasmuch as He has so ordered it that, in the long run, nothing but wise government succeeds. If any design of Providence is revealed in history, it is clearly and unquestionably this, that good intentions of rulers shall not save the people; that they must know well, as well as mean well; that the ignorant statesman, whatever the condition of his conscience may be, shall be brought to naught; that, in short, politics must be cultivated as a science, and that its secrets can no more be got at by the cultivation of the heart than those of astronomy or chemistry. The example of President Lincoln will, doubtless, be at once cited in refutation of this theory; but President Lincoln, we reply, was a genius, and genius is an exception to all rules. It would be just as sensible to cite Oliver Cromwell, in proof of the uselessness of General Von Moltke's attainments, or Napoleon Bonaparte's victories in Italy in his first campaign, in proof of the worthlessness to a general of military experience. Moreover, Mr. Lincoln was concerned throughout his administration mainly with a moral question. His work was the simple one, as he himself defined it, of "pegging away," and he did it faithfully. In other words, he was called upon rather for tenacity and fidelity, and for thorough comprehension of the people behind him, than for legislative skill.

To illustrate the foregoing more thoroughly, however, we shall cite an incident in the career of a gentleman whom everybody respects, and none more than we do ourselves, and whose services in times past we rate as highly as anybody. He happens, however, to furnish an excellent example of the politician whose moral development has got the better of his intellectual one. His forte is his love of liberty, his keen sympathy with the poor and oppressed, and during the last thirty years these qualities served him in good stead. But the war brought him into power, and he was thereupon enabled to embody his own ideas in legislation. The gold speculators in 1863 were, as he thought, running up the price of gold, thus enhancing the price of commodities, shaking the credit of the Government, encouraging the enemy, protracting the war, and, in fact, working moral as well as political evil, and his indignation was greatly roused against them. Had the historians and economists gone to him, and told him that he could do nothing to stop the operations of the speculators; that if he attempted to meddle with them by penal legislation he would only aggravate the evil, and that nothing could effect a cure except the success of the military operations, inasmuch as the speculation was based on the uncertainties of the war, he would certainly have driven them from him with wrath as "dilettante," "kid-glove politicians," "philosophers," "theorists," men with "low moral feeling." So he brought in a bill sending the speculators to jail if they bought or sold gold except for foreign export. His position in the Republican party was such that the rest of the majority followed him like a flock of sheep, and the bill was passed at once. The working of the laws of political economy were at once revealed. Gold began to fly the country faster than ever, and the dealers in it stayed away from the market, or had to have higher prices in order to compensate them for the risk of selling. It went up in two days from about 200 to 280; it would have been 300 in a few hours more. Panic was spreading through the country; the price of every commodity shot up in sympathy with the price of gold; the poor began to be more pinched than ever, the credit of the Government was shaken, the prospects of the war made more uncertain than ever. The act was then repealed before the mischief went any further; but Mr. Stevens's ignorance, and that of his colleagues, here resulted in just as much evil as if the act had been framed from evil motives. We mention this case simply because it happened to furnish, within a brief space of time, and in figures, as on a thermometer, a perfect illustration of the way in which ignorant legislation works. Ordinarily, however, the effects of such legislation, instead of being registered in this way, and exhibited to the world inside forty-eight hours, are diffused over a wide area, and do not show themselves in a marked manner for a long period, or are so mixed up with other phenomena when they do show themselves, that it needs some mental training and close powers of observation to follow them up to their cause. But volumes might be filled with illustrations of the same sort.

The evil is a crying one, and the country is undoubtedly sensible of it. Large numbers of people feel that a government such as ours, dealing with a population such as ours has, cannot be carried on successfully without the infusion of some knowledge into legislation; that though it may be well to honor a man who "having begun life as a poor boy," and "never having had any schooling," has become popular and distinguished and rich, and hates evil, and to put him into a saloon car, it is not well to let him drive the engine; that political evil is not always perceptible to the mere moral vision; but for the majority the lesson is hard to learn. In trying to help to spread it, journalists have a very difficult duty. They have to make their impression instantly, and make it on men whose attention is difficult to catch, and whom they cannot hold down and force to listen as preachers can. Consequently they have in some way or other to be striking. Too often they accomplish this by ignoring all distinctions and by constant overstatement. Their opponents are always foolish and ignorant knaves, their friends are prophets, apostles, and martyrs; but everybody knows how little impression this sort of talk now makes on the public. For ourselves, we claim the use of the ordinary and legitimate rhetorical weapons, but falsehood, exaggeration, and vituperation are not amongst the number. We claim the right of pointing out as well as we can what we conceive to be political blunders, and the greater the reputation and influence of the man who commits them the more incumbent on the press do we hold it to be to assail the blunderers. Moreover, ridicule is a legitimate rhetorical weapon, and in periodical literature an indispensable one. In nine cases out of ten a *reductio ad absurdum* is the readiest and most convincing argument at hand, and it is an argument which it is impossible to use against some people without laughing while doing it. In dealing with really ignorant men, as one often has to do in dealing with politicians, who know so little of what they are talking about as to supply absolutely no basis for calm discussion, there is nothing to be done but laugh—and laugh heartily. Life is too short, and there is too much work to be done in the world to make it possible or advisable to sit down and reason on every subject that comes up with such lights as Mr. Robinson of Brooklyn or Mr. Rogers of New Jersey, or many others of greater fame whom we might mention but will not;

and, let us add, there are but few weapons which have rendered more service to freedom and justice and humanity, and all other good causes, than ridicule.

HONORARY DEGREES.

In a college calendar July may be called "the month of degrees." The present season has been as prolific as any of its predecessors in these academic distinctions. Not only has there been the staple harvest of bachelors, and a full assortment of masters, "in course" and "out of course," "honorary" and "*ad eundem*," but there has been, considering the cool weather, a very fair crop of honorary doctorates in law, medicine, and theology, with some show of fruit, as the gardeners would say, in the varieties which have been newly introduced into this country—the doctorates of philosophy and music. One institution which, so far as we know, is not distinguished for its advantages in the way of instruction, has bestowed, for several years, more honorary titles than it has numbered students in its graduating classes. For some time past we have watched these coronation ceremonies, when modest worth and ambitious intrigue are both rewarded with university distinctions, endeavoring to discover the law of selection by which some men come to doctorates and other men do not. Our curiosity has at least been repaid with amusement. Knowing some of the managers of our oldest and most honored institutions, we have been favored with glimpses behind the scenes, and have learned a little of the arts which are employed to secure the doctorates in divinity and law, these being "the grand prizes" in the commencement lottery. We have followed the steps of one candidate and another, and have sometimes seen the same person doubly dubbed with the mystic initials bestowed in two different colleges, by a surprisingly simultaneous recognition of his merit, when all the world was wondering that he was dubbed at all. The conclusion to which we have come is this, that the mode in which honorary degrees are conferred in this country is a sham and a shame. Institutions of learning which should be vigorous and independent enough to resist abuses, are led by the fashion, or by the demands of their graduates and friends, consciously or unconsciously, to perpetuate an evil which has gradually crept in, and which is fast becoming a positive nuisance.

To understand how these modern abuses have grown up, we must bear in mind the history of academic titles. Our fathers brought them to this country from England, where they formed a part of the paraphernalia of mediæval society. A college was an association or guild. None could enter it except by conforming to the prescribed formalities. Once admitted, various privileges were open to the scholar, and the diploma he received conferred in fact, as well as in form, *Jura*, *Insignia*, *Honores*, *Privilegia*, *Dignitates*. Many positions in life were accessible only to those who had passed through the academic portal. In this literary guild were grades or ranks. The bachelor had the right *prælegendi*, or of teaching with a text-book; the master had the right *profitendi*, or of being a professor, and of teaching without a manual his own accumulated wisdom. Gradually the doctor's rank became even higher than the master's, and was considered as the mark of superior distinction in some branch of learning. Like the lower degrees it was conferred upon examination, and was the certificate of the college or university which conferred it that the recipient was a proficient in medicine, divinity, or law. In accordance with the modesty which distinguished the foundation of our oldest American colleges, honorary doctorates were not, for many years, conferred at all. Even the honorary master's degree was sparingly bestowed. After a while, when the primitive simplicity of manner was yielding to the dignities and forms of the revolutionary period, doctorates of divinity and law were freely bestowed on men distinguished in church and state—never, we believe, in this country, for merit in examination, but always *honoris causâ*. As letters became a profession, the doctorate of law was conferred on men of scientific and literary attainments, without reference to their skill in jurisprudence. While the population was scanty and the colleges were but half-a-dozen in number, no great harm came from this bestowal of degrees. The colleges were chary of their honors, and the recipients were commonly men who were, at least, as worthy of academic distinction as any in the land. The college managers were responsible also to public sentiment. But now, the number of colleges has largely increased. No one pretends to keep the run of them. The doctorates which they confer are innumerable. Designing men are consequently enabled to make use of their academic titles to impose upon unwary people. They use their degrees to sell their literary wares, puff their schools, and secure consideration from their neighbors. The real distinctions of scholarship are popularly underrated, and many modest and eminent men of letters are depreciated because their more pushing neighbors have borne away the endorsement of the colleges. We hold, therefore, that the older colleges ought to recast their mode of conferring degrees. Let Harvard and Yale inaugurate a change, and the smaller colleges will soon follow suit.

There are several considerations which ought to be borne in mind in thinking of such a change. In the first place, all the colleges of the land, some hundred in number, claim the same privilege of creating doctors. A "female college" out West, or a chartered corporation without any students, can furnish the same brand as Harvard or Yale. "LL.D." looks just as well at the end of a name, and the "Reverend Dr." sounds just as well for a prefix, when the degree is conferred by the unheard-of University of Montana, as when it is received from Oxford or Cambridge. The public are very forgetful, and though the dons in our older colleges may scoff at the degrees of their younger sisters, there is no one else to care. Again, all these institutions, old and new, "male and female," bestow their honors, so far as we can discover, without any guiding principle. Certainly there is no avowal of reasons, nor any show of examination, nor any publicity of discussion. At the close of commencement exercises the gaping assembly is astounded by the announcement that A and B and C are constituted doctors of theology or law, and this grave distinction is telegraphed at once, through the associated press, to every city in the land; but no key is given to the proceeding. Who can tell why Professor Pierce was honored this year at Cambridge, or Secretary Stanton at New Haven?

But this indiscriminate bestowal of titles by well-known and unknown colleges is not the worst evil. It is so easy to get a degree, so many men of slight acquisitions have obtained degrees, that it is now the way to apply for these honors; and if the secret sessions of college corporations were made public, there would be an astounding revelation of intimations and open requests and indorsements. Members of the faculties of colleges are constantly applied to to lend their influence to secure a doctorate for this person or that. By designed coincidences, letters are sometimes received from distant points and from very different writers, calling attention to the peculiar merits of this or that candidate, and recommending him to favorable consideration.

What now is the remedy for this state of things? Three occur to us as possible. First, the older and firmer colleges might refuse to give honorary doctorates under any circumstances. The smaller and younger colleges would be likely to follow the example. This would be the simplest and easiest mode of remedying the abuse. Or, secondly, doctorates in law or theology might be given on examination—the candidate offering himself, like the candidates for the baccalaureate, openly and honorably, with a thesis or treatise which should exhibit his attainments. This is the usage of some of the foreign universities. Or, thirdly, a college might declare its purpose to advance its own graduates to honorary distinctions on certain recognized principles of promotion—the publication of some scholarly work, the accomplishment of some literary task, or the attainment of some high position. In every case the reasons for bestowing the degree should be openly avowed. If a man is made doctor of laws, the public have a right to know whether it means he has fought a battle, or is on the right side in politics, or is a donor to the extent of "five thousand dollars and upwards."

At present everything looks accidental. Two years ago, General Grant, on his way to Canada, happened to take a commencement dinner in a town down East, and came away LL.D. General Meade, on his return from a wedding, visited Cambridge, and bore away the same diploma. General Howard left the Freedmen's Bureau to visit his home, and the nearest college christened him doctor of laws. General Terry, on the other hand, came out a simple master of arts at New Haven, on the principle that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country. A few years before, a professor of Greek found himself proclaimed, at Cambridge, a doctor of divinity, when he had not even been ordained as a minister. Bismarck is announced as having just been made a doctor of philosophy in one of the German universities. George Peabody is doctor of civil law at Oxford. The newly arrived minister from Greece has turned up an LL.D. at New Haven. How many of the corporation could tell his name? So it goes year after year. Take the lists of any respectable college, and see whom they have honored and whom they have not. One hour's scrutiny would be sufficient to show that the whole system, as at present maintained, is full of fraud towards the public, unfairness towards men of letters, and dishonor to the name of learning and the thought of academic honor.

THE ENGLISH TRADES-UNIONS.

London, July 12, 1867.

In my last letter I told you that I hoped on some future occasion to give you an account of a matter which has been attracting our attention in England almost as much as the Reform Bill itself for the last six weeks or two months. This is the trades-union question, which, in one form or another, has been before the public ever since the beginning of the year. It has attracted a degree of attention which is not greater than it deserves; but which, I think, is almost greater than the interest which has attached to any other domestic matter which has occurred for the last twenty-five years. It is the first distinct case of a social problem raised and debated by the persons

who are principally and directly interested in it. The Poor-law was a social question; but it was discussed principally by the people who administered relief, and hardly at all by those to whom it was administered. Education may be regarded as a social question; but it is, in fact, treated partly as a political, partly as an ecclesiastical question, and nothing can be more remarkable, or, in my judgment, more lamentable than the fact that it is regarded by the classes principally affected by it with almost absolute indifference and apathy. The other great questions of our day have all been political. Trade-unions are a very different matter. You know, I fancy, from your own experience, what is their general nature, and what are their general effects; but it is probable that you may not be aware either of their history in this country, or of the space which they fill in the minds of our laboring population. It appears to me that there are no more vigorous organizations in the country, and that the part which they will play in its future history, be it what it may, will be one of the most important parts which has been or will be played by anybody whatever in our public affairs. However, this is anticipation, and as I do not pique myself on being a prophet, I will try to give you, instead of prophecy, a little bit of history, which may be more or less new to some of your readers.

To understand trades-unions you must go back to old times. Free-trade in England, in the sense of the repeal of protective duties, is a very modern institution, but we have had internal free-trade in labor, as far at least as it could be given by law, for the past forty-two years—that is to say, since 1825. Before that time the labor market of the country was hampered by a system of laws of which it is not easy in these days even to imagine the existence. They formed a most complicated system, the professed object of which was to regulate the rate of wages to be given for all sorts of labor, and to prevent, and indeed punish, any attempt to alter it by combination. For this purpose magistrates were authorized to fix the rate of wages in different trades for particular districts, and workmen were forbidden by a great variety of statutes, as well as by the common law, to combine together for the purpose of raising artificially the rate of wages allowed to them. The result of this was what might have been expected. The law was not strong enough to effects its purpose, and the workmen formed themselves into secret societies which set the law of the land at defiance, and enforced laws of their own as to rates of wages, hours of work, and other trade matters, by the most unsparing violence against both person and property. The prohibition of acts of parliament was encountered by other prohibitions sanctioned by arson, murder, and the throwing of vitriol. So strongly was this evil felt that it was at last resolved to repeal the whole system which occasioned it, and, accordingly, in 1825, the whole of the old combination laws were repealed, and permission was given by statute to men on the one hand, and to masters on the other, to combine together for the sake of deciding upon the rate of wages to be given or asked. At the same time provisions, which have since been proved by experience to be vague and ambiguous, were enacted, by which it was intended to prevent intimidation and molestation. A great deal of difficulty has been experienced, as you may readily understand, in deciding what kind of conduct amounts to intimidation or molestation.

Not to trouble you with the technical particulars of these disputes, I may follow the history of the trades-unions. They were rendered legal societies up to a certain point—that is to say, it ceased to be a crime to belong to them—but they continued to be regarded as unlawful in the sense of not being recognized by the courts as founded upon contracts capable of being legally enforced. In this kind of modified position they have remained ever since; but their growth, their popularity, and their influence have hardly been affected at all by the qualified excommunication with which the courts of law have visited them. They have extended over the whole face of trade in a marvellous manner, and there is hardly any branch of English industry to which they have not been applied to some extent and in some form or other. They have, as you must, of course, be aware, been occasions of memorable strikes, which, in some cases, have thrown thousands upon thousands of workmen out of work for many weeks or even months.

Till lately, however, it was the custom amongst educated people to treat their proceedings with the most sublime contempt. It was the all but universal practice—indeed, I do not remember a single exception to it—to treat the practice of striking as a proof of the gross stupidity and want of education of the laboring classes. It was always one of the best arguments for popular education that it would put an end to strikes, and it was assumed on all occasions to be a sort of eternal and self-evident truth that strikes were opposed to the first principles of political economy, and that they must of necessity fail. Be this how it might, there could be no doubt of one thing: the working classes did not and would not see the matter in this light. They went on striking with the greatest pertinacity, and at an expense which it was almost impossible to calculate. At last they began to obtain advocates amongst the higher classes; a reaction against the old politico-economical views of things set in, which was warmly supported by a certain number of more or less popular and influential writers, especially the disciples of Comte, to whose curious atheistical religion I referred in my last letter to you. These writers maintained both that the efforts which the workmen had in view were good, and that the means adopted to carry them out were effectual, and they further concluded that the old theories of political economists were founded on a very partial view of the material facts, and were thus both incomplete and false. This controversy has figured prominently in our recent periodical literature, and the workmen's view of the subject has been vigorously maintained, in particular in *The Fortnightly Review*, in articles written by Mr. Frederic Harrison and Professor Beesley.

Besides the general controversy on the theory and practice of strikes, a special local controversy has been going on as to the effects of strikes in particular places, and especially at Sheffield. It was alleged by the employers that the Sheffield workmen, not contented with mere combination, had had resort to intimidation of the most violent character, systematically carried out, and this charge having been made at the Social Science Association and elsewhere, and having been countenanced by several crimes obviously connected with trades-unions, a commission of enquiry for the investigation of the subject was demanded by the workmen themselves, and a commission was accordingly issued which had two branches—a central one, which was to enquire into the general question of trades-unions and their mode of operation, and a special one which was to investigate the particular town of Sheffield. The Sheffield commission had power to call all sorts of people before it, to enquire into all cases of outrages which had taken place within the last ten years, and to grant what practically amounted to a pardon to every one who would come before them and make a clean breast of any iniquities in which he might have been engaged. It will be difficult to give you anything like a fair account of the proceedings of the Central Commission. They took a great deal of very interesting evidence which was published in the papers as the enquiry went on—a variation from our usual practice here. Much of the evidence fell into the shape of a sort of duel between the witnesses and particular commissioners, especially Mr. Roebuck, who cross-examined them in the most vehement and uncompromising manner. Other witnesses delivered themselves of elaborate theories on the subject from the masters' point of view; but till the whole matter is before the public in a collated form, it would be impossible to give any opinion worth having as to the general effect of the enquiry. The Sheffield enquiry has been of a very different character, and has, indeed, been in some respects one of the most dramatic performances which have taken place on a judicial or quasi-judicial investigation in this country in recent times. Witness after witness was examined for a certain time without producing anything very startling, but at last the commissioners got hold of a man of the name of Hallam whom they suspected of having been mixed up in the murder of one Linley, who had been shot for disobeying trades-union rules. After a great deal of lying and a considerable quantity of bullying, Hallam at last fairly gave way, and owned that he had stood by when Linley was shot, urging a man of the name of Crooke to shoot him. He owned that he had been instigated to commit this crime by one Broadhead, who had been secretary to the Saw-Grinders Trade-Union. Broadhead on being examined owned that this was true, and after a great deal of cross-examination it came out that he had committed as many as twelve or thirteen crimes of the most outrageous kind, including murder, the blowing up of houses, and maiming or "laming" of noxious persons, to say nothing of almost numberless cases of what in Sheffield is called "rattening," that is, hiding the tools, and especially the engine shafts of persons who would not submit to trade-union laws. These disclosures have created an extraordinary sensation not only on account of their inherent atrocity, but because of the extraordinary coolness and brutal indifference with which most of the parties concerned confessed their share in them. The enquiry, they say, is to be extended to other towns.

I think that the state of feeling and state of society which are shown to exist by all this is in many ways very serious, though I cannot say that I much believe in the power of legislation to alter it. The root of the evil lies very deep indeed, and I do not think that we see anything like all its consequences, or indeed that the present generation is likely to see them.

The Reform Bill will have got through the House of Commons early next week, and by about the second week in August the House, I hope, will be well rid of it. What effects will it produce? Every one on this side of the Atlantic is asking the question in very various tones, but I find no one worth listening to who has much of an answer to give to it.

Correspondence.

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

I felt very grateful to you for the article in No. 107 about "The Nation and the Religious Press." It is a little mournful that such words should have to be said at all; that newspapers which ought, from their pretensions and position as representatives of Christian churches, to be the least open to the charge of unfairness should be felt by "educated, intelligent, and sincerely religious men" to be in their judgments and criticisms almost certainly biased by weak, petty views of things, by ignorance and by the odium of hard names.

It is a fact—Christian ministers ought to be the first to confess it—that questions of every character are treated of in the religious journals from a narrow, sectarian basis. In England and America, where sectarianism seems to have gone to extremes, extensively and intensively, the reason of this is plain. Each little community of believers holding, out of every score of doctrines, nineteen in common with the whole Catholic church, has its very life, even for a day, conditioned upon the emphasis of its one peculium. The Trinity, with its wealth of attendant truths, the Fatherhood and Incarnation of God, the Indwelling of the Holy Ghost, becomes of less importance in a theological examination than the renderings of *βαπτιζω* and *ἐπισκοπος*, the religious status of infants, or the question whether a table with no legs is an "altar." This habit—I have no hesitation in calling it the most fearful denial of the very essence of Christ's Gospel ever devised—has extended, as such things must do, into every relation of literature and life. It necessitates a universal narrowness of criticism. It is the Protestant Index Expurgatorius. A sentence is enough to condemn a book or an article, though it may have been written in the spirit wherein men pray. Doctrines which at first sight might seem witnesses for anything but exclusion and hard words, when used by men penetrated with this habit of small view become contradictory, even ridiculous. The Christian church has been edified these few months past by the spectacle of a religious newspaper abusing the name of "Union" and the words, too large and true for any sect's use, of the Nicene Creed, as it is called, into shallow tirade against Roman Catholics, High Churchmen in the Episcopal and German Reformed churches, and Baptists. Perhaps editors of church newspapers can explain the contradiction in all this; I doubt whether any others could do it.

Again, this narrowness of view necessitates ignorance, and so we find it. There are two kinds of ignorance—the dull stupid ignorance which does not know anything, which has no facts to reason from, and the duller and more stupid ignorance which, knowing the facts, does not know what they mean, what are their relations, how much larger and grander some are than others. Both of these faults—crimes they are really in men who teach men—are easily seen in religious newspapers. Bits of history which every scholar ought to know are either unknown or stated in a way which indicates that the writer has not the remotest idea what they mean. Somebody supposes that one of your editors is a "Comtian." How many editors of religious newspapers know what a "Comtian" is? How many of them would confess, if they knew it, that John Stuart Mill holds self-sacrifice to be the central principle of morality, ("Utilitarianism," pp. 24–5), or that Comte ever wrote such words as these?

"Car, le caractère propre de ce Nouveau Grand-Etre consistant à être nécessairement composé d'éléments separables, tout son existence repose sur l'amour mutuel que lie toujours ses diverses parties, sans qu'aucun calcul puisse jamais tenir lieu d'un tel instinct."—"*Système de Politique Positive*," Vol. I., 329.

But then it would be so much harder to talk against Positivism if these men did justice to Comte; it would be such a strange, unheard-of thing to judge him by the large rule of Christ's charity; it would sound as awkward to tell men that Comte confessed the Lord's Law of Sacrifice. At first sight it does look so: it is natural for us all to think that some gain can come to us, or our party or sect, by concealing or being wilfully ignorant of the words which prove that other men somehow think as we do on questions at least as deep as any which divide us. If I was not sure that God has been and is judging men for this habit of mind, which searches through books for their errors and not for their truths, I should suppose that religious newspapers would escape His condemnation. As things are, I cannot help thinking that their waning influence is but one of the signs of the wrath that is coming upon them.

But as the world grows in knowledge—real knowledge—there must be some substitute devised for the lack of it among religious newspaper editors—and so has grown up among us the odium of hard names. A name, by its very brevity, must express but a point among facts: whatever of suggestiveness attaches to it passes over upon all its relations and connections. What a perfect weapon for the criticism of small view have we here. How the lack of the inner and outward knowledge of a philosophy or of a book may be supplied by a convenient nomenclature. What a blessing are adjectives: how many hundreds of them can be attached to the name chosen, and it repeated thus hundreds of times—the adjective being the only novelty in each succeeding sentence. How easy to close and clinch the discussion with a Hamiltonian climax—about the heresy of denying the paramount authority of (this) consciousness? Have not "texts" been quoted? Denials or doubts about logic are here indeed perilous.

I confess that I do feel very strongly upon this whole subject. The really popular preachers of to-day are the religious newspapers; and it is fearful to think of the education they are giving to the men and women who read them. It is one of the strongest arguments for the inherent verity of Christianity—and I do not mean by that latitudinarianism or creedless churches, but the Christianity of the old confessions of the church—that it does survive at all amidst the confusions and denials introduced into it by men who utterly pervert and abuse it for the purposes of religion.

The most annoying unfairness of all is this calling of names, which you have yourself had a taste of. It is just intangible enough to be called cowardly as well as unfair.

While I so thoroughly sympathize with you in your protest against religious newspapers, I cannot help saying that scholars have been to blame, especially during the last century and this, for taking for granted, as so many of them have done—as more of them are doing to-day than ever before—that Christianity necessarily leads in literature and in criticism to narrowness, ignorance, and the odium of hard names. Scholars, no more than theologians themselves, have ever yet confessed theology—the science, the knowledge of God—to be the real centre of history, literature, criticism—all things. They cannot shift the blame by saying that the Church has not allowed them to take this position. The universal error has been yielding to scientific or theological temptations to forget it. When we are rid of these we shall be as one.

The New Englander certainly deserves all you have said of it, and more, in the way of praise. Its spirit is a beautiful contrast to that of its ephemeral weekly contemporaries. One has only to read the article on "Amusements" and the Book Notices, in the very number in which the offending words occur, to discover its catholic earnestness and courage. I think, however, it forgets that others beside Comtians, and among them earnest Christian theologians, have "questioned the validity of the argument from final causes."

J. I. F.

Brooklyn, July 23.

[In the controversy which has called forth this letter, we made no charge of ignorance against the editors of religious papers; we did charge them with forgetfulness of, or indifference to, the ignorance of large numbers of their readers.—Ed. Nation.]

MR. HENRY JAMES'S THEORY OF CREATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

I have no demur to make to your appreciation of my article upon Swedenborg, in the last *North American Review*. I do not in the least know whether my "style" is a bad or a good style for metaphysic teaching, for I do not know, to begin with, what my style actually is. But this I do know, that no style of writing can be imagined perfect enough to convey truth—not scientific truth, of course, which enters merely into the memory, but spiritual or philosophic truth, which enters into the life—to an understanding not previously quickened to receive it. No human or angelic—much more no divine—skill suffices to make that seem true to a man's intelligence which his heart does not first pronounce *good*. The devil alone exercises this naughty art, and I doubt whether even he is not growing tired of it, its returns in these days of advancing freedom must be becoming so precarious.

But I do demur to your lending me the monstrous notion that creation is only a sort of "loving *finesse*" on God's part, whereby what really *is not* is made to appear as if it were. I should abominate any sentimental drivel of this sort as an offence to the creative sincerity. For I hold to creation, with no reservation, as a most literal and veridical achievement of the Divine power; only I maintained that the *locus in quo* of that achievement is *primarily* the spiritual world, which is the world of affection, and of thought, derived from such affection, and only *subordinately thereto* the natural world, which is the world of sensation, and of imagination derived

from such sensation. My suspicion is, indeed, that I hold to the actuality of creation much more thoroughly than most persons do. The ordinary traditional deliverance on that subject is, that you and I are unquestionably creatures of God, but only by virtue of our connection with the race. The race is supposed to have been created directly by God, and we indirectly, because we are included in it. The race is imagined to have been created a great while ago, and we, of course, were created in it, therefore, because we are a portion of it. Such is the average conception of Christendom on this topic, and it seems to me a very ghastly and repulsive one. For I conceive that you and I, and every other man, are directly or immediately created by God, and not indirectly or mediately through the race. On the contrary, the race is created through us its individual members, for it has absolutely no existence save as a generalization of our minds. Philosophy has always been victimized by this shallow fallacy of the sensuous or scientific understanding, which makes the particular to date from the universal, the specific from the generic, the fine from the gross, and not contrariwise. And there will be no revivification of it until it learns that in the true order of thought the whole derives from the part, what is common or identical from what is individual or distinct, what is natural, in short, from what is spiritual: and this invariably. Do I not then in effect unite Creator and creature in a much more living bond than is supplied by the received cosmology? I contend that God creates me not mediately through other men, but immediately by himself; that he, and he alone, gives me being at this moment, and always; thus, that a really infinite rectitude and beauty inform all my finite or phenomenal iniquity and ugliness, and will infallibly consume them ere long out of sight, or relegate them into the land of oblivion. And so long, accordingly, as I maintain this conviction, I enjoy an intellectual peace which mere religion has always been impotent to give, and which mere science will always be impotent to take away.

Now this substantially was what I said in my *Review* article. I there showed that God was bound by the law of creation to give us subjective or natural identity, in order to his giving us objective or spiritual individuality. Does this prove creation a "loving *finesse*" only on his part? You might as well say that the architect does not really build, but only "makes believe" to build, when he ordains a basement story for his edifice in order to give its upper stories light and air. And I showed this creative law so plainly, under so many forms of statement, that I can hardly believe my style alone in fault if my reader fails to understand me. Of course, the vast majority of persons are indifferent to this entire realm of speculation. And in many minds, not otherwise indifferent, what I have to say encounters, no doubt, a mountain of sturdy intellectual prejudice—of simply fossilized thought—which instantly falls upon it and buries it out of sight. If I could confine myself to repeating along with all the world, *In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth*, no man's speech, I venture to say, would seem more frank than mine. But when I append a harmless benignant *coda* to my special performance in that *concerto*, importing that "the heavens and the earth" therein mentioned are not primarily the physical phenomena so designated, but "the heavens" exclusively of the universal human heart, and "the earth" exclusively of the universal human mind, I instantly grow unintelligible. Why? Surely not because my "style" is inveterately opaque on all occasions, but rather because my reader has been so used intellectually to deem Nature everything and man comparatively nothing, that any reversal of that puerile superstition must needs strike him as ineffably dim and colorless in point of rational force.

I am, Mr. Editor,

Yours respectfully, HENRY JAMES.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., July 20.

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The Week.

MR. STANTON's resignation has been curtly asked for by the President, and as curtly refused, so that we shall probably have a grand case of "holding over" to furnish entertainment during the next two or three months. General Grant is talked of as a temporary successor. If there be any meaning in the Tenure of Office act, Mr. Stanton need not stir; but it seems as if Mr. Johnson, having got the fear of impeachment out of his mind, was bent on giving the Radicals "a taste of his quality," and doing as much mischief among them as possible prior to his disappearance from the scene. He talks, it is said, of going back to Tennessee to be a candidate once more for the Senate, and, in case of his success, we venture to predict that he will make his appearance in his old place as little changed since 1859 as accomplished facts will permit.

The rumors that the President intends to remove General Sheridan have grown in strength during the last fortnight, and, as we write, are believed by everybody. For a short time after they first got afloat, the President's organs, in the press, denied them with much horror and indignation, but this was while Congress was sitting. As soon as that body had adjourned until the last week in November, the measure began to seem not only probable, but natural, and it has within the last few days grown into a highly proper and even praiseworthy proceeding. It is on its face so foolish, and Mr. Johnson's mind is so tortuous, that an enquiry into his motives is not likely to be of much use, even if undertaken with greater knowledge of his character than we pretend to possess. One cannot be very far astray, however, in guessing that Sheridan will be removed, either out of pure spite—the spite of an obstinate man who has been long writhing under a sense of his own helplessness—or as a sort of stupid assertion of the constitutional power of the President, which, as Mr. Johnson conceives, Congress has been encroaching upon, and he is bound to defend. Abundant support for either of these theories can be found in Mr. Johnson's official history, and we offer the reader his choice of them, such as they are. General Sheridan's removal would be unfortunate for the country, inasmuch as it would encourage that spirit of resistance at the South which is now the great obstacle to reconstruction, and the great cause of Northern exasperation; but if either Hancock or Thomas were put in his place, the state of things at the South as affected by the action of the Government, would probably undergo little if any change. For General Sheridan himself his deposition would be a great gain, and would probably make all things possible for him. How much it might do for him is suggested strongly by the expressions of opinion which, as we we predicted last week, General Grant's premature nomination already begins to call out. It has, we make bold to estimate, roused two enemies into activity for one friend, and one begins already to hear of "sections of country" which cannot bear the mention of his name. The Republican busybodies have only to keep nominating him, and they will soon make the Convention afraid to touch him.

A week has been occupied, in the Surratt trial, in listening to the arguments of counsel. Mr. Merrick led off for the defence, mingling some lawyer-like talk with charges against the prosecution of being inspired not only by Government but by certain of its blood-thirsty officers in combination, and of falsifying the issue by a mass of irrelevant testimony proving the prisoner's complicity with the rebellion. Mr. Bradley also wished the office of the murdered President to be put out of sight in order to exclude what we may call the political testimony; and, after denouncing the treatment which the prisoner had received, the abuse heaped upon him and on "a mangled man," meaning Booth, and the general vindictiveness of the prosecution, called Weichmann a "reptile," next, a "wretch whose tongue ought to be blasted," "an arch-traitor," and finally a "dog"; Miss Annie Surratt was a "poor stricken girl," and the accused a "poor boy." Judge Pierrepont proved to the jury from "all history" that no assassin of a great ruler had ever yet escaped detection and punishment, and then proceeded in a very clear manner to recapitulate the evidence for the prosecution, and to sum up the case for the Government. The jury have not yet rendered their verdict, and, perhaps, will have none to render. There seems, however, to be no doubt that Surratt knew the full extent of the plot which ended in Mr. Lincoln's death; that he was in Washington the day of the assassination, and that he deserted his mother in her peril, seeking refuge first in Canada and afterwards abroad. Whether her life ought to have been spared, and whether the President refused to exercise in her case the clemency recommended, or said to have been recommended, by a majority of the Military Commission, are open questions. That the son is as guilty as the mother was, admits of no question, and it is possible that her fate may determine his, for decency's sake.

The Kentucky election took place on Monday. The ridiculously small loyal or Radical vote shows what insignificant progress has been made in the State during the past two years by republican ideas. At each election there have been predictions that Kentucky would "redeem" herself, but instead of growing stronger and stronger, the Union party apparently is losing the little strength that it had. The twenty-five members elected to the Legislature must be divided between the Unionists and the National (as opposed to the Confederate) Democrats. Kentucky has been able thus far to prevent negro suffrage, and has submitted very stiffly to freedmen's schools. She continues to occupy that isolated position which made her dangerous during the war, but leaves her now only a nuisance. Time, with its emigrations and immigrations, the dying-off of one generation and the springing up of another, its comparisons and examples and warnings—time, or Mr. Sumner's bill for national impartial suffrage, will work the needed revolution in the last of the slave States.

We have reviewed elsewhere the political events and movements of the Southern States, in which, as we have remarked, more disorder has arisen from white misguidance than from any unreasonableness on the part of the blacks. The latter have, we may add, exhibited traits which prove the sagacity with which the Republicans invited them as auxiliaries. Some who accompanied Senator Wilson on his Southern tour thought him unduly sanguine of the adherence which the freedmen would give to the Republican lead. The Tennessee election justified his calculations remarkably, and from it the freedmen appear the most tractable and devoted followers that a party could desire. More than that, wherever encouraged they have furnished organizers of their own whose services have been of the utmost importance, as will be seen especially in South Carolina and Georgia at the first opportunity. In fact, we look to the blacks for the best type of politicians—those who are born such—fluent of speech, all things to all men, sympathetic, magnetic, adroit, in short, all that the French understand by *habile*. These qualities, we are well aware, will not always be divorced from unscrupulousness, ambition, and a mercenary spirit. They will, however, spring as naturally to the stump as they have ever done in the case of the whites. The first efforts of the blacks in political oratory will be watched with curiosity, and we are certain will not disappoint. The camp-meeting style is already well adapted to party gatherings, but when infused with the unrestrained humor of the plantation it promises to be almost irresistible.

The Fenian public will be pleased to learn that by the last accounts "President" Roberts of the Brotherhood was in Southern Italy, conferring with "the party of action" in that country. The "party of action," however, have at present designs on the pope, and on no other potentate, and unless Mr. Roberts joins them in an attack on the Holy See, there is little likelihood of his getting any aid from them against the Saxons. If the Fenians were to end by turning their invincible arms against the "patrimony of St. Peter," it would certainly be a fitting and amusing termination to the career of the organization. This news about Mr. Roberts comes by the Cable, and is, therefore, somewhat doubtful. We distrust it all the more because, unless we are greatly mistaken in the man, he is not likely to be found in a hot climate at this season. If we were asked to guess at his whereabouts, we should place him in Switzerland. This, by the way, is the month which he fixed, before his departure, for the invasion of Canada, so we may any day now hear of horrid slaughter on the border.

A committee of the nominating convention which sent Mr. Banks to Congress has exonerated him from the charge of drunkenness at Portland, last summer, but Mr. George W. Copeland, the accuser, announces in the Malden *Messenger* that his proofs are still ready, and that he believes the committee have based their report merely on correspondence, and dares them to publish it and the evidence with it.

Mr. George Walker has rendered foreign investers in American securities good service by sending to the London *Economist* an elaborate and conclusive refutation of the alarming stories which have been for some time current here, as well as abroad, touching the amount of the aggregate debt of the United States, Federal, State, and municipal. He shows that the State debt only increased $96,354,521 during the six years ending with 1866, and that, in the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, the aggregate debt was actually, during that period, reduced by $6,000,000, while in Pennsylvania it was reduced $2,000,000. He shows, moreover, that while hardly none of the States of the West, and few of the States of the East, approached New York in the extent of their outlay in bounties, yet, if the debts of the rest of the North, both State and local, were on the same scale as that of New York, they would not exceed $850,000,000, while it is certain they are nothing like so large. His conclusion is that the entire debt, State and local, of the whole Union, including the Southern States, cannot exceed $650,000,000, which, added to the Federal debt, as it appears by the June statement, would make the total public debt of the American people $3,165,000,000—a sum which it was at one time confidently anticipated the Federal debt alone would reach by the close of the war. The stories afloat in Europe on this matter have represented the total debt as at least $4,000,000,000, and nearer $5,000,000,000, and local debts as amounting at least to $1,500,000,000.

We furnished our readers some weeks ago with a remarkable specimen of masculine argument from a feminine pen. We have lighted during the past week on the best specimens we ever remember to have met with of what is commonly known as "a woman's argument," in the speeches of two men, both of the speeches, comically enough, being delivered in opposition to female suffrage, and in reply to Mr. Geo. W. Curtis, in the New York Constitutional Convention. We believe the two gentlemen who delivered them are excellent persons, but we challenge anybody to forward us from his repertory of feminine absurdities stronger indications than they have furnished in these speeches of the absence or weakness of the reasoning faculty, and yet they are not simply legislators, but constitution-makers—that is, framers of organic law for the government of one of the richest and most highly civilized communities in the world. In proof of the assertion that women did not desire the electoral franchise, which Mr. Gould adduced as an argument for their exclusion, he said he *knew* they did not desire it *because* "his wife and daughter, whom he knew best, were totally opposed to female voting." He also cited as part of the same chain of proof the fact that "the very last lady who had taken tea at his house had pressed his hand in taking leave of him," and besought him "not to impose the elective franchise on women." He then, by way of proving that the views of women on this subject were sound, showed that the civil (Roman) law, with its partnership theory of marriage, was "heathen," while the common law, with its doctrine of coverture, was "Christian," but made no mention of the laws of Menu, in which the doctrine of coverture is pushed to its last limits. The result of the adoption of the civil law, he said, was a state of society like that of Paris—"and you know," said he, "how children grow up there degraded and miserable"—Paris being the city of all cities in which the education of children is most careful and elaborate. Does anybody remember anything worse than this in the speeches, public or domestic, of any foolish woman? If so, we shall be happy to publish it, if properly authenticated. Mr. Gould was followed by Mr. Larremore, who, we think, on the whole, beats him in the femineity of his logic, for he cited as an argument against the "Women's Property Laws" of 1848 a case which he himself declared "exceptional," in which a wife, to whom a husband had conveyed his property as a precautionary measure, refused to reconvey when he retired from business, cut down his pocket-money, took away his cigars, and made him smoke a pipe. To Mr. Curtis's argument, drawn from the example of the presence of a woman on the English throne, Mr. Larremore replied "that it was true that England might boast her solitary queen, but America reckons them by millions." We remember only one piece of female reasoning equal to this, and that was an objection made by a young lady to Dr. Dix's delivering lectures on Pantheism in Trinity Church, based on the fact "that the congregation were not *panthers*." We say deliberately that we think an able and all but unanswerable argument, from the anti-female-suffrage point of view, in favor of the disfranchisement of the members of the Constitutional Convention, on the grounds of inability to reason and want of capacity to comprehend political questions, might readily be based on the performances of Messrs. Gould and Larremore on this occasion.

Postmaster Kelly, of this city, has sailed for Europe in order to examine the great post-offices of England and the Continent, so as to collect information for the guidance of the Commissioners in deciding on the plans lately exhibited in this city. This is a very amusing and characteristic incident. Mr. Kelly, or somebody else—we should have been in favor of somebody else—ought to have gone before the plans were advertised for at all, and the results of his enquiries ought to have been used by the Commissioners in drawing up specifications of what they wanted for the guidance of the competitors.

The shooting still continues in Mexico, and pains seem to be taken to make the butcheries as cruel as possible. Permission was, for instance, refused to General Vidaurre to see his son in his last moments, and he was shot within two or three hours of his capture. The New York *Tribune* foreshadows the appearance on the scene of two political parties—one the Know-Nothing, led by Escobedo, and the other the Constitutional, led by Juarez. The chances are that Juarez will be victorious at the election, and there is no question that his platform is beautiful; but then it is pretty certain, also, that if Escobedo is defeated he will not submit, and we shall then have rehearsals *ad infinitum* of the events of the last twenty years.

The Mexican authorities, it is said, still strenuously refuse to give up Maximilian's body, which gives one rather a worse opinion of them than if, as was at first reported, they had tried to sell it; for in that case they would, at least, have displayed a prudent regard for the national finances, which are in great disorder, and it is not often that the treasury has a prince's body to dispose of. We are still in hopes, however, that they are really holding out for a rise in price, though they pretend to be simply indulging in obstinacy, or what Western people call "cussedness." Of the two we prefer, in such a case, the greed to bad temper, though there is not much to choose between them.

The Emperor Napoleon is still in trouble. There are constant rumors that copies of Maximilian's correspondence with him are in the hands of an Austrian gentleman with the portentous name of Bombelles, who threatens or is reported to threaten to publish them, and, of course, in the meantime he is at liberty to spread what reports he pleases about the contents, and either he or his friends are apparently making the most of the opportunity. The more Maximilian's death is thought about and talked about, the worse look does the Mexican expedition wear in the eyes of the French public. And then the Opposition has thriven terribly on the food furnished by it and by the German war, so much so that M. Rouher, in spite of his extraordinary ability as a debater, has been crushed in all the recent encounters, and has been forced to see himself held up to scorn in M. de Girardin's paper, *La Liberté*, as a person whose word cannot be believed. M. Rouher is unscrupulous in the extreme in his statements, and uses freely any assertions which at the moment may serve his purpose—a weakness which occasionally leads to horrible catastrophes, as when he announced last spring that Germany was cut into three divisions, being therefore feebler than ever, and was within two days crushed by the publication in Berlin of the treaties between Prussia and the South German States. The eagerness he has shown in these conflicts has gradually diffused through Paris a faint odor of ministerial responsibility to the Chambers, at which the Emperor has taken alarm, and has sent M. Rouher the Grand Cross in diamonds, hoping this will compensate him for his "recent annoyances," and assuring him of his "continued approval," thus reasserting in the most marked way the doctrine on which the whole Napoleonic system is based, that ministers are responsible to the Crown alone.

The history of the last four weeks in Paris ought to be sufficient to cure any discontented republican of his longings for the peaceful shades of Cæsarism. M. Sainte-Beuve, the foremost writer in France, is insulted in the Senate and challenged by a bully, who, in 1848, was a "red" and socialist, for having in his place defended the freedom of the press. A pupil of the Ecole Normale writes a letter approving of M. Sainte-Beuve's speech, the letter is accidentally published and the Minister of Public Instruction shuts the school up, ruining all the students. The press remonstrates, and the minister's two sons—both public functionaries—challenge and assault an editor, in his own office, and the editor can get no redress from the courts, because the minister can overawe the courts. On the contrary, the editor is himself prosecuted. Another senator's sons challenged another editor because he did not write their father's name properly, and, on his refusing to fight, assault him also, and make a practice of meeting him in the street and spitting in his face—the police not interfering. This editor has no redress also, and for the same reason; but, as in the other case, is himself prosecuted before the police court by the men who have outraged him, and with all but the certainty that he will be condemned. All this, in "a nation of gallant men and of cavaliers," is pretty bad, and shows what the value of constitutional guarantees is when that greatest of all guarantees, the responsibility of public functionaries before the ordinary tribunals in the ordinary way, is wanting.

The English Reform bill has passed the House of Lords, where it threatened to stick. The history of the bill is perhaps one of the most extraordinary bits of political history in existence. It exhibits the introduction of a radical change in the constitution of the most conservative and most aristocratic country in the civilized world, under the leadership of a Jewish adventurer with whom no portion of the population has a particle of sympathy, and by the use of tactics which all parties agree in pronouncing base and which all acknowledge to be absolutely without precedent, and which involve the total repudiation of party government. Lord Cranborne, one of the ablest of the Tories, pointed out in the closing debate, in a speech of extraordinary power, that Mr. Disraeli's performances, if adopted as a precedent, would convert parliamentary government into a mere scramble of individuals for office, instead of being what it is now, the contest of opinions for ascendancy. If, when a man gets hold of power, he may, as Mr. Disraeli has done, instead of laboring to embody in legislation the theories of government he has held in opposition, merely turn round and ask the majority what they want to have done, and then do it blindly without seeking to impress on their policy any traces of his own will, there is, of course, an end to statesmanship, and a game of manœuvring for office takes its place.

The last English papers are filled with accounts of the Sultan's reception and that of the Belgian volunteers—two incidents which so completely absorbed public attention that even the Reform bill and the trades-unions were lost sight of. The Sultan seems to have fared reasonably well; he had Buckingham Palace to himself, lunched with the Queen at Windsor—but she got rid of him in half an hour—and he was entertained at a tremendous ball at the India House, the expenses, by-the-bye, to the great scandal of the best Englishmen, being paid out of the Indian revenues, the appropriation being justified by the allegation that a very large proportion of the Queen's Indian subjects being Mussulmans, there is no harm in making them contribute a few thousands toward the entertainment of the Chief of Islam. There was, doubtless, much in the Sultan's visit to bore him awfully, but that he is not a man to submit to more boring than he can bear may be guessed from the fact that he stopped the train which was bringing him up from Folkestone to London, had the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge, who were in the same car with him, get out and leave him, and then took a pleasant nap in the car on the track. This furnishes *The Spectator* with a text for a disquisition on the difference between "European will" and "Oriental volition," its conclusion being that the European will is an agent, like steam or electricity, which the owner only calls into operation occasionally, and which it costs him considerable effort to put into operation at all, while the "Oriental volition" is a kind of self-acting apparatus, which works almost without any trouble to the owner, putting a man to death or stopping a train to take a nap as readily as it raises the eyelids or closes the hand.

The Belgian volunteers, 2,500 strong, were entertained at dinner by the Queen, or rather at Windsor Castle in the Queen's absence; and afterwards by Miss Burdett Coutts, at her country house near London, this being probably the largest dinner-party ever given by an unmarried lady, and therefore we suppose a sign of the times. She has, however, done a better thing, in erecting a large market for the poor in one of the most crowded districts in London, thus supplying what they have never had before—a clean and well-ventilated place to choose and buy their food in.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS announce "Called to Account," by Annie Thomas; "Manual of Physical Exercises," by William Wood; the abridged edition of Miss Strickland's "Queens of England;" and "The Early Years of the Prince Consort."——Messrs. Hurd & Houghton announce "An Introduction to the Constitutional Law of the United States," by Professor John Norton Pomeroy, LL.D., of the University of New York, and author of "An Introduction to Municipal Law," a clear and well-condensed treatise.——Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son: "Human Life, considered in its Limitations," by Dr. Sweezer.——Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt: Thomas Hare "On Representation," edited, annotated, and amended by Simon Stern.

—The latest contribution to the sociology of the North is the "Report of the Provost-Marshal-General for 1866." Under the several drafts, we learn from it, 605,045 men were exempted, and of these 155,730 for physical or mental disability. The timid and unpatriotic who then displayed their defects with alacrity in the hope and often with the reward of rejection, may here see what character they have helped affix to their respective States. According to the disabling causes, therefore, this is Rhode Island's rank on the record: Imbecility, 1; intemperance, 1; excessive obesity, 1; unchasteness (we omit the particulars, which are properly given in *The New York Medical Journal*), 1; and (is it a cause or a consequence?) small-chestedness, 1. For a diminutive State this is a tolerably concentrated bill, and if any wanderer, native or immigrant, were to select a settlement for himself and his posterity, he would perhaps be justified in avoiding Rhode Island. But his chest will not grow, though his headache will, if he retreats into Massachusetts; and in Connecticut he will be liable to epilepsy, and in New Hampshire to insanity, paralysis, and neuralgia, perhaps accompanied by a protuberant abdomen that in Maine is hardly less protuberant; and in Maryland he will be deaf, and in West Virginia dumb, and in Minnesota—that paradise of invalids—cancerous; and will lose tone by going to Iowa, and by going to Missouri—but the list is endless. Only in Kansas he may feel safe from imbecility.

—Mr. Charles Lanman has furnished the public with a lively account of the history of his "Dictionary of Congress" from its inception in the winter of 1858 to the present time. If the half of what he says be true, the vanity, the insincerity, and the ingratitude of Congressmen are really appalling. Mr. Lanman recounts the miserable end of several who refused to give him any information about themselves, and as for those who voted against his dictionary on the score of economy, he shows how they "engaged in the butter trade directly in the shadow of the Capitol," and got sinecure offices, and otherwise evinced an interest in the public funds not wholly to the advantage of the public. All this, even without names or initials, is piquant reading. The parties accused will recognize their own portraits, and when their turn comes will doubtless retaliate. Politics, as Mr. Lanman proves, have entered into the controversy about his book, but he does not seem to have considered how much he is himself to blame for this; for it would appear possible so to edit the biographies as to preserve at once the essential facts in the political career of each subject and the due proportion between men of different prominence and importance, in a manner almost to defy criticism. There should be, too, an interval of four years between each edition, or some term which should lessen the difficulty of treating of living politicians and office-holders. And, finally, every pains should be taken to make the names of persons and places, and all dates, strictly accurate. Mr. Lanman has pointed out the obstacles to this consummation, but he does not satisfy us that the best has been done that might be done—say, by walking two miles instead of one for a fact, and paying ten dollars cash instead of five for two lines of information.

—*The Spectator* reminds the Quarterly Reviews that they are pursuing a course likely to hasten their decay when they subtract themselves more and more from the living issues of the day. *Blackwood* and *Fraser* give less and less space to politics, other Reviews not a line. None do for politics what neither the journalists nor the writers in the monthlies can do—treat them exhaustively, and at the same time judicially, inviting to this task "politicians of great experience and high standing," who will not write for the other periodicals, nor anonymously for the press. In the quarterlies they would have room to expand themselves, and to go into details with all the freedom of the platform. The indifference manifested by *The Edinburgh*, in its last issue, in regard to the reform question in England and the political revolution in Germany, is pointed out by *The Spectator*, which gives "this extraordinary list" of articles:

"I. The Early Administrations of George III.; II. Agriculture and Prices in England (1259-1400); III. Ferrier's Philosophical Remains; IV. The Council of Constantinople; V. Indian Costumes and Textile Fabrics; VI. Life and Speeches of Lord Plunket; VII. Wine and the Wine Trade; VIII. Josiah Wedgwood; IX. Burton's History of Scotland; X. Military Institutions of France."

While the quarterlies are yet quoted and consulted, Mr. William F. Poole, the librarian of the Boston *Athenæum*, means to continue the service he has heretofore rendered to students and writers by his "Index to Periodical Literature," by publishing a new edition in which the references will be brought down to the present time.

—Rev. W. L. Gage kindly informs us, *à propos* of our recent notice of Freytag and his works, that Freytag's "Lost Manuscript" ("Verlorene Handschrift") has already been translated and published in England by Chapman & Hall, and Mr. Gage has the impression that this translation has also been reprinted in this country. The "Bilder aus der deutschen Vergangenheit" has also appeared in England.

—On Wednesday of last week Miss Catharine Maria Sedgwick died near Boston, in the seventy-ninth year of her age. Although her last work, a life of Joseph Curtis, of New York, was published in 1858, she belongs, as an author, to the generation before the present, and is remembered chiefly and most distinctly by those who have ceased to be young. It is even now not rare to meet on shelves, other than those of Sunday-school libraries, the "Poor Rich Man and Rich Poor Man," and "Live and Let Live;" but her other writings from 1822 to 1845 are not common nor so well known, though popular in their time. One of her novels was translated into several foreign languages. Miss Sedgwick's influence on our literature and through that on society, was creditable to the one and highly useful to the other. Her native goodness, fine moral sense, and warmth of heart, elevated while they charmed her readers, and the good sense which distinguishes the name she bore she shared along with the rest of that gifted family.

—Mrs. Ripley, of Concord, Massachusetts, whose death is also recent, was a scholar rather than author, and though highly esteemed by a remarkable circle of friends, and, perhaps, the cause of much good writing in others, was hardly a public character.

—Professor Anthon, whose death occurred July 30, was one of the oldest and perhaps the most widely known of American scholars. In this city, and, indeed, wherever the influence of the New England colleges was not strongly felt, he did far more than any other man to fix the type of the scholarship of the generation which is now upon the stage. This he did partly as professor in the leading college of this State, partly as editor of innumerable school and college text-books. In his direct and legitimate work as a college instructor he ranks very high. His ready and extensive information, enthusiasm, and tact and knowledge of men—qualities most serviceable to a teacher—gave him an unusual degree of success in dealing with his classes. His students became warmly attached to him, and we are inclined to think carried away with them a heartier love of the classics, and a readier familiarity with them, than are acquired from many professors vastly superior to him in genuine scholarship. The character of his literary work can be better appreciated by glancing at the part which he took in the general progress of philosophy in this country. Classical instruction forty years ago was in the same condition of neglect in which education in general had then fallen. Professor Anthon deserves the credit of having been one of the first to see this, and to make a serious effort to remedy it. A series of text-books better than any then in use seemed to him the best means for this, and he zealously applied himself to prepare one. In this opinion he was probably right. The very best instrument for elevating the preparatory schools is, no doubt, the reaction upon them of a high standard maintained in the university for which they prepare, as is seen in the influence of Harvard, Yale, and Michigan upon the schools of their respective States. But in New York there was no one institution that could exercise such an influence, and the next best instrument was that which Dr. Anthon chose. That his success in this was more than questionable—that he made poor books, and an immense number of them—is admitted by all competent judges; how much of the failure was due to unavoidable causes it is hard now to say. It is clear enough that the work he undertook was too great for one man to accomplish single-handed. One man cannot do everything; but this man tried to do everything. The right way to get a good series of classics is to divide the work among many persons, so that each may be able to do his best, as is done in the various German series. Perhaps at the time that Dr. Anthon began his labors he could not find competent coad-

jutors. It is certain that he edited far too many books for his reputation. Apart from the impossibility of the task he had proposed to himself, there is a serious fault running through all his books, depriving them of the confidence of good instructors. He himself defends his method of very copious notes and translations on the ground that he had no other course, in view of the incompetency of most instructors. The scholars must have help. Very true. But what he gives them is not help. The majority of boys, if they have a passage translated before their eyes, will not trouble themselves to do anything more than commit this translation to memory—a practice which the incompetent instructors complained of will do nothing to prevent. It is very seldom a passage needs to be translated out-and-out; in nine cases out of ten it is enough simply to explain the construction, referring it to its grammatical principles, and thus force the scholar to work it out himself. The true way is to tell him where to look, and then leave him to find for himself. If he is lifted over every difficulty without any exertion of his own, he can only make a superficial scholar. He is not helped but injured. It is not fair to ascribe the success of Dr. Anthon's books wholly to this prevailing fault. No doubt many of them were really superior to any of their rivals, but no doubt, too, their chief recommendation was the comfort they gave to dull and lazy students, and, we will add, lazy and incompetent teachers. For one of the things which most teachers need to learn is, that in education *things, results*, are good for nothing in themselves, but only as we acquire them by our own effort. The results of German scholarship are of little service to us unless combined with German methods by which we can search them for ourselves. One of the most common and plausible arguments against making boys study Latin and Greek is that we can get all the results in translations and other modern works. But in these we do not get the results; we get only the shadows of results. We can get real results only at first hand by working them out for ourselves; and students are not helped in doing this by the kind of aid that Dr. Anthon gives them. Apart from this fundamental defect, Dr. Anthon's notes have much merit, as giving about the amount of collateral information which boys need. His books are not works of first-rate erudition. He did not belong to the school of exact scholarship now coming upon the stage, but to the school of elegant general culture in classical learning, which has now nearly passed away. But even in his own school he did not rank high as an editor, but must be put in the class of mere book-makers, which has so abounded in late years. We gladly recognize his fine qualities and real usefulness, but must condemn freely the faulty system on which his books are made; for it is by his books that he is known to the public, not by his powers as a teacher, and his books will be rapidly swept into oblivion with the progress of genuine scholarship.

—Our readers may remember a former allusion to the hardship inflicted by the French Government on the Duc d'Aumale, who had laboriously prepared an "Histoire des Princes de Condé pendant les seizième et dix-septième siècles," which was all printed and in the hands of the binder when it was seized by the authorities. In vain were the courts appealed to for redress; the loss was absolute to the author and publisher. This case was cited a few weeks since by the Opposition in the Corps Législatif, and the Duc de Persigny, the then minister of the interior, being charged with the outrage, replied, in a letter published in the *Moniteur*, that, instead of confiscating private property, he had caused the prefect of police to intimate to the publisher, Michel Lévy, that the seized books would be forwarded to any foreign depot he might select. M. Lévy rejoins that, in the first place, if such an intimation was received and consent given to the proposed arrangement, no official confirmation was ever transmitted to him by prefect or minister, but that even the performance of the agreement would have been no indemnification for the loss sustained. Having no branch establishment abroad, the publisher would have been compelled to dispose of a French book in an alien market, and it was not with such a task in view that he contracted with the author, and paid eighteen or twenty thousand francs for a book which never got upon the counter. What aggravates the seizure is that the obnoxious work contained not the shadow of an attack on the present political institutions of France, nor even the slightest allusion to them, while the fact that it was written by the heir of the house of Condé made it a precious addition to the store of history. But none of the Orleans princes may look for justice to the successor of their father.

—M. Emile Jacquemin has attempted to explain the history of creation on the basis of universal polarity ("La Polarité Universelle, Science de la Création. L'Homme, son Organisation Spirituelle." Paris, 1867. L. W. Schmidt, New York). Everything material, according to him, has either the positive or the negative polarity, the appearance of which varies with its base, being electricity in the air, magnetism in the metals, chemism in the salts, and galvanism in organic bodies. This he endeavors to prove is the law of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. The deflection of the needle is due to two causes—other iron deposits than those which M. Jacquemin supposes to exist at the poles, the larger at the North; and, on the ocean, the excess of magnetic force in that limb of the terrestrial horseshoe which is formed by Europe, Asia, and Africa. This shape of the continents, he suggests, may be the effect of magnetism, as may also the obliquity of the earth in its orbit. Plants, the author asserts, are polarized in two opposite directions, magnetism pulling them down rootwards and galvanism lifting them up to the light and air. They have thus two extremities, but no centre, while the animal has his centre in himself. In both, the sexual functions are distinguished by polarity, and are related to each other as positive and negative electricity or positive and negative galvanism respectively. The author's illustrations in the case of animals are specimens of the French frankness in matters of this sort. Before he concludes, he contrives to demand the liberty of the press, to sketch the social and political condition of the United States and exhibit its rate of increase in population, and to advocate the abolition of standing armies in Europe. ——The eighth volume of Guizot's "Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps" has just been published at Paris and Leipzig. In this volume the author describes his political activity as minister in the cabinet of Louis Philippe from 1840 to 1846, and publishes many notes from the king thanking him for his eloquent defence against the Opposition in the Chamber of Deputies, of which Lamartine was the leader; but he overestimates his importance in the state and his hold upon the royal esteem, conceals his part in the disastrous policy which preceded the Revolution, and is unwarrantably severe upon some of his yet living contemporaries. Bound up with the memoirs are two essays on foreign policy: "Italy and the Pope Pius IX. (1846–48)," "Switzerland and the Sonderbund (1840–48)," and one on the "Political Reforms of France from 1840 to 1848."

—The Low-German or Platt-deutsch dialect, which has hitherto been used conversationally only by the lower and middle classes of Northern Germany, has been recently brought by its poets and novelists into favor with the whole German population. With the exception of some newly added words from foreign roots, chiefly from the French, this dialect has remained intact since the time when, as yet, the Anglo-Saxons had not emigrated to England, but occupied the plains between the Weser and the Elbe. It was, in fact, *the* language for Northern Germany till Luther, by his translation of the Bible into the High-German—till then only spoken and written in Southern Germany—made the latter branch of the German language predominant. The Low-German, resembling by its Anglo-Saxon roots in many instances the Dutch and the English languages, passed gradually out of use in literature, and has but now come into fashion again. The Hamburg poet, Claus Groth, with his novel, "Quickborn," inaugurated the new epoch, and was soon followed by a still greater talent in this kind of literature, Fritz Reuter, who during the last six years has published twelve volumes of novels and poems in Low-German, and through these become at once a favorite with the German public—his poetical talent, power of expression, and poignant wit in his humorous works being, indeed, well worthy of our praise. He is, we might say, the Artemus Ward of Germany—poetical edition—and in that capacity is now decidedly in vogue. The boudoir of a German lady of *bon ton* would be incomplete if there were not on its table a volume of Reuter's lying by the side of the "Miniatur-Ausgaben" of Goethe's, Geibel's, Schiller's, Heine's, Freiligrath's, or Uhland's poems. But many of his admirers do not understand Platt-deutsch, and for those a little Low-High-German dictionary has just been published ("Wörterbuch zu Fritz Reuter's sämmtlichen Werken. Von Fr. Frehse." Rostock, 1867. L. W. Schmidt, New York). This glossary does not profess to be an etymological dictionary, but only a key to the perusal of Reuter's works. We quote from it a few words which exhibit the nature of the dialect: *Achter*, Eng. after; *as*, Eng. as, when; *att*, Eng. ate (imperfect of eat); *beter*, Eng. better; *quick*, Eng. quick; *olt*, Eng. old; *tru*, Eng. true; *wat*, Eng. what. Many more are written and mean the same in English and in Low-German; and others still, having the same root as the corresponding English words, with some variations in their spelling, have the same sound in both languages, as, for instance, *vull*, Eng. full; *wull*, Eng. wool; *kauh*, Eng. cow, etc. The Low-German has also this in common with the English, that it mostly combines the auxiliary verb "dauhn," Eng. do, with other verbs, which is not done in High-German.

—A German agriculturist named Häcker, who, in 1862–63, made a tour through the United States, after considerable difficulty has found a publisher for his observations ("Amerikanische Reiseskizzen aus dem Gebiet der Technik, Landwirthschaft und des socialen Lebens.' Braunschweig,

1867). He visited this State, Pennsylvania, the Western and South-western States, but not the Eastern, which could only have interested him in the last division of his subject. The technical part of the book treats of the manufacture of sugar and molasses from sorghum, of Indian corn and its various uses, especially as an ingredient for brewing beer after a new method, etc., etc.

—A comparison of the skull of the orang-outang, chimpanzee, and gorilla has lately been edited by Professor Bischoff, of the University of Munich, with an atlas of twenty-two lithographic plates ("Die Schädelbildung des Gorilla, Chimpanse und Orang-Outang. Von Dr. L. Th. Bischoff. Munich, 1867. L. W. Schmidt, New York). The author measured a selection of thirty-five skulls, and arrived at the following result in regard to their capacity: Gorilla, largest, 465 centimetres; chimpanzee, 460 centimetres: orang-outang, 575 centimetres. The last is said to be the largest monkey-skull ever brought to Europe, and was procured at Borneo by the "Novara Expedition," sent out by Austria. An interesting fact observed by Herr Bischoff is that most of the chimpanzee skulls had teeth infected by caries, from which he infers the possibility of this species being decrepit and on the point of becoming extinct. In conclusion, he expresses the opinion that Darwin's theory and enquiries have failed to prove the descent, or rather ascent, of man from the monkey, and that, if there are, as Huxley asserted, some links between the species of gorilla and man, they ought to be still in existence.

—When the Mongolians in the thirteenth century conquered all Eastern Europe, they were checked in their progress at last in the battle of Wahlstatt, on the 9th of April, 1241, and then flowed back to their Asiatic steppes. But on their retreat they took with them not material treasures only, but also intellectual ones, as Mr. B. Tülg asserts in his "Mongolische Mährchen" ("Mongolian Tales, in Mongolian and German. Edited by B. Tülg." Jansbruck, 1867). He communicates a fragment of a Mongolian tale, "Ardschi Bordschi," which, as appears from the annexed translation, is an episode—"Isolde's Ordeal"—from the Middle-High German epos, "Tristan und Isolde," written in 1210 by the Minnesinger Gottfried von Strassburg.

HOZIER'S SEVEN WEEKS' WAR.*

Mr. Hozier was the military correspondent of the London *Times* with the Prussian army during the German campaign of 1866. His style is clear, but shows in his earlier chapters some of the faults which are common to such writers, especially instances of the careless use of language; but such defects are much more rare as the book proceeds. His tone is uniformly good. He looks in a manly way at all the questions he has occasion to discuss, and his sympathy is always ready for gallantry and constancy, by whomsoever displayed, and he is especially prompt to note and praise every deed of charity and mercy that comes to his knowledge. In political sympathies, he seems to be on the side of Denmark in her contest with Austria and Prussia, and on the side of Austria in her contest with Prussia. In all matters which pertain to the art of war, in enlistment and organization, in arming, equipping, feeding, leading, and fighting troops, his admiration of the Prussian system and of its execution is open and strong.

The question how far his book, as a whole, will interest the American reader will depend very much upon the question how far each person cares for information as to the progress of the estrangement between the two great powers of Germany, and as to the preparations made by each nation for the struggle. Nearly a half of the first volume is occupied by introductory matter. The Schleswig-Holstein war, and the subsequent events which led to the final rupture between Prussia and Austria, including the Gastein Convention, its fruitlessness, and the final breach of it, the proposal of Prussia to reform the Germanic Confederation, and the manner in which that confederation after lasting for fifty years was finally broken up, are sketched very clearly and ably. The next four chapters contain a masterly statement of the strength of the powers which took part in the war—Prussia, Austria, the remaining states of Germany, and Italy. But though some impatient readers may be tempted to skip the first hundred and fifty pages of the first volume, no one who reads so far or who takes up the book at this point will fail to read to the end. The second volume particularly contains much of the most agreeable military writing to be found in the language. Page after page of fresh and picturesque description of the progress of the Prussian army through regions that to us are unknown lands keeps the attention ever alive, and at short intervals come accounts of the frequent battles in which the conquering Prussians overcame every effort of their enemy, and steadily caused the white wave of the Austrian army to recede to the fortifications of Florisdorf.

The story of the "Seven Weeks' War" is remarkable for the uniform success of the Prussians. It is true that the Prussian regular army, not counting the Landwehr, contained about ninety thousand men more than the total strength of available combatants in the Austrian army of operation, and that a considerable portion of the latter was diverted to the southern frontier of Austria to operate against the army of Victor Emanuel. And yet the Austrian army, acting on the defensive, and occupying a position which was generally central with regard to its opponents, was able to oppose to their attacks, as a rule, a force so nearly equal that the reason for the success of the Prussians is to be sought elsewhere than in disparity of numbers. On the shields borne by the figures of Victory which adorned the Unter den Linden on the day of the triumphal entry of the Prussian army into Berlin at the close of the war, were inscribed the names of thirty-eight engagements, the larger part of which were fought by the Prussians and Austrians, and yet in hardly a single instance, except the short-lived success of Marshal Gablenz, near Trautenau, did the Austrians gain any advantage, and even that at the price of a loss of nearly five for one in thousands. On one occasion a single Prussian battery, of six four-pounder guns, engaged twenty-four Austrian guns, and held its ground even when the Austrians concentrated the fire of sixty-four guns upon it. When we read of such accounts as these, and the returns of the killed and wounded on either side in each engagement, the Austrian loss being always very much greater than the Prussian, and then remember how stubbornly Austria contended with France in the Italian campaign of 1859, it is easy to see what a significance the story of this war must have for France. Wherever and however the Prussians engaged the Austrians, the Prussians were successful. Prussian skirmishers, Prussian infantry, Prussian artillery, Prussian cavalry, were too much for their Austrian opponents of the same arm. One day some Prussian uhlans and some Austrian hussars charged each other in the street of the little town of Saar; the Prussian lance had the better of the Austrian sword. The next day, at Tischnowitz, some Prussian dragoons had an encounter with some Austrian lancers; the Prussian sword had the better of the Austrian lance. The success of the Prussian forces was, indeed, so uniform that the story of the war becomes a little monotonous on that account. It must be confessed that the army of Prussia is represented by Mr. Hozier as an army of almost inconceivable excellence, and that, if we are to take his account of it as literally correct, we must regard the ranks as filled with men who resembled Bayard in blamelessness of life as well as in fearlessness. Not only are such evils as cowardice and desertion seemingly unknown in the Prussian army, but there is not so much as a suggestion of such things as intemperance, straggling, insubordination, violence, or plundering. The bureau of military justice is not known, so far as the author tells us, in the Prussian army. Another thing which is very noticeable is that every Prussian officer sent on detached service, whether on a great scale or on a small, appears to have been fully equal to his trust. Eagerness to obey and capacity of obeying, united in the same man, seem to have been the rule. The general impression left upon the mind by a careful reading of this book is that the military system of Prussia is conceived and put in execution in the highest spirit, and it creates a profound sense of the wisdom and vigor of the nation that possesses it.

Mr. Hozier is of the opinion that Prussia is incomparably the superior of Austria in her military system. The success of Prussian troops when actually engaged he attributes to the greater size and strength of the individual Prussian, and to the greater efficiency of the breech-loading arm. He thinks, however, that a degree of importance has been awarded to the superior armament of the Prussians which is not wholly merited, and he is not inclined to believe that the needle-gun is the best breech-loader known, however superior it may be to any muzzle-loader.

There was a great deal of sharp and sanguinary fighting in the Seven Weeks' War, though blood did not flow there as it has often flowed in this country in recent times, but such names as Podoll and Gitschin sound strange and unfamiliar to us. The interest of the war is centred in the great battle fought between the Bistritz and the Elbe, around the cottages and orchards of Sadowa, in the woods of Lipa, and almost under the guns of the fortress of Königgrätz. Mr. Hozier's description of this great battle is rather disappointing. It is perfectly clear, and so far satisfactory, but it is rather brief, and rather wanting in picturesqueness. In reading many of his descriptions, one feels sure that he was present and saw what he describes

* "The Seven Weeks' War. Its Antecedents and its Incidents. By H. M. Hozier, F.C.S., F.G.S. (Based upon Letters reprinted by permission from *The Times*.) In two volumes." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. London: Macmillan & Co. 1867.

so well, but his account of the battle of Königgrätz suggests a doubt whether he was on the field.

About sixty miles east of Prague, the Elbe flows for a considerable distance in a southerly direction before it commences its long journey towards the German Ocean. Upon its eastern bank stand the fortresses of Josephstadt and Königgrätz. At a mean distance of six miles to the west, and nearly parallel to it, flows the little stream of the Bistritz. Between these two rivers, on the night of the 2d of July, 1866, General Benedek assembled his army, and took up a position between the town of Königgrätz and the latter. His successive defeats had cost him already forty thousand men. He felt unequal to assuming the offensive, and he seems to have chosen a defensive position, where he might retain the power of resuming the offensive should fortune favor him. On the evening of the 2d of July, Prince Frederick Charles, commanding the first Prussian army of one hundred thousand men, received such information at Kaminietz, where his headquarters then were, at a distance of some twelve miles north-west from the Bistritz, as led him to infer that the Austrian commander intended to advance the next day from that river, with the object of attacking his command with superior force, before its junction with the second Prussian army under the Crown Prince was practically effected. He determined to move his troops forward, to secure a favorable position in which to receive this attack, and he sent orders to General Von Bittenfeld, who was on his right, with the army of the Elbe, numbering some thirty thousand men, to advance with his command, and be prepared to attack the left of the Austrian column of advance, while he assailed its leading divisions. At the same time, he sent to the Crown Prince, whose heads of columns were ten miles or more to his left and front, requesting him to push forward in the morning with one corps and attack the right flank of the Austrians, while he himself engaged them in front. The King of Prussia, who had in person assumed command of the three Prussian armies on the first of July, approved this plan, and, further, ordered the Crown Prince to advance in the morning, not with one corps alone, but with all his available forces.

The troops of the first army moved long before midnight, and at a little after midnight they were all concealed in a hollow about four miles from Sadowa, the village at which the main road to Königgrätz crosses the Bistritz. No Austrian scouts or skirmishers made their appearance, and fears began to be entertained that Benedek meant to cross the Elbe in retreat, and protect his right flank against the attack of the second army by covering it with the fortress of Josephstadt. It was necessary for the success of the Prussian plans to hold the Austrian army in front of the Elbe, and Prince Frederick Charles resolved, with his own army alone, to engage the whole Austrian forces, and attempt to hold them on the Bistritz till the Prussian flank attacks could be developed. About four A.M. the army began to advance. The air was thick and hazy, the rain came down steadily, and the wind blew cold. When the soldiers of the first army reached the crest of the hill on which stands the village of Dub, two miles nearer Königgrätz, there was nothing between them and the Bistritz but a gentle slope, a mile and a quarter in extent. Beyond the river lay the Austrian army. General Benedek had arranged the bulk of his forces in a line parallel to this stream. His front was covered by its marshy banks. His centre was on high ground in front of Chlum. His right was bent back, and was covered to a certain extent by a brook and marshy ravine. His left was supported by the wood and castle of Hradek, and his left centre was strengthened by possession of the villages of Problus and Prein. As reserves, he had in rear of his centre the first and sixth corps, and the first and third divisions of reserved cavalry. The extent of his front was nine or ten miles. The troops which he brought into action amounted to about two hundred thousand men, with six hundred guns.

At seven o'clock in the morning of the third of July, Prince Frederick Charles pushed forward some of his cavalry and horse-artilllery. They drew the fire of an Austrian battery, and at half-past seven A.M. the battle of Königgrätz began. For more than two hours almost all the fighting was done by the artillery. This was the best arm of the Austrian service, and at ten o'clock the Prussians had made hardly any progress. At ten, an advance of the Prussian infantry, in the centre and on the left, was ordered, and after an hour or so of very hard fighting, the Austrians were driven from the advanced posts of their right and centre. Their main line was now formed a little higher up the hill, and the advantages of their position and the stubbornness of their fighting were such that for the next three hours the Prussians could gain little ground. At one o'clock their whole battle-line stood still, and was obliged to fight hard to retain the position it had won. The large reinforcement of two divisions which were now sent in failed to reach the enemy. Von Bittenfeld was checked upon the right. Benedek, who had heard as early as ten o'clock, or thereabouts, that a corps from the second army was threatening his right, was preparing a counter-attack upon the Prussians, with the hope of dealing a severe blow to the first army before the second could be brought into action. At three o'clock there were no signs perceptible to Prince Frederick Charles of the advance of the second army. Things looked critical for the first army. One of its divisions was withdrawn from the front, and cavalry was pressed up, and this may have been for the purpose of making them available, in case of need, for retarding the Austrian pursuit.

Victory was nearer to the Prussians than the king and the generals of the first army knew. The Crown Prince, with the second army, had been engaged with the Austrian right since half-past twelve o'clock. The undulations of the ground concealed them and their movements from the generals directing the first attack. When Frederick Charles and his officers were most uneasy at Sadowa, some of the soldiers of the Crown Prince were already in the heart of the Austrian position. The very success of the Austrians on the right centre had opened for these soldiers a path to the key of the Austrian position, and to victory.

Though a large part of the Austrian army was drawn up in a straight line parallel to the Bistritz, the right was refused, and two corps were curved round so as to form almost a right angle to the general position. The troops opposed to the extreme left of the attack of the first Prussian army were those which were posted at the commencement of the curve. They succeeded in repulsing the attack and driving the enemy back, and remained engaged with their opponents on the ground to which they had advanced. Thus it happened that the weight of the attack of the second Prussian army fell on a single Austrian corps. When this was pushed back it retired toward its right rear. Thus, as the left corps of the Austrian right wing had advanced to its left, and the right corps was forced from its position, and retired to its right, a gap was left in the Austrian line, and through it the first division of the Prussian guards marched, and, passing for a distance of about two thousand paces along the rear of the Austrian battle, moved straight to the hill of Chlum. Every effort of Benedek to retake the hill proved unsuccessful. Reinforcements soon came to the gallant band of twelve battalions who held this vital position, and who for a while withstood the shock of the whole reserve of the enemy. The first army, learning that their comrades were in the enemy's rear, swept forward in an irresistible advance. The battle was won in a moment, and it was only with heavy loss and by the greatest display of skill and bravery that the Austrian army was withdrawn beyond the Elbe and to the protection of the guns of Königgrätz.

The number of men and guns engaged in this great battle was about the same on each side, though the Prussians had in the immediate neighborhood about sixty thousand men and many guns belonging to the second army which were not engaged. Four hundred thousand men fought to decide whether Prussia or Austria should take the first place in central Europe. The Austrians lost in prisoners twenty thousand men, and about the same number in killed and wounded. The total loss of the Prussians was not ten thousand. Decisive as this action was in its results, it was, with hardly an exception, the most bloodless of all the great battles fought in Europe for the last two centuries. Its interest lies rather in its consequences than in the manner in which it was fought. When the armies of two nations are such, in men, discipline, arms, leading spirit, or what not, that one hundred and thirty thousand men of the one can attack two hundred thousand of the other in a selected and strengthened position, and hold their attention so completely for several hours that another force of one hundred and thirty thousand men of the former nation may be left free to place itself upon the flank of the army in position, the result cannot be doubtful. The first five hours of the battle of Königgrätz proved that the Prussian armies could encounter the Austrian armies with a fair prospect of success when the Austrians outnumbered them nearly two for one. It seemed hard to believe, when the news of the battle first came, that a great military nation should regard the issue of a most momentous war as determined by a single defeat, in which her total loss was twenty per cent., and her loss in killed and wounded only ten per cent., of the number that went into the action. It is no longer hard to understand. The battle of Königgrätz must have shown to the Austrian Government what it may well have feared for a few days or weeks before, that the armies of Austria were no match for the armies of Prussia.

No room is left in which to speak of Mr. Hozier's account of the operations in the Western theatre of the German war, or of the war in Italy, where the Italians were defeated on land at Custozza, and by sea at Lissa. It must suffice to say that the work is altogether well done, that the contents of both volumes are instructive, and that much of them is in a very high degree delightful reading.

COLLEGE LIFE—THEORY AND PRACTICE.*

THE first half of this book consists of lectures delivered before the undergraduates of Wesleyan University by Dr. Olin, the late president of that institution, and the remainder of it is made up of baccalaureate discourses delivered by him at the same place. Our criticism will be mainly occupied with the ideas pressed or implied in the lectures, as the sermons contain nothing germane to questions that are now agitated in the thinking world, and consequently are of no general interest.

Those who are interested in the dispute at present existing between those educational theorists who uphold the paramount importance of the study of the dead classical languages as a means of mental culture (and our remarks will be mainly *à propos* of this discussion), and those who, being dissatisfied with the traditional system, wish to substitute for it a new one, in which natural and political science shall have a larger share than they at present possess, should read this book in connection with that recently edited by Dr. Youmans, called "The Culture Demanded by Modern Life." The two books represent—the one by assertion, the other by implication—the two theories.

The object of the author of these essays was, through their means, to stimulate the young men under his care to earnest study. With this object he placed before them what he considered the proper theory, mode, and end of collegiate education. "Educational institutions," said he, "are organized and conducted on well-established philosophical principles, no less than in accordance with the lessons of experience and the exigencies of the current time." What these philosophical principles are must be gathered from the general tenor of the lectures, as they are nowhere distinctly stated. It will surely be allowed us to state one of them thus: Since the object of education is such a mental culture as will best fit those who are the recipients of it to perform all the duties for which it is possible by mental training to prepare them, therefore the curriculum of an institution for educational purposes should be planned in such a way as will best attain this end.

From this statement it inevitably follows that, if the duties of a young man in the nineteenth century be essentially different from those of a young man in the fifteenth century, his education should be different. If the duties of educated men at that time were mainly ecclesiastical, and if they be now mainly scientific and political, the modes by which they are prepared for usefulness should be different.

In the fifteenth century there was, for instance, a demand in England for a culture which the old Trivium and Quadrivium could not supply; consequently men who, like Collet and Grocyn, desired to study the Greek language and literature were obliged to seek it elsewhere, and they found it in Italy. The opposition to the introduction of this study in the English universities was so great that it was not without long and wordy contention that the "Greeks," as they were called, headed by Erasmus, who had come from Rotterdam with the laudable purpose of instructing the English in this branch of learning, succeeded in obtaining for it a foothold at Oxford. Greek was then demanded, and Greek was obtained; so science, being now wanted, should be forthcoming in places where we have a right to look for it. Too sturdy and headstrong a refusal to supply it will inevitably end disastrously for that which opposes it, whereas, if science and literature of all kinds be allowed to take each its natural place, there will be no jar or confusion, and no marring of the beautiful entirety of what would then be a liberal education. As Collet was obliged to go to Italy for Greek, so is it now a fact that for a tolerably thorough scientific education our young men are obliged to go to France—a grievance which loudly calls for redress.

But it is wise to offer innovating propositions with diffidence, certainly with courtesy. Let no class mistake its ruling idea for the larger spirit of the age. So many educational theories have been lauded to the sky, been tried and found incompetent, that they who have a theory on this subject should thoroughly digest, and perhaps try it on a small scale, as Robert Owen tried communism, and see whether or not it will work, before pressing its claims upon the attention of the public, which is always waiting, with open ears, to hear any new theory in regard to that vexatious question of the improvement of men—the "amelioration of their condition," as it is called. There was a time when Rousseau's "Emile" and the Lockian system had such a widespread influence that even the prejudices of religious systems were unable to withstand it; and we find an American Methodist conference, considering in regard to the best mode of educating young men in Methodist institutions of learning, saying that there should be in them "nothing which the world calls play, in accordance with the views of two of the greatest men of any age, Mr. Locke and Mr. Rousseau!" Think of Rousseau classed with Locke and considered authority by a Methodist conference! Those who are in love with the Positive Philosophy will lay great, and perhaps too great, stress on the study of positive science; but there is danger that they will neglect much which is valuable because it is not in the universe as reduced by M. Comte. "The heavens declare no glory save that of Newton and Laplace," is doubtless a great saying, but doubtless, also, it does not close debate on that question.

There seems to be little doubt that some very grave cause of complaint exists against our colleges and universities. There is, even among the students themselves, a growing discontent with the routine through which they are forced to go. It can also hardly be denied that there is seldom so helpless a class of men cast upon society as a newly graduated class of college students. They feel, instantly they come in contact with the matter-of-fact world, that they have not so good a chance of success as men who have never been at college; that they have not the qualifications necessary to meet successfully the responsibilities in the midst of which they so suddenly appear—as it were from another world. In such a government as ours, where any man may at any time be called upon to perform important practical duties, education should give its recipients at least the theory of those duties. The science of political economy is hardly studied at all in our colleges, although this is one of the studies with which an American should be most conversant. At college a man who has read and can "talk" Stuart Mill is looked upon as quite a great man, while one who has gone so far as to read Adam Smith is a prodigy.

The French language, in which so much that is important in science of all kinds is contained, is generally pursued as an optional study, and but very little stress is laid upon it by college authorities. If a man were tolerably acquainted with French scientific literature from the middle of the eighteenth century till the present time, he would be possessed of such a fund of practical knowledge as would throw even the ordinary run of college professors, much more students, into bewilderment.

But science is strictly utilitarian in its objects, and employs but one department of the nature of man. Although at its two extremes it touches metaphysics, and sometimes rises to the grandeur of poetry, yet these are not its appropriate spheres of action. It was a favorite maxim of Montesquieu that "power is ever at war with its own boundaries," and in nothing can the truth of this saying be more clearly seen than in the endeavors of science to crowd metaphysics and poetry out of existence, or, at most, to give them a little ground where they may lie down and die in peace. The fact that this is a reaction should deter scientific men from carrying it to extremes. To exaggerate a principle is to weaken it. Our college curricula do not need less classics and metaphysics and more natural science, but they need more of all three. The great fault of American education is its superficiality. Our common-school system is defective in this very way. A great many people are educated a very little; perhaps with the idea that if, like Micky Free's father, they can get their heads and shoulders out, they can easily extricate the rest of their bodies. Our boys get just enough of education to fit them for "going into a store," and our girls enough to enable them to misspell love-letters and read novels. "A little Latin and less Greek," and yet less science, and a large amount of pretence and self-assertion, make up generally the acquirements of our candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Two or three years of contact with the world are generally sufficient to rub off these superficialities, and our college graduates are then much the same as men who have had none of their "advantages," unless, indeed, it be an advantage to know how useless our college education is.

* "College Life. Its Theory and Practice. By Rev. Stephen Olin, D.D., LL.D., late President of Wesleyan University." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1867.

SAMUELS'S ORNITHOLOGY.*

MR. SAMUELS was right in thinking that his treatise on birds would meet a real want; and the faithfulness with which he has done his work, and the modesty with which he presents it to the public, would indispose us to severe criticism, even if his success were far less than it is. But the book is really a very excellent one, of just the character needed. Free use is made, and ample credit given, of the observations of earlier naturalists—Nuttall, Wilson, etc.—though we are surprised that the interesting articles in *The Atlantic Monthly* are not noticed.

The descriptions of the birds, their distribution and habits, and especially their eggs, are brief, clear, and accurate. We are sorry to miss some of the popular names of birds; among them some of those best worth preserving: as *veery* (Wilson's thrush), *linnet* (purple finch), *fife-bird* (white-throated sparrow), *red mavis* (to our thinking the best name of the brown thrush).

* "Ornithology and Oölogy of New England. By Edward A. Samuels, Curator of Zoölogy in the Massachusetts State Cabinet." Boston: Nichols & Noyes. 1867. 8vo, pp. 583.

The songs are less satisfactorily treated. The songs of the Baltimore oriole and the bay-winged finch are not even mentioned. The song of the warbling vireo is described as almost exactly resembling that of the purple finch, which, to be sure, it does in *quality* of tone, but not at all in the notes, the finch being a very rapid singer, the vireo a rather slow one. The song of the brown thrush, he says, seems to be "a sort of confused mixture of the notes of different birds;" but, in fact, this fine singer has a song which is exclusively his own, resembling no other but that of his cousin the cat-bird. Mr. Samuels decides the vexed question as to the hermit thrush by saying that his habits, song, etc., are "almost exactly similar to those of the song [wood] thrush," a decision which we do not believe is the correct one.

We are not disposed to censure the editor for the manner in which the book is illustrated, because we know that the task set before him was one which could not be accomplished—an illustrated book of birds which should cost only fifteen dollars. We do not know that he could have done much better for this sum than he has done; we think, however, that he might have shown better judgment in the selection, and will make a suggestion which may be of service for a new edition. Those who buy a book of this character wish for illustrations only for their scientific value, to help in determining a bird or an egg. For this purpose what is required is not absolute completeness, but accuracy and system; whatever is done should be upon a plan. If we cannot have a full-colored plate of every bird, such as Audubon gives—as we certainly cannot for fifteen dollars—we hardly care for full-colored plates at all, but should very much value a series of cuts giving a clear and distinct idea of the characteristics of the families and classes. Again, if the eggs are to be given at all, they should be all given—all, that is, except the pure white, and they, perhaps, in outline. Four plates, containing the eggs of thirty birds out of nearly three hundred, are of scarcely any value except as pretty pictures. It ought to be said that these plates of eggs are admirably done, and we urge Mr. Samuels very earnestly to go on with this special work he has so well begun, and publish as an appendix a complete set of colored plates of the eggs of every bird in his book; we believe it would find a large sale, and it would be a very valuable contribution to natural history. The figures of the birds are well enough, although far from equal to the eggs; but we wonder on what principle of selection the snowy owl, the crow, and the crow blackbird were selected for *coloring*. Indeed, the impression left by the illustrations, as a whole, is that they were meant to catch the eye, not to convey instruction.

Recent Republications.—The sixth annual edition of "Harper's Hand-book for Travellers in Europe and the East" appears as usual at this season. Two years ago we criticised the plan of this guide, and found fault with the proportion of space allotted to the various countries, and suggested some omissions by which space might be gained. We do not discover any essential change since then. Seven pages have been inserted descriptive of the Paris Exposition, and giving a plan of the building, but this is almost the only indication of the yearly revision by which the publishers distinguish theirs from other European guide-books. Though at any time within the past six months it has been evident what would be the extent of the North German Confederation, the editor, in half a dozen lines, alludes to the political revolution in Germany, and postpones any account of it till next year. Austria's limits are quite definite, and have been since last summer, but the account of her is not varied from that which answered before the Seven Weeks' War. In Venice we are told the nature of the Austrian rule, and may suppose that Venetia is still a province, till a correcting line is thrown in at the end. South Germany is put by itself, as politically it should be. The few pages devoted to the United States are so clearly gratuitous, and necessarily imperfect, that we still wonder they are retained, especially as they have to compete with the very full, very accurate, and seemingly conscientious "Hand-book of Northern Travel" published by the Appletons, of which the ninth annual edition has been sent us. The only criticism we have for it is, that it follows perhaps too closely the railroad lines, so that out-of-the-way places, which the judicious tourist would select if he knew their attractions, are not sufficiently described. Thus the Housatonic Valley, in Massachusetts, is very inadequately praised, and, in fact, must be looked for under the head of Connecticut, as Burlington under the head of New York. So the Dixville Notch in New Hampshire, no longer rarely visited or obscure, demands more particulars, especially as it is fully the peer of the other two great notches of the State. And the Umbagog, lowest of six or seven connected lakes that empty into the Androscoggin, and the natural corollary of the Dixville Notch to one going east, deserves specification beyond what it receives. The same may be said of the Au Sable River in this State. But we are aware that each person has his pet resorts, and is liable o set too high an estimate upon them.

Mrs. Ellet's "Practical Housekeeper" has been brought out afresh, in elegant style, by Mr. W. A. Townsend, who first published this work in 1857. Since then it has been revised, and to a considerable extent rewritten, and now offers five thousand practical receipts and maxims, illustrated by five hundred wood-engravings. Mrs. Ellet begins at the beginning, *i. e.*, with the house, furnishes it—more expensively than is necessary for some folks—sets the table, directs the mistress, directs the servants, takes care of the children and the sick, goes to market, carves the meat, describes thoroughly all the details of household economy, and then brings forward her receipts—one hundred and eighteen, for instance, being for soups. She tells how to tie a secure knot, to fold a napkin, to filter liquids, to cut glass; she gives a monthly bill of fare for all the year; and has space for cosmetics, salves, hair dyes, and a "family medical guide," which will not be found superfluous, or, as a whole, untrustworthy. Mrs. Ellet has written, we should say, for the more wealthy rather than for the less, but persons of moderate means can easily omit from her recipes the ingredients which are only epicurean. Wine and brandy are among these, often enough to cause a little surprise when the author prefaces her account of beverages with a "testimony" against the use of spirituous liquors.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields seem to have judged rightly that the publication of Dr. Hayes's last work, "The Open Polar Sea," and the interest manifested in it, rendered advisable a republication of his "Arctic Boat Journey, in the Autumn of 1854"—not '64, as we said the other day in announcing the book. This has been handsomely accomplished, with the addition of engravings and charts, and of notes by the author which, by reference to his latest explorations, lend a completeness to the narrative which it could not have before. In his concluding chapter Dr. Hayes develops the thesis that the dangers encountered by Arctic travellers are generally less than those encountered by travellers in Africa.

"Living Age" is an exact description of the contents of Volume XCIII. of the popular serial which bears that name. Not only the literature but the politics of Christendom during the last quarter is here placed on record, and the owner of the book has history and criticism, the important facts and the best opinions, bound together and fit for preservation.

Bulwer's "Eugene Aram" is the latest volume of the Globe Edition of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., to which we have already alluded. It is full-bodied but not clumsy, and the print is excellent.

Messrs. Harper & Bros. have united in one volume Thackeray's lectures on the British Humorists and the Four Georges, hitherto published separately. More entertaining reading it would be hard to discover, or a more agreeable way of studying history from the political and the literary point of view.

A Manual of Marine Insurance. By Manley Hopkins. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.)—This is a treatise published both in England and America, setting forth the general rules of marine insurance as they are understood by underwriters and average adjusters in Great Britain. The author is thoroughly familiar with his subject, and writes with the ease to which such familiarity is indispensable. Very few legal authorities are cited, but the substance of the law on the subject is stated with unusual clearness and accuracy. Merchants will find in it a more concise, comprehensive, and comprehensible statement of the law and customs of marine insurance than in any other book with which we are acquainted; while lawyers will get many new ideas from it, and derive from it a view of the mercantile side of questions which will throw much light upon their drier legal studies. The typography is in Spottiswoode's usual admirable style, which tempts one to read for the mere sake of enjoying the print.

The People the Sovereigns. Being a Comparison of the Government of the United States with those of the Republics which have existed before. By James Monroe. Edited by Samuel L. Gouverneur. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. 1867.)—This is a fragmentary work of Ex-President Monroe, put into shape by his grandson, and published for the first time nearly forty years after his death. It consists of two parts, the first containing reflections upon the capacity of the human race in general for self-government, and the second containing a review of the ancient republics of Greece and Carthage. Mr. Monroe was a highly respectable, but not brilliant statesman; and therefore no one will be surprised to find that his ideas are not very profound, nor remarkable for originality. Those, however, who desire to know the views of one of our early statesmen upon the subject of republican government, may find some matter of interest in the volume.

The Code of Procedure. (New York: Diossy & Cockroft. 1867.)—This is an extremely neat pocket edition of the Code, without notes. Its smallness, cheapness, and clear print must make it very acceptable to lawyers and others.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of The Nation *should be addressed to the Editor.*

SOUTHERN POLITICS.

Tennessee has just given decisive evidence of the comparative unanimity with which the newly enfranchised voters at the South support the Republican party, and has effectually dissipated whatever hopes might have been entertained by politicians of the Democratic party of a division and neutralization of the colored vote. There were grounds for such a division in Tennessee that did not exist in any other State. There is a large loyal white population, many, if not most, of whom have, until a very recent period, entertained a strong dislike for the negro, and have been unwilling to render him the simplest justice. So long as they believed themselves able to keep down the rebel element without the help of colored men, they scouted the idea of universal suffrage. And when they were compelled to choose between this and political extinction, they delayed their decision until the opportunity for choice was nearly lost. These remarks do not fully apply to Governor Brownlow and a few others, who, on this point, were in advance of their constituents, but they are perfectly true of the great majority of white loyalists, in or out of office. It could not be expected that such a course would of itself command the confidence of the colored people when finally enfranchised; but although the "Conservatives" strove hard to impress the new voters with the insincerity of the Radicals, it appears that at least nine-tenths of the colored vote has been given for the Radical ticket.

We have no desire to underrate the difficulties of the Tennesseean Unionists; but we submit for the consideration of all calm and intelligent men whether it is possible to protract very much longer the *régime* which is now established in Tennessee, and of which Governor Brownlow is unfortunately the representative. We acknowledge to the fullest extent the value of what the Unionists have done; but the main object and the only good excuse for their exclusive domination—the establishment of law and order throughout the State—they have not yet attained. Society there has, during the whole term of Governor Brownlow's administration, been in a condition bordering on anarchy. The militia he has called out have, from the necessity of the case, been themselves fierce partisans, and have therefore wanted the first essentials of a good police—impartiality and discipline. Therefore it is fair to say, that the Radicals have not fairly discharged the duties which every party that takes to itself the exclusive control of the government of a State assumes by implication. It undertakes to maintain order, and protect life and property, by the mere fact of its excluding its opponents from the polls; and in case of failure to meet these responsibilities, it is no answer to allege the wickedness and turbulence of the malcontents. This wickedness and turbulence were part of the problem with which those who took charge of the government engaged to deal, and, in fact, furnished the main reason for confining the government to a portion of the population. When Governor Brownlow says the State is torn by strife and disorder because the rebels are so bad, he talks like a general who excuses his defeat on the ground that the enemy fought too hard.

We do not seek to censure the Radicals too severely for their shortcomings. It would have been absurd to expect men who had gone through what they have gone through to sit down the minute the war was over, forgive their enemies, and administer the government on philosophical principles. Men will be men; and we confess that, for our part, we think half the moral value of such a struggle as the country has passed through would be lost if people were to set about forgiving and forgetting as soon as the last shot was fired. No society could either last very long, or be worth the trouble of saving, in which rascals and traitors and murderers ceased to be detested as soon as they lost their powers of mischief, and in which men had learnt to bear the most atrocious wrongs without feeling any resentment against those who wronged them. The adoption of any such rule in politics would end in giving the scoundrels the control of the world. Therefore, when Brownlow and his loyalists devoted themselves two years to cursing, abusing, and "running off" the Tennesseean rebels, we could not greatly blame them. Now, however, they have a majority of voters on their side; they have proved their ability to keep order at the polls, and we submit that the country is fairly entitled to expect something from them in the way of pacification and conciliation. Whether Governor Brownlow is capable of any such work we greatly doubt, but if he be, his friends are bound to urge it upon him by every means in their power.

In the other reconstructing States the few white loyalists have been so long in harmony with the colored people that none of these difficulties stand in the way. The Union Leagues are spreading with great rapidity over the entire South; and it is probable that by this time a majority of the electors are enrolled in these or kindred political organizations, and have pledged themselves to support the Republican party. We see that in South Carolina the only colored man who ever publicly hinted a doubt as to the course which his race should take, has fallen into line with the rest. Everywhere the colored people are at least as nearly unanimous upon one side as the Irishmen of New York are upon the other.

It is eminently creditable to the newly enfranchised race that every element of trouble in their political affairs has its origin among white men. We do not know of a single unreasonable demand made by any body of colored politicians of their own motion; and they have had good sense enough to reject some temptations put in their way by bad or foolish white men. One man in the South Carolina Convention was silly enough to propose a demand for a colored Vice-President next year; but the wisdom of his associates promptly extinguished this firebrand. Wherever there is any real trouble, it will, we predict, be generally found that some ambitious or selfish member of the "superior" race is at the bottom of it.

Virginia affords an unfortunate illustration of this fact. The Republicans of that State are kept in constant ferment by the anxiety of a few white men to keep the entire control of the party in their own hands. Their recent proceedings at Richmond seem to indicate their desire to keep the party conveniently small. The idea of calling a *State* Convention, and then urging the residents of the city where it is held to attend it in mass, is either grossly dishonest or absurd. Such a convention, of course, represents at most only the city—not the State. But when, after calling in a mob from the streets, they exclude respectable citizens, elected from other districts, on the ground that the meetings at which they were chosen were not regularly called, the thing becomes doubly absurd. If the convention was a literal mass meeting, any one had a right to come in. If it was not, then the Richmond mob should have been kept out. It is obvious that the managers of such schemes are actuated more by a thirst for office than by a sincere desire for the public good.

The evil that may result from such a narrow-minded policy is almost incalculable. It is of the utmost importance that a large portion of the white electors should co-operate with the colored people in support of the Republican party. There is scarcely a State, except South Carolina, which can be controlled by the colored vote alone for more than two or three years. Certainly Virginia is not one of that class. The white voters will constitute a majority whenever they choose to act together; and they will probably increase far more rapidly than the others. Immigration will soon flow in that direction; and this, of course, will be exclusively white, and in great part unfriendly to the colored people. To reject the proffered alliance of a large class of respectable white residents, and to deny them their fair share of influence and position, is an act of short-sighted folly that will react severely upon the freedmen, if they are ever persuaded to commit it. They ought not to be *subservient* to their white neighbors, nor to submit to their dictation in political matters; but when an opportunity is presented for securing the co-operation of both races upon fair and equal terms, it is the duty and the interest of the colored people to accept it, and those are not their sincere friends who throw obstacles in the way.

The South Carolina Republican Convention adopted (among other things) a resolution favoring the greater subdivision of landed property, which has excited some unfavorable comment on the ground

that it was intended to open the way for confiscation. Our views upon that point need no repetition; but in order to comprehend the motives for a resolution of this kind it is necessary to know something of the way in which land is held in the South. Immense tracts, including nearly all that is really available for cultivation, are held by men who were, before the war, rich in land and slaves. All their wealth apart from the bare soil is swept away; and a large proportion of them have neither the means nor the energy to cultivate their waste land. They hate "Yankees" and negroes too bitterly to tolerate the idea of leasing farms to either of these classes, who alone have ability to make a profitable use of it. They are too proud of their territorial possessions to sell any part of them. In short, they are like the dog in the manger—they can make no use of the land themselves, and they will not suffer any one else to do so. Eminent political economists have asserted the right of the State to interfere in such cases; and the colored people, without being able to reason out the matter as fully as Mr. Mill has done, have instinctively reached the same conclusion; and most Northern men who have settled in the South sympathize with their dissatisfaction at such wholesale waste.

Confiscation is not needed to cure this evil, nor do we believe that the Southern Republicans will ask for any such remedy. But they will be very likely to pass such general laws as will make the possession of large waste tracts so burdensome that the owner will be very glad to sell them. If in doing this they act under good advice, and pass just and equal laws for the purpose, they will relieve the South from a great incubus on its prosperity. If they resort to oppressive and unfair legislation, they will injure themselves by driving away capital.

WAGES AGAINST CO-OPERATION.

A STRONG argument against co-operation, from the pen of M. Batbie, a French economist of distinction, appears in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of June 15. He declares the main objection to wages, on the part of French workmen at least, to be their false notion that there is a certain social degradation in living by them, and then proceeds to show, which is, of course, not a very difficult matter, that payment in wages is, *per se*, as honorable a mode of payment as any, inasmuch as wages are in reality simply the sum for which the workman agrees to sell in advance his share of the products of labor and capital, making due allowance for the guarantee against all risk which the capitalist gives him. But we do not believe that in France, any more than in other countries, this idea of the degradation of living by wages is confined to workmen. It pervades all classes of society, and it is because it pervades all classes, and not because they hold it themselves, that workmen are restive under it. Owing to various circumstances, which we cannot enumerate here, the man who is hired by another to do certain duties is looked upon as, in a certain sense, his servant; and the position of a servant, whatever it may become hereafter, is not now considered that of a man who sells his commodity called labor, but of an inferior living in subjection to, and sacrificing his will to that of, a superior. Nor is this feeling confined to Europe; it exists here, and shows itself in every field of labor. It disposes many classes of employees to incivility, as a sort of protest against the popular definition of their condition. Moreover, it is universally recognized that the man who is "in business for himself," as it is called, occupies a higher social position than the man who works for another, and almost every man who has any ambition or energy endeavors, as rapidly as possible, to quit the position of an employee. In fact, men escape from it here with greater eagerness than they do in Europe, because there are more openings by which to escape, and, there being more openings, the spirit of hope and audacity, and the readiness to take risks, are more widely diffused. It is a rather rare thing in this country to see an elderly man in the position of clerk in a commercial house. In Europe nothing is more common, and there are few things which put the difference in the social condition of the two countries more distinctly before the mind of an observer than this contrast.

This feeling of dislike to wages, therefore, is not, as M. Batbie insinuates, confined to artisans or to France; nor is it, as he maintains, altogether silly. Living by wages no doubt means that a workman has commuted in a fixed sum for his share of the product; but it also means that he is subject to another man's will, and that it depends on his success in pleasing him whether he shall have any share in the products at all. This growing disinclination to be subject to other men's will, or, in other words, the growing dislike of obedience to arbitrary commands, is one of the most marked phenomena of modern society. It is a constant subject of lamentation with conservatives; but we confess we see in it not only nothing to deplore, but much to rejoice over, for we regard it as one of the signs that we are making progress toward the time when men's lives will be largely regulated by their own cultivated reason—when pains and penalties imposed by earthly superiors will be of little or no value. We see no prospect, in fact, of ever reconciling men to submission to the will of individuals, on any theory of morals or political economy, without a radical change in human nature. The history of progress is simply the history of a revolt against this *régime*.

M. Batbie also holds that in reality the great mass of workmen do not desire co-operation, that co-operation involves risk, and that what a workman wants, to ensure his comfort and peace of mind, is fixity in his wages. Unless he knows how much he is to receive every month, he cannot tell how much he may spend, how much he can save. There is nothing so intolerable to most of men and women as uncertainty about their means of livelihood; even the tenants who, in Italy and Southern Europe, work farms on the métayer plan are always ready to accept fixed wages instead of a share of the crop, in order that they may be able to save systematically, and thus acquire the means of purchasing a piece of land of their own. It is only choice workmen, M. Batbie thinks, who would be able to work the co-operative system as applied to production, though all might work it as applied to consumption; if, therefore, co-operative production were extensively tried, it would, through defects in management and diversity of temper, zeal, and industry, end in the exclusion or withdrawal of all but the best educated and most intelligent—the remainder falling back once more into the condition of hirelings, in which, being now deprived of the guidance of their natural leaders, their condition would be worse and more hopeless than ever.

It is, of course, impossible to tell whether workmen generally desire co-operation as a substitute for wages or not. What is certain is that they are dissatisfied with their present relations to capital, and that these relations cannot last much longer without great modification, and co-operation certainly commends itself *à priori* as the best change; in fact, it is the only change anybody has yet thought of. Its enemies, M. Batbie included, so far as we know anything of their utterances, have nothing better to offer as a remedy for the acknowledged evils in the condition of labor than recommendations to masters and workmen to be more reasonable and considerate in their dealings with each other. But the world has ceased to expect any great improvements in the condition of mankind from moral maxims. If they were as efficacious as some people evidently think them, the Chinese Empire would be an earthly paradise. Whether the mass of working-men in any country have yet sufficient intelligence or education or self-restraint to work the co-operative system may be open to doubt. Considering the use a great many of them make of their spare money and spare time, and the notions they have of the rights of their neighbors, doubts about it are pardonable. But some are capable of co-operating, and we may be sure that no such movement can possibly be a complete success at once. Even if only a few associations succeed, the sight of their working will exercise an educating influence on the hirelings, and every year a greater and greater number of the latter would be able and willing to change their condition for that of co-operators. There is no danger of the experiment being tried by the whole body of working-men, and of its failing and throwing back the majority into their old position, with hopes blighted and ambition and energy deadened. No great step forward is ever taken at once by all. The more capable and best trained take it first, and show the others how to follow; and we do not ourselves look forward to the co-operative movement becoming general for some years, and its growth, we are sure, will be very gradual. But the number of those capable of taking part in it will every year increase, and the discredit of being left outside of it, and of not having

the qualities—the intelligence, sobriety, and self-restraint—necessary for taking part in it, will every year increase also.

The illustration in support of his position drawn by M. Batbie from the anxiety of the métayers to have fixed wages, in order to save money and buy land, is in every way fallacious—so fallacious that we do not well see how a writer of M. Batbie's acuteness came to use it. The métayer is in the position the artisan would be in if he were paid by a share in the profits instead of by fixed wages. He is not, however, in the position of the member of a co-operative association. If he were one of the joint owners of a farm, and deliberately preferred abandoning his co-proprietorship for the purpose of becoming a hired laborer, then his case would serve M. Batbie's purpose. But he is not; he is a hired laborer, paid in a peculiar kind of way—a vastly superior way, to our mind, to weekly wages—but his position wants the certainty and independence which belong to the ownership of both land and labor or capital and labor. His anxiety to become proprietor of a piece of land himself is, therefore, easy to understand. We are inclined to believe that the working-men in manufacturing industry will, and perhaps would do well to, pass through a stage corresponding to the métayer system in agriculture, in which their wages will in part, at least, consist of a share in the profits; but this assuredly will not be their final goal.

M. Batbie's last objection is that the working-men will never submit to the sacrifice of individuality involved in co-operation—the complete absorption of the man in the mass, and the constant surveillance on the part of his fellows to which each will have to submit, when all are joint proprietors, and all have a fixed interest in the amount of production.

He mentions in support of this that the children of co-operators hardly ever want to take their fathers' places, but he gives no figures or dates or circumstances to enable us to estimate the weight of this illustration. It is not difficult to understand the discomfort which the great mass of men, bred in the atmosphere of deceit, subterfuge, and shirking by which factories and workshops are pervaded under the wages system, must feel on finding themselves surrounded at their work, not, as now, by accomplices in or connivers at every contrivance which promises to enable them to evade responsibility or defraud the employer, but by persons who all have an employer's feelings, or have an employer's interest in exacting a rigid performance of duty. But that nearly every workman will find infinite moral benefit from the change, there can be no question. What the laboring classes need to have developed in them most of all is not the sense of individual independence, but of social obligations—the conception of what they owe to society at large and to their fellows; and there is little doubt that nothing would do this more effectually than the daily presentation to them of their duty—not by "tyrannical capitalists," but by their own fellows—as a thing not to be shirked, or evaded, or slurred over, but to be done faithfully, and not done for the benefit of their precious persons only, but for the benefit of all their mates. The vice of working-men, until very recently, has been brutal individuality, and the tendency of our time is altogether in the direction of excessive segregation, not of aggregation.

There is certainly, too, no reason why the exactingness of the workshop should in any way affect men's lives outside of it, or why the workman who passes eight or ten hours a day under its bracing moral influence should not, in his own home, indulge in the widest diversity of task or pursuit just as he does now.

ANONYMOUS JOURNALISM.

For a long while after the newspaper press had assumed its present shape, it was the fashion to ascribe all its faults to its anonymousness. If it was reckless or abusive, or inaccurate or unscrupulous, or slanderous or slipshod, the reason was, we were generally told, that the writers of articles did not put their names to them. Were they forced to do so, we were assured, they would express themselves with more care, would make sure of their facts before expressing themselves at all, would display more respect for the feelings and reputation of individuals, and infuse a higher tone into their comments upon everything. This way of looking at the matter prevails widely to this hour, and particularly amongst men in public life, who are constantly exposed to the criticisms of the press, and who naturally feel that, in contending with a nameless man, they lose the advantage to which they consider themselves fairly entitled, of a personal comparison between themselves and their critic. As regards the security of private character particularly, it is assumed, almost without discussion, that it would be greatly promoted by forcing writers to appear under their own signatures. Neither well-known men nor obscure men would venture, it is very generally believed, to take the liberties with individual character which both have no hesitation in taking anonymously, if they had to raise their vizors every time they addressed the public.

The question was one of those which could hardly be decided by mere argument. The convenience of anonymousness was so great that the press was not at all likely to abandon it of its own accord, and in America and England—the two countries in which the press was most of a power—there was no means of forcing it to do so. The world is therefore under some obligations to the Emperor Napoleon for having undertaken to try the experiment when he ascended the throne in 1852. One of his first acts was to force every writer of every article in a newspaper, or other periodical or publication, to sign his name to it. The ostensible object of this move was, of course, to make it easy for the police to reach the real delinquents in cases of violation of the law, and thus far it had undoubtedly met with a good deal of sympathy from the general public; but his enemies insist that his real object was to degrade and weaken the press, to drive the best men away from it. To those who had never carefully considered the matter, and who had been accustomed to regard anonymousness as the great vice of newspapers, of course this charge looked like a calumny; but events have proved that, however those who made it may have been mistaken about the design of the Emperor's policy, they were not in the least mistaken as to its result.

What this result has been, readers of the French newspapers know. Under the new *régime* the great newspapers which, whatever their faults may have been—and they were many—were for twenty years the glory of France—in the columns of which some of the ablest French writers first used their pens for the instruction of their countrymen, and in which great questions of politics, of finance, of history, and of literature were discussed with unequalled force, eloquence, and learning, and which exercised during the period between the downfall of the Bonaparte dynasty and its restoration an influence on French opinion such as nothing else ever did—have totally disappeared. As mere newspapers, the French press was always defective; as an instrument for working on the national mind, it has never been surpassed, if ever equalled, by the press of any other country. To be sure, it was not wholly anonymous. It is much less anonymous, for instance, than the English press, but it was sufficiently anonymous to enable any man who had convictions, and wanted to lay them before the world without dragging his own personality into the arena, to do so with the certainty of a fair hearing. A greater change than has come over it in the last fifteen years it would be difficult to imagine. The great writers—the men who cannot bear to speak only half their thoughts, or to speak at all with a police agent at their elbow—have abandoned the field. This, it is true, it would be unfair to ascribe wholly to the loss of anonymousness, as it may be accounted for by the nature of the political *régime* under which they were living; but nothing but the loss of anonymousness will account for the appearance of the breed who have come up in their stead, and for the relations in which even the better class of writers now stand to the public.

One of the most marked characteristics of the new system is the increase of personalities in the press, and personalities of the grossest and most offensive kind—the very thing which the signing of names was expected to render impossible. In fact, a class of papers, known as "la petite presse," has sprung up, which contains nothing but personal gossip, often of the most disgraceful description, in which club and saloon scandal is retailed with as much embellishment and distortion as may seem desirable, and in which, when real scandal is wanting, the writers publish inventions of their own, and, in doing so, respect neither age nor sex. This class of journals is conducted by men who abound in Paris, as in all large cities, and whose number is every day increasing—men without character, or education, or brains, or position, and whose whole stock-in-trade consists in facility in collecting "personal items" and putting them into "lively," slangy language, and in case-hardened indifference to the annoyance they may cause. Their one craving is notoriety, and in this way only, in default of the commission of remarkable crimes, can they attain it. In France, it is the fashion to punish offences against individual character, or privacy, by duel, but this is exactly what the writers of the "petite presse" like. Nothing delights them more than to sting a man of eminence into taking notice of their attacks on him and challenging them, for nothing else

would bring them into so much notice; and they are generally blest with a Frenchman's indifference to the pistol and dexterity with the small-sword.

Nor is this sort of indecency confined to the "petite presse." Men of the same stamp as most of its contributors of course often find their way into the columns of the higher papers, and there indulge their propensities in the same manner and with a similar result. An "affaire" with a well-known man, if they can only bring it about, makes them the talk of the town for several days, and makes their names more or less familiar to the public for long afterwards. Moreover, discussions between two journals on any topic, if the articles are signed, are almost sure to degenerate before long into personalities, and the result has been the shocking crop of duels by which the French literary world has of late been disgraced. The effect of the sight of an opponent, *in propria persona*, in rousing animal pugnacity and turning attention away from the real points at issue, is well known, and is recognized markedly in codes of parliamentary procedure. The rule which obliges all speakers in debate to address the chair, to speak of all other members by their official name, not by their own name, as "the gentleman from New York," "the honorable member for Birmingham," is simply an attempt to throw a semi-transparent veil of anonymousness over the parties to the controversy and thus avoid the notoriously irritating and bellicose influence on the imagination of the "you" or the "John Smith." In like manner, an unpersonal attack on a man by *The Times* or *Tribune* produces a very different effect on his mind from an attack signed "H. G." or "H. J. R." It may mortify or annoy him, but somehow or other it does not produce on him that burning desire to get at somebody and chastise him which is produced by an onslaught made by somebody whose face and figure appear between the lines and shoot out into full relief in the signature at the close. We have had in the press of this city abundant illustrations of what we are here saying. When any of its great warriors want to "handle somebody without gloves," they almost invariably lay aside the editorial robes and make their appearance in the simple character of indignant and outraged men. The long war between "H. G." and "T. W.," for instance, would have been a very colorless and tame affair if it had been carried on simply by *The Tribune* and *Commercial Advertiser*.

It is not only the relations of the writers of the press to each other which are affected by the use of their own signatures, but their relations to the public. The disuse of the anonymous, instead of rendering them and the editors of the papers for which they write more careful, has actually rendered them more reckless. Signing an article, in the first place, by limiting responsibility to the writer only, renders the other persons connected with the journal indifferent to what he says, and it renders him, if a vain or hot-headed man, more reckless and vituperative. His very appearance in person, while rousing the animosity of his opponents, rouses also his own animal courage and stimulates his love of notoriety, and fixes his thoughts more on the figure he will cut in the row which is to follow than on the truth or logic of his statements. The result is that men whom the French journalists criticise are apt to rank their criticisms as personal affronts, and the attempts made in Paris of late to bring these quarrels to a crisis have been a positive disgrace to civilization—all the greater disgrace as they have occurred in the most polished city in the world. The annals of the Natchez or Vicksburg press can, we venture to say, furnish nothing to equal in disgusting barbarism the spectacle which was witnessed on the Boulevards three weeks ago, of the son of one editor—a senator to boot—following another editor of a leading paper along the street, spitting in his face, and loading him with low abuse, and then publishing a full account of the blackguard performance in his father's paper; or that other, in which the two sons of the Minister of Public Instruction (!) had a bout of fisticuffs with the editor of a paper in his own office, in revenge for certain comments on their father's official conduct.

The anonymous has never been maintained in this country with as much rigidity as it has in England, owing mainly to the different constitution of society. The editors of the great papers are generally well-known public characters, although the authors of most of the articles for which they are legally responsible are unknown. But we think our readers will agree with us when we say that the tone of the press has suffered more from the personal prominence of its conductors than from any other cause. Whenever its columns are disgraced by vituperation, it is nearly always in some quarrel of the editor with which the paper as a paper has not and need not have any concern, and in which the public in most cases takes no sort of interest; and we think it will be found, on a careful examination, that all those papers which owe much of their position to the editor's personal reputation are apt to rely too much upon it, and admit matter to their columns which, if they had to stand on their own merits, they would not dare to publish.

Nor is this the only way in which the partial disuse of the anonymous affects literature and society unfavorably. It has originated, and is bringing into greater and greater vogue, the purchase of the names of distinguished writers as a means of passing off inferior wares on the public. As soon as a man has acquired a reputation nowadays which creates in the popular mind a presumption in favor of the productions of his pen, he is beset by the publishers of struggling or sensational periodicals with offers of large sums, not for good articles, but for any kind of articles with his name to them; the name being what is most wanted, everything else being of comparatively little moment. It is not in human nature for men, writing under the consciousness of this fact, to write well, even if they tried to do so; but, in most cases, they do not even try. They know that anything they write will be read, and that, whether they write or not, they are sure of their money and their employers sure of their profits; so they "strike off" in their leisure hours yards of maudlin sentimentality, milk-and-water philosophy, slip-slop politics, and trivial schoolboy reminiscences on all sorts of themes, which debauch the public taste, cheat the more ignorant and simple readers, and, what is worse than all, spread and develop amongst young men that fatal indifference to excellence, thoroughness, finish, and depth which is one of the curses of our time. When students leaving college read the bosh which doctors of divinity, "able editors," and "distinguished statesmen" print in popular periodicals, with their names and titles unblushingly written over it, we can hardly wonder if they do not place their own standard very high, and if the "sensational" branch of our literature be that whose growth most nearly keeps pace with the material development of the country. There is a want of conscience in this name-selling which calls for the reprobation of everybody whose reprobation has any influence. The public does not need to know what kind of matter the Reverend Dr. Chrysostom or the Honorable Jeremiah Boanerges can turn out once a week for ten thousand dollars a year; but it does need to have all the results of careful culture and sound and conscientious thinking which its ablest minds can furnish laid before it as often and as regularly as the resources of the press will permit.

The world will, doubtless, one day reach a stage of culture in which writers, no matter what their degree or antecedents may be, will be able to publish their opinions to the world in the press with the certainty that these opinions will be considered on their merits, and without any reference to the personal character of the utterers of them; but we are evidently far from that stage as yet. How very far we are, and how needful the anonymous still is, was illustrated curiously in the last number of the *North American Review*, in a critique on Mr. Edward Atkinson's pamphlet on the *Collection of Revenue*. The critical notices of *The Review* are generally its very best feature, and are not surpassed by those of any similar periodical in existence—a circumstance which renders this illustration we are about to draw from them all the more valuable. The writer of the notice was desirous of combating Mr. Atkinson's, as well as Dr. Walker's and Prof. Perry's, free-trade views, so finding the logical handling of their processes inconvenient or troublesome, he disposed of them, no doubt unconsciously, by what may be called the "biographical method," which is certainly novel in its application to scientific questions. Professor Perry he despatched by showing that being merely a scholar (the whole science has been built up by mere scholars), and not having any practical experience of "business," he was forced to get his political economy out of English books; Dr. Walker, by showing that, having passed his early life in the shoe trade, he got jealous of the cotton men and became a free-trader out of envy; Mr. Atkinson, by showing that, though bred a Webster Whig, on finding that he and the cotton manufacturers generally had feathered their nests under the tariff, he was now ready to throw it overboard. Had Mr. Atkinson not put his name to the pamphlet, it would, doubtless, have been discussed on its merits, though doubtless it would not have attracted so much attention.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, July 17, 1867.

GOSSIP has, of course, been busy with the Sultan during his stay here. We are assured that he never takes wine, and performs frequent ablutions, uses no other water than that of the Nile, cargoes of which have been brought over from Alexandria and emptied into the largest of the fountains of the Elysée Gardens, cleared out for their reception; that he always eats alone and hidden from the eyes of servants by a screen; that he is greatly enjoying his stay here, and is vastly impressed with the splendor, greatness, and glory of France, her capital, her sovereign, and her people. The fact which seems to have made most impression on his mind in connection with the latter is the superior style in which they are all shod;

whereas, in Turkey, the mass of the inhabitants wear nothing but wretched, worn-out slippers, affording no proper protection to the feet. The Sultan is an intelligent, thoughtful, and fairly-educated man, having had the advantage of European teachers. He has disappointed the Parisians by the simplicity of his appearance and doings, and the modesty of his purchases. It was expected that he would be tempted into laying out millions among the shopkeepers of the capital; but no such outlays have been ascertained to have been made by him beyond the small amount of seven hundred francs. It is, however, observed in his favor, that he seems to appreciate the charms of the French stage, and is fond of music. Among the anecdotes recalled by his presence here is one which tells how the well-known pianist, Leopold De Meyer, when visiting Constantinople in the days of the late Sultan, Abdul Medjid, was sent for by the latter, when, on being conducted into the sublime presence of the Commander of the Faithful, he found that the piano sent by him to the palace for the occasion had been deprived of its legs and placed on the backs of five slaves, who were supporting themselves under the heavy weight as best they could on their hands and knees. This singular proceeding, the pianist was informed, had been adopted in order that the magnificent mosaic floor of the gallery might not incur any risk of injury from the casters of the legs. The pianist, dismayed at the sight, pointed out to the Turkish equivalent of a master of the ceremonies that he could not perform on a piano whose keyboard was not level, and pointed to one of the corners which, as the servant supporting it was much smaller than his fellows, was considerably lower than the others, whereupon the official caused a cushion to be placed under the servant's knees, thereby restoring the equilibrium of the instrument. But the artist still protesting his utter inability to perform on a piano thus unsteadily supported, the legs were at length screwed into their places. The artist next demanded a chair, but was informed that it was contrary to etiquette for any one to sit in the Sultan's presence. At last De Meyer succeeded in convincing the official that he could not play standing, and the difficulty having been referred to his Majesty, the artist was finally provided with a seat, and proceeded to show off his powers, to the great satisfaction of his imperial auditor, who complimented him highly on his skill, and made him a handsome present. When Felicien David was in Constantinople, Abdul Medjid had him sent for to give singing lessons to the ladies of the imperial harem. But the composer's romantic visions of intercourse with those mysterious beauties were sadly dashed by finding, on his first admission to the palace, that he was not to be allowed to enter the presence of his illustrious pupils, but was expected to transmit his teachings to them through the chief of the eunuchs—a discovery which of course put an end at once to his visions and his engagement. The friends of one who is equally estimable as an artist and as a man will be glad to know that the prize of twenty thousand francs—to be given by the Imperial Academy of Music to the composer who, during the last twenty years, has done most for the lasting honor of the French school—has been unanimously awarded to the author of "Herculaneum" and "The Pearl of Brazil."

The theatrical world of Paris has been thrown into a ferment by the revival, after an interlude of twenty years, of Victor Hugo's "Hernani," and of Sardou's "Famille Benoiton" after a lapse of two. The friends and enemies of the gifted poet, who persists in remaining a voluntary exile, had fought their old battles over again, with almost the old ferocity, from the moment when it became known that the Théâtre Français was preparing to bring out "Hernani," until the night of its appearance, when the house was crammed from floor to ceiling, and the piece was received with the most enthusiastic demonstrations, every line being listened for with the utmost eagerness by an audience which evidently had the entire play by heart. At the occurrence of the line "Maximilian is dead!" a sudden shudder seemed to pass through the assembly; every one involuntarily thought of the brave Austrian prince struggling against adverse fortune beyond the seas, and something like a presentiment of the tragedy, of which we had then received no tidings, seized on the minds of all present. Unable to resist the temptation to drink in, with his own ears, the plaudits so especially dear to French vanity, the poet, notwithstanding his hatred of the Emperor, came *incog.* to this city, and assisted at one of the early performances of his play.

As for Sardou's portraiture of a "Fast Family," which was considered, when it first appeared, as a witty, but somewhat calumnious exaggeration of the social tendencies of the day, the world of Paris has been moving so rapidly forward on the path depicted by the author, that the play seemed almost tame in comparison with the facts about us. The "loud" toilettes, the slang, the bold opinions and independent doings of the Benoitons are actually distanced by their rivals and imitators of to-day; and all the quietoing portion of the public, seeing the enormities of dress and behavior now so largely patronized by those who might be expected to set a better example, hold up their hands in horror and wonder "what next?"

Mr. Sothern, in "Our American Cousin," is also decidedly successful. For a fortnight past every inch of wall or boarding not already occupied by the flaunting advertisements of "The Great American Circus"—showing men and beasts in the most impossible attitudes, adorned with all the colors of the rainbow—has been filled with large portraits of his eccentric lordship gravely counting on his fingers, eyeglass on nose. The English and Americans here, and the comparatively limited portion of the French public which is able to comprehend the humor of "Lord Dundreary," are flocking, night after night, to the Italian Opera-house, and heartily enjoying an impersonation absolutely unrivalled in its way. The American colony was to have had a celebration of the Fourth of July in the beautiful public gardens of the Pré Catalan—the scene of the brilliant and successful festival of last summer—but the project having been abandoned in consequence of the painful news from Mexico, the celebration of that anniversary was limited to a dinner, of about two hundred and fifty persons, at the Grand Hotel, and the subsequent handing over, by its managers, of the surplus fund raised for the dinner—about a thousand francs—for the benefit of the American church in this city.

The propensity of Frenchmen to decide the pettiest quarrels by a duel has led to the absurd and scandalous spectacle of a senator, angered by remarks made in a speech by another senator, sending to that colleague an angry demand for a "meeting," and getting publicly snubbed for his folly. It seems that certain reactionary inhabitants of St. Etienne, having recently discovered in the Public Working-Men's Library of that town a copy of Renan's "Life of Jesus," and one or two other works not in harmony with the fashionable dogmas of the day, sent a petition to the Senate praying for the removal of the obnoxious books. A member of the Senate, M. Lacaze, one of those obscure members whom accident occasionally brings to light in all such bodies, conceiving himself to be "insulted" by the eloquent speech made by another of its members, M. Sainte-Beuve (the well-known literary critic of the *Débats*), wrote to that gentleman requesting him to send two "friends" to arrange a meeting. M. Sainte-Beuve replied that he really knew nothing of arms, and must go through a course of training before he could meet M. Lacaze on the ground indicated. Lacaze, more angry than ever, sent a second and more violent letter, to which Sainte-Beuve replied by an epistle wise as witty, and witty as wise, showing the indecency and absurdity of attempting to settle moral questions by physical violence, and completed the pulverization of his adversary by publishing the entire correspondence. As duelling is forbidden by law, and punishable with penalties varying according to the circumstances of the offence, the affair has made no little hubbub, especially as the speech of M. Sainte-Beuve has been the innocent occasion of bringing the students of the Normal School to grief.

The students in question, all of them young men of special promise, and destined to the career of professors and teachers, are in the habit, every year, on the approach of the summer vacation, of getting up a lottery, a sale, a theatrical entertainment, or similar affair, in aid of some charitable object, and generally address themselves for help, on these occasions, to former pupils of the school. It so happens that these youths had just applied to M. Sainte Beuve, an old pupil of the school, for help toward a sale which they were organizing in aid of some charity, and had received from that brilliant writer a complete copy of his works. His bold and telling discourse in vindication of the rights of conscience and of literary freedom adding to the grateful enthusiasm excited by his handsome gift, one of the young men indited a somewhat high-flown letter of thanks to Sainte-Beuve, expressing the admiration with which the school had read the discourse in the Senate. This letter was signed by nearly all the students, and sent to M. Sainte-Beuve. Unluckily, one of the heads of this important institution, M. Etienne Arago, an intimate friend of the senator, getting sight of a copy of the letter, was so much charmed with the sentiments expressed in it that he forthwith published it in one of the papers of this city. As the law forbids all expression of political opinion by the students in the public schools, the youths who had been most active in getting up the letter to Sainte-Beuve were hauled over the coals and threatened with expulsion, on which the entire school proclaimed its sympathy with the incriminated students, declared that they considered the letter to be theirs, and demanded to share the fate of their comrades. M. Arago has taken on himself the entire responsibility of the publication of the letter, and has shown that the pupils had no intention of publishing it. But the university authorities are very angry; they ignore M. Arago's assumption of responsibility, and have brought the letter of the law to bear on the institution. The students have been dismissed *en masse*, and the school is closed until the middle of October, when it is to be re-opened with a new set of students.

As the pupils of the Normal School are mostly poor as well as exceptionally clever, the decision of the university is generally regretted. The greater number of these youths have pursued their studies at the price of heavy pecuniary sacrifices on the part of their friends, and have worked exceedingly hard, taking the highest honors in the course of their career; and it is hoped that a measure which destroys the hopes of so many families, and deprives the country of so valuable a body of trained instructors, will be rescinded, and the school reopened to the pupils who have just been driven from it.

Fine Arts.

THE YALE COLLEGE ART BUILDING AND EXHIBITION.

New Haven owes to Yale College, and Yale College to the late Augustus Russell Street, the best picture-galleries in the land. They are but recently finished. The building of which they form the most important part is not yet finished. They are now put to use for the first time. A few pictures belonging to the college occupy a part of one gallery, and the rest of the wall-space is occupied by a loan collection of rather higher average merit than is usual even in New York.

The building, which, for some reason, does not bear Mr. Street's name as a distinguishing title, but is called simply "The Yale School for the Fine Arts," occupies a good site at one corner of the College Green. It is very irregular in plan, and has a square tower and corner turrets. For some hidden reason these turrets have no caps or roofs of any kind, and the tower lacks its whole uppermost story and its high roof. The drawings and photographs of the drawings show a finished tower—which, as a central and ruling feature, the irregular building needs imperatively—and high pyramidal caps to the turrets. The expense of completing the building would not be great, and, as we have said, the reasons for leaving it as it is are unknown to us at least.

The architectural merit of the exterior is very much greater than that of any other building connected with the college. This is not high praise, for the old dormitories and lecture-room buildings are without any claim to be considered works of architecture at all, the Library is of a very insincere and made-up design, and the Alumni Hall is in every way execrable. Yale College has buildings no worse than those of Harvard or of other great American colleges, but also no better. The Art Building, then, as being not only excellently well built, but also rationally and intelligently designed, with an exterior in many ways truly expressive of the purpose and of the interior arrangement of the building, and with a little good ornamental detail, is a great thing for Yale College and for New Haven to possess. It is probable that future buildings of college and town will be better built and more carefully designed than before, and, if so, the new worth and interest of the city will date from the Street Art Building as from a sort of Hegira, or, rather, an Avatar.

This building does not compare in exterior beauty with the New York Academy of Design, also a work of Mr. Wight's, and the one by which he is best known. That building remains, with whatever faults or shortcomings, the most beautiful work of architectural art in America, and would gain an added beauty if all the sculpture were finished as intended, and the great mosaic set over the main door. The Yale building does not aim at any such richness and abundance of decoration; it is a plain brown-stone building, with no beauty of color and with almost no sculptured ornament. But, also, it has not that beauty of outline and of mass which the world had a right to expect from the architect of the Academy of Design. It is not a successful composition; it lacks concentration and unity; its many parts are not harmonized; it lacks all that would make it a *good design*.

But its galleries—two large ones lighted by skylights, with a corridor between lighted with north-windows, and a staircase-hall connecting with all three—are both better lighted and handsomer than the galleries of the New York building, and are, therefore, the best in the country. They are particularly effective by gas-light; and although the exhibition of pictures by the yellow glare of gas is wholly unwise and very unjust to the unfortunate artists, yet, inasmuch as evening "receptions" and evening exhibitions are always of the nature of social gatherings, with some pictures hanging by to afford subjects of conversation, so it is well to have pretty and brilliant rooms in which to hold these not wholly useless gatherings.

One such reception was held when the exhibition was first opened three weeks ago. Another was held on the evening of Yale Commencement Day, July the 18th. On that evening the pictures had been partly rearranged, and some had been added, and the exhibition had put on a somewhat permanent and finished look, as if settled for the summer. The rooms were full, the company in good humor, the evening not insufferably hot, and the music by the New York Philharmonic Society's band was delightful—excellent and most appropriate selections excellently performed. For the rest of the summer the exhibition will be open by daylight, with "receptions" on Wednesday evenings.

In the north gallery are some thirty pictures of the Trumbull collection. The others still remain in the little building so long known as the "Trumbull Gallery," but it is probable that all will soon be removed from that humble house, and the building itself torn down. Of these pictures we say nothing at present. Colonel Trumbull was, as the art-critic of *The Tribune* called him once, a good enough Connecticut Giotto to start with, and his pictures are worthy of a certain respect and attention, though, perhaps, there are too many of them—certainly too many square feet in the aggregate. So in the south gallery is the huge "Jeremiah" of Washington Allston, one of his least valuable pictures; and although every work of that painter has some marks of his power, as nearly a worthless picture as any not confessedly a sign or an advertisement. In the same room is a marble statue of "Ruth," a very feeble and false work of sculpture. Both this and the "Jeremiah" are recent gifts to the college.

The loan collection has this peculiarity, that there have been pains taken to get together the works of two artists, Mr. Farrer and Mr. Moore, and to hang them, with some works by followers and pupils of theirs, in one group. So far as this arrangement is concerned, of all the obtainable works of a certain artist in immediate juxtaposition, we have only commendation to offer. It is always right to hang a man's pictures all together. Whenever the time shall come that exhibitions of pictures are made for the sake of people who love pictures, and arranged by people who know pictures, then all the works of each artist will be shown and catalogued in sequence. In these galleries, if one should wish to study Kensett he must hunt for the three pictures by that gentleman, and it will be wholly by chance or else as the reward of patient toil if he find them all three. Then, if No. 165, "Almy Pond," please him as much as it ought to, and if he wants to compare its good points with the large picture, No. 102, he must walk a good way to get before it. Now, in this small collection there are only two or three pictures by any one man, except by the two painters above-named as having their pictures rightly together, and therefore it seems less strikingly necessary. But when, as often in our New York Spring Exhibitions, a painter sends six or eight new pictures, all of a certain importance, it becomes very needful for the proper study of each man's and of the whole year's achievement that the works of one author should be put together as the works of one author generally are in a library.

A large part of this collection is from New York, and fresh from the Spring Exhibition, which had just closed when this one opened. Thus Mr. Huntington's large landscape, "Chocorua Peak," a cold gray and brown lifeless abstraction of mountains and lake; Mr. Kensett's much pleasanter and more nearly truthful landscape; Mr. Nichols's hopelessly gloomy and inartistic "Osceola;" Mr. Gifford's deservedly popular "Sunrise on the Sea-shore;" Mr. Moore's glowing and fine though faultful "October Snow Squalls;" Mr. Johnson's noble picture, "The Pension Claim Agent;" Mr. Gray's trivial and meaningless "Geneviève;" Mr. Farrer's real success, the "Summer Flowers," and others that might be named, were among the noticeable and the noticed pictures in the Academy of Design galleries from April until July. Then there are some old acquaintances with which we renew acquaintance; as, for instance, Mr. Bierstadt's "Sunshine and Shadow," which is much more interesting and comes nearer to good art than his recent larger and more pretentious works; Mr. Neal's "Interior of St. Mark's," an approximate rendering of an architecture perhaps the most difficult in the world to render rightly—and therefore a picture of value; Mr. Lang's sentimental "Inheritance;" Mr. Church's "Morning in the Tropics," a picture in his hardest, most lifeless, most spotty and agonized manner; and the numerous pictures of former years by Mr. Moore, Mr. Farrer, Mr. Newman, and Mr. Pattison, of which, as we have said, a special gathering has been made.

This New Haven collection is fortunate in having, what New York collections seldom have, a fine drawing by J. W. Hill, and another by J. Henry Hill. Works of both these masters of water-color find their way into the Artists' Fund and other loan exhibitions in New York; but, as neither father nor son ever willingly exhibits his pictures, it is but seldom that a new drawing, and one adequately representing the artist's power at the time, is to be seen in public. The splendid drawing of fruit, No. 197, seems to us the finest work of the kind that has been produced by any American artist. It has a share of that strange beauty that invests the plums and pine-apples of William Hunt, a beauty that seems half a new discovered

charm in the fruit itself, half a delight in the mere expression of beautiful fancies of color. The moderation of this work, the noble quietness of it, the absence of any attempt to get projection and "force" at the expense of color and delicacy, the charm of the suggested detail of its background, are all parts of its excellence. It is within its necessary limitations a thoroughly great drawing.

"The Falls of the Hudson," No. 189, by Mr. J. Henry Hill, takes a higher flight, and with almost entire success attempts a most exalted and difficult landscape subject. There are great qualities in this man's work which other landscape painters do not show. What is that peculiar power which makes his best drawings as vivid and intense as sketches and yet elaborately finished and realized work? Of course this can only be said of his best work, but it is true of this drawing at New Haven. In one of the wonderful woodcuts of that great Japanese realist Oksai, is a mountain stream much like this one, without the glorious scarped rock crowned by trees, but as spirited and headlong a fall. It is a great thing that this picture, which gives color and shadows and partially perfected details, should still keep the simple energy and truth of line which one generally expects to see in sketches only.

Among Mr. Farrer's pictures we are glad to see again the picture of 1862, "Hudson River at Catskill," No. 144. It is, in our opinion, his best landscape in this exhibition, because it is the truest to the beauty of nature, because it has shortcomings only to mar it, and those the bearable shortcomings of truth not carried far enough, and beauty felt but not perfectly reproduced. It is a picture of value. No. 145, "Mount Washington," with the foreground of smooth pebbles heaped in the river-bed, is probably the second in value. It has strength and knowledge in it which the former has not; the mountain and sky are unmistakable. Let any one go from these pictures to one painted five years and one four years ago, to the "Street Scene in Northampton" by moonlight, of a recent time, and the just completed "Fawn's Leap," and he will probably wonder, as we do, what influences can be at work to cause such a change and such a breaking of promise to the hope. "The Fawn's Leap" is especially unfortunate; as mistaken a landscape as Mr. Farrer has ever painted, and as bad a painting of a waterfall and rocks as Mr. Hill's is completely good. Of the foreground studies, which are Mr. Farrer's greatest triumph, there are several here, the capital "Summer Flowers," from the New York Spring Exhibition, "May" and "June," studies respectively of dandelions and columbines, another and a better picture of dandelions, a capital study of "Clematis," none of them, indeed, excelling the picture of "Trailing Arbutus," which has never been exhibited except at Goupil's gallery, but reminding the spectator pleasantly of it and its congeners.

Mr. Moore's pictures at this gallery show us his course of study and his advance for the past three or four years. They have all been noticed at length in The Nation except "Pansies," 155, and "Study of an Orange," 156. The picture, No. 159, "Apples," three great ones on a Japanese tray, seems to us to contain the most perfect instance yet given of Mr. Moore's way of work.

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The Week.

MR. STANTON has at last been suspended, General Grant taking his place *ad interim*. It is reported that the office has been offered to General Steedman, which is very likely; also, that it is to be offered to Governor Andrew, which is very unlikely. The President desires to be rid not simply of Mr. Stanton, but of the set of politicians to which Mr. Stanton belongs—that is, of all persons who side with Congress. The dismissal of Mr. Stanton—coupled with the Dunham revelations—seems to indicate that Mr. Johnson has completely lost his head, and that the advisers who, for the last six months, have been urging him into extreme courses, have at last vanquished his fears or his scruples. The public will now be curious to see the effect of all this on Messrs. Seward, Randall, and McCulloch.

If any justification were needed for the trial of the Lincoln assassins by court-martial, it would be furnished by the proceedings in the Surratt case. The jury, as most people expected, disagreed; but then the line which divided them is worth notice. There were four, it is said, for conviction, of whom two were Northern men, one a Scotchman, and one a German. There were eight for acquittal, all of whom were Southerners except one, and he was a New Yorker. It would not be fair, of course, to draw from these curious facts any inference as to the honesty of the majority of the jurors; but it is fair to draw from it an exceedingly unpleasant inference as to the condition of the Southern mind touching crimes arising out of or in any way connected with the war, and nine out of ten of our readers will draw it. If we were to judge, however, of the moral condition of the District from the judicial proceedings which take place in it, we should conclude that nothing could be worse. We doubt if any white man has been for many years, if ever, convicted in it for murder, particularly if the crime was notorious and excited much public interest. The moral condition of the bar, too, seems to be, if anything, rather worse than that of the public. In most of the great murder trials the counsel on both sides behave rather like "backers" at a prize-fight than professional advocates, and the judge is apt to be a model for a pugilistic "referee." In this last affair the bar seems to have outdone itself. The conduct of the prisoner's counsel throughout it is impossible to characterize without epithets which we do not care to use. In the middle of the trial he threatened to "thrash" the judge when he came down off the bench, and the judge, we presume, out of regard for the prisoner's interests, allowed him to go on till the close of the trial, when he most properly, most righteously, and for the credit, not of justice simply, but of American civilization, struck the attorney's name off the rolls, and was immediately challenged by him. To cap the climax, the bar has been holding a meeting "to enquire into the facts and circumstances of the disagreement between Judge Fisher and Mr. Bradley." A more comical euphemism than "disagreement" we have rarely met with.

Perhaps the funniest episode of the week was the revelations made on Saturday by the Acting Attorney-General, Mr. Binckley, of attempts made on the virtue of Charles A. Dunham, *alias* Sandford Conover, by Messrs. Ashley and Butler, the impeachers. Dunham, it may not be generally known, is one of the most distinguished perjurers of whom history makes any note, and swore right and left before courts-martial during the investigations consequent on Mr. Lincoln's death, in a way which makes Titus Oates seem a very insignificant personage. He was found out, however, convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary for a practically interminable period. Being naturally desirous, however, of avoiding serving out his sentence, he got up a story that Mr. Ashley and General Butler, of all men in the world, had endeavored to induce him to furnish evidence that Mr. Johnson had been guilty of complicity in Mr. Lincoln's assassination, and for this little service they were to procure his pardon. The proof furnished by Dunham of this extraordinary performance on the part of these gentlemen is, that Mr. Ashley did sign a petition for his (Dunham's) pardon, and that he did write him four short notes, in one of which he says he is going to Philadelphia, and presses Dunham to send him his "statement;" in another, he acknowledges the receipt of the "statement;" in the third he advises Dunham to have his counsel act "as he (the counsel) deems best, taking advantage of every legal point that may be presented;" in the fourth, Mr. Ashley says he has just seen Mrs. Dunham, and he does not believe the "false, stupid reports" against Mr. Dunham, and that if this gentleman would send him "the originals," they should be carefully preserved. So much for the evidence against Mr. Ashley. Of proof against General Butler there is not a scintilla, except the assertion of C. A. Dunham, Esq., himself. One does not need to have a very high opinion of either Mr. Ashley or General Butler to have a hearty laugh over this story, although "the Acting Attorney-General" writes it out with much solemnity, and appends to it moral reflections which we all may read with profit. All we can say is, that for twenty-five dollars and a promise of indemnity three or more gentlemen connected with the administration of criminal justice in this city may be produced to prove on oath offences of the most startling character, not against Ashley and Butler only, but against any of the leading Radicals whom Mr. Johnson may desire to have brought to shame, commencing with their early Sunday-school larcenies, and running on through burglary, forgery, horse-stealing, and murder in the first degree.

General Butler's report on his connection with the exchange of prisoners during the war has not disappointed us in respect to the ability displayed by him in his negotiations, while it has made very clear the successive stages of those negotiations, and the attitude of all parties concerned. The original and lasting root of difficulty was the refusal of the Confederate authorities to ratify the paroles at Vicksburg and Port Hudson. Since the men thus set free had been reabsorbed at once into the Confederate armies, and since an equal exchange between prisoners actually held in custody, and about whom there was no dispute, would have still further recruited the rebel ranks at a critical moment in the final strategy of the war, General Grant, it seems to us,

was fully justified in preventing an exchange which the Confederates were anxious to effect. We fail to see, however, that he thus became responsible for the previous or subsequent barbarities of the Southern prisons, or should bear any part of the public odium in which the authors of so much misery are rightly held. Instead of seeking to make him an accomplice with Wirtz and Winder, General Butler might have explained why he himself entered so officiously into General Grant's views as to fabricate pretexts for not consenting to the unwelcome proposals for an exchange, and even to intrigue for putting an end to them. He might also have been content to point to his successful applications of the *lex talionis*, and to allege that if his earliest plan for wholesale retaliation in the manner of Belle Isle, which for a time was approved by Secretary Stanton, though overruled by General Grant, had been tried, there had been no further torture of Union prisoners. So it is creditable that through him that distressing delivery of some 12,000 sick and dying took place at Savannah and Charleston; that he shared General Grant's determination (if not method) to make the negro soldier when captured respected; and that he yielded his own preferences to those of his superiors. His report embraces a proposition on our part for the mutual support by the belligerents of their own prisoners in the enemy's country, which proves that there is no ground for the defense that the starvation in Southern prisons resulted from a real scarcity of food, and still less for the assertion that the Confederate prisoners at the North were equally maltreated with those at Libby or at Andersonville.

Mr. Benjamin Wade is, we regret to say, figuring in England as an "awful example," having recently been held up to the gaze of the British democracy, by the Earl of Shaftesbury, as a leveller and communist. It was, however, very disingenuous in the earl not to give Mr. Wade's own version of what he said in Kansas, which is that the working classes have not yet derived all the benefit to which they are entitled from labor-saving machines. If this be communism, Lord Shaftesbury may make the most of it.

If we understand the action of the Michigan Convention last Thursday, the liquor prohibition clause embodied by it in the new constitution already exists in the present instrument, and simply forbids the Legislature to license the sale of liquors. An effort was made to direct this body to pass a license law, but it was defeated, as was also a proposition to submit the subject separately to the popular vote. Another, and perhaps as efficient a provision against drinking-saloons, was the clause requiring a public library in every township, and one or more in every city, and making the crimes caused by ignorance contribute to their support. Considering the relation between intelligence and republican self-government, the free library may well be as compulsory as the free school. For neither can we depend on the occasional beneficence of uncommon Peabodys. Had the Eastern States been wiser, they could, with the money thrown away upon district-school libraries —never consulted, often unpacked, and always deficient—have founded a large number of public libraries, which by this time would have grown to respectable and useful dimensions.

The Chicago *Tribune*, commenting on what we said a fortnight ago upon the political value of good intentions, adds to the illustration of their worthlessness which we then cited the case of the whiskey tax. The politicians insisted that two dollars a gallon on it could be collected without difficulty. The "theorists" and "dilettanti" said it could not. The experiment has been tried, and the result is that about one gallon in four has paid the tax, while falsehood, perjury, fraud, and smuggling have been developed by it to an appalling extent. In fact, a more shocking example of the bad effects of the legislation of well-meaning, ignorant men it would be difficult to find in history. But there will be no end to this sort of thing till newspapers stop chanting hallelujahs over every "self-made man" who marches into Congress and boasts of his want of schooling and love of the poor, and stop calling people "grand public men," and "great statesmen," whose attainments, both natural and acquired, are barely equal to the requirements of a senior class in a Sunday-school or of a "young men's" debating club.

The Boston *Post* communicates the intelligence that it was the attempt of "President" Roberts and others to bring the Fenians into the Radical camp which drove General Sweeny, as well as many other valuable men, out of the organization, and which has since disgusted and alienated a great many of the rank and file. Not over a thousand or two are supposed to have voted the Radical ticket, in spite of the blandishments of Messrs. Banks, Chandler, and the New York *Tribune*, and now Roberts's flirtation with "the party of action" in Italy is thoroughly destroying the confidence of the pious Fenians in him. The British Government is, it is said, sending out troops for the protection of Canada against the great August invasion. That this movement will soon come off it would be useless to deny, for have not the Fenian organs announced it? and that it will be abominably bloody there can be no question, for have we not the Irish campaign, and the Canadian campaign of last year before our eyes? but still we think the Canadians would themselves be able to bear the brunt of it. The attendance of one of the Fenian "generals," who "commanded" in the Canadian foray last summer, to superintend the obsequies of Jeremiah O'Brien, an ex-Fenian soldier, who served under him—a rowdy, too, who had lived for years on the wages of a prostitute, and then murdered her in cold blood because she stopped his supplies, and was hanged for the crime—lights up the moral side of the organization in a curious way. We should never recur to this most disgusting chapter in political history if respectable politicians had not tried hard to persuade the moral and religious community of the United States that the Fenian swindle was a praiseworthy and efficacious undertaking.

The English Parliamentary Committee appointed to enquire into the matter of protection against fires have brought in their report. They trace fires to several sources—"gangs" who make a trade of defrauding insurance companies, and who were alleged, in the evidence, to be principally German Jews; persons who have been unfortunate in business and want to raise money; porters who have stolen goods and want to cover up the theft; and lastly, to malice. An elaborate system of enquiry is recommended; but we doubt whether any means of prevention would be so effectual as greater care on the part of insurance companies touching the moral character and pecuniary condition of the persons they ensure. The carelessness of some of the companies here on this point is often astounding.

The "easy divorce" business is being brought every day nearer and nearer perfection in the West. In Cincinnati, the other day, a man got a divorce without his wife's knowledge, upon a simple statement in his petition that she represented herself to be thirty-two years of age at the time of her marriage, when she was in reality over forty, and that she was "a common scold." No papers were ever served upon her, and the necessary legal notice was published in a "Price Current," or other paper of that class which no woman ever sees. Her character, too, was faultless, and she had a child fourteen months old, and the sole apparent motive of the husband was a desire to marry another woman. In this case the attorney, in person, supplied whatever proof was needed to make out the case, and appears to belong to a class of "divorce lawyers" who absolutely live by perjury and fraud. We have not as yet begun to see the effect on society of our present divorce laws, or of the moral condition of the legal profession in some of our large cities; but if something be not speedily done by way of reform, the next generation will both see them and feel them. It may not be expedient to make men live with women they do not like, but no society can with impunity suffer men to change their wives as often as they please, and leave their children unprovided for in the arms of those whom they abandon. Any community which, by its legislation, offers scoundrels facilities of this kind for their scoundrelism, deserves to suffer, and all friends of pure manners have the consolation of knowing that it will suffer. No good breed of men or women ever yet grew up in a country in which marriage was lightly dissolved. Men who shine in either war or peace have to be produced in homes, and homes rapidly disappear in regions where husbands can get rid of their wives by paying fifty dollars to a knavish attorney. First the scamps do it, and then the honest men, being used

to seeing it done by the scamps, lose their horror of it, and laugh over it, and finally they do it themselves, and the public ceases to look on it as a wrong, and then the children grow up to regard marriage as a simple mode of gratifying a temporary passion, and their mothers as simply the instruments of their physical procreation, or—to speak plainly—their dams.

The new constitution of Hayti is a great improvement on that of '46, which it supplants. The principal changes are in the powers of the Senate and the Executive, which are greatly reduced, and—if we may judge from the omissions in the summary of provisions—in the treatment of whites, who, under Geffrard, had no political franchises whatever, and could not even hold real estate on the island. They are now apparently reckoned among the naturalized Haytians, who must have been five years in the country before being allowed to vote, while formerly only Indians and Africans could be naturalized, and might voto after one year's residence in the republic. This explains, too, why ten years' residence, instead of three, is required of naturalized citizens before they can be chosen representatives. The penalty of death for political offences is abolished. Extraordinary and extra-legal tribunals cannot be created, especially under the name of court-martial. All terms of office are shortened—the President being chosen for four years instead of for life, and not being eligible for re-election until four years after the expiration of his term; the Senators for six years instead of nine; the Representatives for three years instead of five. In impeachment of the President, also, which was not a constitutional remedy in 1846, and in the limitations of the veto, the example of this country has been imitated; but during the trial the Cabinet is charged with the executive authority. One provision is retained which is worth considering: the Senate (no longer appointed by the President but by the lower House from the nominations of the electoral colleges) is a permanent body that may adjourn, but only on leaving a permanent committee of five Senators, with power to convoke either the Senate or the whole Congress. To the National Assembly, or union of both Houses, are reserved the choice of the President, declarations of war, war regulations, the approval or rejection of treaties of peace, alliance, neutrality, commerce, and other international relations, the raising of loans, and the commutation of sentence passed on political offenders. The free-school system is confirmed and enlarged. The exercise of political rights may be suspended, among other causes, for persistent refusal to serve on a jury.

The large proprietors in Jamaica say they are in a worse plight than ever, and are trying to sell out and leave the island, and it is to be hoped they may succeed. After the specimen of their political capacity with which they have furnished the world, in their manner of governing, both in freedom and slavery, their presence can hardly be of any great benefit to any community. Lord Derby told, in the House of Lords, the other day, the story of his first entrance into public life, and it illustrated strikingly the mental and moral condition of that remarkable phenomenon of modern society—the West India planter. A member of the body being, as they all usually were, very short of money, was in the habit of selling the nomination for a small borough in which his influence was supreme, and the young Lord Stanley was indebted for his first seat in the House of Commons to a gentleman who bought it from the West Indian.

The Mexican paper *Libertad* has been attempting a justification of the Mexican dislike of foreigners, to which Escobedo has recently been giving such brutal expression, and alleges truly that foreigners have been the cause of a considerable portion of the Mexican troubles, owing to the attempts of their governments to interfere on their behalf for the redress of their grievances of one sort or another. Now if the *Libertad* will consider a little, it will find that there is no such perfect guarantee against foreign interference, and against all troubles from the presence of foreigners, as good government, including a good police, sensible legislation, and a pure administration of justice. It is this, far more than physical strength—this, and not savage proclamations and decrees, plunderings and slayings, which preserves weak states from the meddling of powerful neighbors. Poland fell because she had one of the worst governments the world ever saw, and not because Russia and Prussia were greedy; Turkey is for ever under the thumb of the foreigner because she has neither police nor courts of justice; but Switzerland and Holland, though weak states, and surrounded by powerful ones, have never to complain of foreign meddling, or to propose to cut foreign throats. If Mexicans would put Escobedo to hard labor in macadamizing roads, hang her brigands, collect her taxes, and establish tolerable courts of justice, we warrant there will be little talk anywhere of regenerating her from the outside.

The principal English jurors at the Paris Exhibition, including such men as Professor Tyndall, Scott Russell, and Dr. Lyon Playfair, have concurred in an expression of opinion that England has declined relatively in inventiveness and skill since the Exhibition of 1862. The Exhibition of 1851 in London showed that she was very inferior to her Continental rivals in the decorative arts. English furniture and carpets, and woodware and glass and china and metal, were far surpassed by the French and Germans in form and color and both. The result was that schools of design were established in nearly every large town in the kingdom, and a museum of art was established at Kensington, and the most desperate efforts made to rise in the scale. In 1862 it was found that English design was fully a match for that of the Continent, and in some fields surpassed it. There has since then been a corresponding struggle for the supremacy on the part of the French, and the English are again confessedly left behind, while it is admitted also that in most branches of manufacturing industry Continental nations are rapidly gaining on the English, owing, it is believed, to the better means of technical training which their people enjoy. The French have, for instance, the "École centrale des Arts et des Manufactures," the "Conservatoire des Arts et des Métiers," and the Schools of Bridges, Roads, and Mines, all supplied by the Government, besides a great number of local schools in special branches in nearly all the great manufacturing towns.

The Cable newsman has been fearfully puzzled this week by the condition of the English Reform bill in the House of Lords. He apparently finds it very hard to bring his great mind down to reporting the simple news of the day, so he told us one day that the Lords had rejected one of the most important amendments and passed the bill without it, and the next, that the House of Commons was violently excited by the receiving of the bill from the Upper House with this very amendment in it. He appears, in fact, to hate narrating facts, and delights in picturesque description and accounts of his own emotions. Still we admit that within the last month he has greatly improved.

The rumors of impending war in Europe, which were very rife some weeks ago, appear to have subsided somewhat, although there is still great uneasiness in financial circles. France continues to change her armament; and as soon as the troops have all received the Chassepot rifle, which they are as yet far from having done—that is to say, about next spring—we shall probably hear of trouble with Prussia, which will go on getting worse till the parties come to blows on some subject which nobody has as yet ever heard of. The course pursued when two great powers are "spoiling for a fight" is usually to get up a correspondence on some trifling matter, and then, in the middle of it, No. 1 asks what No. 2 is arming for. No. 2 replies that it is not arming; on the contrary, it has observed with regret that No. 1 is arming, but did not like to speak of it. No. 1 rejoins that it cannot be deceived in a matter of this sort, and must take the proper precautions; No. 2 declares that it cannot possibly support the burden of the armament that the performances of No. 1 has imposed on it, and begs that it will at once disarm; No. 1 pronounces this most extraordinary language, and appeals to Europe to judge between them, sends in an ultimatum, and then No. 2 crosses the frontier, and the ball opens. A logical analysis of the despatches which have preceded the last four great wars, beginning with that which followed the breach of the treaty of Amiens, would furnish, if done by Whately or Bentham, most amusing reading.

Notes.

LITERARY.

Messrs. Sheldon & Co. announce a "Memoir of Dr. Wayland," by his son, and "Waiting for the Verdict," by Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis.——Messrs. Hurd & Houghton will publish "Tiger Lilies," an American novel by Professor Lanier.

—The early painters and engravers of New England form the subject of a very interesting monograph by Mr. William H. Whitmore, originally contributed to the proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and now reprinted with additions. The chief figure is that of Peter Pelham, "the pioneer artist," whose engravings were superior to any produced in the Colonies till the beginning of the present century. He made, in 1727, a portrait of the Rev. Cotton Mather on steel, from one previously made by him in oils, and from that time on he continued the use of his brush and his graver, chiefly on portraits, and those mostly of the leading clergymen. He also kept a school where he "taught dancing, writing, reading, painting upon glass, and all sorts of needle-work." He had come over from England, where, as afterwards in Boston, he had issue by his first wife. At her death he married the widow of Richard Copley, tobacconist and mother of John Singleton Copley, the famous portrait painter, father of the late Lord Lyndhurst. Young Copley undoubtedly was instructed by his step-father in both painting and engraving. Among the associates of Pelham was one Nathaniel Hurd, who engraved principally upon gold and silver, but also made book-plates and coats-of-arms, with now and then a portrait. He was a native of Boston, and his sister married Thomas Walley, an ancestor of Wendell Phillips. The patriot Paul Revere engraved portraits and caricatures, and had the entire manufacture of the paper money issued by the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts. For a short time, in 1773, Copley had a studio in this city on the west side of Broadway, going abroad the next year, and dying in England in 1815.

—Among recent English publications are the following: "Sound," eight lectures, of remarkable interest and novelty, delivered by Prof. Tyndall, at the Royal Institution (Longmans); "Norway, its People, Products, and Institutions," by the Rev. J. Bowden (Chapman & Hall); Mr. George Catlin's "Description of O Kee Pa, a religious ceremony, and other customs of the Mandans," with thirteen colored illustrations (Trübner); the first volume of Mr. A. Leith Adams's "Wanderings of a Naturalist in India," *i. e.*, in the Western Himalayas and Cashmere (Edmonstone & Douglas, Edinburgh); a translation of H. Taine's "Italy, Naples, and Rome," the critical notes of travel contributed to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, by J. Durand; "The Hebraist's Vade Mecum," a complete verbal index to the contents of the Hebrew and Chaldee Scriptures, arranged according to grammar (Groombridge). Macmillan & Co. have in press "New Poems," by Matthew Arnold, and "Essays on a Liberal Education," by various writers, edited by the Rev. F. W. Farrar.——Judging from the review of it in *The Spectator*, "A Week in a French Country House," by Adelaide Sartoris (Smith, Elder & Co.), must be an entertaining book of admirably sketched characters, comparable with Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," but surpassing that in its effect of a "single social whole" such as is not "to be found even in the most perfectly amalgamated English societies." Louis Blanc's "Letters on England," second series, translated by James Hutton and L. J. Trotter (Sampson Low & Co.), are the effort of a foreigner who has for many years had his home in England to convey just ideas of that country and its people to his own countrymen across the Channel. Like De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," they have value for the nation which is studied hardly inferior to that for the nation which is addressed. They should be prized, too, by Americans for the judgments they contain, not least because in 1863 the author announced clearly the revulsion in fashionable English sympathies that would ensue upon the downfall of the rebellion.

—Some of the above-named books are to be found among the recent invoices of Scribner, Welford & Co., which embrace also "Anecdotes of the Upper Ten Thousand, their Legends and their Lives," by the Hon. G. F. Berkeley, who figures as at least one upper-ten-thousandth in his gossiping chapters and two octavo volumes; Guizot's "Last Days of the Reign of Louis Philippe" (Bentley). On the same shelf are Lord Dufferin's "Irish Emigration and the Tenure of Land in Ireland," and "The Irish People and the Irish Land," being a letter to Lord Lifford, with comments on the publications of Lord Dufferin and Lord Rosse, by Isaac Butt. Sampson Low, Son & Marston send "The Book of the Hand," or the science of modern palmistry, with some account of the gipsies, by A. R. Craig, M.A. "Tell people," says the author, in his chapter on "The Hand as affected by Marriage," "who boast of their descent in a direct line from the great warriors of the ninth century, and who at the same time pique themselves on possessing a fine-pointed hand, that these are two pretensions that destroy each other. Every gentleman descended from the old nobility of the sword has necessarily the spatuled hand." The spatulous hand "has confidence in itself," it is "the hand of liberty." Charlemagne and Cæsar, Dædalus and Prometheus had it, Machiavelli also, and Peter the Great, and Diderot. The Yankee of course has it, being "reserved, selfish, and suspicious," but independent and free as well.——"Photographs of Eminent Medical Men of all Countries, with brief Analytical Notices of their Works," edited by T. Herbert Barker, M.D., will apparently make several volumes. The best-known names in Vol. I. are those of Prof. Owen, Sir James Clark, Dr. Acland, who accompanied the Prince of Wales to America in 1860, etc. The only foreigner mentioned is Prof. Donders, of the Netherlands. The photographs are finely executed.——In "Lancashire Folk-Lore," by John Harland and T. T. Wilkinson, are given the superstitious beliefs and practices, and local customs and usages, many of which are of feudal origin, in the "county palatine."——Rear-Admiral Slade (Musâver Pasha) contributes his portion to the history of the "balance of power" in "Turkey and the Crimean War," which deals gently with the Turks, accuses Napoleon of using England as a means of restoring France to the hegemony of Europe, and complains that the power of Russia has steadily broadened since her defeat at Sebastopol. The admiral prefers the continuance of the Ottoman rule in Turkey, and is jealous of a French establishment on the Nile.——Trübner publishes for J. Talboys Wheeler the first volume of his "History of India from the Earliest Ages," containing the Vedic Period and the Mahábhárata. There are 534 pages of text, besides a copious index.——Much may undoubtedly be learned from the two volumes, "Ti-ping Tien-kwoh," or history of the Ti-ping revolution, including the personal adventures of the author, Lin-le, who was on the inside of the Ti-ping lines, and bears strong testimony to the high character of the rebels. They constitute, he says, an incredible psychological phenomenon, a moral revolution; sprung from heathendom and casting off its worship and its vices, acknowledging the authority of the Christian Bible, abolishing slavery, and raising the status of women to almost that of civilized nations. They admit polygamy, but sanctify the marriage relation, allow divorce only for adultery, forbid the sale of young girls for concubines, forbid prostitution, forbid cramping the feet of women, instruct the young, and observe the Sabbath with the closing of shops, etc. They are the miracle of the century, the divine interposition to regenerate their native land.

—Why women do not "propose" to men, or why it is thought unnatural and improper that they should do so, is a question more easily asked, perhaps, than answered. A pleasing and illustrious example of what will, perhaps, one day be the fashion, when women have as independent support as men, is narrated of herself by no less a personage than Queen Victoria, in her new work, "The Early Years of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort," of which the first volume has just appeared in London, and which the Harpers are to republish at once. Prince Albert's letters are translated by the Princess Helena, and in one of them he writes:

"The Queen sent for me alone to her rooms a few days ago, and declared to me, in a genuine outburst of love and affection, that I had gained her whole heart, and would make her intensely happy if I would make her the sacrifice of sharing my life with her; for, she said, she looked upon it as a sacrifice. The only thing which troubled her was, that she did not think she was worthy of me."

The Queen reproaches herself with having previously entertained the thought of postponing their marriage, which had been talked of for them, for three years, and speaks feelingly and creditably of her loneliness when lifted from a life of seclusion at Kensington to the responsibilities of the throne. "A worse school for a young girl, or one more detrimental to all natural feelings," so she writes, "cannot well be imagined than the position of a queen at eighteen without experience, and without a husband to guide and support her." It is consolatory to reflect, however, that only very few girls are exposed to this misfortune. But it is the unreserved and informal display of her natural feelings which has made the character of Victoria so respectable, and which lends such a charm to the story of her courtship.

—We shall guess again, but this time merely from the internal evidence, that it is W. M. Rossetti who reviews Mr. Longfellow's "Dante," in *The Chronicle* of July 27. For even he, we think, can modestly and truthfully say that "it cannot be denied that the expressly poetic form of translation is higher and better than the expressly faithful form." Of those who have attempted the former he awards the chief praise to Cayley as fairly indicating and nearly approaching "the ideal of Dantesque translation." In the

latter class he names Pollock, himself, "whose preface shows that he believes Mr. Pollock not to have exhausted the maximum possibilities of faithfulness," and Mr. Longfellow. His general verdict is, "that there are very few works of poetic translation, in any language or of any period, which can compare for fidelity with this of the American poet," which, after all, "is not conspicuously more poetical than those of some predecessors in the form of blank verse." The use of such words as *benedight*, *misericord*, *tristful*, and the like, is censured, and some inaccurate renderings pointed out. The reviewer objects also to the "very lavish use of eleven-syllable lines," preferring his own ten-syllable. Mr. Longfellow, he finds, has mixed the hendecasyllabic with the decasyllabic in the proportion of two to five, or even three to six, imparting "a very prose-like sound" to the verse, and suggesting that the additional syllable was needed to get in the whole meaning of the text. With all these defects, of which the rhythmical is the most unexpected, "it is emphatically a fair and sound translation, and a good one, and eminent in point of usefulness."

—Opera-goers are familiar with the turning-point of the plot of "Linda," and the beautiful scene in which the heroine is restored to reason by hearing the melody she used to sing with her village mate. A similar incident has been powerfully employed by an English dramatist, Mr. W. G. Wills—also known as the author of a remarkable novel, "The Wife's Secret"—in a play called "The Man o' Airlie," of which *The Spectator* gives a gratifying account. We say gratifying, because the London stage seems floundering in the same depths with our own, or, as *The Spectator* phrases it, relies upon "carpenters and pretty women" for its audiences, as do our managers with their Black Crookery. But here comes a tragedy "in which there is no plot, in which the action does not turn upon love, in which there is no first-class female part, in which there is no room either for the comic or the farcical, and in which the main interest is of a kind the mass of play-goers necessarily cannot appreciate, yet which produces on the majority of them the most overpowering effect"—in other words, may become popular and successful. It is the story of an humble Scotch farmer-poet—perhaps suggested by the career of the English poet, John Clare—who loses his money and his wife in the city where he attempts to get his "sangs" published, and goes insane in consequence. Twenty years elapse, his songs become household, and the poor lunatic is present by accident at the inauguration of a statue to himself beside the loch of his childhood. The recital of one of his ballads forms part of the ceremony; his memory and reason awake together, he adds the final verse, "is recognized, recognizes, and dies a beggar at the foot of the statue raised to celebrate his glory as a poet."

—Paris, as it appears to the eye of the German tourist, has been described recently in a volume edited by Julius Rodenberg, in connection with several other journalists, *à propos* of the Exhibition. The book professes to give not a dry and complete enumeration of the curiosities and sights of Paris, but a perfect picture of the social and political life of the French metropolis. This end is attained with German conscientiousness and accuracy of observation, and with elegance, clearness, and vigor of expression. Herr Rodenberg, in the first chapter, sketches in outline "The Twenty-four Hours of Paris"—the buzz and bustle, the inner and outer life of the city; in the second chapter, Mr. Woltmann treats of "Art in Paris;" in the third, Mr. Marelle, under the head of "The French Mind, and Brain-work in Paris," gives a very clear description of educational centralization in France. In 1866, there were, in Paris, 500 ward schools, attended by from 70,000 to 80,000 children. Though nearly every village has an elementary school, every capital of each department its normal school, imperial or municipal *lycée* (preparatory college), and a few of the larger cities some academies, the higher educational institutions are centred at the capital. As soon as a professor has made a name in the provinces, he aspires to a chair in Paris, and thither the best pupils of the provincial colleges stream also, sometimes direct from their lycées. The remaining chapters discuss "The Men of the Bourse and Men of the Blouse," "The Misérables of Paris," "The Public Life of Paris," "The Parisian Journals," and "The Feuilleton"—the theatres, opera, concerts, Thérésa, etc. One of the most interesting features of the book is the statistics of crime, as stated by the Prefect of Police. There are about 10,000 criminals in Paris, and about 9,500 policemen ("sergens de ville"). The former are thus classified: Six thousand are always ready to take a man's purse from his desk or table, in the opera-box or in the café; three thousand would not mind searching his pocket for that purpose—without his knowing it; two thousand would not mind forcing his door, if it cannot be done otherwise; one thousand or twelve hundred would not be ashamed to disturb his nightly repose, by entering through the window or in any unusual way; six hundred only would be ready to murder him if he offered resistance, or tried to call for help, and so to betray them. Altogether the book is a very entertaining and readable one.

—"A singular epoch this of ours," says a French writer, "in which a Western emperor, seated beside the Grand-Turk, distributes medals of honor to the Pope and to the Czar, in an area filled with spectators from every corner of the earth." The Sultan, in fact, is only a conspicuous instance of the universal restlessness and desire for travel which the new routes and closer relations of the continents both stimulate and satisfy. Chinese, Japanese, and Arab jugglers go coursing round the world and perform at the door of every people. New York is nearly as much visited as Paris. When the Aïssaoua have abandoned the Théâtre International, they are as likely to come here as to go back to Algiers. It will be the arrival, however, not of a tribe or a profession, but a sect. They play with serpents, eat of them, pierce their hands with tapering swords, walk on the edge of scimetars, take red-hot coals and iron upon their tongues, and endure other frightful ordeals, and still they are really a sect. To the sound of barbarous music they dance like dervishes, with all manner of contortions, and finally fall to the ground in an ecstasy, foaming at the mouth, and limbs twisted and rigid. Their patron saint was the marabout Sidi-Mohammed-ben-Aïssa, who lived in Morocco about three centuries ago, and was the object of many favors on the part of Providence. Théophile Gautier wrote about him and his disciples in the *Revue de Paris* while that journal still lived. We remark that a daughter of Gautier (who translates herself for a *nom de plume* into "Mme. Judith Walter") has just published a French version of small poems from the Chinese, entitled the Book of Jade.

—A system of spiritualism and a science of ghosts are sought to be established by Professor Daumer in his work, "Das Geisterreich" (2 vols. Dresden, 1867; L. W. Schmidt, New York). The author, in the course of his long life, has passed through many changes, having been by turns a nihilist, deist, atheist, rationalist, till he became pious and more pious, went from the Protestant over to the Roman Catholic Church as the warmest of proselytes, and finally settled upon his present belief in ghosts and spirits. He introduces quite a new theory, to which originality of invention cannot be denied, and which strives to give some hold to the hitherto untenable. Spiritualism in Germany has, however, fewer confessors than in any other European country, decidedly less still than in ours, though it cannot be denied that even there it has lately gained accessions, to which Herr Daumer would fain add by his work. From the faith, ideas, and traditions of all nations and of all times, from Homer and Plato down to Shakspeare, Swedenborg, and Schopenhauer, he derives the raw material of his system. His chief sources for quoting opinions which he thinks corroborate his theory are not philosophers or naturalists, but poets. The "evidence of facts" he obtains chiefly from the following works: "Le Spiritualisme au dixneuvième siècle," Johnston's "Accredited Ghost Stories" (Lond. 1824), and "Memoirs of the Swabian Medium of Prevorst"—the most celebrated "medium" in Germany. The Professor asserts that ghosts are neither bodies nor souls, but a third entity which he calls *eidolon*, by which he understands the direct self-manifestation and representation of the *psyche* (soul). The soul is restricted to the corporeal exhibition only so long as it animates the body. Once released, by the death of the latter, it can manifest its immanent reality in any way it pleases. It can even reproduce whole episodes from its former life, including any number of figures of itself or of other persons. It can also produce sounds, and perform other material acts.

—"Sermons in stones" are proverbial. Czar Alexander I. would have none preached in his universities unless from Genesis. Nevertheless geology has not always taken its texts there. The professor, whatever may be said of his chronology, has devised an independent order of creation that cannot easily be controverted. But what a poor discourse of the world-history is that a coal shale yields, with its imprint or actual crust of fern or other vegetable, compared with that elicited from an Egyptian brick by Prof. Unger, and repeated to the Imperial Academy of Sciences at Vienna. The brick came from the pyramid of Dashour, and was shaped from the mud of the Nile 3,300 or 3,400 years before the Christian era. These are some of the heads of its sermon: Two sorts of grain, the pea, flax, wild radish, chrysanthemum, euphorbia, chenopodium, bupleurum, the vetch; chopped straw—a chapter from Exodus; fragments of pottery; a piece of twine spun from flax and sheep's wool; remains of fresh-water shells, insects, fishes, etc. The philologists have recovered much of the primitive manners of our race by analyzing words and roots, but here is a new process which has not only the weight of scientific exactness, but the allurement of a never-ending variety, since probably no two bricks would tell the

same tale. So the pyramid reared by slaves may be demolished by *savans*.

—The *Revue des Cours Littéraires* for May 11 gives specimens (of course in French) of the songs of Modern Greece, meaning by that Greece since the ninth and tenth centuries. These have been collected by Fauriel ("Chants populaires de la Grèce moderne," 1824) and, still more fully, by Passow. Those quoted in the *Revue* are taken from an Italian journal, *Il Gerdil*, and are not found in Fauriel, nor the first in Passow. The second, "The Fall [or Capture] of Constantinople," is among the Kleptic and popular songs which the late President Felton printed in his "Selections from Modern Greek Writers," 1856. These ballads have, in general, a decided flavor of brigandage, in which trade alone, perhaps, the spirit of patriotism could be preserved, and the most imaginative of them differ markedly from the poetry of Italy or Spain. We subjoin the beginning of the song called "The Recognition" (A.D. 962?):

"The Saracens plundered, the Arabs plundered; they plundered Andronicus, and carried off his wife, who was near her time. In prison she gave birth to a child, and nourished him in her chains. The mother nourished him with crumbs and milk; the princess nourished him with crumbs and honey. And the mother said to him as she nursed him: 'O my son and son of Andronicus!' and the princess said to him, 'O my son and son of thy prince!'"

In his version of "The Burial of Demos," Prof. Felton preserved the metre of the original, of which the conclusion runs:

"Build me a broad and spacious tomb, and let the mound be lofty,
That I may stand erect and fire, then stoop and load the musket;
And on the right hand of the tomb, a window leave wide open,
That swallows in their flight may come, the early spring announcing,
And nightingales of lovely May, in morning song, may tell me."

HISTORICAL NOVELS.*

THAT this species of composition still retains its hold on the popular taste may be inferred from the fact that two New York publishing houses have constituted themselves agents for the supply of the commodity. One of these houses offers a series of translations from the works of a prolific German authoress, which unveil to our democratic gaze the *vie intime* of a dozen monarchical courts, from that of Henry VIII. downward. The other deals in the historical tales of the author of "Mary Powell," a writer of extraordinary fecundity, of a most comprehensive range of information, and of a degree of "reconstructive" skill upon which Mr. Andrew Johnson may look with envy. We have not read the novels of Madame Mühlbach, and are unable to discuss their merits; but we have a sufficient acquaintance with those of the second-mentioned lady to warrant us in saying that they are neither so good nor so bad as they might easily be. We take it that they belong to the large class of works designed for the use of "young persons," and that if their purpose is to be commended, their effect, on the whole, and considering the abuse that is made of them, is rather to be deplored. They attempt to give the reader an idea of a given phase of the past in a degree less abstract than the manner of professed historians, and less rudely and dangerously concrete than that of the original documents of which text-books are composed. The result, of course, is somewhat anomalous. Histories are very long and dull; chronicles, memoirs, and reports, besides being inaccessible, are far too heavily charged with local colors. So the writer extracts the moral from the one source, and expresses the story from the other, and shakes them up together into a gentle and wholesome potion. The common expedient is to rescue from oblivion a supposititious diary or note-book, or collection of letters written in troublous times by some one of the supernumeraries of the play. The great novelists, Scott, Bulwer, Victor Hugo, Dumas, boldly lay hands on the principals (Elizabeth, Mary, Rienzi, Louis XI., Richelieu, etc.) and compel them to serve their unscrupulous purposes. But the author of "Mary Powell" wisely approaches the famous persons through the medium of their relations and dependants.

Sir Thomas More, as we all remember, had a daughter, a Mrs. Roper, of whom he was extremely fond, and who bore him company during his imprisonment. Our authoress accordingly takes this lady for her heroine, and relates—*à grand renfort* of capitals, italics, terminal *e*'s, and other simple antiquarianisms—the history of her early days. The effect is sufficiently pleasing, even if it is somewhat insipid, and it would seem that if the shades of Sir Thomas and his daughter exhibit no signs of offence, we disinterested moderns might allow the harmless device to pass without protest. A protest addressed to the author, indeed, we have no desire to make: we take it rather that the reader should here be put on his guard. Young girls divide their reading, we believe, into two sharply distinguished provinces—light and heavy; or, in other words, into novels and histories. No harm can come to them from the most assiduous perusal of our authoress so long as they read her books as stories pure and simple. They will find some difficulty, doubtless, in doing so, but the sacrifice is no more than a just one to the long-suffering historic muse. It requires some strength of mind on a young girl's part to persuade herself that a book with red edges, with archaic type, and with the various syntactical and orthographical quaintness which characterizes the volumes of which we speak—a book, in short, in which the heroine speaks familiarly of "dear old Erasmus"—does not possess some subtile and infallible authority with regard to the past. This, of course, is not the case. Such books embody a great deal of diligence and cleverness and fancy, but it is needless to say that history is quite a different matter. The reader who bears this in mind may spend a pleasant half-hour over the fortunes of Mrs. Mary Powell and her various companions.

If the books in question are extensively read, slight as are their merits, it is logical to suppose that people are still kindly disposed toward the real historical novel; and that if in these latter days it has had but few representatives, the fault is rather among writers than readers. The study of history has in recent times acquired an impetus which would greatly facilitate the composition of such works. We know very much more at present than we knew thirty years ago about manners in the Middle Ages and in antiquity. Novel-writing, too, has taken a corresponding start. For one novel that was published thirty years ago, there are a dozen published to-day. But, on the whole, the two streams have kept very distinct, and are, perhaps, not destined to be forced into confluence unless the second half of the century turns out a second Walter Scott. Both history and romance are so much more disinterested at the present moment than they were during Scott's lifetime, that it will take a strong hand to force either of them to look upon the other with the cold glance of the speculator. The great historians nowadays are Niebuhr and Mommsen, Guizot and Buckle, writers of a purely scientific turn of mind. The popular novelist is Mr. Anthony Trollope, than whom it is certainly difficult to conceive a less retrospective genius. It is hard to imagine minds of these dissimilar types uniting their forces; or, rather, it is hard to imagine a mind in which their distinctive elements and sympathies should be combined; in which a due appreciation of the multifold details of human life and of the innumerable sentiments and passions which lie in ceaseless fermentation on its surface, should coexist with the capacity for weighing evidence and for following the broad lines of progress through the almost irreclaimable chaos of political movements and counter-movements. Historians and story-tellers work each in a very different fashion. With the latter it is the subject, the cause, the impulse, the basis of fact that is given; over it spreads the unobstructed sky, with nothing to hinder the flight of fancy. With the former, it is the effect, the ultimate steps of the movement that are given; those steps by which individuals or parties rise above the heads of the multitude, come into evidence, and make themselves matters of history. At the outset, therefore, the historian has to point to these final manifestations of conduct, and say sternly to his fancy: So far shalt thou go, and no further. A vast fabric of impenetrable fact is stretched over his head. He works in the dark, with a contracted forehead and downcast eyes, on his hands and knees, as men work in coal-mines. But there is no sufficient reason that we can see why the novelist should not subject himself, as regards the treatment of his subject, to certain of the obligations of the historian; why he should not imprison his imagination, for the time, in a circle of incidents from which there is no arbitrary issue, and apply his ingenuity to the study of a problem to which there is but a single solution. The novelist who of all novelists was certainly the most of one—Balzac—may be said, to a certain extent, to have done this, and to have done it with excellent profit. At bottom, his incidents and character were as fictitious as those of Spenser's "Fairy Queen;" yet he was as averse from taking liberties with them as we are bound to conceive Mr. Motley, for instance, to be from taking liberties with the history of Holland. He looked upon French society in the nineteenth century as a great whole, the character of which would be falsified if he made light of a single detail or episode. Although, therefore (if we except his "Contes Drolatiques"), he wrote but a single tale of which the period lay beyond the memory of his own generation or that preceding it, he may yet in strictness be called a historical novelist, inasmuch as he was the historian of contemporary manners. In Balzac's day and in Balzac's country, there was a fixedness and sacredness about social custom and reputation which furnished his critics with a measure of his fidelity. This fixedness and sacredness are daily growing less, but they will always exist among civilized people in a sufficient degree for a novelist's purposes. The manners, the ideas, the tone of the *moment*, may always be seized by a genuine

* "The Household of Sir Thomas More. By the Author of 'Mary Powell.'" New York: M. W. Dodd. 1867.
"Jacques Bonneval; or, The Days of the Dragonnades. By the Author of 'Mary Powell.'" M. W. Dodd. 1867.

observer, even if the moment lasts but three months, and the writer who seizes them will possess an historical value for his descendants.

These remarks, however, will be thought to confer an undue extension upon the meaning of our term, and we hasten to restrict it to those works of fiction which deal exclusively with the past. Every one is familiar with the old distinction among historical tales into those in which actual persons are introduced, and those in which actual events are transacted by merely imaginary persons, as is the case, for instance (if we are not mistaken), with Charles Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," in which a very vivid impression is given of the French Revolution without the assistance of any of the known actors. Novels of the former class are certainly the more difficult to write (for a man of conscience, at least), and novels of either class are more difficult to write than works which require no preparation of mind, no research. But story-tellers are, for the most part, an illogical, loose-thinking, ill-informed race, and we cannot but believe that this same research and preparation constitute for such minds a very salutary training. It is, of course, not well for people of imagination to have the divine faculty constantly snubbed and cross-questioned and held to an account: but when once it is strong and lusty, it is very well that it should hold itself responsible to certain uncompromising realities. There are a number of general truths of human nature to which, of course, it professes itself constantly amenable; but in many cases this is not enough, and particular facts of history are useful in completing the discipline. When the imagination is sound, she will be certain to profit; and so, on the other hand, history will be likely to profit. We speak, of course, of a first-class imagination—as men occasionally have it, and as no woman (unless it be Mme. Sand) has yet had it; for when the faculty is weak, although the practice of writing historical tales may strengthen it, it will be almost certain to dilute or to pervert the truth of history. George Eliot's "Romola" is a very beautiful story, but it is quite worthless, to our mind, as a picture of life in the fifteenth century. On the other hand, Thackeray's "Esmond," although it may abound in those moral anachronisms which a historian proper may almost as little hope to avoid as an historical novelist, yet, on the whole, is almost as valuable as an historical picture as it is as a work of sentiment. Of the two writers, one would hardly have said, *à priori*, that in an attempt of this kind the latter would have been more likely to succeed. He, doubtless, owes his success in a great measure to the fact that he did not venture too far from the shore. He, too, would have made poor work of the days of the Medici. In treating of Queen Anne's times, he only humored a natural predilection. At the present time men of literary tastes may be said to be born with historical sympathies and affinities, just as men are said to be born Platonists or Aristotelians. Some of us find an irresistible attraction in the Greeks, some in Feudalism, some in the Renaissance, some in the eighteenth century, some in southern and some in northern civilizations. To *humor* these sympathies, as we say, and still to respect them, may be an act fruitful in charming results. Let men of imagination go for their facts and researches to men of science and judgment, and let them consult the canons of historical truth established by the latter, and both parties can hardly fail to be the better for it. Proof of this has already been offered more than once in English letters. Mr. Charles Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth" is an historical panorama to which no intelligent man, however learned he may be, need be ashamed to attach credit. This writer has extraordinary powers of divination—we can't express it otherwise; and the most judicious historian, we sincerely believe, cannot read the tale in question without confessing that there is a light there thrown upon the past which is eminently worth being thrown, and which it was not in his own province to produce. He will return to his own more austere labors with a renewed sense of their dignity, and both parties will thus be the wiser.

TWO BOOKS BY MRS. CHILD.*

The friends and admirers of Mrs. Child are likely to miss, in the ingenious and generous novel before us, none of the fine or endearing qualities of heart or brain which, during a literary lifetime of little less than half a century, have made them her friends and admirers. The "Romance of the Republic" can boast of graceful fancy, ready resource, lofty conscientiousness, and a most catholic liberality and charity.

In one respect, the author labored under a disadvantage. If she has conquered it, as the reception of the public will probably bear witness that she has done, it adds to her triumph. She had, namely, a lively book to make out of a dead subject.

For slavery, as slavery, is dead in our republic. Its ghosts, no doubt, may long haunt the unhappy South in the forms of mutual jealousies, of attempts at unjust and tyrannical State and town legislation, of the frauds of employers, and of irregular outrages committed by bullying whites upon helpless blacks and occasional attempts at revenge on the part of the blacks. But slavery has lost the omnipotent sanctions of national law and national religion. Overseers can now no more be lawfully and piously required to lash black *Toms* for telling the news; nor are accomplished and beautiful Misses *Flora* and *Rosa* in danger at present of finding themselves unexpectedly set down in the inventory of bankrupt fathers' household goods. Such fantastic iniquities as the latter especially seem to fly with a jerk far back into the past, to take their natural place by the side of gratuitous dentistry bestowed upon close-fisted Jews and the consumption of free-thinkers for fagots.

One theme, however, suggested by both of the works before us, is doomed to force itself upon public attention more and more while time wears on, and the lately subject race grows, as all Christian souls must wish that it may, in culture, prosperity, and consequent consideration. That theme is the social and domestic relations to be sustained hereafter between our innumerous freemen and our numerous freedmen. Professor Petroleum V. Nasby's famous matrimonial question is not likely, indeed, to come up very often in polite life quite so broadly as he put it. We hardly expect even far-eyed posterity to see the parts of Desdemona and Othello enacted in earnest in the drawing-rooms of New York and Boston. But in instances where the admixture of Ethiopian blood is so small and so remote as to have become a mere matter of tradition, wealth and intellect in man, and wealth and beauty in woman, may cast their wonted, not impotent spells over Hymen, and, in the struggle to betray caste into *mésalliances*, may call up a little black blood sooner or later in hearts of the purest European origin.

Either we are particularly obtuse, or the plot of the "Romance" is particularly artful in the episode of the exchanged Fitzgeralds. In reading of the period wherein it took place, we wondered somewhat that the writer should, as we supposed, overlook or spurn so tempting an opportunity to embarrass and confound the children of her imagination; and we scarcely thought of it again until the explanations brought about by the meeting of the mature Rosa and her son. A peculiarly happy tact is to be seen in the management of this portion of the story. While it does not fail to show how of its own nature crime multiplies itself into crime, it involves the poor, distracted Rosa in no transgression that unsexes her; and it is even made a means through her repentance and atonement of exhibiting to us her lofty and delicate moral sense.

The moonlight military encounter of the strange brothers may remind the reader of De la Motte-Fouqué of a similar surprise in the "Zauberring." But the treatment of the incident is so different in the different stories as to leave room for a doubt of so much as the one story-teller's acquaintance with the other; and, at any rate, if we recollect right, we have Sir Joshua Reynolds's authority for saying that to borrow an old idea and make it over into a new one is not plagiarism.

Whether, in real life, habit would have prevailed over nature as in the case of the "Lily-mother," or whether the octoroon (or sexdecimroon) son would have carried the day against the mulatto daughter-in-law, we can hardly conjecture. Probably that would have been decided in any case by the idiosyncrasy of the individual, unless it was the case of an individual of higher principles than Mrs. Fitzgerald's. The question is decided here in much apparent conformity to her superficial nature. As long as her world looked upon the supposititious son as her own, so long, at least, she was glad to look upon herself as his mother.

The author, we think, gives a hint that deserves attention when she makes Mr. King withhold from his young Eulalie the dark pages of the history of her family. We do not believe that much knowledge of the evil that is in the world can be in general wholesome knowledge for persons who have not yet reached an age to meet and to cope with the evil that is in the world. Accordingly, it strikes us that the "Romance," pure and noble as it is in its own tone of thought and feeling, may scarcely be fitly classed under the head of lessons for the school-room.

The same observation applies to some, though not to all, of the tales in "Fact and Fiction: A Collection of Stories," whose copyright dates so far back as 1846. Of these, it may be a sufficient recommendation to say that though by no means childish, they are eminently Childlike. "The Neighbor-in-law" is, on the whole, perhaps the best. Two or three pages of the wild fantasy, "Hilda Silfverling," incline one to wish that the narrator had

* "A Romance of the Republic. By L. Maria Child." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.
"Fact and Fiction. A Collection of Stories. By L. Maria Child, Author of 'Letters from New York;' 'Philothea;' 'History of Women;' 'Flowers for Children,' etc," New York: James Miller. 1867.

oftener entered the lists of gramarye with Hans Christian Andersen. By the way, we hope and strongly suspect that that exquisite fairy story, "The Fountain of Beauty," in one of her former compilations, sprang out of her own inkstand. Finally—but we have discovered no reason for bidding good-by to Mrs. Child. Let us merely echo her beautiful heroine's "*Hasta luego*," and conclude with the apposite remark of Apollo:

> "What a wealth it would bring to the narrow and sour
> Could they be as a *Child* for but one little hour."

CARLYLE'S "FREDERICK."*

WHOEVER has read the author's "French Revolution" will, perhaps, not be amazed that the last style of this man is even worse than the first. The reader must, in fact, wade through the familiar pluralizing of abstract nouns; through "wisdoms" and "pedantisms" and "rumorings;" through the also familiar vagueness of sounding phrases—"a wild congeries of electric simultaneities," "circumambient thunder-clouds of Tolpatches," and "the Diplomacies, the vaporous Foreshadows, and the general Dance of Unclean Spirits, with their intrigues and spectralities;" through, in short, pages strewn with obscure allusions and capital letters in the German fashion, to the medley of Teutono-Anglo-Saxon and Romano-Gallo-Norman words, forms, and turns, and Hoch-deutsch, Platt-deutsch, and semi-barbarous Friedrich's-deutsch—all capriciously used, sometimes charmingly, but to the unlearned reader mostly confusingly. Carlyle's historical writing is largely indebted for its graphic qualities to a persistent repetition of the traits with which he originally invests a character—traits which are generally symbolical, often satirical, and always pictorial. This peculiarity tends to become wearisome, and we have a good example here in the description of Kaiser Albert, of whom it is first said that he "was by no means a prepossessing man;" of "ugly character and face to match;" "big-nosed, loose-lipped, blind of an eye—not Kaiser-like at all;" then, on the authority of Pope Boniface, "est homo monoculus, et vulto rustico; non potest esse Imperator," and this translated again into "a one-eyed fellow, and looks like a clown; he cannot be an emperor;" and, after all, a recurrence to "the same Albert of the unlovely countenance," "that same one-eyed, loose-lipped, unbeautiful Albert." We are glad by this time to turn to another portrait.

But these blemishes need not be dwelt upon. They must be forgiven, as they occur interspersed with anecdotes plentiful and wittily told, and with a great number of fine historical or biographical sketches, by turns gentle, brilliant, masterly faithful—of Hochmeister Albert, for instance; of the Great Elector and his ride from Carwe to Gilge; of Frederick I.'s death; of Sophie Charlotte; of Frederick II., the child (Fredkin, Fritzkin), compared with old king grandpapa; of the same Frederick's intellect, character, and appearance when old; of Louis XV.'s sickness; of the battle of Prag (year 1757); of Frederick after the battle of Kolin; of the French Revolution; and many others like these. Some may be finer, many are less fine, some very tedious. Will a diligent reader's patience carry him through the "Cleve Heritage" business, for instance—through the "Double Marriage" affair—the "Affair of Herstal"—and enchain him to "Frederick Preparing for a New Campaign" (Dec. 1744)? Will he stand all the talk of "ruffian Trenck," "Jenkins's ear," the "Spanish Termagant," "Baby Carlos," Wilhelmina, Grumkow, Seckendorf, Bellisle, Valori, Maupertuis, "the divine Emilie;" of Czar Peter's and Saxon-Polish Augustus's "unspeakable," yet too much and too frequently spoken of "pollutions," besides many other cynically indecent and profane things and utterances, of which Clio may not blush, if she can help it? Does scrupulous historical fidelity demand such sacrifices of an otherwise venerable votary of hers? Or does he, too, submit to the dictates of a depraved vulgar taste, or cease to brave the temptation of being highly sensational? And what unexplainable rudeness of language is there in that story of "Margaret with the Pouch-mouth," poor soul!

Exaggerative, like himself, this narrative of Carlyle's is the largest, and you might say, also, the grandest of his productions, if you had read it through. Thirty-two hundred pages on that Teutsch but un-Teutsch-looking, un-Teutsch-speaking, by turns Voltaire-worshipping and Voltaire-trampling, admirably just and stupendously violent, sublimely philosophical and royally feeble ruler and conqueror of peoples, cultivator and divider of countries—thirty-two hundred pages on him and, by way of introduction, on his predecessors, and almost all, omitting digressions, in praise of him and them! All that is good in him and them—thrift, solidity, truthfulness, heroism, piety, genius—extolled beyond measure before admiring mankind, extolled as chiefly Hohenzollern-Prussian virtues; all that is mean, ignorant, flagitious, profligate, inhuman, in him and them, passed over rapidly though not silently, judged leniently, extenuated, and—if that be possible—excused or justified! All unproved accusations spurned with utmost contempt and almost furious vehemence! Is there against Friedrich a *corpus delicti* unspurnable? Dead or alive, it will be trampled under foot, mangled, dragged through the mire, and hooted over, even were the victim not a "ruffian" Trenck, but a Poland, a nation torn in pieces by the hero and two sovereign accomplices, though the hero himself, when *he* is similarly assailed by three, writes to "dear sister" Wilhelmina: "If, in common life, three citizens took it into their heads to fall upon their neighbor, and burn his house about him, they, very certainly, by sentence of tribunal, would be broken on the wheel."

There remains the zealotic, exaggerative partiality for things Protestant, Puritanic, royally heroic (even when not nobly heroic), and against things mutinous, anarchic, "chaotic," democratic, parliamentary, (palaverish), progressive, and also things Jesuitic, Austrian, non-Teutsch (non-Teutonic, though "poor England," too, gets her share of rebuke). And yet we counsel those who have leisure, to read with patience, and also with delight and to their benefit, these thirty-two hundred pages on the life of Friedrich, or a large part of them; for there is much brain and soul in them, and no stupidity. "On the life," we say, not on "the life and reign," for what you have before you here is a biography, not a history. You look on Friedrich, his kindred, his friends, his enemies, his generals, his warriors, his fights, his struggles, his marches all, his vigils, his triumphs, his defeats, his joys, his griefs, his rages, his labors, his relaxations, his Voltaire—all grandly resuscitated in vivid, well-illumined, strikingly-executed life-pictures. But where is the people, its life, manners, condition, its country and towns, its sweats, tears, and industries, its beliefs and hopes, its thoughts and mental creations, its Teutsch literature, its Kant, its Lessing—all ignored by Friedrich? Neither these, nor vestiges of these, appear in the text or in the copious, carefully prepared index; on the battle maps—also carefully prepared—perhaps they may appear.

In the Year '13. A Tale of Mecklenburg Life. By Fritz Reuter. Translated from the Platt-deutsch by Charles Lee Lewes. Tauchnitz edition. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt.)—This is the era of novelties in novels. Mr. Schuyler inaugurates our acquaintance with the popular Russian writer, Turgenef, by his translation of "Fathers and Sons," while Mr. Lewes gives the public the first one of Reuter's novels ever done into English—Reuter, the fashionable author of the day in Germany, as we mentioned last week in one of our literary notes. The translator says in his preface of this story, "It is one of a series to which Reuter has given the name of 'Olle Kamellen,' literally 'old chamomile flowers,' by which he means 'old tales and old recollections, useful as homely remedies.'" The scene is laid in Stavenhagen, or Stemhagen, Reuter's native town. The characters introduced are all real people, even to their names.

"The story opens"—we may as well quote again from the preface—"at the moment when the German people was at length beginning to rise against Napoleon, and it gives a vivid picture of the state of feeling which then prevailed in Germany toward the French. The Germans were in the galling position of being forced to treat the French as allies, whilst hating them with an intense and unconquerable hatred. And this hatred, widespread over the whole country, is shown in the expressions of detestation ever bursting forth at the mention of the French name."

Unless they are written with a biographical intent, sketches from real life are not apt to have heroes. In the true history of a little town there are many parts played, and each is important in its own way. There is not always a wooing going on, around which the interest centres, and to whose development all events, favoring or adverse, contribute. So in "In the Year '13" the tender passion has a very subordinate *rôle*. The love of Ficka and Heinrich is only a pretty rill of sentiment which runs through the broad field of the story; it makes the grass a brighter green, to be sure, but it is almost hidden under it. The chief personage is the Herr Amtshauptmann Weber, whom the author pictures with a humorous affectionateness that is very taking. The old man was one of Reuter's four godfathers:

"He used to wear a well-brushed blue coat, yellowish trousers, and well-blacked boots, and his face was so marked by the small-pox that it looked as if the devil had been threshing his peas on it, or as if he had sat down upon his face on a cane-bottomed chair. On his broad forehead there stood written, and in his eyes, too, you could read, 'Not the fear of man but the fear of God.' And he was the right man in the right place.

"About eleven o'clock in the morning he might be seen sitting in an arm-chair in the middle of the room, whilst his wife fastened a napkin under his chin, put the powder on his hair, tied it behind, and twisted it into a neat pigtail.

"When the old gentleman walked up and down under the shade of the chestnut-trees at noon, his little rogue of a pigtail wagged merrily, and nodded over the collar

* "History of Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle." 6 vols. New York: Harper & Bros. 1864-66.

of his blue coat as if it wanted to say to any one who would listen: 'Yes, look, old fellow! What do you think of me? I am only the tip of his hair, and if I can wag so comically out here, you may fancy how merry it must be inside his head.'"

Then there was the Herr Rathsherr, who was stout and red and otherwise magnificent to behold. He was Fritz's uncle Herse; and at the supper in celebration of the return of himself and some fellow-burghers from the clutches of the French, as he sat at the head of the table complacently appropriating to himself all the glory of the occasion, and crowned with laurels by a doting wife, Fritz admired him and thought him like Julius Cæsar, only handsomer. The Herr Rathsherr's forte was mystery. He was in everybody's business, and full of secrets. The difficulties that he gets into are made a good deal of, and seem to us a little dull, but are not the only "situations" of trifling substance which are redeemed by the gusto with which they are portrayed. The lively personal interest which the author takes in drawing his characters creates a sympathy between him and the reader that procures even for the trivialities of his tale at least respect if not a warmer feeling—that with which we listen to histories of the past from the old folks at our own fireside. To children and to the old especially, his style will be charming. Poor Mamsell Westphalen's troubles with that naughty boy Fritz Sahlmann, who was unscrupulousness itself where sausages were concerned—"Fritz Sahlmann and Truth are as far asunder as the Cuckoo and the Seven Stars," she used to say; the same good lady's complications with the small and inoffensive Herr Droi; the wonderful rumpus kicked up by a few French chasseurs in the quiet town; the drilling of the little volunteer force by the old Herr Amtshauptmann, who drove to the field in a carriage in which he permitted "his children" to lay their pikes as they returned from rehearsing battles, until his innocent vehicle "looked like an engine of war, like some scythe-chariot out of the Roman and Persian times"—all these incidents are narrated and, to be enjoyed, must be listened to in the spirit of home and of love. Outside of that, a spirit of criticism will find a few mannerisms to object to, such as the headings of the chapters, which are constructed on the principle of conveying the least possible idea of what is to follow, and which, though funny at first, grow exceedingly wearisome. But we merely mention them.

The Man with the Broken Ear. Translated from the French of Edmund About, by Henry Holt. (New York: Leypoldt & Holt.)—Our readers will recollect that Colonel Fougas, the hero of this story, was once before the subject of some remarks in THE NATION. He was the man who was desiccated in Herr John Meiser's laboratory in the year 1813, reposed there in a threefold-box until the death of the postponer of his being (if he may so be called), and was knocked around as a mummy in various places from that time until 1859, when he was purchased for twenty-five louis by a young fellow-countryman, in whose house he was resuscitated by the learned Dr. Nibor, in the presence of many witnesses. All this, if not quite true, is almost as good as true in the hands of M. About. He tells the story with such delightful circumstantiality and scientific gravity, that all one can say is, that if it isn't veracious, then it ought to be. On this clever substratum M. About goes on building his dramatic satire—the First and the Second Empires laid cheek by jowl—the beginning and middle of the nineteenth century suddenly confronted with each other. Colonel Fougas is not enough of a progressive to enjoy the world as he finds it on his resurrection; or perhaps it would be more correct to say, that not finding it progressed in certain pet particulars in the way he had planned it should, he is not amused at all. A wiser man could not have afforded scope for half the fun that this very short-sighted, very human fellow does. M. About does justice to all the comically touching points in the picture afforded by the aged-youthful condition of his hero; especially that where, joyfully anticipating the arrival of his commission as brevet-brigadier, he is handed an official letter stating the necessity of placing him on the retired list on account of his age (which is 70 years), the limit for brigadiers being sixty-two!

"I know, Monsieur," the letter goes on to say, "how little this measure is justified by your apparent age, and I sincerely regret that France should be deprived of the services of a man of your capacity. Moreover, it is certain that an exception in your favor would arouse no dissatisfaction in the army, and would meet with nothing but sympathetic approval. But the law is express, and the Emperor himself cannot violate or elude it. . . There is not even an office in the civil administration in which, even by special favor, a man seventy years old could be placed. You will very justly object that the laws and regulations now in force date from a period when experiments on the revivification of men had not yet met with favorable results. But the law is made for the mass of mankind, and cannot take any account of exceptions. Undoubtedly attention would be directed to its amendment if cases of resuscitation were to present themselves in sufficient number."

Suicide is the not unnatural conclusion of a man whose occupation is so wholly gone as was this one's; for the Emperor's permission for him to be an exception came too late. M. About is not very quotable, except in long passages, the wit generally depending on a knowledge of what has gone before; otherwise we should be tempted to transcribe the dream of Léon Renault, whose methodical madness is the vehicle of more cleverness than any invented dream ever carried before. It should have many readers. Mr. Holt's translation is vivacious and natural, but would be improved by the correction of the Middle-States vulgarism that uses "like" for "as."

Mrs. Brown's Visit to the Paris Exhibition. By Arthur Sketchley, author of "The Brown Papers." (London and New York: George Routledge & Sons.)—One may get a good deal of amusement out of Mrs. Brown if careful to take her a little at a time and that seldom—to use her own method of expressing it. Mrs. Brown is her own spokeswoman, and in a garrulous and sometimes tedious narrative she gives an account of the haps and mishaps—chiefly mishaps—that befell her and her party in their visit to Paris. The party is eminently British; but when we have said that there were two fat women, Mrs. Brown and Mrs Archbutt, and two thin ones, Miss Tredwell and Mrs. Wells, and three husbands, all equally ill-natured, we shall have individualized them almost as much as Mr. Sketchley has done. The chief fun of the book is Mrs. Brown's unpunctuated and unlimited flow of language, after the style (but not the wit) of "Sairey Gamp." Paris she "know'd was a dressy place. . . . I would n't 'ave no scarcity of clothes, so took my large 'air-trunk, as is a useful size, and did once 'ave brass nails all round, as was nearly all picked out by a cockatoo with a yaller top-knot, as was brought from sea by a captain as once lodged with me, and was kep' on a perch with a chain to 'is leg, jest long enough to reach that box, only one night, and not a nail in the top on it as he had n't picked out afore mornin'."

This "'air-trunk" contained most remarkable "muslings," which were paraded at the Exhibition. "Me and Mrs. Archbutt was a-settin' a-talkin', and if there wasn't a lot of them French a-makin' remarks on us and a-grinnin', as I says a set of grinnin' baboons—that's what I calls 'em, tho' certainly Mrs. Archbutt is one of them parties as looks conspicuous, as the sayin' is; for she's as broad as she's long, and a face that red as flambeaus is a fool to it, and will dress that showy, a-sayin' as blue becomes 'er and made her look young, as is 'er fancy, poor thing, as nobody with a 'art would n't contradict 'er in, as is a 'armless delusion as ever I know'd." The two ladies marched about looking at the show, till, as Mrs. Brown said, her "feet was that hagony as I could 'ardly abear to put 'em to the ground." They lose Brown—"not a westment on 'im was n't visible nowheres." So Mrs. Brown stops one of them police and says to him: "'Brown—passy ici,' as I know'd was French for 'pass here.' He stares at me, and then jabbers something about 'passy,' and I say, 'Yes, passy. Brown, ... as is a fine-figgered man in a dark surtoo, with drab pants, and a bend in 'is back like a magistrate, as many 'as often said to me, 'Miss Brown, mum, to foller your good gentleman any one would take 'im for a Royal Family behind, as is a noble forehead with a commandin' nose, and any one could tell in an instant among a thousand, with a eye like a 'awk a-beamin' on you.' So I says, 'have you seen 'm anywheres about?' If that idjot did n't say as he couldn't comprehend."

This style of talk keeps itself up without much brain-work, and Mr. Sketchley is often obliged, in default of better humor, to make old ladies fall down, tumble about, knock wigs off, brandish umbrellas, and get into innumerable scrapes of the low farcical order. The people who enjoy this kind of "experience" in others will best like Mr. Sketchley's production.

Beet-Root Sugar, and Cultivation of the Beet. By E. B. Grant. (Boston: Lee & Shepard.)—This little book presents, in good, direct style, the history of the article in Europe, proofs of its adaptation to the soil of the United States, its value compared with corn and wheat, cost of production in Illinois and elsewhere, and hence the author's conviction of its profitableness even in competition with the tropical beet or our own cane sugars. The profit on crops in Illinois is over 80 per cent., besides the fertilizing of the land and the fattening of the cattle. The book concludes with an exhaustive description of the various kinds of beet, and the whole art of its cultivation.

The Mineral Waters of the United States and Canada. By J. J. Moorman, M.D. (Baltimore: Kelly & Piet.)—The author discusses the medicinal value and application of mineral springs generally, describes those of his title-page more or less particularly, and dwells chiefly on that of the White Sulphur, in Virginia. The general discussion seems sensible, the descriptions of Northern and Western waters are fairly analytic, that of the White Sulphur seems exhaustive chemically, topographically, artistically, and socially. The style is common, except in the chapter on White Sulphur society, where it gets "highly charged" with the native Virginian "high-faloot."

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

PERSONAL REPRESENTATION.

THE growing feeling in favor of the representation of minorities, both here and in England, is one of the many proofs that, however attached people may be to the principle of democracy, they are not yet satisfied that they have hit on the best mode of applying it.

The people, even of New York city, really want a good government, they really want good men in office; if they did not, we should be ready this moment for Mr. Cushing's "man on horseback." But they have no power to secure a good government and good men in office, because they possess no adequate control over the nominations made by party leaders. A nomination once made is a finality—fit or unfit, it must be sustained at peril of the odium of "treason to the party," or the more real and serious responsibility of "giving aid to the enemy." Once overthrow the oligarchy of wire-pullers, make it possible in some way for the people to withhold their approval when incompetent or dishonest men are put into nomination, and other political reforms would speedily follow.

It would appear, at first sight, that a power which, like that under discussion, is exercised by wholly irresponsible private citizens, is of a so purely moral nature that it cannot be reached by legislation, but must be left to the good sense of the people to deal with. But this is precisely what we have been doing now for many years, and with only the result of seeing party despotism grow stronger and stronger. And the reason is that our political organization, being based entirely upon local districts, and multiplying to excess the number of officials chosen by popular vote, affords every facility for the manipulations of wire-pullers. If it is possible, either by statute or constitutional provision, to remove these peculiar opportunities and temptations, the evil will, in a great measure, come to end of itself. It is not desired to interfere in any way with the legitimate action of party organizations. These are an indispensable instrumentality in enabling like-minded men to combine their scattered forces and bring them to bear upon definite objects—thus converting latent power into active power. But what we do need is to give individual opinion a chance to make itself felt upon these organizations, and render it possible to "scratch" a bad nomination without practically voting for the opposite candidate.

Mr. Hare's plan of personal representation, to which attention has been so widely directed of late years, promises to accomplish this object; and we wish to suggest what seems to be a feasible way of adapting the leading principle of his plan to our American community and institutions. It is certain that, in the form in which he has developed it, it is so complicated and tedious that, whether intrinsically good or bad, it never could obtain approval or even serious consideration among our people. Whether the fact is to our credit or not, we may make up our minds at the start that no plan has any chance of adoption among us which is not easily and readily understood, and which does not provide for ascertaining the result of an election as early as the day after it takes place.

The undue stress laid, as well by Mr. Hare himself as by all who have advocated his plan, upon unessential details, which concern merely the method of putting it in practice, has had the effect of drawing the attention away from the essential principle of his scheme. This essential and fundamental principle is simply this—that it is the *people* who are represented, and not the *place;* and that, therefore, constituencies should be *personal*, and not *local*. According to this plan, if a citizen of Syracuse wished to vote for Horace Greeley for Congress, or a citizen of Brooklyn for Millard Fillmore, he would have the right to do so; his vote for this candidate would count for him with those cast in every other section of the State; and the constituency of the successful candidate would be those who voted for him, wherever they happened to reside.

This is the simple and philosophical feature of Mr. Hare's plan, which has obtained the unqualified commendation of Mr. Mill and other thinkers; the rest of his scheme consists of devices for obtaining an absolutely equal representation of a community upon this general plan; devices adapted, perhaps, to the English people, but so utterly foreign to the character and habits of our people that they may be passed over without description. It is very certain that a community which has almost universally adopted the principle of plurality in elections for the sake of the speedy result, will not enter into an elaborate calculation of quotas and potter over the "distribution of the surplus," in order that the canvassing of votes may be theoretically fair and every minority exactly represented. What our people want is a legislature representing them fairly in the main, and composed of honest and able men; and whatever plan will secure this result is so far a salutary reform, even if not theoretically perfect. Indeed, Mr. Hare himself confesses in his last (third) edition, that "a perfect uniformity in the number of the quota of votes for every member" is "really important." This surrenders the whole point at issue.

If the proposition went no further than this, if every man throughout the State voted for his favorite candidate without regard to his place of residence, and the required number at the head of the list were declared elected, there would probably not be much more inequality than at present. A great disparity would, of course, exist between the number of votes received by the first on the list and the thirty-first; but so there is now between Mr. Ward's 17,000 votes and Mr. Morrissey's 9,000. An enormous vote for any candidate would, under this system, be only a natural, and, to a certain extent, proper tribute to his popularity. Still it would no doubt be wise to establish a definite *quota* which every successful candidate must obtain, as a security against the accident of persons elected by a mere handful of votes.

Supposing the principle once adopted, the details would be very easy to arrange. The most difficult point to decide would probably be the filling of vacancies, whether occurring by death or resignation, or by the failure of a sufficient number to obtain the quota. It would seem that in these cases the best way would be to let the legislature fill the vacancy, taking as candidates the two or three highest names left upon the list. Party organizations would find a legitimate and very useful sphere of action in assigning candidates to the voters of different localities, and thus preventing votes from being thrown away. It would be easy to calculate the number of members which each party in the State would probably be able to elect, and divide the State roughly into districts for these various candidates, taking due account of the natural and healthy local feeling. Most persons would, as a matter of course, vote for the candidate thus assigned, provided he were personally acceptable; but it would no longer be possible, as it is now, to force an unfit candidate upon an unwilling constituency. Such a candidate would be so sure to run behind his ticket, and fail of an election, that the committees would find it their only safe way to put up their best men.

Another way of preventing the loss of votes would be by letting the election continue ten days, as in England. This was suggested by Mr. J. T. Fisher, of Philadelphia, who proposed a plan for personal representation, independent of Mr. Hare, without Mr. Hare's favorite feature of endorsing a second choice upon the ballot, and distributing the surplus votes. At the end of the first day it would be ascertained that certain candidates were surely elected, and certain others in doubt, and the voters of the second day would cast their votes where they seemed most needed. Mr. Fisher's other proposition for meeting the same difficulty, by allowing successful candidates to assign their surplus to other candidates who fell short, can hardly be considered practicable or desirable. By the adoption of this principle we should secure the chief advantage which the English system possesses, of allowing the choice of non-resident representatives, and thus remove one of the greatest hindrances to the development of a superior order of public men. A member would no longer be afraid to offend local prejudices or go against the opinions of his district, and a man of weight and character might be reasonably sure of always finding a constituency to support him, scattered through the State, but able to unite upon their man, and make every vote count for him. Thus local feeling could still be gratified, but without depriving the State of the services of a valuable servant, as is now often done.

It has seemed most natural to speak of members of Congress, as these are the most important and prominent representatives elected by the people. The system can, however, be easily applied to any representative body or board of commissioners of sufficient importance to interest the mass of the people, as the Legislature of the State or the Common Council of the city. A board of aldermen, composed of a very small number, as proposed in The Nation of May 30, would be especially adapted to this mode of election. It may be remarked that, for a legislative body within the limits of a State or city, it might not be necessary to have any fixed number. There is no peculiar virtue in the number 120 or 240.

It cannot be expected, nor should it be desired, that so fundamental a reform as that proposed should be introduced at once upon a large scale solely in virtue of its apparent theoretical advantages. It seems as if an election held in this way could not fail to give us a vastly superior body of legislators to the present, while every portion of the community would be fairly represented. The Republicans of New York City and the Democrats of the western counties would now have their rightful share of power. No minority, indeed, not too small to be relatively insignificant, would need to be unrepresented, and no man of power would need to search for a constituency.

THE POLITICAL FUTURE IN ENGLAND.

Whatever course the House of Lords may take with regard to the Reform bill in the present session of Parliament, its passage, in the shape in which it has left the Commons, is now simply a question of months. It is folly to suppose that, in the present state of the public temper, and in the present position of the Upper House in the popular estimation, any restriction placed on the franchise by the peers alone will be submitted to. So that we may, in speculating on the political future of England during the next twenty years, safely consider the bill as passed. In fact, its fate has long ceased to occupy the minds either of its friends or its enemies. For nearly two months back the main subject of political discussion in England has been its probable effects on legislation, and on the constitution of Parliament.

As to the amount of the extension it will give to the suffrage, opinions vary. The highest estimate of the number of new voters it will create is 1,200,000; the lowest we have seen is 800,000, or more than double the number of voters under the law as it now is; and these new voters will, of course, be drawn from an entirely new class—and that the laboring class. It may seem at first sight as if this would amount to a complete transfer of political power to new hands; but the first effect will not be by any means so serious as this. The great towns will return very much the same class of men they now return, though probably the few Tories who still represent large boroughs will be dismissed—a result strikingly foreshadowed by the recent total defeat of the Conservatives in Coventry, naturally one of the most conservative towns in the kingdom. In the small boroughs the laboring classes will, we fear, for a while, vote as they now do in blind submission to the shopkeepers and landlords, or for such candidates as pay most money and furnish most and best beer on election day. In the counties the only class enfranchised by the new bill will be very small, and it is at present too much under the influence of the farmers and the great landholders to render any marked or sudden change in the county representation at all probable. Nevertheless, after making due allowance for all these things, there can be little question that even the first reformed Parliament elected under the new law will differ materially from the old one, if not in *personnel*, in spirit. It will be much more subservient to the popular will, much more progressive in its tendencies, much less enamored of the "ancient ways," much more chary about acquiescence in the old arguments against change, and much less confident of the value of the existing system in church and state. How great this change in spirit will be, even if there should be no change whatever in *personnel*, has been strikingly illustrated in the history of the Reform bill itself. The measure, when first introduced, was hardly a reform bill at all. It bristled with distinctions, restrictions, and precautions; but after it had been debated a week or two, and the real feeling of the members began to leak out, it became apparent that nobody had any real expectation that a great and radical change could any longer be resisted; and from that moment there was a race between the ministry and the majority in the direction of democracy, and the bill, when it was passed, established household suffrage pure and simple.

What, then, being thus changed, will the reformed Parliament do? Much that is good, but vastly less than most people on this side of the water expect. In estimating the rate of English progress, Americans nearly always leave out of sight the elements by which their own progress is least affected—such as habit and tradition—and yet few influences in England are more powerful. Logical legislation this generation will certainly not witness in England, no matter of what materials the House of Commons may be composed. Take, for instance, the distribution of landed property, on which so much of the peculiarities of English society depend; people here commonly expect that a reformed Parliament will make some very sweeping changes in this, or at least make such alterations in the law as will inaugurate sweeping changes. But this is because the majority of the public suppose that English estates are kept together by the law of primogeniture and a rigid system of entails. Even such a man as Senator Ferry, of Connecticut, showed, in his address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at New Haven, last month, by the awful terms in which he spoke of English primogeniture, how little he knew of its working. The fact is, that the English law only enables a man to tie up his property one life longer than the law of New York, and that the law of primogeniture only affects real estate, and real estate only in cases of intestacy; so that, practically, we venture to say, a case of its application does not occur once in fifty years. In other words, the owner of real estate nearly always disposes of it by will, or dies without having the power to dispose of it at all, its descent being regulated by his marriage settlement. It is true that this settlement almost always secures it to the eldest son; but this is because families like this arrangement, and not because the law controls them. Most Englishmen prefer being "well-connected" poor devils to having a small share of their father's estate, and no "great house" at their backs, and this state of mind no legislation could change. The only thing the reformed Parliament could do to break up the great estates would be to compel an equal division of property at the death of the owner, as in France. But this is not likely to find favor in England any more than it would find favor here, as it would involve what would be to the Anglo-Saxon mind a very repulsive interference with the liberty of bequest. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that the way was prepared in France for the legal division of property amongst each generation by the fact that landed property was very minutely divided before the Revolution. Wendell Phillips, and large numbers of other well-informed persons, are under the impression that it was the Revolution which split up landed estates in France, but we showed, some weeks ago, that they were mistaken. The habit of division was well established at the Revolution, and the spectacle familiar, and there was, therefore, nothing shocking or novel in the provision of the Code which made it compulsory. One thing the reformed Parliament in England might, and no doubt will, do to promote the greater diffusion of property in land, and that is, to establish what Cobden called "free trade in land," by removing the legal obstacles to its transfer, such as the expense and difficulty of searching titles, the intricacy of the conveyancing laws, and the absence of a registry of deeds, all of which render the acquisition of land in small parcels almost impossible; or, in other words, the expenses of its sale are so great that it only pays to sell it wholesale. An assimilation of the English real estate law to that of this country would remove the whole difficulty without in the least affecting the security of existing titles.

As regards popular education, the reformed Parliament will probably very soon get rid of the obstacles which have hitherto prevented the establishment in England of any good system. The greatest of these obstacles has been the sectarian bigotry of the different religious denominations. The clergy of the Established Church have always violently opposed any state interference which promised to take the education of the children of their parishes out of their hands, on grounds with which everybody who has followed the educational controversy between the Catholics and the rest of the community in this country is familiar. The Dissenters, on the other hand, have

opposed all attempts to have schools provided for them by the state, because their war against the Church establishment has committed them to a thorough support of the voluntary system in everything, and to thorough hostility to all Government aid. The result is that the state connection with popular education is restricted to the distribution of a small sum of money amongst the different denominations, and the exercise of a modified supervision of the teachers; and it is hardly necessary to say that there is in England no system of popular education, and that the bulk of the population is brutally ignorant. The new popular element to be introduced into the government by the Reform bill will, it is certain, not be affected either by the Episcopalian or Dissenting scruples, and will probably before long establish a system of free schools at state cost, and, we venture to predict also, will couple with it compulsory education.

The Irish Church Establishment will probably be amongst the first of the great abuses to go by the board, but mainly because it has few friends in England who support it for any better reason than because they fear the effect of its fate on the Church Establishment in England. It is true that the great argument now used by the enemies of the Irish Church is that it is the church of the minority—and this argument will probably be the one most effectual in bringing about its overthrow—and the Church of England is not the church of the minority; but then if the theory of the right of the state to interfere with church property—which English Churchmen strongly deny—be once not only asserted but put into practice in Ireland, the friends of the English Church fear that its application to it also would not be very long delayed. Neither the High Churchmen, however, nor yet the owners of church livings, are a sufficiently powerful body, politically, to make their opposition of much avail in a case in which they cannot allege their own interests to be directly concerned. Moreover, the breach between the two great parties in the English Church is becoming every day wider and wider, and it is safe to say that it is wide enough already to make united action on any great ecclesiastical question hereafter impossible.

In the army the sale of commissions, and with it the whole system of aristocratic officering, will probably be abolished at a very early period, and with them the "Horse Guards," which is simply a contrivance for exempting a large portion of the military administration from the control of Parliament, and keeping it in the hands of the crown. The commander-in-chief, an irresponsible appointee of the crown, presides at the "Horse Guards," and keeps the aristocratic interest in the military machine under his care, while the Minister of War, to whom the working-details—the feeding, the clothing, and so forth—fall, and who is answerable to the House of Commons, finds his way blocked at every step by the prejudices and tastes of "good society" acting through the Horse Guards or the "illustrious duke," as it is the custom to call the Duke of Cambridge, the commander-in-chief.

These striking features of the old conservative system changed, it is not, we venture to say, likely that the reformed Parliament will go much further in the direction of uprooting. In the imperial policy—properly so called—with its large navy, multitudinous foreign colonies and posts, and its great Indian empire, no great change is likely to come from the radicals any more than from the conservatives. The ear of the English workman still loves, full as well as, and even better than, the ear of the lord, to hear the roll of the imperial drum following the course of the sun round the globe. The aristocrat draws his claims to consideration from other sources than the national power and strength, but the working-man draws his from the fact that he is the citizen of a great empire. The most marked tendency of the new régime will, in our opinion, be in the direction of greater governmental interference, or, in other words, in the direction of construction or organization rather than of destruction or removal. The *laissez-faire* policy—in everything but trade—seems to have spent its force in most of the free countries of the world. It was due to a natural popular reaction against the excessive government of the aristocratic and monarchical systems of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; but now that the people are everywhere more or less in control of their own affairs, there is a strong leaning once more in the direction of governmental help or interference. The Government is being urged to take possession of the railroads, of the telegraphs, as well as of the post-office; to supply schools, as it is supplying savings-banks in England; and to take legislative precautions against overwork on behalf of adults, as it has already taken on behalf of children. How far this tendency will carry us it is hard to say; but if it be not accompanied by a great increase of education, and particularly of politico-economical education, and a great improvement in the character of the periodical press, the world will probably, fifty years hence, be filled with as many complaints of the pestilent meddling of the majority as it has been during the last fifty years of the pestilent meddling of kings and nobles. In other words, nothing but knowledge will ever save individual freedom from the perils by which it is, under every system of government, surrounded.

HINTS FOR CONSTITUTION MAKERS.

BY A JUDGE.

I. — The Instrument.

A constitutional convention I should define to be "a lawful revolution." Generally revolutions and conventions do not come without immediate and pressing causes and without a clear idea of wrongs to be righted and remedies to be applied. But in the present instance the convention which may overthrow the old and establish a new government was called twenty years ago, and while the citizens of the State are agreed that the present organic law is often defective and sometimes wrong, that our constitutional system is weak, and, in common phrase, "has worked badly," there is an extraordinary dearth of opinion as to what should or can be done. When the people leave such questions wholly to their delegates, they may be assured that their delegates will act feebly.

The first measure of reform may be in the instrument itself. When the great Convention of 1787 framed the Constitution of the United States, they cared sufficiently for language and form to appoint a committee on style. Whatever differences of opinion the Constitution of the United States may have occasioned, few have arisen from the obscurity of its language. A beautiful simplicity and clearness run through every article and section, so that the farmer, the mechanic, or even the upper class of the public school, rarely doubts as to what the Constitution means. The present constitution of New York is neither clear nor simple nor concise. Its style indicates many and different workmen. It has that excess and jumble of words which is the usual earmark of an ill-considered statute. Comparing it with the Constitution of the United States, a stranger would infer that civilization had gone backward.

But apart from form and language, the present constitution contains a mass of errors which, it is to be desired, though hardly hoped, the convention will eradicate. If there be any constitutional lesson taught by the last twenty years within this State, and by the last seven years throughout the country, it is the worthlessness of those paper bulwarks which are called constitutional restrictions. Has there been any great measure of reform under either government which the constitution has not been invoked to prevent? Has there been one instance of error where the constitution has restrained and controlled the turbulent and unscrupulous of either party? Has it not always been appealed to by the worst part of the political community rather than the best? Have we not turned our faith into idolatry, and allowed the question of constitutionality to expand into a superstition? Look at the solemn farce just played in Washington, wherein nine respectable gentlemen and most learned judges have been solemnly pressed to control the army and navy of the United States and to enjoin a great nation from making its own laws. Look at the city of New York, where for the last ten years hardly an act of the Legislature has been allowed to take effect until it has been approved by five temporary, constantly changing, and politically elected judges! If any man supposes that these decisions upon political (using that word in its higher sense) subjects are legal and not political, he must have shut his eyes to the whole history of our constitutional law. Hardly was the ink dry upon the present State constitution when the constitutionality of the canal loan came before the Court of Appeals. It was argued at great length, it was carefully weighed and considered, it was conscientiously and solemnly decided. And what was the result? That the seven judges trained in one political school voted one way, and the one judge, trained in another political school, voted the other way, and that each side of the court rendered reasons absolutely conclusive to the two political schools whose scholars they were. It was so in the Dred Scott case; it was so in the recent test-oath case; it has been so in every case where the point to be determined is political and not legal. The questions might as well have been referred to a board of surgeons, and, under like political conditions, they would have been decided with precisely the same result and by precisely the same votes.

Yet this is not the chief evil. When a nation abandons the guardianship of its constitution to the judiciary, the people insensibly grow indifferent to and then restive under its obligations. In this State, where the judiciary have gradually assumed a final veto power, the evil has become painfully apparent. There has been a steadily increas-

ing effort on the part of the people to evade and cheat this constitution which was ordained and established for their protection. And in this game of evasion, the bad and the unscrupulous ever excel. If we place in the one scale the benefits derived from these special restrictions, and in the other the host of unworthy subterfuges and the immense mass of litigation which these same constitutional restrictions have produced, it is not every one who will be ready to say that we have not lost more than we have gained.

The Constitution of the United States, apart from the amendments, contains little more than a frame of government and a few safeguards for civil rights. Remembering that it is not made for one government, but for many, and that it establishes, and defines, and rules at least two ever-conflicting powers—the General Government and the several States—it is marvellously free from minor particularities and restraints. Were it constructed on the system of petty restrictions which is the system of the State constitution, there would be no end to the constitutional cases arising, and no one court would be able to decide them, though it sat through the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. Yet even the Constitution of the United States has thrown upon the judicial department the entire responsibility of protecting the Constitution. This responsibility the judiciary is least able to bear, and its errors are the most difficult to be corrected. The body of the people, moreover, have instinctively known that these political decisions were political, and not legal; and while upon matters of law the Supreme Court of the United States has ever been heard with profound and undoubting respect, its decisions upon matters of political power have been received with constantly growing contempt; so that if things go on as they are going, no distant day will see an amendment adopted cutting down the powers of that tribunal, and declaring that no statute properly enacted by the people through their lawful representatives shall ever be adjudged unconstitutional and void. Sooner or later the people of the United States must learn that there are no real constitutional safeguards beyond their own integrity, and that neither written constitutions nor an independent judiciary can guard their liberties or maintain their rights.

Amid these constant conflicts which are ever denying to American legislatures ordinary legislative powers—indeed, I may go further, and say, which are ever denying to the American people the right to make their own laws through their own lawful representatives—it is refreshing to look across the water and see an unwritten constitution jealously guarded and maintained by its natural guardians, the people and the parliament. It is a relief to take up the English law reports, and find them unladen with the cumbrous heading, "Constitutional Law," and to learn from them that at least one people have been able to preserve their constitution and to trust themselves. There is but one power which can maintain a constitution, and that is the power which ordains and establishes it—the people. If that power fails, written instruments, and pledges, and judicial guardians, and all other supports must go down with it. Whatever inventions come between the people and this their proper responsibility tend only to weaken and destroy the constitution. That responsibility cannot be transferred to any delegated authorities, be they ever so learned, upright, or just. The question of constitutional infringement upon all political subjects must be fought out by the people themselves, and they, feeling the obligation which is upon them, must look always with jealous eyes upon their representatives, nor seek to evade a responsibility which no one else can really bear. Should our present system continue twenty years more, and move on as it has been moving, one may well doubt whether the judiciary will not become the supreme power of the State, or whether a law will be regarded as morally binding until it has been approved by this council of revision. If the Convention of 1867 does no other work, let it at least leave the people of this State hereafter free to make their own laws.

SOUTHERNERS AFTER THE YANKEES HAVE WITHDRAWN.

WHAT ARE THEY?

After the troops are withdrawn, after the States are once more in the Union, after the authority of local law and local opinion is re-established, what will the Southerners do? To answer this question with even a probable guess, we must look a little to see what they are.

To a stranger, the most striking feature of the Southern character is its provincialism, its want of nationality, as exhibited in its strong local affections and prejudices and in its deficiency of information concerning whatever is beyond its geographical limits. A good Southerner is first for his district, then for his State, and lastly (if at all) for the Union. A good Southerner of the average culture is as much surprised to see a well-bred, honest, courageous Yankee, as a dog would be to see a cat whom he felt bound to respect. A wealthy South Carolina farmer, introducing a Northern officer, who had won his approval, to a friend, did it with the recommendation, "Now and then, Smith" (here a patronizing slap on the military shoulder)—'now and then you see an *honest* Yankee." Another officer, having confessed that he was born in Connecticut, has been comforted with the pitying remark, "Well, I've understood that the Connecticut people *ain't* so powerful bad." Another has been afflicted with the compliment, "Sir, we are not accustomed to see men of your character and intelligence from your section of country."

Natives of every Northern State have marched by armies over every Southern State, and still it is the common belief at the South that the Union soldiers were mainly Irish and Germans. To the statement that in the ratio of battle mortality per thousand of men furnished, Massachusetts ranks third among the Northern States, an intelligent Georgian replied, "I suppose that that was because the Massachusetts troops were principally foreigners." Four years of war, many defeats, conquest, have hardly shaken the old belief that "Yankees can't fight."

The Sand-hillers who applied to the United States commissary at Columbia for food to save them from starvation, addressed him respectfully as "the enemy." Many a Bureau officer engaged in distributing rations has heard the Northern States referred to as "those foreign States."

This provincialism is minute in its subdivisions. The low-country people of South Carolina look upon the up-country people with contempt; and the feeling is reciprocated with a mixture of three parts contempt and one part anger. The mountaineers of the Dark Corner view the fat farmers on the slopes beneath them as proper subjects for black-mail, and the farmers retorted during the war by seeing that the mountaineers were well hunted with rifles and bloodhounds. Representative men of Black Hill County dare not venture, except by night, into Red Bottom County, for fear of being bushwhacked. When the Unionists get control of any district, their first vague idea is to "clear out the rebs," so as to have all the neighborhood comfortably alike. Meanwhile the rebs watch their leaguer acquaintance with angry eyes, and would be very apt to "hunt them" but for the garrisons.

It is not only a land of prejudices, but a land of pugnacity. Great there is the man who will fight, and greatest of all is the man who whips. We have heard a Southern attorney-general talk with enthusiasm of the old militia trainings, where "there would be more than thirty fights in a day, sir, and ever so many broken heads, and all good friends as soon as it was over." When Brooks beat Sumner senseless in reply to a rhetorical philippic, nine Southerners out of ten thought that he had triumphantly closed the discussion. Almost any cause is sufficient to justify blows or pistol-shots. "If I should kick another man's dog," said a respectable South Carolinian, "I should expect to have a fight on my hands." "If my cousin should call my brother a liar," said a charming and religious Virginian lady, "of course my brother would be bound to shoot him."

It is just to say that along with its old-time vices this population has its old-time virtues. It is impulsive in kindness as in violence; it is ardent, it is generous, it is heroic. Bankrupt planters who are at the last crust will share it with grey-headed negroes who cared for them in childhood. Within three miles of Pickens Rigdon, the drunken and brutal bushwhacker, lives Calhoun Burden, the magistrate, who cannot see it his duty to arrest Jim, but who will haul corn thirty miles in his own wagon for the poor of his beat, and will issue every pound of it scrupulously, although he is not sure of feeding his own family until harvest. The multitudinous paupers of the South—the aged negroes, the widows and orphans of the war, and even those worthless vagabonds "the low-down whites"—are mainly supported by the charities of people who are living to a great extent on corn-cake and bacon. It is curious to see the finest flowers of humanity flourishing amid its coarsest weeds. Under favorable circumstances, the South can furnish more Washingtons and more Lincolns.

Hitherto we have looked at the Southerners in the mass; we have surveyed them through a rough and compendious average; we have seen them somewhat as they were. But to understand their present condition we must inspect four large classes which are sure to play important parts in the immediate future. We must consider the old oligarchy, the white Union men, the negroes, and the moderate Southerners.

The old oligarchy comprehends the once great planting families, the bygone political magnates, the leading merchants and professional men. Being aristocratic, it is of course supported by every Southern female who has any pretensions to position, including Governor Perry and the "lovely woman" who wrote him a letter. This class, reinforced by the bomb-proof heroes, and a considerable number of boys who did not fight, and deducting a number of its own who did fight and thereby learned wisdom, constitutes the two million "implacable rebels" of *The Tribune*. Its social influence, notwithstanding its political disabilities, is enormous. The bourgeoisie, the cross-road storekeepers, the farmers, and the poor whites, although secretly doubtful of its wisdom, do not quite like to say so. It heads the non intercourse movement; it makes it "bad style" to know a Yankee or an officer.

It has a horror of the national flag, and smiles on those who refuse to salute it. When ordered to show the stars and stripes from the public buildings on the national holiday, it says half sneeringly, half tearfully, "I *used* to believe that the brave were magnanimous." It is antiquated, hopelessly prejudiced, vindictive, treasonable. We rejoice that it is to a considerable extent debarred from taking part in politics during the process of reconstruction.

Of the Union men, nine-tenths are small farmers who can barely write, or poor whites who cannot read. Mountaineers in large part, they were loyal during the war very much out of hostility to the lowlanders; and they are too much governed now by the vote-yourself-a-farm sentiment and by projects of personal vengeance. Ignorant, unaccustomed to political action, blinded by that hate which is so characteristic of Southern dissension, they will not weaken their enemy by accepting any considerable number of deserters from his ranks. Their uncultured chiefs are jealous of the accession of a man of wealth and capacity, fearing lest he should usurp the leadership. They have no adequate conception of the difficulty and grandeur of the task before them. Inconceivably local in their knowledge and ideas, their plans usually cover only their special neighborhood, and they will be jubilant if their county goes Union though all the rest of the State goes copperhead. Nevertheless, aided by the immense negro vote, they will probably carry several Southern States for the Republicans, at least once. Whether they can obtain a lasting victory without wider views and a more liberal acceptance of penitent rebels, is very doubtful.

The negro! The Sphynx! He has never spoken except in riddles which no man has understood. He is hard pressed now for corn and bacon, and is cautious about talking politics to his employer. When you have asked him if he belongs to the Union League, and he has told you "No," you are less informed in the matter than you were before. Where the mountaineer or the Northern "emissary" cannot instruct him by word of mouth, he may vote for his old master as being the best man he knows. But at heart he is a Republican; he is sure that Congress is his friend; he will support it if he knows how; he believes in Yankees. Perhaps the most hopeful sign in him is that he is crazy to have his children go to school.

The moderate Southerners—millions strong, and the most attractive portion of the Southern people—are, in general, the old Confederate soldiers, well represented always by Lee, Johnson, and Longstreet. The sentiment of the Northern soldier inclines toward these men, and he would fain clasp hands with them in a new patriotic compact. They are somewhat bewildered; they are a little bullied and humbugged by the old aristocracy; they feel as if Congress were unnecessarily suspicious of them; they are disheartened by the inhospitality of the Union Leagues; but in general they bear their troubles and await their fate nobly, and confidence in them would be well bestowed. It seems paradoxical—it would be contrary to all received custom—but still it would be wise to enfranchise and enable for office all men who fought under the Confederate flag.

Such is a rapid, broadly drawn, and, of course, imperfect view of what the Southerners are. We are now ready to enquire,

WHAT WILL THEY DO?

Ah, yes! good heavens! and what won't they do? what have n't they done? If we can predict the future from the past, it will be sensational. After the Southern representatives are in Congress, their constituents will still furnish Wendell Phillips with plenty of texts.

Of what will happen in the reconstructed States during the first years of that millennium we can probably form a fair idea from what is now going on in some of the so-called Border States. Where the Unionists carry the elections, it will be Tennessee; where the Democrats hold the ballot-boxes, it will be Kentucky. If the leaguers get the victory in Boone County, they will want all the rebs to remove to Big Lick County, "whar they belong"—the latter having gone solid for the candidate of the old-line Democracy. The South will have as many riots and rencontres as the North, not merely in proportion to the population, but in proportion to the number of square miles, Alabama will still be troubled with intermittent desires to banish *Harper's Weekly*, and *The Charleston Courier* will occasionally warn Southern booksellers not to pollute their shelves with Yankee novels.

As in other lands, bad citizens as well as good ones will obtain office. John Morrissey, the sterling Democrat from our commercial emporium, will play into the hand of Major Simon Suggs, the heretofore bushwhacker of Eastern Texas; while P. T. Barnum, if then a member, will make a happy family with that lately reconstructed but fervent Unionist, the Hon. Christopher Sly, of New Orleans. There will be silly efforts toward reaction, and rough, blundering pushes toward progress. In demagogism, appeals to local prejudice, and election trickeries, the representatives of the old oligarchy will vie successfully with the rougher leaders of the Republicans. It will be an era of confusion, and will seem to be an era of demoralization, and yet it will glow with real progress, because all men will be equal before the law, and speech will be free.

An urgent question is, Whether the spirit of reaction—the spirit which hates Yankees, and keeps down niggers, and runs off Union men—will not, within two years, recover possession of the South? Without the colored vote, it might; with that, it probably will not. It must be remembered that the ordinary Southerner does not know that he is prejudiced, and that he has not been able in a few months to shed the beliefs and passions of a lifetime. He has given up secession because he has learned that he cannot have it; and slavery, because he has seen it to be a source of poverty and weakness. But he still holds himself to be the man of men—the most eloquent, the most generous, the most chivalrous, the bravest—miles above Yankees, and separated by an impassable gulf from niggers. He believes as firmly as the Irish Democracy that this is a white man's government, and that it is wrong to let black men vote in it. He looks upon the Abolitionists as indisputably malignant fanatics, and upon the Republican party as a sink of selfishness, despotism, and iniquity. He has no other idea of the present Congress than that it is a pack of swindling and tyrannical demagogues. Such are the honest opinions of at least three white Southerners out of four.

At present the Southerner is quiet under what he regards as monstrous oppression and unconstitutional injustice. Why? Because he has been beaten, because he is struggling for bread, because he has learned that resistance only makes the yoke heavier, and because the garrison is within summons. Moreover, he has been accustomed to obey illegal power. The orders of the commandant of the post, or of the officer of the Freedmen's Bureau, are no more extra-civic than were the directions of the bygone political juntas who saw that slavery received no injury on the visits of Jeff. Davis's recruiting parties. The file of soldiers does not seem an unbearable messenger of authority to men who have been called on by the vigilance committee and the agent of the conscription bureau. Yes, the Southerner is very quiet and obedient, especially since the passage of the military bill. A man in blue uniform, or a United States civil agent, can impose on him to almost any extent. The lonely bureau lieutenant, without a garrison or even an orderly, rules peacefully over a region as large as Rhode Island or Connecticut; and at his summons a planter—once perhaps owner of a hundred negroes or colonel of a Confederate regiment—drives thirty miles to explain the alleged violation of a contract. This planter has even come to look askance upon his declared but injudicious friend, President Johnson, and to wish that he would hold his unlucky tongue. His whole political mind is set upon the one idea of getting back into the Union, careless how it is done provided he saves his land and that vague possession which he calls his honor. No people could be more patient under a military government than is the Southern people. But when this despotism is gone, will not the old one return? When the file of soldiers has sailed for Behring Strait, shall we not again see the vigilance committee?

Last summer many Southerners who wished to accept the constitutional amendment were hushed by the stares of the political grandees, or by the friendly whisper, "If you don't look out, you will get yourself run off." The reactionary party trusted that the President would run off the "Rump;" that at all events he would triumph in the summer and fall elections; that he would restore the South, with its negroes all represented and none of them voters; then unite with the Northern Democrats and rule Congress; pass this, repeal that, and repudiate the other; at home, apprentice the niggers. The reactionaries did not talk aloud, but they whispered hope and authority. The victory of Congress was a terrible blow to this conceited and stupid and malignant party. The enfranchisement of the negro has probably ruined it, and so has perhaps saved us from a new insurrection within twenty years. We assert positively that, before this fact of colored suffrage was accomplished, the South was full of small whisperings that the lost cause might be regained, and that now these whisperings have died out in despair.

Yes, hereafter that bane of the republic, a united South, is impossible. If Red Bottom County is sternly Democratic, that is to say, reactionary, Black Hill County, its next neighbor, will act as a counterpoise by being fiercely Republican, and thus liberty of speech and conscience will have a foothold. But, as in Tennessee and Kentucky, there will be throughout the South some anger and vengeance in their dissensions. The poor and uncultured mountaineers, who were hunted as deserters during the war, will long to confiscate the lands of their old persecutors, even if they do not themselves receive an acre. The old aristocracy will not easily give up its habits of physical domination, and leading Republicans will be marked out for mob law as dangerous agitators. Between the whites and blacks

there will be no war of races; but there will be much misunderstanding and bickering. To the negro as a nigger, that is, as a humble dependant, the Southerner is friendly and even kindly; but to the negro as a voter, a juror, a man, he is at heart more unreconciled than a New York Fenian or a Connecticut Democrat. In multitudes of single scrimmages, and in more than one compendious riot, this feeling will be expressed as an Irishman would express it; for in his self-control, his cold-blooded rationality, and his lack of pugnacity, the white American of the South is wonderfully like the child of Green Erin. The Bureau officer, if he then exist, will no longer perform his duties in tranquillity. Legal obstructions will be thrown in his way; his Yankee soul will be damned to his face from time to time; he will be tormented into forwarding his resignation. And long, among the genteel, will be the sway of the non-intercourse idea. The Yankee will be desired as a capitalist and business manager, but evaded as a member of society. He will have to cast in his lot with the plebeian Republicans and share their unfashionable dishonor, certain that no amount of copperheadism and fawning will make amends for the unhappy accident of his birth. Here and there a woman of the brahminical race will marry him, and that woman will be converted, but not her companions.

And yet the state of things will not be intolerable either to bear or to witness. It will be incomparably better than what we endured for those ten or fifteen years during which no Northern man at the South dared say that his soul was his own. There will be a vigorous germ of progress and betterment in it, instead of a dominating barbarism growing more potent day by day. Amid many fisticuffings, and some riots and some bushwhackings, liberty of speech and belief will generally flourish, and will steadily increase. Governor Perry (let us do him justice) will still be the advocate of venerable law, and vindicate the smallest and most oppressed party, whatever it may be. The superior men of the South will accept the new régime, and will struggle with more or less success to humanize it. The social hostility will slowly perish. Parties will become national. The united South having gone to its grave, the united North will happily follow it. The manufacturers of the Carolinas will make common cause with the manufacturers of Massachusetts and the wool-growers of Illinois. Men of all States will turn their attention from moral to financial questions, and will forget to charge each other with being "mischievous fanatics" or "the sum of all villanies." The solidarity of the nation, the fact that one section cannot be oppressed without more or less damaging every other, will become an axiom of national politics. And with the recognition of this physical unity will arrive a sufficient intellectual and sentimental unity.

While this change is slowly working in the reconstructed States, the North, it is to be hoped, will let progress flow within its re-established legal channels. After South Carolina is in the Union, we must pass no statutes which apply to it any more than to New York or Illinois. We shall be greatly tempted to interfere; we shall want to amend the Constitution at every session. We have got into an exclusive habit of criticising and correcting and governing the South, considering its misdeeds as more important in the sight of Heaven than our own. We are in danger of being insupportable Pharisees because we have known this poor publican.

Is it not time for that greatest of revivalists, Wendell Phillips, to tell us of our own sins, instead of dwelling so gratefully on the sins of others? Why will he not begin such a preaching at the South? He would be listened to with respectful attention, because the Southerners adore great orators, and have a regard for enemies of the first magnitude. If anybody shoots at him in memory of old times, it will be some bomb-proof hero who will be sure to aim badly. Probably he will be perfectly safe; yes, even if he should rehearse all his old speeches, he will be safe; and if not, what of it? He will certainly be less threatened and assaulted than he was fifteen years ago in that North which is now a model of obedience to law, and a teacher of toleration. Seeing this he may hope of the Southerners, and judge them worthy of joining him in an ethical crusade against the slatternly morality which nominates Barnum in Connecticut, and elects Morrissey in New York, and endures the New Jersey railroads.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, July 26, 1867.

WE have made another step in the Reform bill since I last wrote to you. It is the last step of any considerable interest, and it is the one which, without the least spirit of prophecy, I told you would be taken when I wrote to you a month ago. The House of Lords has passed the second reading of the bill without a division, and will reserve it for alterations of detail. I do not believe it will venture upon any really important ones. The debate on the occasion was a very good one, though it contained far too much discussion as to the merits and demerits of the two parties who have hatched the bill between them to be of general and permanent interest. Lord Cairns, who was the first of the three Attorneys-General whom the Conservatives have appointed in the course of their year's tenure of office, made, perhaps, the best speech that was made. He certainly had the satisfaction, if such it was, of proving conclusively that there really was no choice about passing the bill, and that when you were about it there was no use in making two or more bites of a cherry. No one has shown much statesmanship or anything to call courage, and the Conservatives have shown an utter want of principle and consistency which I think will, in no long time, destroy their credit with the public at large—not that it would take much to do that.

We shall have a quiet year after all this excitement, I fancy. There are questions of detail, and especially the question of settling the boundaries of the new boroughs, to be arranged before Parliament can be dissolved, and, of course, the present government will not dissolve Parliament a day before they are obliged to do so. I think, therefore, that 1868 will be a year of peace, and that we shall not have to try the temper of our new tool till 1869. It is like to a short halt on an odd journey. I am not very old, but I well remember when the name of Chartist was a word of terror, and when educated men would have shrunk with horror, for the most part, from the charge of holding Chartist opinions. Yet, of the five points of the charter—universal suffrage, annual parliaments, vote by ballot, no property qualifications for members, and equal electoral districts—one, the abolition of property qualifications, has been carried unconditionally, and almost without notice and without result; one, the most important of all, universal suffrage, is obviously only a question of time; one, equal electoral districts, is also a result to which we are gradually approximating in a more or less blundering and unsettled way; and the other two, the ballot and annual parliaments, are coming to be regarded as unimportant, principally because of the triumph of the principles to which they were intended to act as safeguards. So much for the Reform bill. If I wrote for ever about it, I could add very little to the two old proverbs, "Needs must when the devil drives," and "Don't look a gift-horse (it should be a white elephant, perhaps) in the mouth." Many people, if honest, would add a third, "Grin and bear it."

For the last few weeks we have all been in a state of unusual display and hospitality. Such a piece of work as there was with the Sultan and the Viceroy of Egypt I have seldom seen. There was volunteering. There was a great naval review, or, rather, an attempt at one, which was frustrated by the bad weather; for St. Swithin was terribly out of temper this year, and protested against being buried at Winchester in the most emphatic manner by keeping up continual rain and squalls for a fortnight together—as if anybody wanted to meddle with the irritable old creature! There was to have been a grand review in Hyde Park, which was put a stop to by your friend Juarez's exploit in the matter of Maximilian. There was a banquet at the India House, and another at the Guildhall, to our illustrious guests; and, as if that was not enough, we have been invaded by a good many hundred Belgian volunteers, who came over to see our shooting at Wimbledon, and to express general philanthropic sentiments. I have seen few things so odd as the enthusiasm excited by the Belgians. I do not exactly know why anybody should care very much about them; but the whole nation was disposed to be vivacious. They were received with enthusiasm in every direction, even in parts of the country where it seemed odd that any one should know anything about them. I happened to be at Derby when a party of them marched into the town to look about them, and amongst other things to go to luncheon at Chatsworth, the Duke of Devonshire's palace. There was a regiment of volunteers drawn out; there were endless Belgian banners in every window; half the population descended into the streets and got to high jinks with each other, catching every one's hat off his head and chucking it about till it fell to pieces, like so many school-boys. I should guess there were about thirty Belgians in all, and they were cheered, had their hands almost shaken off, were speechified, feasted, and walked about the streets arm-in-arm with the volunteers, till I thought their heads must fairly swim. I wonder some of your volunteer regiments don't come over here to the next Wimbledon meeting. If they did, I believe you would be received with an ecstatic kind of welcome which would give you the notion that love of Americans was the most powerful of all English passions. I hope we may be good friends, and a great deal of this sort of thing is perfectly genuine; but I own it appears to me that our present temper is such that, if a deputation came to fraternize with us from the dullest town in Central Germany, or from an outlying part of Spain, we should suddenly discover that we loved them dearly, and that their history was one standing continuous illustration of all the great principles of, etc., etc., etc. I hope we are not such fools as we sometimes look; but I really would not like to be sure. We managed

our hospitalities better than might have been expected. The India House feast was splendid, and the same may be said of the dinner at the Mansion House. I believe—for I only read about them in the papers—that there was terrible quarrelling about the chief performance of all.

One of our latest developments is a taste for grumbling at the Queen. No doubt, since Prince Albert's death, she has lived principally in retirement, and has altogether given up her position as a court leader, which, according to the old theories on the subject, it is one of the principal duties of a sovereign to perform. How far this is a fault—how far it is a misfortune, I do not pretend to know. It has been said, with an appearance of authority, that the Queen's health is such that she cannot stand the excitement of receptions and society; but be this how it may, poor lady, she gets lectured up hill and down dale by her affectionate subjects in a manner which, I must say, seems all the harder because it is all done in terms of the most profound respect and sentimental loyalty. *The Times* and *The Saturday Review* are constantly taking opportunities to let her know, in a pleasant way which is peculiar to them both, that she is not up to her work; that she does not earn her wages; that she is throwing off the mask and destroying the illusions connected with her position in a most imprudent manner; that, as she is a mere idol and sham, she ought, at least, to be a graceful idol and plausible sham. This, of course, is a free translation; but I really do believe that this is the fair net meaning of some of the articles which have lately been published in terms of the most orthodox and devoted loyalty. Besides this remarkable development, there has been of late an outbreak of a much coarser kind of anti-regal talk, of which I will only say, that I wish with all my heart that the blackguards and blackguardesses who propagate it in various walks of life could be put in the pillory and get as many rotten eggs as they deserve. I have no reason to believe that there is any foundation for their stupid and cruel gossip about various members of the royal family; but there has always been a certain gentle current of lying on such topics running through the world, which every now and then swells and becomes unusually noisy for a short time and then subsides again. Just at present one of its freshets is going on.

Very little has been stirring of late in the literary world. I seldom, indeed, remember a duller year in that line. There are, however, one or two noticeable books brought out, besides the usual crop of articles of commerce made to sell. The best new book I have read for some time is Mr. George Lewes's "History of Philosophy." It deserves to be regarded as a new book, though it professes to be no more than a new edition of an old one published in 1844 or 1845—a much similar performance indeed to a biographical history of philosophy. The new edition is in substance a new and very elaborate book. It consists, first, of prolegomena, giving Mr. Lewes's own views on philosophical subjects, and, next, of two ample volumes, of which the first traces the history of ancient, and the second that of modern, philosophy. The old plan of the original work is so far preserved that each volume consists of reviews of systems founded upon more or less careful biographies of their authors. The first article is on Thales, and the last on Comte, towards whom Mr. Lewes stands in the attitude of a disciple. He is not, however, a thorough-going disciple, as he agrees with what you would call that wing of the Comtist party which believes in their leader's philosophy while it repels his religion and his polity. Towards those later developments of the one philosopher whom he owns as a master Mr. Lewes occupies, as he tells us, the position of a respectful heretic. I believe, by the way, that of the five or six people who, more or less, profess the religion of Comte, all but two are heretics, and whether they agree upon all points I am not quite sure. The main object of Mr. Lewes's book is to explode all ontology. He regards the attempt to arrive at any higher or other knowledge than that which is composed of a classification of the impressions of the senses as an attempt to jump off our own shadows, and this he not unnaturally regards as an injudicious way of employing time and thought. It is very interesting to follow the steps by which he tries to make out his proposition. His method is to give a summary of the principal opinions which have been advanced by the different schools of philosophy, to show how they all attempted by various devices to grapple with the same difficulties in different ways, and how every such attempt was defeated by the difficulties which it vainly tried to conquer. His moral is, that we ought to desist from a struggle in which no victory is possible, and to address ourselves to the object of arranging our real knowledge, the information which we derive from our senses to the world without and to the world within. Neither the lesson nor the moral is very new, but the way in which the lesson is taught is most remarkable. In clearness, in vivacity, and, above all, in perfect candor, and quiet, cheerful good taste and good sense, Mr. Lewes's book leaves hardly anything to be desired. I do not think he has been sufficiently appreciated in this country, and I hope he will be so appreciated in America. He did not enter the list of learned men by the orthodox road. He was neither at Oxford nor at Cambridge, and he has written a number of comparatively slight performances in periodicals and elsewhere, hence his solid merits have been greatly underrated. Yet his "Life of Goethe," his work on Aristotle, and his "History of Philosophy" are far better and more considerable works than many which support much wider-spread reputations.

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The Week.

GENERAL GRANT has allowed himself to be made the instrument of removing General Sheridan. This is but a fresh illustration of the small value of great influence to a man who has not been gifted with discretion enough to keep it. The thing the public has most admired in General Grant, next after his great military ability, has been the singular and admirable persistence with which he has kept out of politics. We considered this, for our own part, so good a quality in a republican General, that we were willing in consideration of it to forgive even his failure to support Congress openly in its conflict with the President. But he has now chosen to abandon the vantage-ground of neutrality, and has thrown the weight of his character and services into the Presidential scale. He has helped the President to diminish the odium of removing Mr. Stanton by consenting to take the vacant place, and has by the same act weakened Mr. Stanton's determination to resist. General Grant is now suffering himself to be made the political medium for transmitting orders which he well knows have no other object than the gratification of Mr. Johnson's spite, and the frustration and delay of the plan deliberately made by Congress for the restoration of peace and harmony. To us the loss of Grant's chances of the presidency is the smallest and least important of the consequences of his mistake. The victor of Missionary Ridge and captor of Vicksburg and Richmond has a place in history to which his accession to the presidency could lend no new lustre; but we confess we could wish that his claims to the gratitude of his countrymen were not weakened, as they are sure to be, by this most unfortunate dip into the troubled waters of politics. Still there is no question, in spite of the abuse that is heaped upon him, either as to his honesty or his loyalty; and in all but the effects of the change on the Southern imagination, Thomas will do as well as Sheridan in Louisiana.

The time has come when we can freely express our appreciation of the service which Mr. Stanton has rendered to the country by remaining in office, without doing any injury to him or to the cause which he has so well served. For many months past he has been exposed to the most offensive suspicion which can attach to a public man—that he sacrificed or smothered his convictions of principle and duty for the mere sake of holding office. Of course, he would not correct misrepresentations himself—no sensible public man does this. But other public men are set right by their friends. Mr. Stanton's friends were forced to be silent. Not that he put any pressure upon them, further than to give his advice in favor of such a course, but that their own judgment told them that to correct misrepresentation would be the surest way to bring about his removal.

Mr. Stanton has not remained in the War Department through the last eighteen months from any motives of ambition or self-interest. His abilities would have gained him an income at the bar vastly greater than his official salary, while his bitterest enemies dare not charge him with a shade of corruption. No one certainly will suspect him of the absurdity of hoping to gain any political advancement by remaining in office under Mr. Johnson. But by simply remaining quietly at his post he has been able to thwart a thousand schemes of mischief, and to put the military force of the Government practically upon the side of Congress, while it was nominally commanded by the President. Sustained by Mr. Stanton, General Howard has made the Freedmen's Bureau a power for good; and the colored people have been helped through trying times into comparative independence. Officers of the army generally are dependent upon the Secretary of War for twenty favors where they can get one from the President, and they have in most cases comprehended this fact, and acted upon it without putting Mr. Stanton to the trouble of reminding them of it by practical instruction. And with all the doubt that has been felt as to the Secretary's position with respect to the President's policy, no one was in any doubt as to his determination to see justice done to loyal men of all colors so far as lay within his legitimate sphere. And thus the power of the administration has really been on the side of justice throughout the South, where alone that administration had any real power. Exceptions there have been. New Orleans and Memphis suggest horrible recollections. But the country owes it to Mr. Stanton that the number of such memories is limited.

It was for the sole purpose of preventing Mr. Stanton's removal that the House of Representatives insisted upon including cabinet officers within the protection of the Civil Office Tenure act. The Senate was willing to leave these officers to the discretion of the President; but the House persisted in restricting his power over them, and the Senate finally concurred. Mr. Stanton has therefore simply complied with the wishes of Congress in refusing to resign, and accepting the extremely unpleasant position of a suspended officer. The action of Mr. Johnson towards the Secretary affords no ground *in itself* for vehement censure; but, as an indication of his stubbornness, his unwillingness to submit to the will of the people, and his intention to take the first opportunity, consistent with his safety, of obstructing the operation of laws which he believes to be unconstitutional and unjust, it deserves emphatic condemnation. It is, of course, very humiliating for the President of the United States to be compelled to execute a policy diametrically opposite to one which he has devised, and to the establishment of which he devoted all his powers. But if he is not willing to accept this position, his remedy is easily found. Let him resign a station so irksome. If he prefers (as of course he does) not to adopt that course, true manliness would dictate a full and unreserved submission to the law and a thorough execution of it. He cannot make his situation any less humiliating by venting his spite upon subordinate officers whose only offence is that they have cheerfully executed laws to which he only grudgingly submits.

As was not wholly unexpected, the Democrats of the West have raised the standard of repudiation, and propose to conduct the next political campaign under its folds. Their plan, as propounded even by such a man as Mr. Pendleton, is to pay off the five-twenty bonds by a fresh issue of greenbacks, which is very like paying them off in draughts of spring water, so as to relieve the country of the burden of the interest. The beauty of the plan is, that it would relieve the country of the burden of the principal, too, as the probabilities are that after the operation the outstanding greenbacks might be bought in at the rate of one cent in nickel for each dollar bill. The advantages of such a conversion must, therefore, be apparent to the most obtuse financier. However, we would go far further than Mr. Pendleton. We see no good reason why the Government, when issuing greenbacks for the payment of the five-twenty bonds, should not also present each head of a family with five thousand dollars in the same medium. In this way every man would be placed in possession of more money than nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand ever had before, and much discomfort and discontent be removed, and the forebodings of the European aristocrats as to the future of our working classes be for ever silenced. The Democratic party has, during its career, supported slavery, secession, and foreign interference. It only remains for it to become the advocate of polygamy in order to have sounded every known depth of political infamy.

Harper's Weekly, in replying to our comments on Mr. Phillips's assertion of the negro's claim to office, alleges that we "asserted the inferiority of the negro race." This is a misapprehension. We predicated nothing whatever as to the natural capacity or status of the negro race. What we did predicate of it was inferiority of achievement. In other words, we asserted not that it was capable of less, but that it had accomplished less; and we maintained that inasmuch as no white man receives the prizes of life for anything short of performance, it would be unfair, as well as inexpedient, to give them to the black man for mere promise or aspiration, and would injure nobody so much as the black man himself. We advocate, and shall always advocate, equality for him before the law, and shall do what we can to remove all social prejudices which throw obstacles in his way to social success which the white man has not to encounter; but we shall always oppose, in his interest as in that of public morality and good government, the bestowal on him, as a matter of charity or because of his lowly condition, of public honors and rewards which white men have to win with hard labor of hand or brain.

The Presidential exposures of the Radical plots get every day more and more amusing. The last phase of the affair consists of affidavits from Benjamin Wood and Roger A. Pryor, denying all connection with it. We recommend Mr. Johnson to systematize the business, and establish a "Bureau of Exposure," with a Chief Perjurer and two assistants, a Concocter of Damaging Statements, and a Forger of Letters, with the necessary clerks, errand-boys, and supernumeraries. At present the work is bungled through the imperfect distribution of its duties, and the Radicals are laughing in their sleeves.

Gen. Pope has at one stroke weakened the strength of the reactionists in his district, and helped in an equal degree the party of Congress. Loyal newspapers had already the Government advertising; now they are to get State and municipal too, which are taken away from "newspapers which are, almost without exception, opposing reconstruction and obstructing and embarrassing civil officers appointed by the military authorities in this district in the performance of their duties, by denunciation and threats of future penalties for their official acts." The punishment is not too severe, even if some of the papers go under for it, and it is well deserved. To a few obstinate, short-sighted, and tolerably malignant editors we are indebted for most of the delay in settling the terms of readmission, and they have suffered, perhaps, as little as any class at the South in the overthrow of the Confederacy. They have, on the contrary, received immunity denied to braver men who fought us once and for all, and who are now, though disfranchised and beggared, submissive, orderly, and unrepining. The Southern press has ever been a proof of the mischievous qualities of an instrument of progress when wielded by demagogues without principle, in a community not half enlightened and unable first to obtain the truth and then to distinguish it from falsehood.

Professor F. W. Newman has been calling attention in England to the danger of a general revolt against marriage on the part of women, unless their social and political disabilities are removed. The movement has, it appears, begun here. He says he has "private information from Americans, who state what they know," that "in some cities of the North—nay, in accomplished and pure-hearted circles, free from any perturbations of religious fanaticism—the essential injustice of the marriage laws is driving women to defiance of them." "A high-minded lady," he says, will, in these cities, tell her lover she will be his, if he pleases, but marry him she will not, because she will not incur the legal yoke. Professor Newman, we regret to say, has on several occasions of late given evidence that he is the victim either of some enterprising and plausible American wag or impostor. He was afraid a year ago that Mr. Johnson would order Grant to disperse Congress, and would call Lee to Washington at the head of the Confederate troops to support him, but this last vision far surpasses that one in absurdity. There is doubtless considerable dissatisfaction with their condition "amongst the women of simple and pure-hearted circles" in Northern cities, but it is not so much from hostility to the institution of marriage in itself, as from the difficulty of entering into wedlock at all with the right sort of men and the right kind of prospects. That there is in any decent circle in any city a leaning in favor of concubinage, is an hallucination. The number of divorces unquestionably increases, but they are mostly obtained at the instance of the husband, or through his bad conduct. A little reflection would convince any intelligent man, one would think, that women will always be, in every civilized country, for physiological reasons, on the whole opposed to anything which tends to make the sexual relation uncertain or precarious, because they find it, once dissolved, more difficult to renew satisfactorily than men do, owing to the earlier and more rapid loss of their personal attractions. When marriage fell into disuse in ancient Rome, it was because the men, not the women, had grown tired of it.

We are bound to admit, having since received a full report of Mr. Curtis's speech on female suffrage in the New York Convention, that he did not advocate female suffrage as a natural right, and that, on the contrary, he confined himself strictly to grounds of expediency, in a very clear and able summing up of nearly everything that can be said on the *pro* side of the question. Anybody who read the replies made to him must be devoutly thankful, as we are, that Mr. Curtis is in political life—we were going to say, no matter what he advocates.

The Reform bill has at last passed in England, the Lords having surrendered all their amendments except one—which establishes a kind of experimental representation of minorities, by allowing voters in places having three or more representatives only to vote for two out of three, or three out of four, of the members. Mr. Bright and the extreme Radicals are violently opposed to this experiment—first, because it is pretty certain to cause a Radical loss in all the cases in which it is to be tried; and, secondly, because he considers the non-representation of minorities a sentimental grievance, and believes that representation, far from doing them any good, will simply enable them on important occasions to paralyze the majority. There is no question that this last objection has more force in it than any other that is made to minority representation. Fancy the Democratic minority fully represented in Congress during the late war. Of the effect of the bill on the constitution of the House of Commons or the character of representation, nothing will be known till 1869. It is now no secret that Mr. Bright and many others of the leading Radicals are greatly dissatisfied with the whole bill, strange as it may seem, not because it does not go far enough, but because it goes too far. Mr. Bright's idea was to enfranchise

for the present only the intelligent artisans; a measure of household suffrage he did not contemplate, inasmuch as this introduces a large body of persons whom, in their present state of intelligence, the Conservatives and the rich will be able to buy or influence. He and his fellow-laborers are now satisfied that the Tories have stolen a march on them, and that the design of the present bill is to create a large voting rabble to be led to the polls by the landlords or bought up by the "new men." The chances that any education likely to be immediately available, will produce much effect for some time to come, the Liberals do not consider very great.

The rumors of war between France and Prussia are stoutly contradicted by the *Moniteur*, which ascribes a strictly normal character to the military preparations in France of which the Cable newsman has been telegraphing us such alarming accounts. But there can be little doubt that both France and Austria do anticipate, and perhaps at no very remote date, a struggle in which Prussia and Russia will probably be ranged on one side. The Pan-Sclavist demonstrations in Russia during the past year have been nearly as alarming to Austria as her Christian demonstrations during the past forty years have been to Turkey. Emissaries are hard at work in Servia, Bulgaria, and among the Austrian Croats and Bohemians, spreading the idea of Sclavonic brotherhood, and deputations from Sclavonic societies in each of these countries have been received and entertained with great cordiality in St. Petersburg. The prospect which probably looms up awfully in Austrian eyes is the triumph of Russia on the Danube and the Bosphorus, and the absorption of all Germany and Hungary in Prussia, and the relegation of the Hapsburgs to Switzerland as private gentlemen. Hence the meeting of the French and Austrian Emperors, and, what is of even more significance, of the French and Austrian Empresses. The Kings and Emperors have hitherto visited Louis Napoleon very freely, but the ladies have kept aloof; but Eugénie has now at last made her way into really exclusive "court circles."

A number of "Garibaldian" volunteers, who went to Crete some months ago, have come home, and have been publishing dismal accounts of the character and conduct of the insurgents, with whom they advise their countrymen solemnly to have nothing more to do. They say they are robbers and murderers, and have no political feeling whatever. Mr. Skinner, a correspondent of the London *Daily News*, however, who was for some time in the Cretan camp, and has come home, tells a different story, and insinuates that the Garibaldians are humbugs. It is a great pity somebody from the United States has not visited the scene of action and sent home trustworthy accounts of what is going on. We know the Cretans are suffering terribly; but what we want to know is what are their chances of success, and on this point we have no information worth mention. All our news of the war consists of rumors picked up in Canéa and Athens, which are about as valuable as the news brought in in the early part of our own war by the "reliable gentleman" and the "intelligent contraband."

It is calculated that the wages of skilled mechanics in the various towns of France range from one to two dollars a day. The general rate of wages in France has increased about forty per cent. in the last fifteen years, while the rise in prices has not been over thirty per cent., leaving the laborer a real advance in wages to the extent of about ten per cent., and this advance, it is confessed, is largely due to the laborer's persistence in demanding, through strikes and combination and other modes of agitation, a larger share in profits. It may be, no doubt, readily shown that the immediate result of any one strike is loss, just as it might be shown that the immediate result of the War of Independence was loss; but in the long run there is no question that strikes affect both public opinion and the rate of wages. Yet it is only within the last three years that combinations to influence the rate of wages have been lawful in France—a striking illustration of the small amount of connection there may be between equality and individual freedom. In aristocratic England such combinations have been lawful ever since 1825. Co-operation in France is proving more and more of a success. The association of masons, for instance, has done remarkably well, but it is found, as might have been expected, that the great difficulty with all these associations is want of capital. Therefore saving must precede co-operative production, and nothing helps saving so much as co-operative consumption through co-operative stores.

The Mexican Government is still holding Maximilian's body, it is said, for a ransom. We have always thought this a peculiarly appropriate mode of replenishing the treasury, and have little doubt the finance minister, whoever he is, will adhere to it. In this way the state makes as much out of Maximilian as if his life had been spared, and at the same time is freed from all anxiety about him. Low as the condition of the "Latin race" is, it still retains some sparks of originality.

The wretched fate of the Jaffa colonists, about which there has been some conflicting testimony, is clearly established by their piteous appeal forwarded through the American consul at Alexandria. One of the first announcements by Atlantic telegraph was the arrival of these Maine farmers in Syria, and it seemed as if the laying of the cable had somehow made the earth revolve contrariwise, and the new course of the sun affect the course of empire. The enterprise naturally sprang from religious fanaticism, but that shrewd, well-to-do Down-East Yankees should turn their backs on the rich plains and productive mines of the West, to invest their savings in an agricultural venture in Palestine, would have been predicted by scarcely anybody. They are vouched for by our consul at Jerusalem as honest and industrious folk, and appear simply to be defective in intelligence; at least, one cannot help thinking that common-school wisdom would have saved them from being duped, both spiritually and materially, by so unscrupulous a pretender as the Rev. Mr. Adams.

Mr. Bowen of *The Independent* denies very emphatically that he attempted to "blackmail" Messrs. Lockwood & Co. by threatening to publish an article condemnatory of the St. Paul and Chicago Railroad bonds unless these gentlemen consented to advertise them in his columns. He alleges that the proof of the article fell into their hands before publication by accident, and was published two months after the advertisement was solicited. As we commented on this transaction at the time, we cheerfully give him the benefit of this correction. But he does not deny what we consider the weightiest of the charges against him: that he offered to insert an editorial puff of the bonds on condition they were advertised in *The Independent*—or, in other words, to advise his simple country subscribers to invest their savings in them—although he at that time knew absolutely nothing of the character of these bonds and had made no enquiry about them. A month later he found out, but only by accident, that they were worthless, so that had Messrs. Lockwood & Co. given him the advertisement when he first asked for it, he would, on his own showing, have recommended his readers to put their money in a species of security which he now declares is and always has been a swindle and delusion. We confess frankly that we look on the issuers of worthless stock or bonds as occupying very much higher moral ground than the publisher of a newspaper who offers for pecuniary consideration to come forward and advise those who trust him to buy them, without making any investigation into their character. *The Independent* is not the only offender in this matter, but it has been one of the worst—and a more detestable offence against the ignorant and unwary we do not know of. The nuisance can only be abated by the public itself. We earnestly urge all insurers and investors not to pay any attention whatever to advertisements of stocks or bonds or insurance companies to which they see even a veiled allusion in the editorial columns of the same paper. Readers ought, the minute they perceive that an advertisement is accompanied by an editorial puff, to button up their pockets as carefully as if they found themselves hustled by a suspicious crowd on the platform of a street-car.

Notes.

LITERARY.

A WORK of more than local value, and which should be in the possession at least of every Congregational church in the country, is the volume of Minutes, etc., of the Maine General Conference for 1867. To the usual reports, tables, and items will be added a record of the churches and ministers of the State, connected with the Conference, from 1672 to 1867, with occasional references from 1643 to 1672. Of the more than three hundred churches thus catalogued the name of each will be given, with the date of its organization. To the names of the one thousand pastors will be joined the principal dates of their ministry, their present or latest known residence, and the particulars of their decease and age. To complete this historical sketch a list of churches will be arranged in the order of organization, and an index of names will facilitate reference. The record and minutes together will make about 140 pages, and orders are solicited in advance to defray the increased cost of printing. Exclusive of postage, fifty cents will procure one copy, one dollar two copies, two dollars six copies, if addressed to Rev. E. F. Duren, Bangor, Maine.——Messrs. Routledge & Sons announce already some of their Christmas publications: a new volume of poetry, "The North Coast," by Robert Buchanan, illustrated handsomely by Dalziel Brothers; "Original Poems for Infant Minds," reprinted uniformly with the "Little Lays for Little Folks," which appeared last year; "Froissart's Chronicles," with the original illuminated plates; a revised edition of "Hogg on the Microscope," with colored plates; a new edition of "Men of the Time," to be edited by George Townsend; a new work on billiards, by William Dufton; "Studies of Shakespeare," by Charles Knight; and a "Robinson Crusoe" in monosyllables, with thirty-six colored plates. ——Messrs. A. Simpson & Co., publishers for the Agathynian Club, apologize for the delay in the appearance of "The Proverbs of Erasmus," for which Mr. Philes's introduction is still wanting, and announce "The Works of the Famous Antiquary, Polidore Virgil," which the title-page of Simon Miller's edition (London, 1663) avers to contain "the original of all arts, sciences, mysteries, orders, rites, and ceremonies, both ecclesiastical and civil," and, naturally, to be "useful for all divines, historians, lawyers, and all artificers." The actuary of the Agathynian Club, Mr. B. W. Bond, has removed to 60 Duane Street.

—We are reminded by the pamphlet of the "Associated Alumni of the Pacific Coast," which held its fourth annual meeting at Oakland, California, June 5, 1867, how real and how increasingly firm is the bond between California and the eastern half of the Union. This organization was happily devised to unite the graduates of colleges, universities, law, medical, and theological schools, and the national military and naval schools, who happen to be brought to the land of gold. The members are almost exclusively American, but the catalogue enumerates several graduates of European universities. On the above-mentioned occasion the Rev. Andrew L. Stone, D.D., well known as the once popular pastor of the Park Street Church, Boston, was the orator, and was subsequently chosen president for the ensuing year. His theme was "The Relation of the College to the State," and it was treated with so much force and eloquence that we wish it might have a larger and a separate circulation. For it was a "plea for culture" against the irreverence of a new, ambitious, and self-confident community, proud of its growth and a little forgetful of what it owes to the past—its true ancestor, however obscured—a plea against materialism and in favor of the ideal, whose court is the college; and an argument for the college as the guardian of republican principles, lifting the poorest citizens to opportunities of usefulness and honor, the conserver of peace, in which alone letters can flourish, the trainer of patriots who "are not enfeebled by philosophy," but rather strengthened to lead in the defence of their land, the teacher of the practical arts and the fruitful methods of all industry, the systemizing support of popular education, which it "stimulates and elevates, drawing up the general level toward its own crested summits." One paragraph so well expresses our own thought in speaking recently of the political value of good intentions that we must quote it here:

"It would be a grand omission in this argument if we failed to remark that the element of light alone is insufficient to establish and ensure public tranquillity. One other element must be added. *Light and Love must be in partnership for this work.* Light without Love is but archangel ruined —the baleful flame of a mighty but malign intellect. *Love without Light is blind, and may do the work of Hate.* Love to prompt, Light to guide— these together do their work well, and make it permanent and abiding. Associate them in human enterprises, and they are strong as God is strong. Light and Love come into bridal union in the Christian College."

—Miss Jex Blake was careful to entitle her book "A Visit to *some* American Schools and Colleges," but her reviewers have not all remembered the partitive. Thus, one who writes in *The Pall Mall Gazette* of July 16 concludes that in American colleges "the religious element is very prominent—far more prominent than in any of our universities, though perhaps not more so than it is in some of our Dissenting colleges." But, using the word in its primitive signification, it was precisely *our* dissenting colleges—Antioch, Oberlin, and one or two further West—that Miss Blake visited. A more remarkable statement ensues:

"This prevalence of religious exercises is a characteristic of their colleges in contrast with ours, as is the almost entire absence of physical recreation. *Athletic exercises and sports appear to be almost unknown to the youth of America.* For boating, cricket, rackets, football, and all the gymnastic exercises in which the boys and young men of this country delight, they appear to have no taste."

We cannot answer for "rackets," though perhaps the people of Worcester can, but the other sports mentioned we seem to have heard of in connection with "the youth of America," especially collegians. Where both sexes are educated together, there may be a tendency to renounce exclusive sorts of amusement and exercise: "the utmost physical recreation which the students of Oberlin indulge in is a country walk, and this"—though we very much doubt it—"is of rare occurrence." This, says Miss Blake, gave the students a "general under-baked look," but their manners she highly approved. Speaking of our public schools, the reviewer caps the climax of naïveté by repeating gravely Miss Blake's remark, that "it is very common to see the children of *members of Congress* and of the richer classes learning side by side with those of laborers and artisans"! And we only wish it were universally true, as it is in some States, that "every child of a certain age is compelled to go to some school or other."

—One swallow does not make a summer. Nevertheless, human capacity is measurable only by its extraordinary and exceptional manifestations. Shakespeare, Socrates, Newton, Bonaparte, Beethoven, are the outposts of human achievement, and each people has its representative man or men to mark the possibilities of development for the humblest individual. This rule applied to the negro race would procure it greater justice than it has yet received. Pushkin for poetry, Dumas for fiction, Douglass for oratory, Toussaint for generalship and administration, Banneker for science, are some of the examples of first-rate ability shown by men of African descent, often with small enough opportunities. To these may be added the late Ira Aldridge, the player, whose return to his native land after the European distinction which he had gained was much to be desired, and was but a few weeks since confidently anticipated. As *Othello* he would undoubtedly have surpassed all his competitors, who resort perforce to burnt cork and black gloves. Both in comedy and in tragedy his talent was conspicuous. He was not without honor save in his own country. With no peculiar gift of language, he traversed Europe from the Volga to the Irish Sea, performing generally if not always his part in English, and yet satisfying his audiences by his action. Bayard Taylor saw him play in perhaps as *bizarre* surroundings as could have been contrived for him: "a mulatto Macbeth, in a Russian theatre, with a Persian and Tartar audience!" This was at the great fair at Nijni-Novgorod, described by Mr. Taylor in *The Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1865. Aldridge he represents to have been—

"A dark, strongly built mulatto, of about fifty, in a fancy tunic, and light stockings over Forrestian calves. His voice was deep and powerful; and it was very evident that Edmund Kean, once his master, was also the model which he carefully followed in the part. There were the same deliberate, over-distinct enunciation, the same prolonged pauses and gradually performed gestures, as I remember in imitations of Kean's manner. Except that the copy was a little too apparent, Mr. Aldridge's acting was really very fine. The Russians were enthusiastic in their applause, though very few of them, probably, understood the language of the part. The Oriental auditors were perfectly impassive, and it was impossible to guess how they regarded the performance."

In the dagger-scene, Mr. Taylor goes on to say, Mr. Aldridge was "quite equal to Forrest;" and "he certainly deserves an honorable place among tragedians of the second rank." Perhaps in more favorable circumstances a higher opinion might have been expressed.

—An humbler but more remarkable illustration of negro capacity is to be found in the person of Said, of whom Mr. Swinton writes from Charleston to the New York *Times*, styling him "a negro pundit." The history of this man is certainly curious. He is a native of Bornou, a Mohammedan kingdom in Central Africa, and was the son of a cavalry chief in the royal army, who was killed in war with a neighboring nation. The boy Said was kidnapped at fourteen by Bedouins, carried to Tripoli, sold to a trader, and by him sent to Constantinople. His first position was that of pipe-cleaner to

Reschid Pasha, minister of foreign affairs. Some years later, in 1852, he was transferred to Prince Menzikoff, then Russian minister plenipotentiary at the Sublime Porte, and on the breaking out of the Russian war he returned with the prince to St. Petersburg, and remained in his service for about two years. Again transferred to his son, who was making the grand tour, he visited almost every country in Europe till 1859, when he came to the United States. A short visit to Hayti satisfied his curiosity in regard to that country. In 1863 he enlisted in the Fifty-fifth (colored) Massachusetts regiment as a volunteer, serving in South Carolina till the close of the war. Being then destitute of employment he hired himself out as a plantation hand, till discovered by persons who appreciated his attainments, and who secured him a school on one of the Sea Islands—St. Andrew's apparently—in which he has had great success. Said knows, more or less perfectly, his native tongue, Arabic (which is learned by the better classes in Bornou), Turkish, Russian, Greek, German, French, Italian, English, and Hebrew. The last-named is his latest acquisition, made a few months ago with the aid of a grammar, dictionary, and Bible procured him by his friends. He reads and speaks most of the languages enumerated, and with all has a more thorough acquaintance than by ear alone, his practice being to study the grammar of each as opportunity offered. While in the army he became a convert to the doctrines of Swedenborg, and has eagerly read all of his writings within his reach. There is no mistake about his race. "He has the thoroughly marked African type of face and skull, with woolly hair and black skin, and he shows the savage aspect the more pronouncedly from the fact that his face is covered with the tribal marks." He is yet young, not forty, and may live to be, if not vice-president, at least minister or consul to foreign parts. It would be touching to witness an examination for the post at St. Petersburg between Said and a competitor like Minister Clay.

—The London *Publishers' Circular* for Aug. 1 repeats the announcement that Charles Dickens will shortly visit this country and give readings from his works in our principal cities. By way of exchange for Artemus Ward, Mr. Arthur Sketchley, whose humor is invested, so to speak, in the Brown Family, and more particularly in Mrs. Brown, is to leave for America in the course of the present month with a view to lecturing in public. It is possible that a clever delivery may render tolerable an hour's discourse from that rather unreadable "British female."——There are but two or three notable publications for the latter half of July as recorded in *The Circular*. One is Col. Churchill's "Life of Abd-el-Kader," compiled partly from French military memoirs and partly from the ex-emir's own dictation (Chapman & Hall). Macmillan publishes the first volume of Prof. Goldwin Smith's course of lectures on the political history of England—"Three English Statesmen." Prof. John Dawson edits, from the posthumous papers of Sir H. M. Elliot, "The History of India as told by its own Historians," the first volume embracing the Mohammedan period (Trübner).——Mr. Murray's list of fall publications is, as usual, rich in valuable and standard works. Among them are a sixth and cheaper edition of Earl Derby's translation of the "Iliad;" a "History of the French Revolution, 1789–1795," by Prof. Von Sybel, of the University of Bonn, translated by Walter C. Perry, of which only two volumes out of the four will appear this autumn; "The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication; or, The Principles of Inheritance, Reversion, Crossing, Inter-breeding, and Selection," by Charles Darwin; "A History of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew," based on a personal examination of documents in the archives of France, by Henry White, who professes to have removed many obscurities and misconceptions; "The Huguenots, their Settlements, Churches, and Industries in England and Ireland," by Samuel Smiles; volumes 3 and 4 of "The United Netherlands," by Hon. J. Lothrop Motley, completing the work, and including an index—from the death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce, 1609; "Studies of the Music of many Nations," by Henry F. Chorley; "A Dictionary of Christian Antiquities," "Classical and Biblical Atlas," and "The Student's Manual of Ecclesiastical History," edited by William Smith, LL.D.——Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are to reprint Dr. Holmes's "Guardian Angel," Mr. Beecher's "Norwood," a condensation (much needed) of the Rev. J. Doolittle's "Social Life of the Chinese," and Ross Browne's "Land of Thor." They will also publish Prof. Agassiz's "Life and Explorations in Brazil," in two volumes, with illustrations, and "A New Story of American Life and Adventure," by George Catlin, with numerous illustrations.——Messrs. Hurst & Blackett are to publish the Countess Guiccioli's (Mme. de Boissy's) "Recollections of Lord Byron."——Mr. Edward Dicey, whose work on America, written during the rebellion after a personal visit to this country, showed him to be a careful observer (not entirely accurate, though; for in a recent review of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "New America" he ventures to assert of the Mississippi Valley that it is so uniformly level that a man set down in Colorado could not tell from the landscape whether he was there or in Kentucky), has made into a book some late letters to *The Telegraph*, and called it "A Month in Russia during the Marriage of the Czarevitch" (Macmillan). It contains, among other things, an account of his trip to Moscow and back, and, we are sure, must be eminently readable, and not a little instructive.

—M. Alfred Maury, in a recent lecture drawing a parallel between France and England of the *ancien régime*, sums up the present difference between the two countries, not inaptly, as follows:

"Are you, then, rich, are you strong, are you sufficient unto yourself, without asking help of anybody?—go to England. If you are condemned to earn your bread by the sweat of your brow, by painful exertions, in dependence upon others, go to France. In France all griefs are understood and comforted. It is best to be rich in England and poor in France."

Readers of "The Initials" will remember a similar judgment at the close of that story, where Hamilton says to Hildegarde in their new English home: "After all, a poor man really can enjoy life in Germany: it is only a rich one who could do so in England."

—M. Littré ("Études sur les Barbares et le Moyen Age," Paris: Didier) shares M. Guizot's depreciation of the importance of the German element in French civilization, but far surpasses him in attributing to the Church the sole agency in developing modern society from the ruins of antiquity. Even feudalism is denied to the conquest of Gaul by the Teutonic tribes, whose migration is regarded by the author as an unmixed evil. It was, in his view, the aristocracy of wealth which had already paved the way for feudalism before the arrival of the barbarians. He advances also the singular opinion that the ages of faith ought to be described by Catholics, the approach of the Reformation by Protestants. This would be like crowning Napoleon's "Life of Cæsar," or adopting in Northern schools Confederate text-books on political geography, or M. Duruy's Maximilianized *Carte mexicaine* in the capital of Juarez. Besides, the contrast between the two periods exists only in the perspective of centuries, since the transition covered the space of years. To which, for instance, will belong the work on which Cesare Cantù is now engaged—the Italian heresies and heretics?

—The hymns of peace inspired by the Great Exposition, including that for which Rossini composed the music, performed before the distribution of the medals, have been published, and do not differ in wretchedness from those which great events in all countries are sure to engender among the poetasters. A French journal is reminded by them of a comical incident which happened years ago. In 1811, Monsieur Gérin, who for forty years was director of the *caisse* of secret funds, received orders to pay five thousand francs to a poet who had written a cantata on the birth of the King of Rome. The refrain of this cantata was: "We swear to conquer or to die for the noble King of Rome!" In 1821, at the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux, the same poet sent in the same cantata, having only altered the name to be celebrated by it. This time Gérin had to pay only three thousand francs. But when the Count of Paris was born, the same cantata appeared for the third time, except that now it swore to conquer or to die for Helene's son. Louis Philippe economically granted only two thousand francs. A few days after the February Revolution the immortal cantata was on hand again, swearing, with admirable flexibility, to conquer or to die "on the ground of the fatherland." The republic also paid a thousand francs. Unfortunately M. Gérin died before the birth of the present Imperial prince, so that it is not known if the ode has not on this occasion also done duty and reaped its golden reward.

—Château-Gaillard on the Seine, in Normandy, is perhaps unrivalled for the variety of associations attaching to it: as a military fortress of remarkable strength and admirably chosen position, as a well-preserved relic of mediæval architecture on which M. Viollet le Duc has bestowed the most patient and faithful researches, as the work of Richard the Lion-hearted, and as a favorite subject for Turner's pencil. All these points are elaborated very agreeably by a writer in *The Saturday Review* for July 27, who dwells particularly on the causes which led to the construction of the fortress contrary to the plighted word of its royal builder, on its importance in the chain of the defenses of Normandy against Philip Augustus, and on the consequences of King John's failure to relieve it when besieged by the French monarch, who finally took it. The first consequence was that Normandy slipped from the English grasp into the hands of its rightful possessors. The second was, to use the writer's own words, "the ruin of a system as much as of a camp. From that dark donjon, from those broken walls, we see not merely the pleasant vale of the Seine, but the sedgy flats of our own Runnymede."

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JASON.*

No narrative poem comparable with this in scope of design or in power of execution has been produced in our generation. By this work Mr. Morris wins a secure place among the chief English poets of the age. The production of such a poem is not only proof of a rare individual genius, but the sign of the abiding vigor and freshness of our literature. Mr. Swinburne has ventured in *The Fortnightly Review* to greet this work with the highest praise, but in doing so he unconsciously passes condemnation on his own poems. A sharper contrast could hardly be drawn than that presented by the methods of treatment of a classic theme followed by one and the other poet. The manliness, the straightforwardness, the reserve of feeling which distinguish Mr. Morris's work are the very opposite to Mr. Swinburne's feminine passionateness, extravagance, and self-exposure. Mr. Morris is imbued not only with the form of the pagan legend, but in as great a measure with its spirit as is perhaps consistent with the modern intellectual temper. He has a strong sense of the dignity and proportion of art, and he treats his theme not as a Greek poet would have treated it, but as an artist aware of the impassable barrier set up between the ancient and the modern moods of feeling and manner of expression. Pouring his old wine into new bottles, he preserves the perennial freshness of its genuine flavor.

"The Life and Death of Jason" belongs to the same class as the "Odyssey." Like that it is a poem of fable, romance, and adventure. In these days, to venture on a narrative poem of more than ten thousand lines is a bold undertaking. The art of story-telling grows more uncommon and more difficult as the world grows older. Stories belong to childhood, and the youth of man. The inventions of later days fail in the essence of story. To tell a good story a man must choose an old one, with the outline of which he has himself long been familiar, and which other men heard first when they were first waking to the wonders of life. It is the twice-told tale that delights the old no less than the young. The poems which are in any real sense popular, the poems which have become a part of universal literature, are all either simple narratives or narratives in a dramatic form. The "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," the "Divine Comedy," the "Nibelungen Lied," the old Ballads, "Paradise Lost," are all illustrations of this fact, and Hamlet and Faust appeal to men as much through their story as through the delineation of character and experience for which the story affords room. All men care to know what other men have done and suffered; it is but the few who are much interested in what other men have thought and felt. For the thoughts of men change from age to age, and feeling has different modes in each generation; but the deeds of men are the concrete forms in which their thoughts and feelings take shape, and awaken a sympathy such as cannot be aroused by the mere utterance of passion or reflection. The woes of Prometheus, the wanderings of Ulysses, the fury of Orestes, the journey of Dante, are types or symbols of universal experience, and have an interest not limited by time or bounded by race.

The most popular poems of our own day show how strong this story-loving instinct still remains. "The Lady of the Lake" has ten readers for one of the "Prelude;" "Evangeline" and the "Idyls of the King" are read and re-read, and will be read long after "Voices of the Night" and "In Memoriam" have taken their place among the purely literary records of the sentiment of an age that is gone.

But to tell an old story well is an art which few poets have possessed; and we doubt whether Mr. Morris has told so well the old story which he has chosen to repeat that his version of it will take its place among the everlasting works of the poets. The critic cannot absolutely forecast the verdict of the future; but even if Mr. Morris has failed to win the perennial fame which few poets succeed in winning, he has at least shown the possession of faculties such as few in any time surpass.

It is a great merit of his work that, in this period of self-consciousness, of morbid introversion, of exaggeration of the interest of individual feeling and experience, he has told his story, with but very slight exception, objectively, with simple regard to its own development, and with no direct expression of the emotions or thoughts its course awoke in himself. And he has, moreover, shown one of the highest qualities of the poet in the vividness of imagination by which he has reproduced scenes remote from experience with all the distinctness of reality, and invested imaginary characters with the natures of living men. The most marked characteristic of his poem is its picturesqueness; there is scarcely a page that does not give a picture to the eye; and this becomes at once a merit and a defect, for in the limited compass of his story the variety of pictures cannot be thus numerous without involving an occasional repetition not of details, but of what, in the language of pictorial art, is called motive. Mr. Morris's landscapes have frequently, underlying their diversity of detail, a general similarity of outline and of tone; his descriptions of persons and incidents might here and there be interchanged without apparent discordance. Every landscape, every description is clear, almost every one is finished and beautiful in itself, but there are too many which differ only in those minor points which, while they indicate the distinctness and truth of the poet's vision, yet do not serve to give a strong enough impression of absolute variety. There is in his poem something of the prolixity of a mediæval romance, and in this is its weakness. Though there is no single page to which, standing alone, praise might not belong, yet the general effect of the poem, and, we regret to believe, its permanent interest, would be increased by the omission of many of them, or at least by the condensation of many into a few. Each reader would, it is not improbable, select different passages as not adding to the effect of the work; the poet himself could alone determine what is least needful to the impression he has sought to produce.

Of Mr. Morris's general conception of his theme, his delineation of his characters, and of his picturing of special incidents, there is little to be said but praise. Only on one point does he seem to us to have failed to conceive justly the real condition of his story—this is the character of Medea, and the feelings of Jason towards her. Where he has followed most closely the original legend and its natural suggestions he has been most successful; where he has departed from it he has at best achieved only a doubtful success. It is dangerous to vary from a model set by such artists as the Greek poets from whom the story of Jason and Medea has come down to us. Although in Mr. Morris's Medea the union of the beautiful and lovely woman with the fell sorceress is occasionally admirably presented, yet, with a tendency easily explicable by the general direction of modern sentiment, he has been led to dwell too strongly on her lovely womanhood, and has not reproduced the awful and abiding sense of her magic art, and of her ruthless nature subdued to what it worked in, which alone can sufficiently account for the desertion of her by her lover, who owed to her both his life and his glory. In the mingling of fear with fascination, of loathing with love, are the secret of Jason's feeling to her and the explanation of her own misery. She loved as a woman, but even in her love she had the pitilessness of a sorceress. A poem such as this is not to be appreciated by such extracts as can be made from it in a brief notice, but we can at least give a specimen of the picturesqueness which makes its pages a gallery of fair scenes, colored by the hand of a master. Here is a description of the palace of King Œetes:

> "The pillars, made the mighty roof to hold,
> The one was silver, and the next was gold,
> All down the hall; the roof, of some strange wood
> Brought over sea, was dyed as red as blood,
> Set thick with silver flowers, and delight
> Of intertwining figures wrought aright.
> With richest webs the marble walls were hung,
> Picturing sweet stories by the poets sung
> From ancient days, so that no wall seemed there,
> But rather forests black and meadows fair,
> And streets of well-built towns, with tumbling seas
> About their marble wharves and palaces;
> And fearful crags and mountains; and all trod
> By many a changing foot of nymph and god,
> Spear-shaking warrior, and slim-ankled maid.
> The floor, moreover, of the place was laid
> With colored stones, wrought like a flowery mead;
> All ready to the hand, for every need,
> Midmost the hall, two fair streams trickled down
> O'er wondrous gem-like pebbles, green and brown,
> Betwixt smooth banks of marble, and therein
> Bright-colored fish shone through the water thin."

The description of the island of Circe, with the fine imaginative conception of the victims of her magic arts and of the empty shades whom she made the agents of her enchantments, the description of the beach of the Sirens and of the garden of the Hesperides, might all be cited as instances of the full and easy power of the poet in picturing nature as she shows herself under various aspects of beauty. It is plain that he is a lover and student alike of nature and of art. There is nothing borrowed or at second-hand in his work, and his lines have often a simple freshness which recalls the charm of Chaucer, or a rich fulness which reminds one of the sweetness of Spenser.

The tragic interest of the story rises towards the end, and all the tender feeling and fancy of the poet are quickened into higher expression as the gloom cast by the shadow of impending and irresistible fate darkens round Jason and Medea. The exulting joy of Medea, having compassed the death of King Pelias, and secured the triumph of her love, is finely contrasted with the bitterness of her woe when deserted by him for whom she had dared so much. At first,

> "'O love!' she said, 'O love! O sweet delight!
> Hast thou begun to weep for me this night?

* "The Life and Death of Jason. A Poem by William Morris." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1867. 16mo. pp. 307. (Reprinted from the London edition.)

Dost thou stretch out for me thy mighty hands—
The feared of all, the graspers of the lands?
Come, then, O love! across the dark seas come,
And triumph as a king in thine own home,
While I, the doer of this happy deed,
Shall sit beside thee in this wretched weed;
That folk may know me by thine eyes alone
Still blessing me for all that I have done.
Come, king, and sit upon thy father's seat,
Come, conquering king, thy conqueror love to meet.'"

But when, long afterwards, she knows herself deserted of Jason, she says:

"'Would God that Argo's brazen-banded mast
'Twixt the blue clashing rocks had never passed
Unto the Colchian land! Or would that I
Had had such happy fortune as to die,
Then when I saw thee standing by the Fleece
Safe on the long-desired shore of Greece!
Alas, O Jason! for thy cruel praise!
Alas for all the kindness of past days!
That to thy heart seems but a story told
That happed to other folk in times of old;
But unto me, indeed, its memory
Was bliss in happy hours, and now shall be
Such misery as never tongue can tell.'"

We have no disposition to point out the occasional carelessness of rhythm and rhyme, the too frequent recurrence of certain epithets, and other minor faults which injure here and there the structure of Mr. Morris's verse. They are faults which a little care would remove, leaving the poem remarkable among contemporary works for its simplicity and strength of diction.

The American edition of the book is neat, but disfigured with errors of the press which its publishers should hasten to correct. For instance, on p. 43 a line seems to have dropped out after "More than those others whose crowned memories." On pp. 49 and 51, Amphitryon is four times misprinted Amphytrion. On p. 143, "And round her panting side his fingers steal," is travestied by the substitution of "painting" for "panting." On p. 254, the line in a passage quoted above, "Still blessing me for all that I have done," is rendered unintelligible by substituting "him" for "me." There are other hardly less serious blunders.

Mr. Morris himself commits one curious anachronism, as we suppose. When, after the gain of the Golden Fleece, Medea urges Jason to haste in their flight, the poet makes her say:

"'Haste, then! No word! nor turn about to gaze
At me, as he who in the shadowy ways
Turned round to see once more the twice-lost face.'"

But Orpheus was himself one of the Argonauts, and not till long after the return of the expedition was Eurydice lost to him.

JEAN INGELOW'S NEW VOLUME.*

If Miss Ingelow's pretty reputation can stand against the assault she has made upon it in this volume, it is of firmer fabric than we suppose. The "Story of Doom" is a name with a double meaning, such as the authoress is fond of giving to her compositions, for it signifies, besides a most fantastic romance concerning Noah, his wife, their contemporaries, the ark, and the deluge, the swamping of Miss Ingelow's frail poetic bark. In the course of this story Noah is represented as saying of Adam:

"Oh! as for him,
It was for this that he full oft would stop,
And, lost in thought, stand and revolve that deed,
Sad muttering, 'Woman! we reproach thee not;
Though thou didst eat mine immortality.'"

And so the unhappy reader of this volume, if he have a tincture of charity in his nature, will full often stop and mutter sadly:

"Woman! we reproach thee not,
Though thou dost waste my happy mortal hours."

"Shall bleat of lamb," asks Miss Ingelow with great ingenuousness, "console one for the foregone talk of God?" With utmost sincerity we answer, Certainly not. Noah's wife tells him:

"I do remember that there came one day
Two of the grave old angels that God made,
When first He invented life (right old they were,
And plain, and venerable); and they said,
Rebuking of my mother, as with hers
She sat, 'Ye do not well.'"

We take the part of one of these grave old angels and, addressing the authoress, say, "You do not well."

The flattering commendations that Miss Ingelow's former volume of verse received, and its surprising popularity in America, have plainly been injurious to her by inspiring her with misplaced confidence in her poetic abilities. The faults which lay obvious to criticism in her earlier productions are all intensified in her new collection of verses, while such excellence as then in some degree redeemed them has almost disappeared from her work. The want of a controlling sense of form and artistic proportion, which most of the poetry written by women displays, and which was always conspicuous in Miss Ingelow's poems, is painfully apparent throughout this volume. Loose, imperfect, half-formed fancies hold the place that should be held by the clearly-defined images of genuine poetry, strainings after effect are mistaken for the reaches of inspiration, and poor and barren thought is matched with versification equally poor.

Even in narrative, where Miss Ingelow formerly succeeded best, she now fails. The poem called "Laurance"—the very spelling of the name betrays the affectation of the writer—is a feeble imitation of Tennyson's modern idyls, and its plot is too commonplace for a cheap novel. It is, indeed, by her conscious or unconscious imitations of other poets that the limits of Miss Ingelow's poetic perceptions and faculties may be most clearly marked. She gives us one piece in "humble imitation" of Milton's "Ode on the Nativity," another in imitation of the "Old Style," another in the "Old English Manner," all of which, by their diversity from their models, we would rank among what the writer calls her "Contrasted Songs;" and so when she falls into imitation of Mrs. Browning or Tennyson the resemblance is confined to a trick of manner and never approaches to real similarity of style.

We have no question that this volume will find admirers. What books do not find admirers in these days when all the great, undiscriminating public reads? In the extracts from the favorable English notices of the volume, which the American publishers have printed for the enlightenment of newspaper critics, we find *The Athenæum* speaking of "the lyrical sweetness, the tenderness of sentiment, and the brilliancy of description which are to be found in many of the poems," while *The Imperial Review* asserts that some of these poems "are full of much subtle beauty, and through them runs an undercurrent of pathos and tenderness." There are readers who positively prefer bad to good poetry. We have known worthy people who have set Pollok's "Course of Time" above "Paradise Lost," and it is certain that Mr. Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" is far more widely read than the poems of Mr. Browning. It is sometimes urged that these books and such as these have their use in meeting the wants of a class incapable of appreciating those of a higher order, and that they even serve the purpose of stepping-stones to better things. There is no doubt a modicum of truth in this notion, and the Genial Critic may at once conciliate the publishers, his own interest, and his conscience by lavishing favorable epithets upon productions of doubtful abstract merit but against the purely moral tone of which nothing is to be said. But criticism has a higher office than this. The direct moral influence of a book may not be bad, while its indirect moral influence, by lowering the standard of taste or by perverting the correct judgment of its readers, may be very injurious. Of no class of writings can this be so confidently asserted as of poetry. Few persons are competent to pronounce upon the merit of poetry that does not offend by open violation of the rules of art. But the difference between good and bad poetry, innumerable as the varieties of each may be, is a difference not of degree but of kind. No man by reading Alexander Smith or Walt Whitman will be better fitted or more inclined (save on the principle of reaction) to relish Shakespeare or Wordsworth; the puerilities of Tupper form no introduction to the masculinity of Dryden or Lowell. The taste may be subtly corrupted, the judgment insidiously weakened, and it is for sound criticism, aware of the dignity and responsibility of its office, not to shrink from exposing pretension, nor to be content to leave to time the task of bringing a swollen reputation to its just size. The Laura Matilda school has vanished; L. E. L. and her imitators are forgotten; and unless Miss Ingelow does better in her future volumes than in this her name will not wait long for peaceful oblivion.

* "A Story of Doom, and other Poems. By Jean Ingelow." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1867.

PRISON DISCIPLINE IN THE UNITED STATES.*

Among the many questions to be disposed of in the Constitutional Convention, we bespeak its proper share of attention for that of Prison Discipline. A topic to which Howard, Beccaria, Bentham, and Livingston gave so much thought in its earlier aspects, and which has since occasioned so much legislation and so many controversies, will be found to have been carried far beyond the crude notions which so long stood in the way of the improvement of prisons. There are certain principles, long ago laid down, which have now become wrought into the whole fabric of penal law. *Pœna in hominum emendationem statuitur*, says Cicero, which, being interpreted into the modern phrase, reads, "The end of punishment is the

* "Report on the Prisons and Reformatories of the United States and Canada, made to the Legislature of New York, January, 1867. By E. C. Wines, D.D., LL.D., and Theodore W. Dwight, LL.D., Commissioners of the Prison Association of New York." Albany, 1867. (pp. 546.)

reformation of the criminal." *Quem pœnitet peccasse*, says Seneca, *pene est innocens;* that is to say, a convict who repents and does the first works shall have his sentence shortened, or be pardoned altogether. This is the alleged basis, and, to some extent, the actual practice, of prison discipline in nine-tenths of the civilized states of the world. But, unfortunately, theory and practice in this matter are often so utterly divorced that it needs some plain statements like those of Dr. Wines and Professor Dwight in the volume before us to show us how, with a perfect theory, we may have the most outrageous administration of prison affairs.

This report grew out of the appointment of certain committees, by the New York Prison Association, in 1865, to investigate the prison systems and the administration of criminal justice in the several States of the Union. These committees included other names, but the chief labor was imposed upon Dr. E. C. Wines and Professor Theodore W. Dwight, who undertook to visit and examine all the important prisons of the loyal States, and to report their condition and management. The first part of their task was completed in 1865, but the preparation of the report was delayed during the whole of 1866 by the magnitude of the work, and by the fact that the same gentlemen, with others, were in that year appointed to investigate in detail the affairs of the New York prisons, which had not been included in their examination in 1865. The results of this last-named commission were also compiled by Messrs. Wines and Dwight, and published, along with much other interesting matter, in the twenty-second annual report of the Association. At the same time they were carrying through the press the volume before us, which did not finally appear till some weeks after the annual report, and may be said to complete and summarize that. We have, then, in this volume the sum and resultant of two years' diligent work, performed by two of the most competent persons in the country for the part assigned them. And the book comes forth at a time when many events have combined to give an unwonted interest to the subject which they discuss.

It is well known to all who observe the statistics of our prisons that during the latter years of the war they were, in general, scarcely half-filled. From various causes the commitments fell off, especially of male convicts, and though in most places there was a great increase of female convicts, yet the aggregate of both sexes fell far below the average of 1860. But no sooner had the war closed than this was all changed. Crime among women instantly began to diminish, while it was alarmingly increased among men. At the Auburn Prison there were less than 200 commitments for the year ending April 1, 1865—the last year of the war; in the following year there were more than 400. At the Massachusetts State Prison in the last year of the war there were 80 commitments; in the first year of peace 259, or more than three times as many. At the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, the number of commitments before the war closed was about *nine* in a month; after the war it ran up to *thirty* a month. In Illinois, in 1865, there were about 575 State prison convicts at Joliet; in 1866, they had increased to 1,100; the commitments being at the rate of fifty or sixty a month. Nor was this startling increase of crime the only thing to be noticed. It was found in nearly all the State prisons that from 50 to 75 per cent. of the new convicts had served in the army or navy, where many of them had borne a good record. These two facts—the growth of crime and the imprisonment of soldiers—have compelled many persons, hitherto indifferent, to concern themselves in prison discipline.

The instant this began to be done, it began also to be seen how much the subject had been neglected in America of late years. The great experiment of the Irish convict system, which had been going on for a dozen years with extraordinary results, was scarcely known here, and had not perceptibly influenced the administration of our prisons, though it was revolutionizing those of England and the Continent. Our prison industries which had been our boast in earlier times had fallen into bad ways, and the prisons in consequence were very costly, without returning any compensation for their cost. In some of the States, and notably in New York, political influence had secured the control of all prison appointments and had degraded the standard of qualification shamefully. There was found to be no proper inspection of the lower prisons, and no sufficient classification of the prisoners anywhere. All these evils and many more Messrs. Wines and Dwight describe as existing in a greater or less degree in all the States visited by them. They pay Massachusetts the compliment to speak of her prison system as the best in use, but they have serious fault to find with that. They cannot accept the estimate which the Philadelphians place upon their separate system, but they declare that it ought to be partially adopted elsewhere. Upon the whole, they recommend the Irish system as the most perfect and the most successful yet known, but they regard some modifications of it essential to its success in America.

Such are their conclusions in general; but the fulness of statement and the wealth of suggestion presented in the Report cannot even be conjectured from our meagre abstract. Nearly all the topics which have ever been treated by writers on prison discipline are here touched upon, and most of them at some length. The statistics both of prisons and reformatories so far as they are given are valuable, while the abstract of penal legislation and administration in several of the States, and the recorded experience of magistrates in regard to pardons, are most curious, and, at the same time, quite important. The arguments used and the evidence brought forward against the contract system of labor in the prisons, though less extended than in the annual report above referred to, are yet clear and convincing. On this and other points the two volumes make an encyclopædia of research and information which must be consulted by all who would study the subject, and can only be superseded by equal diligence working in a more extended field. When, for example, the whole circuit of the American prisons shall have been made, and their condition shall be compared and contrasted in mass and in detail with that of the prisons of Europe, the volumes which record so vast a labor will exceed in value those now given to the world, just as these surpass all that have gone before them. But who is sufficient unto these things? "Enough," said Rasselas to Imlac; "thou hast now convinced me that no man can ever be a poet." The researches of the Prison Association show, among other things, how endless is the task at which its members toil.

Ilias und Odyssee und ihre Uebersetzer in England, von Chapman bis auf Lord Derby. Von Dr. Wilhelm Henkel. (Hersfeld, 1867.)—An interesting pamphlet on the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," and their English translators, from Chapman to Earl Derby. In his introductory remarks Dr. Henkel shows that language and literature in England were, during the last three centuries, enabled to develop themselves much more undisturbedly and gradually than in Germany, where internal dissensions and unhappy religious wars, begetting an inevitable dependence upon foreign nations, too often impeded the sound and popular growth of literature. The French models never exercised the influence on English literature which they did during the eighteenth century in Germany. English scholars, moreover, abandoned the Latin as the language of science and built up a national language and literature much earlier, whilst in Germany the national literature inaugurated by Luther's translation of the Bible fell soon after the Reformation into a lamentable decay. As late as the middle of the eighteenth century the educated classes looked for literature across the Rhine, and Frederick the Great, therefore, was not without reason surprised to make acquaintance in Gellert with the first famous contemporary poet in that "barbaric" German tongue. But even in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth we find quite elegant English versions of classical authors—as, for instance, those by Grimwald of "Cicero de officiis" and of Xenophon's "Cyropædia," and that of Earl Surrey, who introduced the blank-verse into English poetry, and contrived to give it extraordinary polish by following the Italians. It is precisely this outward polish and ease of treatment that have ever distinguished the English translator of Greek and Latin works from the German translator. It might almost be said, that between Pope's translation of Homer and Voss's there exists the same gap as between the philosophical and theological studies of the English and of the Germans. English translators generally strive to please by freedom of movement and agreeableness of expression, whilst German translators study to penetrate their author to the smallest details, and with anxious accuracy adapt themselves to the very words of the original, with the abundant aid of scientific researches. Hence it cannot be denied that the classics have in the English language been more popularized and have exercised a more lively influence than in the German language, and this especially with historians and orators. In studying the old histories of constitutions they have everywhere found analogies with their own history, and Demosthenes has had for a Pitt, Burke, Fox, or Brougham far more practical value than for the German scholar.

In the second chapter of his book the author reviews the Homeric translation of George Chapman, who was during his lifetime severely assailed for selecting the iambic measure of fourteen syllables used for ballads, and who replied to his adversaries in no complimentary strains. Dr. Henkel acknowledges, with Hallam, that this translation is "often exceedingly Homeric," and that "by his own innative Homeric genius Chapman has thoroughly identified himself with Homer." Dryden, "happily," produced no translation of Homer, but inaugurated by his stiff but elaborate translations of Virgil, Juvenal, Perseus, Horace, Ovid, and Theocritus the epoch of French influence. Then came his follower Pope, whose translation of Homer was excellently characterized by Richard Bentley's *mot:* "It is a pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer." "We find that

the facility of Pope's rhyme, the false ornaments which he attached to the ancient Greek, and his departure from the nice discriminations of character and speech which prevail in Homer, are faults now universally admitted." Less fault Dr. Henkel imputes to Cowper's translation, published seventy years after Pope's, because he avoided too great license, extrinsic adornments, and the sins connected with these. Coming to the more recent translators, who have searched for a new metre, the author concedes that neither hexameters nor dactyls are adapted to the nature of the English language, but iambs alone, in spite of Matthew Arnold's contending for the use of the original metre in English translations. He combats vehemently Arnold's opposition to the blank-verse, and cites Lord Derby's translation, which came very near to the tone of the original, in support of his opinion. He ridicules Mr. Arnold's idea, "that there is no reason, in the nature of the English language, why it should not adapt itself to hexameters as the German language does; nay, the English language, from its greater rapidity, is in itself better suited than the German for them;" and cites against this assertion Klopstock's "Messias," Goethe's "Hermann und Dorothea," and Voss's translation of Homer, in which the hexameter is used with greater dexterity than by any English author, as is made to appear from quotations. The little book gives a very clear and condensed review of the whole controversy.

Anti-slavery Addresses of 1844 *and* 1845. By Salmon Portland Chase and Charles Dexter Cleveland. (London: Sampson Low, Son & Marston; Philadelphia: J. A. Bancroft & Co. 1867.)—In the incessant conflict with slavery, few on the Northern side have had the leisure, fewer still the forethought, to preserve the documents illustrative of every stage of it. No library that we are aware of contains even a fair collection of the pamphlets, speeches, and papers which were the efficient means of the thirty years' agitation ending in secession, civil war, and emancipation. This elegantly printed little book is the private enterprise of a prominent actor in the strife and the author of one of the addresses, now in England. In what quarter he anticipates a remunerative sale we do not know, but he has none the less rendered a service to history for which all of us can afford to be grateful. The two addresses convey a vivid conception of a very important era in American politics: that, namely, just following the founding of the Liberty Party, and just preceding the admission of Texas and its demoralizing train of events—from February 22, 1844, to June 12, 1845. The Philadelphia address is a better electioneering document than Mr. Chase's, and in it one may read the astounding proofs of the control of the Government by Southern interests from its foundation. Who passed the tariffs which have caused us so much odium in British eyes, and which, we venture to say, are even now regarded by the majority of well-educated Englishmen as the real cause of the rebellion, is also shown with great clearness; and as the freedom of the country from direct taxation up to 1861 is not often considered in connection with the tariff, we venture to make some quotations from the appendix:

"According to the Constitution *direct taxes* must be apportioned among the several States in the ratio of their representation; and as the slave representatives would increase this number, it would also increase the amount of tax in the same ratio. . . . When, therefore, at the close of the last war [1812] our country was in debt about 120 millions of dollars, the South resolved that this should not be paid by direct taxes, but by duties laid upon imported goods. Accordingly the tariff of 1816 was established. It was then emphatically a Southern measure. That tariff, for instance, admitted the articles used for the clothing of slaves at a duty of *five cents* on the dollar's worth, and charged *twenty cents* on the dollar's worth of finer articles used for the clothing of free laborers, thereby making the honest labor of the Free States pay *four* dollars, while the slave labor of the Slave States paid but *one*, for clothing.

"The Free States, however, with their industry and skill, soon accommodated themselves to this state of things, and their manufactures, by degrees, rose to a height of great prosperity. But no sooner was our national debt paid than the South, ever watchful of its purpose, resolved to strike a death-blow at the prosperity of the Free States; and, accordingly, the celebrated 'compromise' tariff of 1832 was devised and carried; in which the 'compromise' was, as it ever has been, *all one way*. Nothing is clearer than that the slave power put on the tariff in 1816, and took it off in 1832. They have done just as they pleased."

As these addresses were designed to further the election of James G. Birney to the Presidency, they have something to say about the rival candidates, J. K. Polk, of the Democrats, and Henry Clay, of the Whigs. Mr. Clay was probably as devoted, and certainly as useful, a friend as slavery ever had; yet his support of the tariff is generally ascribed to disinterested motives. His character, notably as a duellist, is here exposed in a way to make Mr. Greeley indignant, but the indictment might easily have been made twice as strong. Mr. Cleveland has added a letter of his own to the Philadelphia Bible Society, resigning (rather than be dropped at an approaching election) the presidency of that body, to whom his authorship of the Pennsylvania address had given offence. This document belongs to a different series from the foregoing, and one which shame would persuade us to destroy, but which truth compels us to preserve—we were going to say, religiously.

What is Free Trade? An Adaptation of Frederick Bastiat's Sophismes Economiques. Designed for the American Reader. By Emile Walter, a Worker. (New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.)—Bastiat's "Sophismes Economiques" was translated twenty years ago, during the free-trade agitation in England, by Mr. Porter, the author of "The Progress of the Nation," and was widely circulated, under the title of "Popular Fallacies regarding General Interests." It contains probably the most telling statement of the leading principles of the free-trade theory ever published, and is perhaps unsurpassed in the happiness of its illustrations. Mr. Walter has apparently adopted Mr. Porter's translation, and has adapted it to the use of the American reader by introducing American allusions and examples instead of French or English ones, and notably by setting up Horace Greeley as a target for the satire and sarcasm. Horace Greeley plays the part of the devil for most preachers of free-trade in America, but, luckily for himself, seems to enjoy his bad reputation, and roars and lashes his tail, apparently in perfect content with his part. Why Mr. Walter calls himself "A Worker" it is hard to say. Whatever the reason, it looks like a piece of affectation. There is nothing singular or distinctive in being "a worker" in America. He ought as well call himself "A Man with Two Eyes."

Early and Late Papers. By W. M. Thackeray. (Boston: Ticknor & Fields.)—Those young gentlemen who have picked up Thackeray's sucked orange and have grown cynical because it is dry and tasteless, and who suspect there is no more juice anywhere, and who begin to entertain a melancholy admiration for their own power of suction, will do a very good thing for themselves if they will read this little book of essays. Thackeray is seen in them at his best, as we think; in his easy, essayistic chair, writing without the set purpose of the satirical novelist, and appearing sensible, kindly, and manly, and, if now and then a little bit affected, not more so than is permissible and pleasant in the essayist. We hope Mr. Fields, if it is to him belongs the credit of the labor as well as of planning this enterprise, will take the necessary pains to collect other similar volumes, for which the materials must be quite plenty. We have delayed mention of the volume, but no harm is done, for it is not a book for a season, but one that will be loved and praised years hence—perhaps as long as wit, delightful humor, knowledge of the world, and friendliness find admirers.

Essays by Dora Greenwell. (New York: George Routledge & Sons.)—These five essays are gracefully and spiritedly written, and are evidence that the mind of the author is accustomed to play lightly on the surface of things, but they show no capacity for deep thought on any of the themes discussed. It is a religious book; for, although its subjects are not all such as would necessarily to another person than the author suggest religious reflections, yet the devotional turn of her mind has, as in such matters is generally the case, caused her to view them all from the religious standpoint. To minds which hold to the chief Protestant dogmas and forms and are yet unable to find in them all the sentiment which they desire, this little work will seem, as will also a former book by the same author, "The Patience of Hope," almost as the gate to a new world of beauty; although to one accustomed to Catholic books of devotion it will appear tame and cold, while it may very possibly strike some as being tedious and aimless.

A Sketch of the Route to California, China, and Japan, via the Isthmus of Panama. (San Francisco and New York: A. Roman & Co.)—This book promises to be useful and amusing to every traveller, and we are inclined to recommend it on both these heads. The reader—as if to impress him with the magnitude of the journey—is supposed to start from Europe, and to have preferred the route by the Isthmus to that by the Cape of Good Hope. All that he needs to know, in order to get on smoothly, is then told in these chapters; but they were composed before the *Colorado* had made her first trip to Japan.

A useful companion to this guide is the "Chinese and English Phrase-book" published by the same firm, having both the Chinese characters and their English pronunciation, adapted to the wants of merchants, travellers, and families. With this and the Japanese phrase-book published by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton one may boldly step ashore at Yokohama or Shanghai.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of The Nation *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE CRISIS AT WASHINGTON.

Mr. Johnson seems to be fully determined that the process of reconstruction shall not go on smoothly if he can possibly prevent it; and the means which he is adopting to prevent it would be a very interesting subject of study if they were the result of any particular line of thinking into which even a small number of persons are likely to fall. But the truth is, that he is a kind of man who need not be looked for in a high place in a constitutional government once in a thousand years, and who could not have got into a high place in this one without a series of accidents such as are not likely ever to occur again. The qualities which are cultivated in the politicians of a representative government are invariably pliability and adaptability, or, in other words, talent in finding out what is practicable or what the majority want to have done, and in doing it. It is only once in many centuries that a statesman like Pericles appears who has not only the art of executing the will of the majority successfully, but of easily winning the majority over to his way of thinking. So that the lesson which the politician of a free country has most constantly impressed upon him is the lesson of yielding, of compromising, of postponing indefinitely, of accepting not what he wants but what he can get, of often cheerfully going without anything at all in order to preserve his influence undamaged; the lesson, in short, that in a popular government strength of will is rather an encumbrance than a help. A politician who has not learnt this lesson hardly ever reaches any place of trust or profit, but passes through life with the reputation of an impracticable grumbler.

Now, Mr. Johnson has not learnt it, and yet, as he has often told us, he has passed through every office in the people's gift, from that of village alderman up "to the chief magistracy of this great country." It would not be difficult to account for this by an investigation of the society in which he has passed the greater part of his life. The simplicity, rudeness, and terrible personality, if we may use the term, of Southern life, and the unusually prominent part which mere passion plays in all slave societies, would alone furnish a sufficient explanation of it. He no doubt believes firmly that what he is now doing in Washington is showing strength of will, which he considers a very fine thing; but what he is in reality showing is simply a vindictive temper, which his political training does not seem to afford him the least assistance in curbing. His will is in reality very feeble, as was shown by the readiness with which he suffered Congress to set aside his "policy," and the hesitation he has exhibited in resisting any of what he considers the encroachments on his authority. The taunts or encouragements of his friends have at last driven him into action, but the action consists simply in what may be called the expression of spite against individuals. It is not at all likely that he hopes or intends through the removal either of Stanton or Sheridan to effect any real change in the government of the South, or change the terms of admission to the Union for the seceded States. What he does hope to do, and is pretty sure of doing, is to annoy a number of people who have annoyed him. That his policy goes no deeper than this—that, in fact, he is not capable of any deep policy at all—is, we think, abundantly proved by the scheme which he devised for bringing the impeachers to shame, and the nature of which has just been exposed. In order to throw discredit on them, he goes to a convicted perjurer actually serving out his sentence in jail, and perhaps the man least likely to be believed of any of whom the public has ever heard, and gets him to trump up a story on every word of which wild improbability is stamped, and gets the "Acting Attorney-General" to embody it in an official report, evidently in the belief that it will crush his enemies. Now, this is the act of an embittered and unscrupulous man, but it is not the act of a deep man; and no man whose bad passions find expression in this way is likely to be very dangerous. Mr. Johnson evidently is not the stuff of which great traitors or conspirators are made.

Nevertheless, though not a dangerous man, he is proving himself pre-eminently a mischievous man. He is mischievous in several ways. One is, that in the petty persecution on which he has now entered, he is likely to furnish several gentlemen with claims to the Presidency as "martyrs" simply, and which, if the Presidency were intended to be, or should be, the reward of simple suffering in a good cause, would be well founded. But the Presidency ought to be nothing of the kind. Mr. Johnson himself is the result of this mode of compensating martyrs, and it is generally admitted that he is not a satisfactory result; and in this time of confusion and uncertainty nothing can well be more unfortunate than the distraction of the public mind by candidates who owe their appearance in the field mainly to the fact that they have received persecution at his hands. Nobody can deny, for instance, the brilliancy and value of the services which both Sheridan and Stanton have rendered to the country; but then, when either of them is now talked of for the Presidency—and they both begin to be talked of a good deal—it is not so much because of the brilliancy and value of their services as of Mr. Johnson's hostility to them. In like manner, in the discussion that is now going on touching General Grant's claims, and which every day grows fiercer, his mental and moral qualities are treated as of secondary importance, the absence of hostility to him on the part of Mr. Johnson occupying the first place.

Another way in which Mr. Johnson is proving mischievous is in retrieving the reputation of the impeachers. It is not impossible that Congress may find itself compelled, if he perseveres in his present course, before it has done with him to go to extremes, and actually depose him from office. But Congress cannot do this without indirectly raising the reputation of the men who got up the impeachment cry a year ago, and who, as politicians, are perhaps as little qualified to inspire or direct a great public movement in troublous times as any set of men who have ever secured places in the government of a free country. In the wisdom or discretion of Messrs. Ashley and Butler the public has now little confidence, and we believe the success of such men in deposing the President, on such evidence as they have had to offer at any time during the last year, would have been a real misfortune which our children's children would have had cause to rue; and yet if Mr. Johnson has yet to be impeached or deposed, the effect will be to secure the impeachers a high reputation for sagacity and foresight, and to endow them with an amount of influence which, during the next year or two, they are almost certain to abuse.

Mr. Johnson is mischievous also in this—that small, feeble, and insignificant though he be, the precautions which it is necessary to take against him are likely to become precedents, and to lead to serious changes in the character of the Government. The powers which Mr. Lincoln was unavoidably allowed to assume during the war, combined with the goodness of his character, had the effect of greatly exalting the executive, and correspondingly depressing the legislature. It was his seeing these powers wielded by his predecessor that betrayed Mr. Johnson into the errors which have caused the present difficulties, and it is his assumption of them which has led to his being despoiled not only of his usurped, but also of most of his ordinary, authority. The executive, as Congress has now left it, is but a shadow of its former self, and should no reaction take place in the public mind, it will doubtless soon begin to seem useless to keep it up in its present condition. It would be absurd to pay an ordinary man, selected for almost anything but his wisdom, $25,000 a year, with a free house, for writing out his opinions on the affairs of the nation once a year in a message, and this is really all that the President now has to do. To be sure, he has still the power of "suspending" officials, but it remains to be seen whether even the exercise of this power under certain circumstances may not lead to his own deposition. We may be sure that if Mr. Johnson should be turned out of office either for suspending Stanton or removing Sheridan, none of his successors will ever exercise even this shadow of authority unless he has Congress overwhelmingly on his side, and if Congress has to be overwhelmingly on the President's side to enable him to exercise his functions, what becomes of the inde-

pendence of the executive, and why not abolish it altogether, and let the legislature do as the English Parliament does—elect its own prime minister, and turn him out when he fails to give satisfaction?

We are not finding fault beforehand with any measures which Congress, when it meets, may deem it advisable to take for the public safety. We feel quite satisfied, after all that has happened, that it will neither do more nor less than may be necessary. But we think it desirable that Congress as well as the public should remember that whatever is done with regard to Mr. Johnson will serve the purpose of a precedent as regards his successors, and that, therefore, the effect upon the structure of the Government of all steps taken in his case should be carefully considered. This is not a time to legislate under the guidance of enthusiasts like Mr. Stevens or Mr. Boutwell, or partisans like General Butler; and by enthusiasts we mean simply persons whose feelings overbear their reason, and by partisans persons who are more anxious for victory than for either truth or justice.

A SUGGESTION TOUCHING CONTRACTION.

The currency of the United States is depreciated. It requires to-day one hundred and forty dollars of legal tender notes to buy one hundred dollars in gold, and yet a greenback bears on its face a promise of the United States to pay a dollar—that is, 24¾ grains of gold—to the bearer.

If this is the promise of the legal tender note, why is it that one hundred and forty such promises must be given in exchange for one hundred of the dollars or actual coins, containing 24¾ grains of pure gold, which the United States promise to pay the bearer by the tenor of the note? The answer cannot be simply that there are too many greenbacks or legal tender notes. It would make no difference to an individual how many of such notes he held if he knew that he could get the gold for them, except that he would be the richer for each one held by him. Therefore the simple withdrawal of a certain portion of the legal tender notes, or the conversion of a part of them into bonds bearing interest and payable in gold at a certain definite time, would not of itself cause the remainder to bear a higher value in gold. The legal tender notes might be withdrawn by payment or conversion until their amount should be only one hundred million dollars, and yet they might still be at as great a depreciation in relation to gold as they now are, except so far as their withdrawal caused the number or quantity of tokens or measures with which the people pay debts and taxes to be insufficient for these specific uses.

The legal tender note has two functions or elements of value: First, An arbitrary value arising from the fact that it is used as a measure or token for the payment of debts and of taxes. Any man who owes a debt desires to get possession of a legal tender note because it can render him the service of discharging his liability; his desire is entirely independent of any gold or specie value supposed to be represented by the note. Second, The legal tender note has a value because it is a promise of the United States to pay to the bearer at a future indefinite time 24¾ grains of pure gold in the form of a dollar.

As to the first function, the Government may be said to have the power to *increase the value* of the currency by the withdrawal of a portion of it, precisely as the Government, by assuming a monopoly of the manufacture of yard-sticks and making an insufficient quantity, could increase the price of yard-sticks, especially if they also enacted that all cloth measured should be only measured by the use of yard-sticks. Practically the Government says to-day, We have created so many million measures of a dollar, and every creditor shall receive them in payment of any debt due him without any regard to the relation of these measures of a dollar to 24¾ grains of gold. To-day, with $400,000,000 of these measures in existence, their relation to gold is one measure to $17\frac{63}{100}$ grains of pure gold, but if by contraction the number of measures shall be reduced and the aggregate of transactions or of debts and taxes to be measured shall remain the same, then their *value as measures may increase*, or, in other words, their relation to gold may become 1 measure to 20 grains; but this will be an addition of value, not a correction of the depreciation of their absolute relation to gold.

The depreciation of the legal tender note is involved in the second proposition before stated. Gold and silver are the only uniform standard of value. The legal tender note promises to pay to the bearer 24¾ grains of gold. Why is it depreciated? Because no time is specified for the payment to be made. Would A. T. Stewart's note or John Jacob Astor's promise to pay the bearer 24¾ grains of gold be of any value if they did not fix a time on which they would pay the principal, or agree to pay interest? Aside from its function as a measure, the legal tender note is simply a bond, payable at the option of the promisor, bearing no interest. Has it any absolute value? Can it render any one a service? Will A, who owes no debt and means to owe none, and who, therefore, will have no use for the note as a measure, give a bushel of corn or a day's work for a piece of paper which will depend upon the indefinite chances of the future for its being worth 24¾ grains of gold?

The problem, then, is not only to increase the value of the greenback by decreasing the number of measures (of the manufacture of which the Government holds the monopoly)—or, in other words, to contract the currency—but also to correct the depreciation of the value of the promise of the Government to pay to the bearer 24¾ grains of pure gold for each paper dollar by giving to that promise the element of certainty; that is to say, to fix the date of payment. If this principle should be admitted, the methods would be comparatively simple. Given a surplus of revenue available for the payment of debt, the time or times at which the debt represented by the $400,000,000 greenbacks might be paid in gold can be fixed with safety. For instance, let the existing issue be called in and a new issue made, which should be legal tender but absolutely payable or redeemable at the end of ten years, such issue to be in classes of $50,000,000, each subject to be called in class by class at any time within the ten years. Then let the present issue be called in, and others issued bearing interest at the rate of two to four per cent. per annum, legal tender for the principal only, and absolutely payable at a given date. Slowly but surely, and safely, because voluntarily, would such notes be withdrawn from circulation and become absolutely valuable in gold as they approached maturity. Finally, let the present issue be called in and new ones issued, convertible after certain dates, or class by class, into 10-40 five per cent. bonds. Such conversion could create no crisis, because the moment the conversion proceeded so rapidly as to affect the rate of interest very much, the conversion would for the time cease.

In short, the analysis made of the elements of value contained in the greenback would seem to indicate that a certain date of payment should be fixed at such distance in point of time as to be practically safe, with such option for payment at an earlier date as might be found practicable, and also with such liberty given to the holders to convert them into bonds bearing a low rate of interest as would prevent the evils now caused by the enforced use of an exact and unvarying quantity of currency. We say enforced use, because owing to the absolute impossibility of conducting business without granting a credit (it may be only for a few days, but still a credit), and the absolute necessity for the creditor to receive in payment bonds bearing no interest as the representative of his capital, which was previously represented by the commodity which he sold, he must, in order to obtain interest, rent, or profit, buy some other commodity or property, and get rid of his bond.

As matters now stand, certain individuals or corporations are compelled to hold $400,000,000 of bonds bearing no interest as representative of their property. But no man will hold property which pays no interest, rent, or profit unless he is obliged to do so. Hence he seeks some other property with a hope or chance of gain on that, and therefore he becomes a speculator in spite of himself. Give him the option of a long, safe bond at a low rate of interest. Can the community suffer as a whole if certain individuals take this option? The community will have to pay the additional tax to meet the interest, but it will secure the gain of that increased product of all the commodities for which men work which all men admit to be the result following from the establishment

of a currency of fixed value—that is, a currency bearing a certain and definite, and not an uncertain and indefinite, relation to gold and silver, the two products or results of human labor which have become established by the world's use as a standard of value by which men may exchange services or measure their labor as compared with that of others.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE AND EDUCATION.

In spite of Mr. Curtis's eloquent and forcible speech, it is plain that the women of New York are not about to receive the electoral franchise from the Convention at Albany. The prejudices of men in favor of the seclusion of the other sex are still too strong, supported as they are by the indifference of the mass of women themselves. Although numerous replies, some of them amusing enough, have been made to Mr. Curtis's argument, it has not been answered by any one. The chief ground of opposition to it is purely sentimental. Drag not the purity of women into the mire of politics; leave her to the sacred quiet of home; let her find her full development in the duties of the household; let her exercise her gentle but omnipotent sway with other instruments than the ballot; "unsex" her not by bringing her into rude contact with man; she requires protection; she desires not to enter into the hard struggles of life; keep her veiled and apart; such is the ordinance of heaven, such is the eternal law of order. But this is a mere oriental plea. The Turk will not allow a woman to appear unveiled in the street. The Hindoo regards it as the height of immodesty for a woman to be seen walking arm-in-arm with her husband; the proper place of the woman is behind the man. The Chinese insist on bandaging her young feet so that she shall never walk comfortably. Only in this way is the sanctity of the sex to be preserved; only thus can her true place in the social order be secured to her. Our delegates at Albany are still Chinese in their notions. We must cramp the feet of our women; we must keep them veiled for twenty years to come at least. They do not object. They are lovely and powerful because their feet are cramped. If we let their feet grow according to nature, they will become "unsexed," we shall have frightful domestic difficulties, and all sorts of trouble in the State.

But if these are the strongest arguments that can be brought against female suffrage, it is plain that the question has reached such a point that the settlement of it on a right basis cannot be long delayed. Mr. Curtis is not in advance of the better feeling and the better reason of the time. The moral judgment of the more thoughtful portion of the community is already convinced that it is not only right but wise that woman should take her place as the political equal of man; and long-held, inherited prejudices are giving way before the force of reason and the strength of will of those who believe that man has no more right to deprive woman of her share of control of the affairs of state than woman would have to deprive man of his; of those who believe that there is nothing essentially unfeminine in interest in public matters, and that the true relations of the sexes and the just influence of woman are not reached while woman is only virtually represented in our public councils. There is little risk in the prophecy that, if women choose, the next constitutional convention that meets at Albany twenty years hence will hasten to grant to them the right of suffrage, and will feel very little trouble as to its tendency to "unsex" the mothers and sisters, the wives and daughters of the State.

The doubt then will be not in regard to the effect of the franchise upon woman herself, or to her capacity for exercising it beneficially, but, as in every other question of the extension of the suffrage, whether the education of the class seeking it has fitted the generality of the class for its wise exercise. And in this as in every other case, the doubt must be met by considering the exercise of the right itself as an educational process. By the possession of the right to vote, and by the exercise of it, the mass of women will be made as fit to vote as the mass of men are. This fitness is not, indeed, of any high degree. The mass of men have no occasion to boast of any natural capacity to vote wisely. Universal suffrage is good and safe only in proportion to the intelligence of the community. It is but to repeat a familiar truism, which, however, loses no force through triteness, that education, meaning the cultivation of intelligence and character, is the only safeguard and secure foundation of a democracy in which universal suffrage prevails.

It is not less true that women, as a rule, have been, and still are, less well-educated than men; that their intelligence and character are proportionately less developed by the instruction they receive. The first effort of every woman interested to obtain the full equality of women with men, due regard being paid to the difference of sex and to the consequent difference in some of the functions of life, as well as the first effort of every man desirous not only of doing justice to woman, but of uniting her full power to his for the improvement and elevation of society, so that she may take her due share in the progress of civilization, should be to improve the method and to increase the means for the education of women.

It should be an invariable and fundamental political rule in America that every extension of the elective franchise should be accompanied with or preceded by an increase of the means of popular instruction. Our common-school system by no means fulfils all the need. In the State of New York itself there are many thousand children for whom the State has not provided sufficient or suitable school accommodation. Many of our school-houses are utterly unfit for their purpose, and even unprovided with the first requisites for mere decency. Now, even if there were no prospect of the admission of women to the suffrage, this state of things ought not to be allowed to continue. It is disgraceful, costly, and dangerous. Where the schools are few and cheap, the jails are many and costly. But with the prospect, however distant it may be, of so great an addition to the number of voters, the demand for better provision for the education of women as well as of men becomes urgent. The Convention has no more important duty to perform than to devise and provide remedies for the defects of the existing system of popular instruction in the State, and to adapt it to the actual wants of the time. Two things are required which demand a degree of courage that the Convention, composed as it is of men who are compelled to regard party interests, may not possess. First, every community forming a school district should be required to provide sufficient and suitable school accommodation for every child of the school age in the district. Second, education should be made compulsory. The State has a right to insist that after providing the means for the instruction of every child those means shall be used; it is its duty, moreover, to protect itself, or, in other words, the community at large, from the evils and dangers to which it is exposed by the neglect of individuals to make use of the means provided for the instruction of their children. The particular method of compulsion, whether by fine of the parent or a tax levied by the State on each school district in proportion to the number of children absent from school during a term without excuse, or whatever other mode, is of comparatively little importance, provided only it be efficient. The object is to allow no child, no future voter, to grow up without such instruction as may enable him to learn to vote intelligently. If the State does its duty in the matter of education, there need be no fear of the consequences of the admission of women to the elective franchise. Neither the State nor women would suffer. If women were properly instructed, they might—we see no reason to doubt that they would—vote as intelligently as men; and with education and equality of political right, instead of losing loveliness and womanliness, they would, if we may trust to the lessons of past experience, grow more and more lovely and worthy of love, become more truly feminine, and be no longer the toy and the plaything, but the equal helpmate of man.

HINTS FOR CONSTITUTION-MAKERS.

BY A JUDGE.

II.—The Suffrage.

Until the beginning of the rebellion there were few men (not professional politicians or office-holders) who took a warmer interest in, or did more work for, the Republican party than the writer of this article. As a practical, though not professional, politician, I gave the question of suffrage some attention, and now venture upon an assertion that will occasion some surprise, but which, nevertheless, I believe to be

materially, if not literally, true—and it is this: Before the war nine out of ten respectable citizens were secretly in favor of a small property qualification—not, however, as a property representation, but to elevate the suffrage and to secure a less corrupt system than that which swayed and carried our elections. And what is strangest is, that this feeling was strongest among the very men who buy and bargain for votes, justifying always their acts by the emergency of the present case and the corrupter practices of the opposing party, but always regretting that men holding the "privilege" which is both a right and a trust, "should be bought and sold like sheep." This feeling grew strong enough to call forth a proposition that the suffrage be restricted to those who could read and write the English language, and to gain one practical advantage in the enactment of the registry law. It was, however, but an eddy in the stream, for there was a great current setting in the opposite direction, bearing men along against their own convictions, making them speak and vote against their secret wishes, and carrying them resistlessly toward one great principle, which may be defined in the single name of MANHOOD SUFFRAGE.

The Anglo-Saxon race, if not the world, has been steadily advancing toward this end for centuries, and the people of the United States have about reached it. I deem it as certain as any future fact can be, and, therefore, not a subject for discussion here. But when that goal of the great race is reached, there will come what some men will call a reaction, but which, in fact, will be a new movement toward a principle, inferior but only second to the other, without which no system of representation is complete, and that is the *co-ordinate representation of property*.

It is not a new principle that taxes shall be imposed only with the consent of those who bear them. It was the moving cause of *Magna Charta*, of the Bill of Rights, of the Declaration of Independence. It was established at Runnymede and re-established at Bunker Hill. Whenever it has been violated, the violation has roused up the resistance of the sturdy race whose resistance expires only with success, and, whether in America or England, the principle always in the end has been triumphant. It may not be an agreeable fact to contemplate, but nevertheless the State of New York has, in this particular, gone backward, and travelled toward the barbarism of England before her great charter. Whether it is the class above or the class below which imposes a tax without the assent of the taxed, can be of no practical importance so long as the tax is imposed and collected against the consent of those who pay it. Of late years there has been a steady usurpation upon the rights of property, beginning in the great cities and slowly extending throughout the State. Thus, in the city of New York the tax-payer is without power and without representation. The men who impose upon his property the *local* tax, are either the representatives of the non-tax-paying rabble of the city, or the representatives of other tax-payers in other counties of the State. That he has the privilege of throwing his vote against the five votes of his non-tax-paying opponents—that the members of the Legislature are the representatives of the whole State, and hence his representatives, are pretty theories, but of no practical value so long as his property may be voted away by men who neither share in his burden nor can be reached by his vote. If every tax-payer in the city of New York should vote against the imposition of a local tax, the Common Council and the State Legislature might still impose it. Is not this a return to the barbarism of the Middle Ages? King John sought to do nothing more.

The remedy is some centuries old, and has worked well. In a land where the oppression came from above, it required that the tax should be imposed only with the consent of the "Commons;" but it is not material whether the consent be given by the one house or the other, so long as those who bear the burden of taxation are secured the right of representation. Those who contribute the cost of government have a peculiar interest in the government which those who do not contribute anything do not share. It may not be the work of this Convention, but I think the time will come when every person who contributes a part of his earnings to support and carry on the machinery which works for the common welfare will be allowed to vote in his or her true character of tax-payer without regard to *sex* or *color* or *nationality*—when, in short, the tax-list will be, for one branch of the Legislature, the poll-list, and when all who have paid their share of the common expense shall be maintained in the right of being represented in the government.

The want of this protection has been felt in a manner hardly observed by those who will oppose it. Capital has few votes, and it therefore resorts to the only means which it possesses—*it corrupts*. It does not approach the Legislature with mass meetings or processions, but by insidious agents and degrading influences. It justifies this crime by the old rule of self-preservation. It fights superior numbers with its only arms—money. So long as it is left defenceless, it will of necessity corrupt. No statutes, no constitutional provisions, will ever stop its dangerous progress; the evil will exist while the cause continues.

If this principle could be engrafted on our constitution now, it would disentangle several knotty questions. It would satisfy the only valid demand for female suffrage. It would restore the independence of the great cities. It would elevate and dignify one branch of the Legislature. It would diminish the clashing and facilitate the true compromises between capital and labor. It would assure the foreign capitalist and secure the benefits of foreign capital. It would prevent a long and angry contest, wherein the principle, as heretofore, will be victorious.

THE POLITICAL DECLINE OF THE "PERFECT GENTLEMAN."

WE drew attention some weeks ago to the increasing predominance in politics of the "self-made men," and of the evolution from them of a new type of statesmen wanting in nearly everything which has from the earliest ages been supposed to be essential to the statesman's character except honesty; but we did not attempt on that occasion to account for the phenomenon. We do not now propose to offer anything like a complete theory of the change; we wish simply to call attention to what we consider one of the most powerful of the many causes which have helped to bring it about, namely, the decline in popular estimation, mainly owing to his own misconduct, of that well-known personage—the Perfect Gentleman. The services which he rendered in the earlier period of the history of the Government were inestimable. He bore a leading part both in the Revolution and in the formation of the Constitution, and, until within the last twenty or thirty years, filled many of the most prominent places in the National Government. In most political contests his chances were considerably better than those of the Poor Boy or the Self-made Man.

We repeat that we do not mean to ascribe his subsequent loss of influence solely to his own degeneration. A variety of circumstances, social as well as political, have contributed to his fall; but the leading one has been unquestionably the decay in his own mental and moral condition, which began to reveal itself when the slavery question forced its way into politics. During the Revolution, and long after, he displayed considerable activity and receptivity of mind, and in his discussions of political questions he generally showed himself in advance of his age, and ready to entertain new ideas. He revealed, in the part he took in public affairs, both a high regard for morals and a strong belief in progress, although he was decidedly conservative in his social tastes and habits. He prided himself considerably on his gentlemanhood, was particular about the company he kept, the clothes he wore, the food he ate, and the manner in which it was served; but then he had a tolerably hearty sympathy with attempts to improve the condition of the race; he believed in its capacity for improvement; he looked forward and not backward; and he still retained strong traces of the creed of the old feudal gentleman, which made the good cause the gentleman's cause, the weaker side the gentleman's side; which made courage the first of his virtues; distinction, and not uniformity, the great object of his ambition; which, in short, was summed up in the formula—*noblesse oblige*.

For some reason or other a great change came over him about thirty years ago; we mean over the Northern variety of him. He renounced his belief in human progress; he lost no opportunity of making known that he thought the world was as good as it was ever going to be, and yet he admitted that as it stood it was a most rascally world. He began to maintain that politics, although a science the knowledge of which was entirely confined to himself, was a science in which no further progress was possible; and though a lineal descendant of the authors of the Declaration of Independence, he betook himself to Aristotle and Sir Archibald Alison, with whose works he declared the canon of political revelation to be closed. He began, too, to get somewhat ashamed of his country, and to affect either the Southern or

European in his tastes, habits, and ways of thinking. When he took the European for his model, he usually eschewed politics altogether and passed much of his time in France and England. Here he dressed with great care, and excited the deepest interest in good society as a man whose refinement had driven him from his home, his paternal mansion being uncomfortable to him by the bad behavior of his democratic neighbors.

When he took the Southerner for his model, he usually got himself up in Tory sociology, and acquired as much ethnology and physiology as was necessary to enable him to fix the negro's place in nature, and cultivated submissiveness and conformity with great industry. He treated his Northern birth as a misfortune, and bore at Southern dinner-tables, and often at his own, with as much abuse of his birthplace and neighbors as anybody thought it worth his while to pour forth upon him. He always travelled in the South with a liberal stock of "Southern principles," which generally meant the absence of any principles whatever of his own, and readiness to accept those of the locality in which he happened to be sojourning. He gradually but rapidly lost all interest in political science, and fell into the habit of considering the Constitution of the United States a complete political revelation, furnishing the citizen with an infallible guide in politics as the Bible did in religion, and the main object of the Constitution he constantly declared to be the prevention of attacks on Southern slavery at the hands of the Northern Democracy. His interest in religion, however, at the same time grew steadily, and he opposed a firm front to the Comtists and the German neologists, but he was very ardent in his hostility to political preaching. All military spirit died out in him. The few signs of it which occasionally appeared took the form of the expression of a desire to put down slave insurrections or fight abolitionists, but then there was nothing very terrible about this, as he was never tired of ridiculing the cowardice and poltroonery of both of these classes of enemies. He last occupied the Presidential chair between 1852 and 1860, and during the whole period conducted himself with such a shocking want of manliness, courage, and truthfulness that good clothes and polished manners got to be associated in the popular mind with moral turpitude and mental imbecility. His messages and other political compositions were long, wearisome bundles of platitudes, to the composition of which either the Poor Boy or the Self-made Man was fully equal, but would for many reasons have been ashamed to write.

When the war broke out the Perfect Gentleman was at his wit's end, and reeled to and fro. If he had known which side was going to win he would have declared for it at once, but it required considerable familiarity with political principles and considerable skill in observation to ascertain which side this was; and as he had long ceased to give any attention to principles, and had no practice whatever in observation, he was for some months in a perfect quandary. He at first took command of the army, with the intention of conducting the war on a plan of his own, which he said was that of the great masters, and the leading features of which were tenderness for the enemy and rigid respect for etiquette at headquarters; but the public, after being taken in by this plan for a little while, got angry and dismissed him. He then retired into private life, and spent his time partly in the country, partly in Europe, supplying thrilling stories of democracy to the European press, and writing letters and pamphlets against the War Power and Emancipation, and studying the Book of Revelations, abusing Abraham Lincoln's manners and clothes, and predicting the triumph of the Confederacy. About this time, also, after having for many years followed in the footsteps of the Sage of Marshfield, he formed a fellowship with the Sage of the Bloomingdale Road—the Honorable Fernando Wood—and combined with that eminent publicist, the Honorable Auguste Belmont, in issuing monarchical tracts on the divine right of slavery, under pretence of diffusing "political information."

Since the war, he has gone through considerable mental suffering, but as yet there are no signs of any great improvement in the state of his faculties. He made a feeble effort to appear pleased when Lee surrendered, but it was impossible to make out whether it was the triumph of the Government or the cessation of bloodshed which gave him most satisfaction, for we omitted to mention that the war, instead of hardening him to slaughter and suffering, seemed to unseal the fountains of his tenderness, and caused him to weep over nearly every battle, no matter which side won. Negro suffrage has worn on him horribly, but not so much because of the ignorance of the negroes as from a fear that they will get into "the marriage bed" and attend his evening parties without invitation. He is also somewhat afflicted by the woman's rights agitation, but rather on grounds of taste than expediency, and in fact now regards nearly every public question from a purely sentimental point of view.

The condition of the national finances is just now occupying his attention. He has begun to declare his views upon it at the West. He proposes that the five-twenty bonds should all be paid off in greenbacks instead of in gold, a new issue being made for this purpose; or, in other words, that we should settle our debts in the same ingenious manner as Mr. Wilkins Micawber used to settle his—by giving our notes payable at some remote and undetermined period, without interest, and reserve to ourselves the power of putting out as many of them as we please. Not that he means to "repudiate;" he is a good deal too honorable for this. He means simply to pay in a commodity which will cost us nothing and be of little or no value to our creditors; and he thinks that by industry and economy, and a strict disregard of the obligations of morality, we may yet be a happy and united people. It is hardly necessary to say that this sort of thing is far above the comprehension of the common people, who have, therefore, in despair given the Perfect Gentleman up as a political failure, and just the least taste in the world of a knave.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, July 25, 1867.

WHILE the press and public of this city are endeavoring to discover the secret political aim which they imagine must have prompted the brilliant demonstration of which the Belgian Volunteers have just been the object across the Channel, majesties, highnesses, and grandees of every number of buttons continue to arrive here "plenty as blackberries;" and Mlle. Schneider, whose triumphs as the heroine of Offenbach's merry farce seem destined to indefinite prolongation, and who has received the homage of so many crowned heads that she is in some danger of taking her rôle *au sérieux*, has just taken advantage of the constant succession of high-sounding titles at the doors of the Exhibition to play off a little trick whose success has greatly amused and gratified the Parisians. Superbly dressed, and attended by a party of ladies and gentlemen got up in similarly overwhelming style, she alighted at one of the entrances from a magnificent carriage, a few days since, and had herself announced as "Her Highness the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein," an announcement which, of course, created a lively sensation among the policemen there assembled. Accompanied by a stately-looking personage, wearing the green and yellow ribbon of some imaginary order, and followed by the people of her court, the "Grand Duchess" swept in with all the dignity befitting her rank, amidst the profoundly respectful and admiring salutations of the double row of officials who had hastily formed in line to give a suitable reception to so great a lady, and whose salutations she acknowledged by a series of graceful bends of the head that charmed all beholders. But for the resolute refusal of the prime minister, who, while thanking them, in his sovereign's name, for the intended attention, assured them that it was her highness's pleasure while in the building to maintain a strict incognito, they would have organized a detachment of their body to attend her during her visit.

It is now known that the Sultan, though he did not extend much patronage to the shops of Paris, made large purchases at the Exhibition, where, among other things, he bought the entire display of one of the great French glass manufacturers, his order being coupled with the condition that everything should be delivered at the Elysée on the following morning. The manufacturer, with an army of professional packers, spent the night in the building, working to such purpose that, by the appointed hour, the magnificent chandeliers, dishes, vases, dinner services, etc., were all packed and delivered and their places filled with objects so similar that the public had no suspicion of the substitution.

The Queen of Prussia has come and gone. Her first visit at the Exhibition was to the display of the International Society for tending the wounded on the field of battle, and showing the methods and appliances adopted by its members in the carrying out of their work of mercy. The formation of the society in question was suggested by the successful development, on the part of the Sanitary Commission of the United States, of the attempt, first made by Miss Nightingale of Crimean fame, to organize lay help in mitigating the inevitable horrors of the battle-field. It is now placed under the patronage of all the principal governments of Europe, and under the personal protection of several of the sovereigns, among whom the King and Queen of Prussia have been especially cordial in their manifestations of approval and interest. To testify her interest in the aims of the society, the Queen wore, on her visits to the Champ de Mars, the white ribbon with a red cross which serves as the distinguishing badge of the society—which marks, let us hope, the achievement of an appreciable step on the road to "the good time coming" when the people of this slow-to-learn little planet shall have discovered that there is something better to be done in the world than fighting.

An event which also marks, in its way, the substitution of new ideas for old ones is the abolition of imprisonment for debt, accomplished by a recent decision of the Senate and the Legislative Assembly, and in consequence of which the doors of the classic temple of impecuniosity have been thrown open and the inmates of the debtors' prison of the Rue de Clichy have just been set at liberty. The law abolishing imprisonment for debt having been finally passed, after a protracted debate, at half-past twelve at night, and its provisions becoming executable twenty-four hours afterwards, the doors of the Clichy prison remained closed until the recurrence of that hour on the following night. The progress of the bill had been followed with eager alternations of hope and of fear by the hundred and ninety-seven unlucky mortals (three of them women) who had been confined within its walls for longer or shorter periods, and who used to read aloud, day by day, the debates whose conclusion would have so important an effect on their future. The excitement of the prisoners on learning that the bill had passed, and that they would be set free in the course of another twenty-four hours, may easily be imagined. They laughed, wept, rushed into one another's arms, hugging and kissing each other in true French style; leaped, danced, tossed up their caps, sang and shouted in a delirium of delight. "I shall see my wife and children!" "I shall make my fortune!" "I shall see the Exhibition!" "I shall have a walk on the Boulevard!" "Vive la liberté!" "Vive l'Empereur!" resounded throughout the building. The prison authorities made some little addition to the dinner, after which the prisoners went in procession through the building, each carrying a lighted candle. These candles were then stuck in the windows, and while this modest attempt at an illumination was burning itself out, the inmates of the place employed themselves in making their bundles ready for their approaching exit. Exactly as the clocks struck the half hour after midnight, the doors of the prison were thrown open, never to close again upon "debtors," and one hundred and ninety "poor devils" passed out into personal freedom. It appears that the noisy excitement of the earlier portion of the day had died away as the hours wore on towards midnight, and that the exodus was performed very quietly, most of the company expressing their satisfaction that their departure was to be effected under the cover of the night instead of by daylight, in which case a crowd would certainly have gathered to see them go. Seven of the prisoners—philosophers, doubtless, in their way—preferred sleeping in the building, and only quitted it next morning at seven o'clock.

According to present appearances there would seem to be a chance of the world's being treated, ere long, to a lawsuit the like of which has probably never been seen. Your readers, no doubt, have not forgotten the strange stroke of fortune by which Mr. Daniel Home, so well known to fame for his claims as a "medium," was suddenly adopted and enriched by a wealthy old Englishwoman, a widow named Lyon, who gave him £30,000 down, made him take her name, and presented him to her lawyers, bankers, and acquaintances as her adopted son. The sum first given to Mr. Home by Mrs. Lyon, and a second sum which she gave to him shortly afterwards, were part of a sum of £90,000, in consols, which resulted from the accumulating interest, during over half a century, of a sum of money possessed by her before she married, and which her husband had always declared to be her own particular property. It seems that Mrs. Lyon, being an illegitimate child, had always been treated coldly, and even unkindly, by her husband's family, who, rich and proud, resented what they considered as a *mésalliance*. The old lady, therefore, openly declared her intention of leaving all her large fortune, including about £200,000 that had been bequeathed to her unconditionally by her husband, to her adopted son. But this intention appears to have been combated by Mr. Home's friends, who counselled her strongly to leave to her husband's family the portion of her property which she had received from him, and to let whatever provision she felt inclined to make for her adopted son be taken exclusively from the property that had been hers before her marriage. Mrs. Lyon, in making her sudden gift to Mr. Home, whom she had only once seen, and who was made ill by the suddenness of the change thus operated in his position, stated to him, and to all about her, that her deceased husband had appeared to her, and had told her that he wished her to adopt Mr. Home, to give him a handsome income, and to regard him in all respects as her son, the support and companion of her old age. Mrs. Lyon, it should be stated, has long claimed to be a "medium" and taken an active part in the so-called spiritual movement of the day. But though thus stating herself to be *en rapport* with the invisible world, she frequently avails herself of the aid of other "mediums," and thus has made the acquaintance of a young girl who not only professes to be in communication with "good spirits," but declares Mr. Lyon (as he has been called for a year past) to be in communication with "bad" ones. Mr. Home's health being exceedingly delicate, his adopted mother took him, a few months ago, to the coast of Devonshire, for change of air; appeared to devote herself to him with great affection, and wrote to him, whenever she left him, the most affectionate letters. About six weeks ago, urged to the step by the representations of the young girl referred to, Mrs. Lyon suddenly informed her adopted son that she cast him off, and must have her money back; that the "spirit" which had caused her to adopt him was "a lying spirit" whom he had sent to deceive her with the semblance of her husband; and immediately afterwards caused him to be arrested and thrown into prison on a charge of being about to leave England with money fraudulently obtained from her. Mr. Home's friends, informed of what had taken place, liberated him on bail, and he was removed, more dead than alive, to the house of one of them, where he has been nursed and doctored, and where he still remains.

Mrs. Lyon's bestowments on Mr. Home having been *bonâ-fide* gifts, it appears that unless the latter voluntarily gives them back to her she can only act against him by throwing the whole affair into Chancery, and proving that she has been the victim of fraud and "collusion;" and as Mr. Home is understood to refuse to relinquish these gifts—as such a relinquishment, say his legal advisers, would be equivalent to an admission of the justice of her charges against his friends as well as against himself—this curious affair may possibly be brought before the world by a regular legal procedure, in which case it is said here, by parties well informed of what is going on in London, that such an array of "respectabilities" will probably come forward to declare their conviction of the reality of the "phenomena" which would form the most prominent feature of the case as will suffice to place the expected lawsuit in the front rank of "*causes célèbres*."

Correspondence.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

To the Editor of The Nation:

I have been longing, ever since I read your article on "Female Influence," for a leisure moment in which to make a few observations to you about it.

I presume it was written by some crusty old bachelor, who never knew the delights of having a wife to dress in ribbons and gauze, "rings and farthingales and things;" and as I am an old maid who never knew the happiness of having a husband to waste the fruit of his toil on me, I think myself the right person to say a word in reply to his severe strictures on my sex. By the way, what a fuss we are making just now! It is well my mother is dead; she would have been ashamed to see so much in print about her sex.

I will consent to the truth of a great part of what is said in the article to which I allude. I confess that women are foolish, trifling, vain, and fond of dress, guilty, in short, of a great many weaknesses over which I daily lament, but then *à qui la faute?*

I contend that men are at least as much to blame for this state of things as women, and that the remedy is in *their* hands. So long as they allow themselves to be captivated by showy dress and pretty little frivolous ways, women will continue to cultivate such; and just as soon as they manifest a preference for something higher and better, women will alter their standard. An impression exists very generally among women that anything like "strongmindedness," any disposition to think and act for themselves, will be an effectual bar to their matrimonial prospects; and certainly appearances would seem to justify such a conclusion.

Why is it that the most intellectual men almost invariably choose pretty little doll-like women, utterly incapable of being companions to them, except in the most limited degree?

Why is it that a sensible woman like myself, for instance, who have never sought to win any man by dress, or by any false pretences, yet who am conscious of capabilities of no mean order of making others happy, have been left to reach the verge of my fiftieth year, unsought and unadmired? Why, but because of the want of right appreciation in the sex who now come forward to charge us with levity and folly!

Don't imagine, dear Nation, that I speak regretfully of my lot; on the contrary, I see more and more reason to be satisfied with it.

So long as men choose their wives as they do, I don't want to be chosen! (I forgot just then how old I was.) I could say more, but having heard men accuse my sex of being garrulous, I will refrain. Pray do me the favor to give these few lines a place in your columns, and forever oblige

Vieille Fille.

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The Week.

THE publication of the correspondence between the President and General Grant sets at rest all doubts as to Grant's opinion of Mr. Johnson's conduct, and thus relieves him of much of the odium which a portion of the Radical press have been heaping upon him ever since he took Mr. Stanton's place. But his position as cabinet minister of a personage whose policy he disapproves, and as the political medium of orders which he believes injurious to the best interests of the country, is, as we remarked last week, a false one, and we are exceedingly sorry he ever got into it, and hope he will speedily get out of it. It is desirable, for reasons which will probably be more apparent six months hence than now, that the head of the army should be free from all "entangling alliances." The best service every good man can render the country is to leave Mr. Johnson to his own devices. Nobody is capable of patching him up or making him look respectable. Mr. Seward has been cobbling him for two years, and the result is total failure. A piece is no sooner put on him in one place than he breaks out in another. There appears little doubt that he is now determined to bring on a conflict with Grant himself. The situation, it must be admitted, is exceedingly grave.

Mr. Johnson has fairly determined at last to cut the Republican connection, and set up as a genuine Copperhead of the olden time, "with the Constitution for his guide." As we write, the resignation of all the members of his cabinet is said to be at his disposition. Even Mr. Seward is going at last—his journeyings and feastings and speeches and celebrations with and for and on behalf of the said Johnson going for absolutely nothing. This course, as we understand, has been long urged on Mr. Johnson both by the members of his own family and by his most intimate political friends; but he has never been able to screw his courage up to the sticking-point. Their taunts and entreaties have at last set his native pluck fermenting, and it has acquired volume enough for the work. His programme now apparently is to execute the law in appearance, but execute it through instruments of his own choosing, not in sympathy with it or with Congress, and execute it in such fashion that it shall do as little damage as possible to Southern ideas. His letter to Grant reveals clearly that his opinion still is that he may not only take the Constitution for his guide, but interpret it for himself, and that he is even, in supreme crises like the present, a co-ordinate branch of the Government not in form only, but in fact; and he evidently believes that there is some mysterious virtue in the parchment of the Constitution which will shield him from harm, no matter how popular feeling may run. He is, we should say, in a state of mind very similar to that of the Turkish merchant captain who was despatched in 1847 from Smyrna, by a Greek house, with a cargo of corn for Marseilles. He did not make his appearance in due course, and the consignors heard, after two months, that he was snugly anchored near Cape Matapan, the southernmost point of the Morea, where he had been for four weeks. They went in pursuit in a steamer, boarded him, and found him squatted on his quarterdeck smoking, and apparently happy. On being asked what kept him there, he said he had sailed as far as his chart went, and there was then nothing for him but to stop; and in reply to the question how long he would have remained there, he said "Allah only could tell." Mr. Johnson has got to the end of his own chart, and there he intends to stick as long as his employers will let him.

There appears good reason to believe, we are sorry to say, that General Thomas was appointed to take General Sheridan's place either with the knowledge that Thomas was ill and could not take it, or in the hope that, sympathizing strongly with Sheridan, he would not take it. His state of health has proved the needed obstacle, and Hancock has been sent to Louisiana with power to withdraw or modify Sheridan's orders, Grant's protests—as we write—going for nothing.

We prophesied last week that one of the first effects of Mr. Johnson's recent performances would be the great exaltation of the reputation of the impeachers for wisdom and foresight. Accordingly we find in the last number of *The Watchman and Reflector*, a widely circulated paper, Mr. Johnson's latest follies treated not only as a justification of the attempts made to impeach him last year, but of the dismal forebodings uttered by Wendell Phillips in his lecture called "The South Victorious," two years ago. What Wendell Phillips predicted in that lecture, however, was not that Andrew Johnson would prove a traitor, but that the Northern people would neglect or refuse to reap the fruits of their victory. Now, this particular offence the Northern people have never shown the least tendency to commit. They have from first to last persisted in exacting every guarantee which the demeanor of the Southern whites proved from time to time to be necessary. Mr. Phillips is either constitutionally a pessimist, or he always predicts evil as a matter of policy, and, constituted as the world is at present, anybody who steadily plays Cassandra is sure sometimes to seem to be right. Fortune-tellers are able to make a livelihood by foretelling truly even in one case in a thousand, because their dupes are greatly impressed by the one hit, and forget all about the nine hundred and ninety-nine misses. As a matter of fact, all the croakers about the results of the war have been brought to utter confusion. And as regards Andrew Johnson, Mr. Phillips has been no surer of *his* treason to freedom than he was of Abraham Lincoln's, on whom he lavished an amount of "plain dealing" which both he and his friends must now read with shame and sorrow. At any great crisis like that through which the country is now passing, some prominent person is sure to behave badly; and if one had only to predict this to earn the reputation of a great prophet, we should soon have more prophets than we could well listen to, much less heed. In politics, to prophesy successfully a man must be able not only to discern clearly the general tendency of things, but to foretell the final result. Ten years hence,

there can be but little doubt, Andrew Johnson's career will be looked on as but an episode in the reconstruction process, of far less consequence than General McClellan's share in the conduct of the war.

The World of Tuesday last declares Grant's letter to the President to display "a fervor of remonstrance more in the vein of a sensational writer for a newspaper than of an habitually cool and reserved general of the army." It also calls it "a singular protest;" decries its "parade of earnestness;" and asserts that it must have been written for the public rather than for the President; and much more to the same effect. To enjoy all this thoroughly, the reader ought to hunt up McClellan's famous letter from Harrison's Landing, and then read the comments of *The World* on it *passim*, during the years 1863–64. That letter was written in the midst of defeat by a general who had never won a battle, had no political experience—a young, untried, and almost unknown man; and in it he practically warned the Government against a certain political course. For folly and impudence that epistle had no parallel in history, and yet for two long years it was paraded by the Democratic press, with a shocking want of humor, as an extraordinary display of wisdom. General Grant's letter is the letter of a tried, trusted, and victorious soldier who has saved the country, a member of the President's cabinet, and written in reply to a request for advice from a politician of amazing and admitted stupidity.

The canvas in Ohio is calling out some of the Republican leaders in speeches which will be of real value in all parts of the Union. Senator Sherman delivered last week a really able one at Canton, reviewing the whole controversy between the President and Congress, and Congress and the Democratic party. He threw on the last the whole blame of delaying the work of reconstruction, and warned it that it cannot hope for success in the contest it is now waging, though he acknowledged that it may hereafter do good service as an opposition. He met one of the strong points of the Democratic speakers by showing that Congress, in exempting national bonds from State taxation, had simply adopted and confirmed the doctrine laid down by repeated decisions of the Supreme Court during the last forty years. The whole address was in fact something far better than a stump speech—it was a real lesson in political science, full of good sense, logic, moderation, and fairness. Mr. Wade also held forth at Marietta, but in what may be called the "rousing" vein, bearing about the same relation to Mr. Sherman's that the great Uri cow-horn bears to a violin. He "handled" the Democratic leaders "without gloves," defended negro suffrage by divers good and some bad arguments, and closed with a hearty outburst of honest indignation over the Democratic onslaughts on the national credit.

Ambassadors, as well as the sovereigns or presidents to whom they are accredited, are apt to have their ingenuity severely tested in trying to produce on presentation day points of contact or resemblance between the nations they respectively represent. There has, perhaps, never been a diplomatist who had more unpromising materials to deal with in the performance of this duty than M. Blacque, who was introduced to Mr. Johnson the other day as the emissary of the Sultan. But he got out of the difficulty remarkably well, everything considered. For instance, he drew attention to the fact that Turkey and the United States "are both conquerors, one conquering by the force of arms, the other chiefly by the arts of peace." So, also, it might be said that the Bedouins and the Americans were both commercial people, the one acquiring with the bow and spear and the other acquiring by hard labor. The Spotted Tails have also a strong bond of sympathy with the real Yankees, as they are both travelling nations, fond of moving from place to place in pursuit of gain. The "democratic affinities" of the United States and Turkey, of which M. Blacque made mention, would, we fear, form an indifferent basis for closer union. The fact is that, in spite of the remarkable resemblance between the two which M. Blacque has pointed out, there are no two peoples in the world which differ so widely. The American is nervous, the Turk is phlegmatic; the American is industrious, the Turk is lazy; the American eats fast, the Turk eats slowly; the American wears tight clothes, the Turk loose clothes; the American travels much, the Turk does not travel at all; the American loves the buggy, the Turk loves the saddle; the American in repose puts his feet on a level with his head, the Turk in repose sits on his heels; the Turk loves the pipe, the American the cigar; the American rarely takes his boots off, the Turk rarely puts them on; the American loves female society, the Turk thinks no society so poor; the American thinks all men are as good as he, the Turk thinks himself better than any man; the American can hardly conceive of any government except a government by law, the Turk can hardly conceive of any government except a government by individual will; the American thinks Turks may be saved, the Turk thinks Americans will surely be damned; in short, the two nations stand at the opposite extremes of two totally different civilizations, and we suspect M. Blacque must have had a good laugh when he got home from the White House.

A body called the "National Labor Congress," composed of delegates from various working-men's associations, has been sitting at Chicago during the past week, discussing the relations between labor and capital, and organizing machinery for supporting the claims of labor as against capital. The resolutions adopted will well repay perusal on the part of all who want to get an idea of the condition of the working-men in the matter of economical knowledge. They denounce the eight-hour laws passed lately by four States as frauds and shams; and want to have imperative eight-hour laws passed by both Congress and the State legislatures, a gift of $25,000,000, and legislative help in resisting what they call the encroachments of capital. The form this help is to take is, as well as we can make out, some kind of regulation of the currency; but, after a diligent study of this portion of the resolutions, we confess we are unable to give any clear account of them. It appears from them that "money is the medium of distribution to non-producing capital and producing labor, the rate of interest determining what proportion of the products of labor shall be awarded to capital for its use, and what to labor for its productions," and that Congress has it in its power, and it is its duty, so "to make money and regulate its value" (we are quoting literally) "that it may be a correct and uniform standard of value, and distribute the products of labor equitably between capital and labor, according to the service or labor performed in their production." It is impossible to read the foregoing without pain; happily, the exceedingly small amount of influence exercised by the "Congress"—if we may judge of its influence from its revenue—enables us to read it without anxiety. Some of the popular lecturers ought to devote their attention to the diffusion amongst the working-men of some knowledge of even the rudiments of political economy.

The case reported a few days ago, from South Carolina, of the young colored girl who, for having resisted an assault made on her by a white one, was carried to the woods by a mob of citizens, stripped and whipped nearly to death, "a justice of the peace" presiding at the ceremony, is a striking illustration of what the value of the "civil law," as a protection for life and property, would be if the South were just now left to itself. The "justice" and several of his confederates, we are glad to say, have been tried by court-martial and sentenced to a short term of imprisonment and hard labor. Those who believe, as we do, that the first object of government is the protection of life and property, and who know how little government under this definition there has ever been at the South, will heartily rejoice that the Southern whites should get such excellent lessons as this in the meaning of the word "law," even from courts-martial.

The Protectionist League, which has been established as a counterpoise to the Free-Trade League, has proposed to the latter to publish, jointly, a paper containing arguments and replies in each number from both sides of the controversy, and the Free-Trade League has been foolish enough to refuse. What is wanted above all things in this discussion is to get both sides before the same persons, and before as large a number of persons as possible, for we shall never have a settled financial policy till the public has decided upon it knowingly. At present not one man in a thousand has any ideas about free-trade or protection at all, so there cannot be said to be anything worth the

name of public opinion to appeal to. As matters stand, protectionist publications go to protectionists and free-trade publications to free-traders, and little or no progress is made. We should have been glad to see the joint publication for another reason. It would have helped to break down the habit of reading only party organs and treating as an outrage all expressions of dissent from party views in the newspaper one subscribes to, now so prevalent, and so prejudicial both to right feeling and sound thinking.

Escobedo has, through Don M. Z. Gomez, "Citizen Military Commander of the line of the Bravo," denied formally the authenticity of the letter attributed to him some time ago, calling for the expulsion and slaughter of foreigners, and especially Americans. The letter of General Gomez is a model of "Latin" composition. One of the reasons he gives in support of the denial is, that General Escobedo "knows a republican should have no prejudices, and that in whoever he sees industry, good faith, virtues, civil or social, there he should meet a brother, whatever might be his nationality." After this we hope nobody will speak disrespectfully of General Escobedo.

The news from the Indian war continues to be conflicting and incomprehensible and unsatisfactory. There are tremendous fights every day almost, in which the slaughter of Indians is very heavy, but in which somehow the whites get the worst of it. For instance, Major Wombwell, on the 2d inst., fought three thousand Indians for three hours with twenty-nine men, and killed two thousand Indians with a loss of six men to himself, so that each of his men must have killed about seventy Indians, or an Indian every two minutes and a half. If this sort of fighting continues, the public will have to call on the Government to withdraw the troops from motives of humanity.

Mr. George W. Copeland returns to the vexed question of General Banks's alleged drunkenness on a certain Saturday and Sunday in Portland, last year, and shows in a long letter to the Malden *Messenger* that he is, and always was, ready to produce *in Portland* oral proof of the drunkenness aforesaid, but written affidavits he will not furnish for divers good reasons. There is, however, no likelihood that General Banks or his friends will ever go to Portland to hear any evidence on the subject, and therefore the general is likely to enjoy his seat in Congress during the remainder of his term in spite of his offer to resign in case the offence was proved against him. In fact, so much of his term has now elapsed that his condition in Portland in those memorable days is fast becoming an abstract philosophical question, of little interest to anybody but the student of human nature.

A more revolting and yet amusing illustration of the hold of great names on the popular imagination we do not know of than the attention paid by the press to Mr. Thomas Carlyle's last rhapsody, "Shooting Niagara." There is hardly a newspaper of respectability on either side of the Atlantic which has not "noticed" it with greater or less elaboration, and many have solemnly and in set terms refuted it. And yet, no matter by what standard we judge it, it is pure rigmarole, the nonsense of a foolish and conceited old man, which, if written by a person unknown to fame, no intelligent writer would dream of wading through. The American who has borne "a leading part" in the events which have led to emancipation, and whom he cites as an authority for the assertion that the negroes "are being improved off the face of the earth," is probably a noted feuilletonist, whose share in bringing on the war was about as important as his share in conducting it.

The news from Europe is unimportant. The English Reform Bill is law, but as a clause has been inserted in it, providing that if a dissolution should take place before January, 1869, the election shall be held under the old law, little will be known of the working of the new law for the present, and there will be plenty of time for speculation. The London *Times* comments on the refusal of the Commons to have a formal "conference," in the old style, with the Lords on the amendments—sending a clerk with their reasons instead—as something ominous. The rule has hitherto been for the Lords' Committee of Conference to sit with their hats on and receive the Commons' committee standing and uncovered; but the Commons are evidently not prepared to endure this humiliation any longer. They are masters, and they know it and mean that others shall know it.

The main topic of interest on the Continent is the meeting at Salzburg between the Emperors and Empresses of France and Austria, out of which the newspaper gossips all expect a Franco-Austrian alliance to grow; and the interest of the matter is increased by the alleged assertion, on the part of France, of a right of interference with regard to any German questions still remaining unsettled. As we said last week, all the ordinary motives and indications render an alliance between France and Austria and a counter one between Prussia and Russia probable. Austria can clearly only prolong her life by clinging to some healthy and stronger organism. With affairs in this condition, a capital opportunity would offer itself to Italy to make a good bargain with the Catholic powers about Rome, as her army, in case of a European conflict, could turn the scale; but unhappily her financial condition paralyzes her. If she reduces her armament she loses her political importance, gives up all immediate hope of Rome, and runs the risk of being bullied by France; if she maintains her armament, her bankruptcy becomes a question of months. She has now tried nearly every expedient, and there is still an awful deficit every year. Piling on the taxes does not seem to help matters, as Italians evade taxation by economy in a way which, to any northern people, would be impossible. Americans or Englishmen would revolt sooner than scrimp themselves as Italians are now doing There is still talk of a Garibaldian move on Rome, and there has been a sharp correspondence going on between the Italian and French Governments touching a speech of General Dumont (French) to the Papal Zouaves, in which he assured the French amongst them that they were still in the French service. Garibaldi is, however, old and has lost much of his prestige, and Dumont has been disavowed. So the chances of a Roman revolution are still small for the present.

Chief-Justice Crozier, of Kansas, delivering judgment lately in the case of Searle agt. Adams, 3 Banks 515-518, remarked with great force and clearness, speaking of the Statute of Limitations:

"For some years past, upon the disposition of each succeeding case involving a construction of this statute, it was considered, by bench and bar, that fiction itself could scarcely conceive of a new question to arise thereunder; but as term after term rolls around there are presented new questions, comparing favorably in point of numbers with Falstaff's men in buckram: thus adding to the legions that have gone before a new demonstration of the propriety and verity of the adage that truth 'is stranger than fiction.' With the heat of ninety-eight degrees of Fahrenheit in the shade, and the newspapers teeming with reports of the ravages of our common enemy, who, the more effectually to accomplish his double purpose of capturing the imprudent and frightening the timid, has assumed the form of the Asiatic monster, it might be supposed by the unthinking that the consideration of such questions would be entered upon rather reluctantly. But we beg to disabuse the public mind of any such heresy. Cases might be imagined where 'smashes' would not stimulate, nor 'cobblers' quicken, nor 'juleps' invigorate; but a new question under our Statute of Limitations, in coolness and restoring power, so far exceeds any and all of these, that when one is presented, the 'fine ould Irish gintleman's' resurrection under the circumstances detailed in song becomes as palpable a reality as the 'Topeka Constitution' or the 'Territorial Capital at Mineola.' The powers of a galvanic battery upon the vital energies are wholly incomparable to it. So that the consideration of this case, upon this day of wilted collars and oily butter, should not entitle the Court to many eulogies for extraordinary energy in the fulfilment of its duties."

The same learned judge has held that a jury is not bound to disbelieve a prostitute on her oath, because

"It ought not to be said that a woman pours out from her heart at Venus's shrine with her virtue every other good quality with which, in our thoughts, we endow her sex, whether she habitually flaunts her frailty in the face of the world, or attempts to hide it in retiracy, or garnish it with garlands of good works."

Although there is much in the foregoing deliverances with which all good lawyers will concur, we think it right to add that neither Judge Underwood nor Judge Busteed has, to our knowledge, passed on either of the points under discussion, in any reported case, and the bar will do well to suspend its judgment.

Notes.

LITERARY.

One branch of our periodical literature is prolific enough—we mean the monthly magazines. A man must now choose from among *Harper's, The Atlantic, Hours at Home, The Galaxy, The Northern Monthly, London Society, The Broadway, Cassell's Magazine, The Eclectic*, the various denominational monthlies, and the three or four diluted magazines for "ladies" and the family, which abound in weak fiction, weaker versifying, fashion plates, patterns, and domestic recipes. It will be observed that only three of the above-named are independent of illustrations. Whether they or their pictorial rivals are to be reinforced by *Putnam's Magazine*, which is now announced, we cannot say. Of course among all these vessels of amusing information there are some of brass and some of clay, and in ten years or less from now the latter will have gone to the bottom with cracked sides, to be succeeded by other pottery equally sanguine and equally brittle. The chief reason, we apprehend, why the new magazines make such little head against the old is, that the literary talent of the country is limited enough to be preoccupied by one or two. Money, fortunately, cannot accomplish everything, and if it could succeed in seducing say the contributors to *The Atlantic*, it would in all probability neither purchase their best productions nor the favor of the public. But it would not be enough to pay more liberally than Messrs. Ticknor & Fields; there must be also a certain social position—and, we are glad to believe, character with which the mere money-making spirit is incompatible—on the part of their competitors without which no alliance could be formed, much less preserved in the case supposed. To doubt the quality of new ventures, however, is not to deny them all chances of success. There are grades of readers for every grade of writers, and some are numerous enough to support what satisfies their taste.——Messrs. E. B. Myers & Chandler have in press "El Bib, or God and Man in the Light of Nature," by Edward R. Roe, M.D.——Messrs. Nichols & Noyes, Boston, publish shortly "Ecce Cœlum, or Parish Astronomy," in six lectures, by a Connecticut pastor, which looks through nature to the God of nature; "Striving and Winning," a book for girls, by Mrs. Pike; "Our Birds," by E. A. Samuels, designed for young readers, and treating of the more common birds, their habits, etc., with numerous illustrations; also a large-paper subscription edition of the same author's "Ornithology and Oölogy of New England."——Messrs. Hurd & Houghton have in press "Four Years in Spanish America," by F. Hausserek; Sidney's "Arcadia;" and "Society and Scenery in Turkey and Greece," by S. G. W. Benjamin—a book which ought to be entertaining.——Mr. James Miller has now nearly ready a new edition of Mrs. Browning's works, in three volumes, patterned as nearly as may be after the Farringford edition of Tennyson.——Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. publish in September Timothy Titcomb's new poem, "Kathrina: Her Life and Mine;" J. K. Paulding's "Bulls and Jonathans," uniform with Paulding's "Literary Life;" "The Art of Composition" and "The Art of Discourse" (a text-book on rhetoric), by Prof. H. N. Day, of Yale College. In October: "Prayers—Pulpit, Occasional, and Social," by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; "Language and the Study of Language," by Prof. W. D. Whitney, of Yale College; "The Queens of American Society," with twelve or thirteen fine steel engravings, by Mrs. E. F. Ellet; Froude's "Short Studies on Great Subjects;" "The Old Roman World, Grandeur and Failure of its Civilization," by John Lord, LL.D.; J. K. Paulding's "Tales of the Good Woman." In November: "Extemporary Preaching," by F. B. Zincke; and two volumes of Lange (Genesis–Corinthians). In December: J. K. Paulding's "Dutchman's Fireside," and one volume of Lange (Thessalonians, Timothy, Titus, and Hebrews).——Mr. Henry M. Wynkoop has in press the truly "Handy Volume Edition of Shakespeare," in thirteen volumes 16mo, closely imitating the original of Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, London. The reprint is to be sold only by subscription, and the Bradstreet Press will ensure it most excellent typography.

—Mr. Dawson's *Historical Magazine* enters, with the July number, upon its second volume (new series). We have been most edified by the article contributed by Mr. Geo. H. Moore on "Woman's Rights in Massachusetts" and the version of a Chinese history of the United States. Mr. Moore is never quite happy except in harrying the Puritans, and when, by ingenious argumentation, he has proved that South Carolina outranks Massachusetts in abolishing slavery, he is ready to amuse himself, as here, by proving the Puritan State to have been the earliest champion of woman's rights—at least to deserve "the honor of the first recorded attempt to vindicate woman's right to vote." Seu-Ki-Yu is not so voluminous as Bancroft or Hildreth, and his history occupies only two pages of the magazine. He is not very clear in his narrative of military operations during the Revolution, but in a single masterly sentence he resumes the tedious protraction of the war: "Sometimes victorious and sometimes vanquished, Washington's determination and energy never failed, while the English general began to grow old." The historian even concedes that "in devising plans, he [Washington] was more daring than Chin Shing or Hain Kwang. In winning a country he was braver than Tson Tsan or Sin Pi." In his book-reviews Mr. Dawson seizes at least one opportunity of insinuating his doctrine of State-Rights, more than one of reprobating the war for the Union, and as many as he can of betraying his partisanship while rebuking others for preferring the interests of party to the Truth of History. These idiosyncrasies detract materially from the otherwise valuable character of the magazine.

—Persons who have pen-handles, rulers, chairs, and especially canes made of the Boston Elm, the Hancock House, the Charter Oak, the frigate *Constitution*, and who are concerned for the authenticity of this sort of property, will be glad to learn that the Queen's wood-carver, Mr. W. Perry, has come to the rescue of the original Herne's Oak in Windsor Park, which fell to pieces August 31, 1863, and gave Mr. Perry a good deal of business in his line. To maintain the genuineness of his wares, Mr. Perry diligently instituted enquiries and collected proofs, some of which are forcible, and which, taken altogether, sufficed to convince him that the tree in dispute was the real one. This conclusion sets at ease, among others, Miss Burdett Coutts, who encased copies of the first folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, and of the first collected edition of his poems, in a casket fashioned by Mr. Perry from the wood of the fallen oak. A drawing of this casket, engravings of the two rival oaks, Shakespeare's crest, certain antiquated initial letters and type ornaments, and old-style text, are employed to color the argument for longevity advanced by the author.

—Mr. Ross Browne's experience of Icelandic hospitality is quite matched in discomfort, but surpassed in amount, by that of C. W. Shepherd, M.A., F.Z.S., as told in his "Northwest Peninsula of Iceland" (Longmans). He went to that land of fire and water to "settle some vexed questions in ornithology," and this obliged him to reach the island nearly three months before it is habitable by the ordinary traveller. Mr. Shepherd accomplished nothing for science, owing to the unfavorable weather, but this only rendered his indoor adventures more piquant.——The subject of mediæval taxation in England is well illustrated in the reprint "Gesta Regis Henrici IIdi Benedicti Abbatis," edited by William Stubbs, M.A., Regius Professor of History at Oxford (Longmans). The original of this work, says *The Chronicle*, is scarce, and to the present edition Prof. Stubbs has added a preface and other introductory matter, including the Itinerary of Henry II., modelled on Mr. Hardy's of King John. Omitting mention of the sources of revenue, the amount was, under the Confessor, £40,000; under William the Conqueror, £55,000; 31st Henry I., £66,593; in the last of Henry II., £48,781; Henry III., £40,000 normal, raised by extraordinary measures to £50,000. To obtain the modern equivalents for these sums, the Conqueror's revenue may be multiplied by 20, and that of Henry III. by 15. Of course there was an increase of population between these extremes.

—The following books have been recently imported by Scribner, Welford & Co.: "The Institutes of the Roman Law," by Frederick Tomkins, M.A., D.C.L. (Butterworths). Part I. alone is as yet issued, and gives an account of the sources of Roman law, from the earliest period to the decline of the Western Empire. The second part, when published, will contain "a dogmatic explanation of the law." The work is an elementary one for students, and sheds needed light on the jurisprudence of Germany particularly, and on that of England not a little.——The keeper of the Greek and Roman antiquities in the British Museum, Mr. C. T. Newton, M.A., publishes through Messrs. Day & Son his "Travels and Discoveries in the Levant." This delightful and, for the antiquary, inexhaustible region has already furnished material for a great many fine books. Mr. Newton's first volume is chiefly occupied with what he saw at Mitylene and at Rhodes, but has glimpses also of Malta, Athens, Constantinople, Salonica, the Troad, Scio, Cos, and Tenedos. The illustrations are mainly from photographs and are quite vivid. The second volume is an abridgment of the author's larger work on "Historical Discoveries at Halicarnassus, Cnidus, and Branchidæ" (London, 1862). But it has eleven new photographs, from drawings by Mr. Newton, of remains of sculpture, etc.——One of those works which, having been dispersed in various countries, make us regard Macaulay's New-Zealander with complacency, knowing that he can never taunt us from London Bridge with at least one "lost art" of the ruined empire, is the "History of the Machine-wrought Hosiery and Lace Manu-

factures," by William Felkin, F.L.S., F.S.S. (Longmans). It is a bulky volume of 560 pages, and is not only a history, but a manual of these manufactures as now conducted, having illustrations and minute descriptions of all the processes and machinery.

—A novel called "Melchior Gorles," by Mr. Henry Aitchenbie, has lately been published in London, and has been received with commendation by some of the leading London papers. It certainly contains some remarkable passages. The following, for instance, is a striking description of the sort of feeling awakened in the breast of an average Englishman by a fine work of art. The hero is at Florence, and sees at the Uffizi Albertinelli's famous picture of "The Salutation." He says:

"As we stood for the twentieth time gazing at that '*Salutazione*,' I felt, and I frightened the dear old mother out of her wits as I confessed to her that I felt, that *I should just like to roll myself before it and howl.* I have been conscious of *the same profound* feeling in the presence of other astounding works of art, but of that above all others."

After this delicate criticism, Mr. Aitchenbie says:

"Oh! what would I give to get *some of those idiots* of the Pre-Raphaelite persuasion before that wondrous picture, *to hold them by the scruff of their necks and shake them till their eyes shoot out,*" etc. etc., and "*I should like to rub their noses against it,*" etc. etc.

We fancy that some of our own artists have felt much in this way toward the art-critic of *The Tribune,* whom they suppose to be of what is called the *Pre-Raphaelite persuasion,* but they have hardly expressed themselves with such forcible elegance.

—Since the Crimean war Englishmen have, much to their advantage, acquired from their neighbors across the Channel many ways and habits of life which the orthodox John Bull of the good old times would have denounced as decidedly un-English. Moustaches and whiskers, for instance, were formerly regarded by them with unfriendly eyes, and it was not till the *entente cordiale* brought the English in closer contact with the French that society got accustomed to huge beards, and that French elegance and ease improved somewhat the stiff English manners. But the advantages of the alliance were mutual. The French mounseer got a full return for what he gave. He got *enchanté* with *rosbif,* pale ale, the latest English fashions, which are now indispensable accessories in the life of the Paris *gentleman,* and last, not least, with the Anglo-Saxon "sport." At first, however, Monsieur had very vague notions of riding and of sport, as may still be seen daily in the Bois de Boulogne; but, by frequent visits to Tattersall's, Newmarket, and the Derby, and still more frequent shavings by English horse-dealers, grooms, and jockeys, he acquired not only a *vernis* of sport, but became by-and-by a real sportsman. When, in 1865, Count Lagrange's "Gladiateur," with H. Grimshaw as jockey, won the Derby, the triumph of the Frenchmen was great. The battle of Waterloo had been avenged by "Gladiateur" on the plains of Epsom. This victory was celebrated by the count, in connection with the Jockey Club, by a great dinner and ball given to the principal English sportsmen. Since 1862, two French sporting papers have been published, one named *Le Derby,* the other *La Gazette des Courses. Le Derby* is the acknowledged organ of the Paris Jockey Club, and is edited by E. Porte, Dumas fils, Ponson du Terrail, A. Karr, etc. It gives all news regarding sport, and a selected feuilleton. In the sporting articles all English sporting-words are to be met with, the French having adopted them in their language. The "event" of the French turf is the "Courses de Paris" on the first and second of June, where this year M. de Montgomery's "Fervacques" won the "grand prix de Paris" of 100,000 francs. The greatest international race-courses are those of Baden-Baden, where every summer, on the last of August and on the first three days of September, the *élite* of the European turf congregate, and let their horses run for prizes set by the Grand Duke of Baden, by the town of Baden, and by Mr. Benazet, proprietor of the gambling-house. The prizes are insignificant compared with the enormous bets.

—A souvenir of the Paris Exhibition is the "Album de l'Exposition illustrée, Histoire pittoresque de l'Exposition universelle de 1867" (Paris: Gabriel Richard). It has been published from the beginning of the Exposition in bi-weekly numbers, of which forty-eight have thus far been issued, and contains feuilletons on the events of the week with regard to the Exhibition, of the principal parts of which it gives illustrations and descriptions, caricatures, etc. The inevitable Alexandre Dumas is the chief editor of the literary part, to which A. de Gasperini, Charles Maquet, F. Desnoyers, and other names of note among the younger Parisian feuilletonists are contributors. The illustrations are lithographic, printed in the text, neatly executed, and the whole work gives a very amusing and entertaining chronology of the Exhibition and of life in Paris at that memorable period—the golden age of Parisian shopkeepers, *cochers, concierges,* and of "*ces petites dames.*"

—The first part of a "Dictionnaire des Mathématiques Appliquées, par H. Sonnet, Professeur à l'École centrale des Arts," has just been published by Hachette, in Paris (New York: L. W. Schmidt). This denomination of applied mathematics does not, however, include astronomy and physics, which, though using mostly mathematics, form separate sciences, but refers only to the questions of calculus which have relation to commerce, banks, civil and military engineering, industry, and architecture. As far as required, applied mechanics have also been introduced. Most of the articles do not suppose a more than general knowledge on the part of the reader; they give clear definitions, and are chiefly illustrated. The work is well printed, and will embrace ten parts, to be completed by the end of this year.—— A compendium of the "History of Philosophy" has been edited by Dr. F. Schmid aus Schwarzenberg, from the speculative monotheistical point of view (Grundniss der Geschichte der Philosophie von Thales bis Schopenhauer. Erlangen. 1867. New York: L. W. Schmidt). The author undertakes to present in short and impartially written paragraphs the essence of all the prominent philosophical systems, with biographical sketches of their authors, and distributes them among the following groups: the Greek mind, the Roman mind, the Semitic mind, the scholastic mind, French philosophers, English philosophers, the philosophy of the Germans. Two-thirds of the book are devoted to the first division. The book gives a very complete, condensed, and unbiassed history of philosophy. In the last chapter Dr. Schmid, of course, advocates his own view: Schelling's theory of atoms with a supreme spirit.

—A member of the Saxon field-hospital commission has published a report of his experiences during the Bohemian war, with a comparative review of other field-hospital organizations, entitled "Under the Red Cross" ("Unter dem rothen Kreuz. Fremde und eigene Erfahrungen auf böhmischer Erde und den Schlachtfeldern der Neuzeit. Von Dr. Julius Naundorff." Leipzig. 1867. New York: L. W. Schmidt). From statistics in the introduction it appears that the ten wars waged by France, from 1801 to 1815, cost, on both sides, 5,120,000 lives, of which the Spanish war, from 1807 to 1813, alone took 200,000 annually, or, together, 2,400,000. The Crimean war cost 600,000 lives on both sides; the storming of Sebastopol alone, on the 8th of September, leaving 28,000 killed and wounded. At the battle of Solferino there were killed, in the Franco-Italian army, 8 generals, 936 officers, and 17,300 sergeants and soldiers; in the Austrian army, 4 colonels, 630 officers, 19,300 sergeants and soldiers. The losses of Austria during the late war are calculated at 71,267 men, of which 9,671 were killed, 24,096 wounded, and 37,500 missing—of this sum 62,797 belonging to the northern and 8,470 to the southern army. During the Crimean war the French army had 20,000 killed by wounds, while 70,000 deaths ensued from disease. The preponderance in modern warfare of fire-arms over all others is shown by the fact that 98 per cent. of the wounds are caused by shots. The author then passes a very severe criticism on the field sanitary service of the European states, of which he says that, while all other branches of military science have advanced, this one has remained almost everywhere at the stage of fifty years ago—a stage in which the Prusso-Austrian war found it also. The total number of the sick and wounded in the Prussian hospitals, after the day of Königgrätz, was 22,000 men; the number of Prussian killed is not mentioned by Herr Naundorff, but amounts to about 10,000. Most of the wounded were, according to him, left for twenty-four hours, and even three days, on the field, exposed to the heat of a July sun, without water, for the Bohemian peasants had destroyed all the wells for miles around. Moreover, though guards had been placed on the field, it swarmed after dark with peasants and marauders, veritable hyenas, who robbed the dead and wounded soldiers, often murdering or disfiguring those wounded who cried for help or offered any resistance. A Prussian officer testifies that he was lying wounded on the field, was robbed while asleep, and on awakening was at once blinded with a sabre by an old shrew, "so that he might not know her again." The personal staff of the Prussian and Austrian field hospital, though excellent in quality, was wholly insufficient in number, and lacked the most necessary materials. Without the aid of the "Johanniterorden"—a volunteer field-service corps for fetching the wounded from the field during and after the battle, which is under the active management of Count Stolberg-Wernigerode, and has a red cross on a white field as its badge—the number of the not mortally wounded, who died simply from want of water and care on the field, would have been still larger than the one thousand calculated by Herr Naundorff. There were many associations for supplying lint, refreshments, etc., to the hospitals, but they

came too late for the greatest battle of the seven weeks' war. The aid of charitable sisters in the hospitals was very warmly acknowledged by the Prussian commanders, who saw too late that there were neither surgeons, attendants, nor hospital materials enough for that immense number of patients. The details which the author adduces as proofs of his censure are of an unusually shocking character. Six days after Königgrätz, hundreds of wounded who had been carried into churches, stables, and barns, transformed into temporary hospitals, had been left with one surgeon only, who had no instruments, no bandages even, the dead mixed with the living, without provisions, without water. Still worse was it on the Austrian side. The author devotes a large part of his work to the sanitary field service of this country, the management of which during the civil war he highly praises and recommends for adoption in the Prussian, Austrian, and French armies, where reforms are mostly needed.

THE QUEEN'S BOOK.*

THERE has been nothing so singular connected with the singular book which Queen Victoria has thought proper to publish, as the manner in which it has been received by the press both in England and here. We have read with attention all the notices of it which have appeared in the leading newspapers and reviews, and we do not remember to have seen in any of them the least hint that the communication of it to the world was a political mistake, and a very serious one. The preface informs us that the Queen took the advice of a good many friends before deciding on its publication, but we fear they were friends of the class to which the editor—General Charles Grey—and General Phipps belong, men whose lives have been passed in royal ante-rooms, to whom the sovereign's will has assumed the character of a moral law, and who know as little of the way in which the popular mind works as they know of the courses of the stars.

The causes of the "success" of the book, from the publisher's point of view, lie on the surface. Court life, particularly in England, is so carefully concealed from the public gaze, the station of those who figure in it is so conspicuous, or, as *The Court Journal* says, "exalted," that there is, of course, always the keenest desire on the part of the public to know how they eat and drink and pass their time, what kind of clothes they wear, and what they say to each other; therefore, all books which tell what happens in palaces, even in times long gone by, if the work be only decently done, are sure of a sale. When one appears which is written by a queen, and the main feature in which is the story of her own courtship and marriage, of course the desire to read it becomes a rage.

It seems to be taken for granted by many people that the effect of this last revelation will be to establish the Queen more firmly than ever in the affections of her subjects, and therefore to make the monarchy more secure—a result just now doubly desirable owing to the course into which the Prince of Wales seems to be drifting. But the public knew already that the Queen was a pure and affectionate woman, that her domestic life was everything that domestic life should be; what they did not know was the exact mode in which Prince Albert displayed his affection for her and she hers for him, and the exact nature of the process by which they became "engaged." All this the Queen has now told them, and, by so doing, we hold that she has perhaps strengthened the popular esteem for her personally while weakening the hold of her dynasty on the crown. To people like the Greys and the Phippses, royalty is a real force in itself, something with a substance of its own, an "estate of the realm," existing because it exists, and needing no outward support. But then all thinking men know perfectly well that a constitutional monarchy only maintains itself by working on the popular imagination. A despot holds real power. He can put a hundred legions in motion to crush an individual or conquer a state, and therefore will always, till human nature has undergone a total change, be respected and obeyed. But a constitutional king reigns under the law; it is only by the aid of legal fictions that he seems to rule at all. It is not as a "ruler" that the educated classes in England look up to the Queen; it is as the "leader of society," "the first lady in the land," as it is the fashion to call her—a person of great "influence," and capable of changing the fashions. In short, the worship she receives is the same kind of worship the Duchess of Sutherland receives, differing only in degree. With the middle and lower classes it is different. To them the Queen is a real ruler, who watches closely what goes on in Parliament, has fixed views on politics, and who dismisses or appoints ministers as she is vexed or pleased with them, and is a person of extraordinary knowledge and wisdom. We have heard a countryman pointing out to a friend the canopy over the throne in the House of Lords as the place on which her Majesty perched herself during the debates, in order to see what the peers "were up to." Mr. Bagehot, in his recent admirable work on the English constitution, puts this view of the monarch's relations with the main body of the nation in a very clear light, points out the extent to which the throne in England rests at this moment on the popular delusion as to the nature of court life and the character of court personages, and the popular reverence for royal glitter and display, and the danger which the institution runs from the growing spirit of realism, bred and spread by communities such as those of the United States and Australia, in which political business is conducted entirely through the understanding, and in which any attempt to conduct it through the imagination would be met by laughter and derision. This popular delusion once destroyed, it would be plain to all the world that the government of Great Britain was really carried on by the House of Commons, with an executive called a cabinet appointed by itself and composed of its own members, and that the Queen was really a splendid supernumerary, whose sole mission was to impose on the vulgar.

Now, the tendency of the Queen's book is to destroy this delusion utterly. She appears in it herself as a tender and affectionate woman, such as may be found by the hundred thousand in England, but with no capacity or taste for or understanding of politics whatever, with a woman's personal preference for Whigs above Tories, owing to her personal feeling towards the Tory leaders, and with her whole soul absorbed in her conjugal and maternal duties. She lays bare in it her private journal, in which she declares her main object in life at the outset of her career to be to make "this blessed being [her husband] happy," and she seems to have lived up to her resolve. Everything in her conduct afterwards was regulated with a view to his comfort, and, though he was too sensible and conscientious a man to abuse his privileges, every line of the history of her married life reveals the fact that the influence of the royal family on government was *nil*, and that their social influence, outside the ordinary works of charity, was exercised almost entirely through a display of extraordinary conjugal felicity. But in this they did no more than is done by hundreds of families amongst the aristocracy. Fifty years ago it was considered a positive merit in a monarch to lead a virtuous life, and his people felt grateful to him for it, but we imagine that time has passed. The spirit of rationalism, which has been carrying so much havoc during the last century into the domains of tradition and sentiment, has not spared royalty, and kings must now produce more solid titles to the esteem and the money of hard-working millions than simple abstinence from coarse vices.

We hold, therefore, that the publication of the book before us is a grave mistake; that those who advised it must be totally ignorant of the condition of feeling and opinion amongst the English lower classes, and of the tendencies of the times in all Anglo-Saxon communities. It represents the Queen, too, in anything but a majestic light. It strips off from her all her most valuable disguises and paraphernalia, and exhibits her to the world in the commonplace character of a "gushing" and sentimental girl, and then of a "devoted wife and mother." No trace of mind appears in it, and inasmuch as no trace of anything worth the name of "duties" appears in it, the question occurs at every page to the thinking reader, What return does the royal family make for the reverence with which it is surrounded, for its million sterling a year?

We comment upon it thus freely because it is in reality a political phenomenon. It is a formal exposition on the part of the leading constitutional monarch in Europe of her titles to her throne. If it were simply the story of the private life of an amiable and excellent lady, criticism would be unnecessary, for it would carry its own condemnation on its face. The leading English papers have been evidently restrained by social considerations, which have in England extraordinary power, from speaking their full mind about it. We have, therefore, all the less hesitation in speaking out ours, and we do so, while regretting sincerely that we should even seem to undervalue the domestic graces and virtues of which the Queen has always afforded so brilliant and, we are willing to admit, so useful an example. But the time has come when no political institution can look to these things for permanence and security, when something more is exacted of those who ask a nation to lift them above the common cares and common vicissitudes of life and use all its resources in making their homes brilliant and happy and tranquil. Whether the era of reason on which we are entering will be a better era than the era of sentiment which we are quitting, God only knows; but it is certain that "privileged classes" will find no place in it. All will hereafter have to buffet with the waves, and the peaceful and secluded coves will only be gained by the strong swimmers, if even by them.

* "The Early Years of H. R. H. the Prince Consort. Compiled, under the direction of H. M. the Queen, by Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. C. Grey." New York: Harper & Bros. 1867. 12mo, pp. xxiii., 371.

BISHOP PERCY'S FOLIO MANUSCRIPT.*

Of the many subscription printing-clubs which have been set on foot in England during the last twenty-five or thirty years, only the Shakespeare Society, the Percy Society, and the Early English Text Society have offered any great attraction to the mass of the literary world. The two first of these died some years ago, both, we presume, of excessive antiquarianism, though the Shakespeare Society was much less guilty in that way than the Percy. The scheme of both was too indefinite. No subscriber could know what he would get in the course of time, or how long he would have to be a member to complete his set—which is well known to be a great point with your regular book-buyer. From both we had some good things: from the Shakespeare, the Chester and Coventry Mysteries, and not a few desirable old plays; from the Percy, a new text of the Canterbury Tales, some reprints of Garlands, and two poor volumes of ballads, but with these a large amount of miscellaneous trash which it makes one yawn to think of. Conducted with a little more good sense, including a stricter plan and a dash of financial shrewdness, these clubs might have lived longer and have gained a lasting good name. Thus, had the Shakespeare Society proposed to print all the English Drama anterior to Shakespeare, and the Percy all the Romances of Chivalry and the National Ballads, properly so called, their scheme, if executed with moderate prudence, could hardly have failed of sufficient support. The Early English Text Society, let us hope, will not repeat their mistakes. It has already in three years done quite as much for English poetry as the Percy Society accomplished in twelve.

If there was one thing which a society bearing the name of Percy might have expected to undertake before any other, it was to give to the world in full that famous manuscript from which the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry" was largely compiled. That manuscript was known to contain, besides some romances and tales, more than thirty of the best and most ancient of the English ballads; in fact, about one-fifth of all that now remains of a precious species of literature in which Great Britain, with (or without) the single exception of Denmark, holds a pre-eminence. Among these ballads are Sir Aldingar, Little Musgrave, the Heir of Lin, Robin of Portingale, the Boy and the Mantle, the Marriage of Gawain, Glasgerion, Guy of Gisborn, Child Waters, Child Maurice, Sir Cauline, and King Estmere, and some of the best of these are found nowhere out of the Percy Manuscript. It was also known that nearly all of these noble ballads had been more or less retouched and repaired by the editor to suit the "improved state of literature" in his time. These considerations should have made the publication of the manuscript an object of the first importance with a society devoted to ancient ballads and popular poetry. Yet we have not heard that the council of the Percy Club ever proposed this to themselves, and certainly they never proposed it to their constituents. It is true that the business was not so simple as it might seem. The society could not have got hold of the manuscript by asking for it once, twice, or thrice. That dirty, scrubby, ill-written, mutilated old book has been guarded by the heirs of the bishop as jealously as if it contained all the secrets of alchemy. For a good many years they have refused to allow a line or a word of it to be copied, and they have been brought to terms at last only by pertinacious "worriting" and the administration of a sop of £150. But it is likely that the means which have proved successful now would have been efficacious twenty years ago.

It is to the Early English Text Society, or more accurately to Mr. Furnivall, one of the committee of management, that the victory over the exclusiveness and avarice of the proprietors of the manuscript is chiefly due, and it must be regarded as a most auspicious sign of what may be expected in the future from this vigorous society that, while distributing with unequalled liberality the treasures of public libraries, it should have the spirit to step aside from its regular course to rescue from the chances of destruction and the niggardliness of its owners this invaluable and strictly unique collection of poetry, and to place it within the reach and under the guardianship of thousands. But it must be understood that this much-desired book, though edited and issued by members of the English Text Society, does not form a part of the society's ordinary publications. The sole reason for this is the cost of the copyright, which would have eaten largely into the subscriptions, and so have reduced the amount of the yearly issues, perhaps to the permanent damage of the society, which, to succeed, must give, as it has done, very large returns for the annual guinea. For this reason the Percy Manuscript was made a special publication, and, to meet the extra expense, in addition to copies in the society's usual demi-octavo form, large-paper copies, some of extreme magnificence, are to be issued at the price of ten, five, and two guineas, according to the style. The ten-guinea copies are to be in quarto and the five-guinea copies in extra royal octavo, both on Whatman's best ribbed paper, made expressly for the book, and only fifty of each will be printed, so that book-fanciers will have the attraction of rareness added to that of beauty and, while indulging their innocent passion, will facilitate the society's praiseworthy endeavors to make books of prime importance accessible to readers of very moderate means. The ordinary edition, which is the only one we have seen or want, is furnished to members of the society for a guinea, and we fancy that the American who is accustomed to pay two or three dollars for a barely decent octavo will be well content when he sees the four fair volumes which his guinea has brought him.

A few words will suffice for the description of the Percy Manuscript. It is a folio of 521 pages, imperfect by reason of the loss of the first and last pages and of one half of fifty-four pages at the beginning. It contains nearly two hundred pieces of all sorts, mostly ballads and romances, with fortunately only the smallest admixture of moral and didactic dulness, but one or two bits in all, if we have rightly observed. A number of pieces are interspersed which are the opposite of moral and didactic, not the harmless *coprolites* of a remote age, but rank and noxious specimens of comparatively modern dirt, such as would suit the age of Charles II., in whose time the collection seems to have been made. These, for good reasons, are to be put in an appendix by themselves, making the last of four volumes, all of which are to be out before September.

The texts of the first volume have been edited by Mr. Furnivall, who has reproduced them with all but superstitious care, and has had the proofs and revises read three times with the original. Each piece is prefaced by an excellent introduction, all, except one or two, by Mr. Hales, and a general introduction, glossary, and indexes are to follow. We do not know when an important literary task has been undertaken with more spirit or executed with more fidelity.

The preface to the Reliques had prepared us to find the contents of the manuscript in a bad condition, and we must say that our expectations have been exceeded. Those who do not set much value on the wild flowers of poetry will probably wonder at the enthusiasm with which a book of shreds and patches, as they may call it, is heralded. The man that regards torsos and legs and arms as rubbish, and prefers the Bavarian Walhalla to the Vatican Museum because none of its lymphatic heroes have suffered a smash or a smooch, will think our careful editors fools for their pains, and wish that the scullion who lit his fires with one-half of the first fifty pages had disposed of the rest of the manuscript in the same useful way. Another, who keenly appreciates ballads, will be thankful that so much has been preserved, and will speak more civilly of the stupid copyist, and even of the vandal scullion, than of Percy with his improved and restored texts. When he sees the fragment of the Child of Elle, thirty-nine lines in all, out of which the two hundred lines of Percy's ballad are made, or compares the original with the emended and completed Sir Cauline, he will think scorn of polish and elegance, and declare the bishop a greater botch than the scribe. But while we avow that we are behind no one in our disesteem of Percy's editorial labors (that is, his furbishing and restoring, for the taste shown in the choice of pieces was excellent), and while we are perfectly alive to the fact that a supercivilized man of the eighteenth or nineteenth century can no more think, or *un*think, himself into the mental condition of a ballad-maker than he can put off his flesh and sit in his bones, nothing shall induce us to speak with disrespect of Bishop Percy. Any one can see from his prefaces that he loved a ballad—not wisely, but well. He was no prig and no pedant, and through all his apologies it is plainly perceptible that in his heart he much preferred the "artless productions of the old rhapsodists" to the compositions of some "who had all the advantages of learning." We also incline to think that he knew the people of his time, and that that "polished age" would not have tolerated the uncouth ballads of the manuscript had they not been first trimmed and doctored by the bishop.

Before closing, we desire to commend the Early English Text Society, as we have taken occasion to do before, to the patronage of Americans, and at the same time to hint to the society how desirable it will be to proceed with system—to complete, for instance, first, the Arthur literature according to the original plan, and then to give the other English romances. There are many good things in the list prepared for publication, but nothing which more deserves welcome than the announced edition of Piers Plowman, our best poet before Shakespeare, excepting Chaucer, and *not* excepting Spenser. And why should not the society do something, and do a great deal, for Chaucer, of whom we have still but one text, and who is, critically speaking, unreadable, and will be, until his language has been thoroughly studied in several *printed* versions?

* "Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript. Ballads and Romances. Edited by John W. Hales, M.A., Fellow and late Assistant Tutor of Christ's College, Cambridge, and Frederick J. Furnivall, M.A., of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, etc." Vol. I. London: N. Trübner & Co. 1867.

THE MAGAZINES FOR SEPTEMBER.

MR. SUMNER contributes to *The Atlantic Monthly* an interesting sketch of some of the principal persons who have prophesied the coming greatness of America, including Sir Thomas Browne, Bishop Berkeley, Turgot, John Adams, Galiani, Adam Smith, Governor Pownall, David Hartley, Count Aranda, Burns, Fox, and Canning. The prophecies are all remarkable examples of political foresight; but singularly enough, as we have observed elsewhere, there is not one which anticipates from the rise of the new world any marked improvement in the condition of the race. What they foretell is simply a transfer of power from the Eastern to the Western hemisphere. Mr. Sumner points out in a very sensible moral that the destiny of the United States is to be accomplished through peace, and not through war. Mr. T. W. Higginson finds in the scenery of the shore at Newport something suggestive of Petrarch's sonnets, and furnishes graceful translations of eleven of them, under the influence of Newport yachts, or sloops, or sunshine, or atmosphere, or flowers, or birds. The reflections by which they are strung together are, however, hardly worthy of the translations; most of them have a laborious air. Mr. C. D. Shanly, who has apparently become a regular contributor to *The Atlantic*, writes pleasantly on "Canadian Woods and Waters"—the article being, however, rather an account of life and manners in the Canadian backwoods than of the forests and streams and lakes themselves. He tells some curious stories of the semi-genteel society, composed of retired English officers and broken down scions of good houses, which some years ago was to be found in Upper Canada, often bravely endeavoring to keep up in the heart of the wilderness the usages of fashionable life. In "The Nightingale in the Study" Mr. Lowell declines the invitation of the songsters of the groves, in order to keep company in his study with a still sweeter singer—Calderon,

——"his nightingale—
His Arab soul in Spanish feathers."

Miss Clarke concludes her "Hospital Memories." The stories she tells are of a kind now familiar to every one, which seem to lose none of their terrible pathos no matter how often they are told, and they cannot be told too often. It is doubtful if in any war the forms of suffering were so varied as in the late war, and it is certain that in no war did sorrow and bereavement fall on a community rendered so sensitive by education. The rebels had the satisfaction of knowing that no bullets ever carried desolation into so highly civilized a society as theirs did, and none, therefore, inflicted such multiform torture. Miss Clarke closes her narrative with a touching mention of the fact that, of the six who composed the "happy sisterhood" of mercy to which she belonged, she only survives; the others perished in the midst of their labors.

Of all travellers whose acquaintance we have yet made, always excepting Serjeant Kinglake, Mr. Howells is, as we have more than once remarked, by far the pleasantest companion. He is almost the only traveller we know of who can tell of his travels without occasionally becoming a bore, who knows when to moralize and how much moralizing is good for us, and whose humor, without ever being anything coarser or more material than a delicate aroma, diffuses itself through the whole frame like a powerful essence. He is continuing in *The Atlantic* the pleasant sketches of Italian travel which he commenced over a year ago in THE NATION, and beginning with Pisa, runs through Como, Trieste, and Bassano. The Italians owe him a debt of gratitude for being the first writer who gives foreigners a distinct impression that Italy would be a pleasant place to live in or travel in, even if there were no pictures or fine architecture in it.

"The Mystery of Nature" is a poem by Mr. Theodore Tilton, in which he celebrates what the schoolmen used to call the "essence" of things, or what the Kantians call "things in themselves," the something or other, whatever it be, of which all that we see or feel is but the outer crust. Nevertheless, when we call the composition a poem, we confess we do so through sheer laziness. It is *not* a poem. It is rather a rhyming ontological essay. In justification of our embarrassment about its name, we may quote the following:

"The stars are lighted in the skies
Not merely for their shining;
But, like the looks of loving eyes,
Have meanings worth divining.

"The waves that moan along the shore,
The winds that sigh in blowing,
Are sent to teach a mystic lore,
Which men are wise in knowing," etc., etc.

"A Wife by Wager" reads like a translation of a rather poor French story, and is clearly padding. F. M. Finch sings, in some very fair verses, the graceful impartiality of the women of Columbus, Mississippi, in strewing flowers on the graves of both the National and Confederate dead. In "Fugitives from Labor" (anonymous, but we suspect Mr. Howells) there is some good and very amusing speculation on the cause and tendency of the prevailing indisposition to work, as displayed in the distaste of young men for the manual arts, and their rush into commerce, and some pleasant discussion of the more favorite modes of earning a "genteel" livelihood. The article would have been better if it had been longer and gone deeper, for the subject is an important as well as amusing one. It contains some good remarks on the prevailing picture mania; to call it a "taste for art," as the newspapers usually do, is an abuse of language.

There is a veteran joke, which has served in the forlorn hope of a great many witty passages, to the effect that one of Napoleon's colonels, on the eve of an election, announced universal suffrage to his men in some such terms as these: "The suffrage is free; but any man who votes against the First Consul will be shot at the head of his regiment." The author of the article on "Rome or Reason," in *The Catholic World*, appears disposed to make a serious use of this aged pleasantry, and embodies precisely the same idea in summing up some very startling arguments in proof of the character for toleration and progress which the Papal Church has borne in all ages. He dwells upon the good Mother's fondness for the natural sciences, and writing probably with Galileo and the other philosophers whose discoveries we owe to her nurture in his mind, declares:

"She teaches the ideal or general principles of all the sciences, and teaches them infallibly, and thus gives the law to all scientific investigation, which *savans*, in their inductions and deductions, are not at liberty to transgress. Our philosophers and *savans* are perfectly free to explore nature in all possible directions, but they are not free to invent hypotheses and theories not reconcilable with the universal principles she teaches, or to oppose their conjectures to the principles she asserts, because all such conjectures or theories are unscientific and false. The ethnologist is free to investigate the characteristics of the different races and families of men, but not free to deny the unity of the human race itself, or the descent of all men from one and the same primitive pair, who must have been immediately created and instructed by God himself."

We cannot dissent from this writer's conclusion that he "has left much for the reader to do for himself by his own thought and study;" but it does not seem to us so certain that he has "said enough to vindicate Rome from the charges preferred against her." To be quite frank, we think he has himself made out one of the worst cases we know against the Church, and has admitted, in a very compact and apposite form, all the deplorable accusations of her enemies. Unhappily there is nothing else in this number of *The World* to relieve the reader of the discouraging impression left by the leading article.——"Protestant Attacks upon the Bible" is by the same ingenious writer, as we imagine from a similar parade of toleration and a common "come, let us reason together" tone. We suppose that as the writer only twice calls his opponent a liar, he ought to be considered a very temperate theologian.——"The Two Lovers of Flavia Domitilla" continue to be troubled in their passion, and their historian in his rhetoric. We read of taxgatherers in the reign of Domitian, who must have been as uncomfortable as our own revenue inspectors, since "they ground the people with iron heel until they bruised out the last cent from their pockets." It is doubtless to Celtic fervor we owe the statement that the emperor was heard "grinding his teeth like small wheels in machinery, and muttering broken curses with livid lips."——The range of *The World's* poetry is from poor to poorest.

In *Hours at Home* Dr. Bushnell continues his thoughtful papers on the "Moral Uses of Dark Things," and there are several articles of interest and value. It is a good number of a magazine that grows better. Mr. Tuckerman talks pleasantly of "Studs," and Miss Mary A. Shearman sketches well "A Visit to Andersonville." "Pilgrimage and Cholera," by James O. Noyes, is a graphic account of those religious journeys to Mecca to which we owe at least the last visitation of the cholera.

There is so great a charm in the mere rehearsal of the autumnal aspects of nature that the reader of Mr. Walt Whitman's "Carol of Harvest for 1867" (in *The Galaxy*) has at first an impression of poetry somewhere; but this illusion fades as the catalogue advances, and we get among the mowing machines and agricultural steam-powers. The performance is like all other performances of Mr. Whitman's: ejaculatory, extremely vocative, incoherent; it expresses no ideas, and suggests mere emotion; it is in no sense a worthy celebration of the first great peace-harvest after our years of war. We suppose this sort of thing will have to go on for awhile, and we shall try to bear it patiently.——Mr. Alger contributes a very interesting and pleasing sketch of the famous friendship of Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Sarah Ponsonby, who forsook the gay world in the last century, and went and lived together for fifty years in conspicuous and more or less literary retirement in the Vale of Llangollen, Wales. It was a romantic and harmless experiment, and its success ought to abash those who doubt female con-

stancy in friendship.——Jean Ingelow's new volume is lavishly praised by Mrs. Prescott Spofford, who finds that, though Miss Ingelow "possesses no such drowning surge of splendor, such weltering wealth of words as Mr. Swinburne has," still she is not to be classed "with Miss Rossetti and a host of minor singers," for "she rises as much above them as some wave that shoots its shaft of spray into the sunlight rises above the level ocean."——The "Reminiscences of Dr. Anthon" come from enthusiasm and affection, and are entertaining enough. We would rather not have known, however, that the departed scholar once caned two boys who were late at school on account of a railway accident; that he had a habit of telling culprits "long beforehand that at a certain hour they were to be caned," thus "ensuring the pleasures of anticipation;" and that he would sometimes "keep a boy in a suspense amounting to torture by having him up in his room where he was teaching his own class, holding him there for an hour or more in expectancy, and turning from his class every now and then to frown upon the poor wretch, shake his finger ominously at him, or point significantly to the well-known drawer in which the canes were kept." Doubtless, this savagery was not characteristic of a learned and excellent man, whom we hate to see in the light of a cruel pedagogue.

Two encounters with brigands, a speech in English to the Florentine populace by the Senator, and the Senator's flirtation with an Italian countess, give a spirited variety to the records of "The Dodge Club" in *Harper's Magazine*. It is not a hard kind of reading, nor, we think, a hard kind of writing; and some of the illustrations are very amusing.——We cannot say so much in praise of "The Haunted House at Watertown," except that, as we happen to know, it is based upon facts well known in that neighborhood. We are displeased with the way in which that lovely, guilty governess, with "the queenly form, dark dreamy eyes, and a wealth of wavy brown hair that was a wonder to look at," is thrown away here on a few pages of ghost story—put to walking up and down stairs, and brought to early expiation of her sins—instead of being hoarded up in a three-volume romance, and kept bewitching, unblushing, and reprobate to the last. When we consider how different a destiny either she or the colonel's beautiful, bad niece would have met in one of Mr. Collins's novels, we can scarcely repress a lament. Is a "wealth of brown wavy hair" so common that it is to be tossed aside, as it were, in this manner? It might have been combed for hours; it might have been let down the back; it might have been shorn off in a fever! But there is a like waste of material in all parts of this story; and it astonishes us the more because the paper is evidently from some old magazine hand which we should have thought would be slower to unclose from so rich a prize as "The Haunted House in Watertown."——Having once already voyaged with the canoe "Rob Roy" we do not embark with a feeling of great novelty upon its cruise in the Baltic.——In "The Yankee before the Throne" the confidant of royalty speaks freely and amusingly enough of the Americans who seek favors at the hands of Louis Napoleon and his ministers, accompanying them with inventions, projects, and presents. The writer tells of a most sumptuous copy of a famous unabridged dictionary which he found kicking about in the room of Mocquard the Secretary. Mocquard implored him to take away this treasured gift of the publishers, saying that such things "pestered" them, and very naturally asking, "What does the Emperor of France care for Woochestaire Sauce's Dictionary?"——"My Mexican Mines" is the story of a Californian's investment in that kind of property, and is one of the best papers in the magazine.——"The Easy Chair" is pleasant and wise, as it always is, and is notably just upon Maximilian and the misconduct of the students at the Worcester regatta.

We have the first number of *The Broadway*, which is an international magazine in the sense of having English contributors and American readers. We shall not judge the first number harshly, though candor will compel us to say that it does not sustain the ideas of liveliness raised by the enormous gayety of its prospectus. We are given the opening chapters of the romance by the author of "Guy Livingstone," entitled "The Fortunes of a Free Lance," and sooth to say, gentles, it seemeth a parlous tale which might well bring terror to stout hearts and tears to beauteous eyes. There be "grinded teeth" and "grinded spears" in the history; and is it a light thing, lords, that Simon Dynevor is taken captive in the third chapter, and "set in saddle in a clump of spears?"—or that old Sir Giles, a few pages on, falls under his horse's feet in such plight that "the least learned in leechcraft, who stood by, guessed that their lord had been stricken down by swift and deadly palsy?" Of a truth, nay! It betokeneth such "wealth" of invention in the romancer that we may be sure the reader will fail sooner than he upon any given occasion.——At this distance from the London theatres we cannot take a lively interest in the qualities of the "Dramatic Critics" whom Mr. Hollingshead "criticises;" but we hope we have a proper sense of the value of Mr. W. Clarke Russell's paper on "William Cullen Bryant and American Poetry." "The Americans," says Mr. Russell, with that fine air of discovery and explication which we all know so well, "have as yet, properly speaking, no literature of their own," and goes on to say that though Mr. Bryant has regrettably written like an Englishman, he is nevertheless the first of American poets. It is a flimsy little paper, but perhaps American poetry does not merit a great deal of thought, or perhaps Mr. Russell has not a great deal of thought to give it.——"In the Season" is illustrated, and is interesting as showing what a dull man may learn to do by persistent application. Mr. Edmund Yates is all that reading of light, satirical works of genius can make him, and we must own that in this paper they do not make him otherwise than insipid. His sparkle is the foam of small beer.——We do not think of anything to say of "English Stabilities," by the Rev. C. W. Denison, late United States Consul for British Guiana, or of "Second Thoughts," by F. C. Burnand, or of any of the three copies of verses in *The Broadway*. Of the magazine, as a whole, we have to say that we do not see how it can at all interest American readers.

Notes on the Origin, Nature, Prevention, and Cure of Asiatic Cholera. By John C. Peters, M.D. Second Edition, with an Appendix. (New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1867.)—This very interesting and instructive little book has reached a second edition within a very short period of its original publication. Dr. Peters has certainly produced the best minor treatise on cholera which we ever read. It is not exhaustive and does not pretend to be, but it is eminently practical, and can lead no one astray from the correct principles of theory and practice.

Dr. Peters gives us a pretty full list of the so-called remedies for cholera. No mention, however, is made of chalk, which some physicians have used largely with apparent success.

From a very large experience in the treatment of cholera we are convinced that medicines exert no effect whatever in arresting the disease when it is fully developed. All our power consists in preventing the occurrence of the premonitory diarrhœa, and in cutting short this first stage. It is not our province to enter with Dr. Peters into the discussion of the several points—etiology, pathology, and therapeutics—introduced into his book. In regard to some of them, our opinions coincide with his; as relates to others, our views are diametrically opposite. This last fact does not, however, prevent our recognizing the excellent qualities of his treatise.

A Treatise on Emotional Disorders of the Sympathetic System of Nerves. By William Murray, M.D. (New York: A. Simpson & Co. 1867.)—Whilst this can by no means be regarded as an exhaustive treatise, it is eminently suggestive, and is devoted to a class of diseases which have been too much neglected by systematic writers. Any sensible person reading Dr. Murray's book will undoubtedly obtain many useful ideas and no small amount of valuable and striking information. At the same time there is nothing very new in it to well-read physicians. The regulation of the emotions is one of the most important duties of mankind. To control them, to bring them into subjection to the higher faculties of the mind, inevitably conduces to happiness and intellectual power. Dr. Murray's treatise contains good advice on these points, and the treatment urged for the diseases which result from emotional disturbance is topical and in accordance with sound pathology.

History of the United States of America. For the use of schools. By Charles A. Goodrich. Revised and brought down to the present time by William H. Seavey. (Boston: Brewer & Tileston. 1867.)—This seems to be an excellent little manual of our history for the use of schools. It is written throughout in a loyal though unpartisan spirit, and the story of the country's life as told here is well calculated to develop feelings of patriotism in children. The arrangement of periods and paragraphs is good. The use of two sizes of type calls attention to the leading points in the history, and impresses them more deeply on the mind. The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States are given in the appendix, together with a table of the chief officers of the Government from the beginning. It is, on the whole, the best school history of the United States that has fallen under our notice.

Good Stories. (Boston: Ticknor & Fields.)—First of a series intended especially for travellers, and well adapted to their eyes and hands; fair and open typography, and shape a convenient 16mo. Four of the story-tellers in this volume are like good wine that needs no bush, and these are De Quincey, Hawthorne, Tom Hood, and Theodore Winthrop. The remaining two are less familiar names. Each story is illustrated and by a different artist. The publishers mean to make all languages contribute to this collection, of course through the medium of translations.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of The Nation *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE USE OF MR. JOHNSON'S FOLLY.

It is not worth while to make a minute comparison between the struggle now going on at Washington and that of King Charles I. and his Parliament. It would not be worth while, even if the two cases resembled each other in detail more closely than they do; for these elaborate historical parallels only serve to distract the attention from the great points at issue, and amuse more than they instruct. In the real nature of the struggle, however, there is a remarkable resemblance, and one from which we may, if we choose, derive lessons of the greatest value. Fortunately for us—still more fortunately for our chief magistrate—they differ very widely in some respects. Charles I. would hardly have lost his head or James II. his crown if there had been a fixed point of time when his term of power, would expire by its own limitation.

It is a most fortunate thing for the country that this struggle for power between the executive and the legislature has been connected with and complicated by a violent dissension upon the political issues immediately before us. So superficially do most people think upon the fundamental principles of politics, so great are the attractions of a strong government such as the war gave us, and so ready are we in general to let things take care of themselves, that probably nothing less intense than a political quarrel could have brought our community either to see in what direction we were drifting, or to desire to withstand the current. As it was, the dispute upon the immediate practical issues went on for months, all the time growing hotter and fiercer, before it began to be generally seen that something more vital even than reconstruction was at stake, and that the President had been exercising a dangerous degree of power, which only his own bad faith and bad temper had at last overthrown.

The question over which we have been contending all these months is one which is worth the delay, expense, and bad blood which it has occasioned. For it lies at the very foundation of any political system to determine what is the ruling power in the last resort. When our Constitution was established, Montesquieu's theory of the co-ordination of the three departments of government was accepted as a fundamental principle, and incorporated in the new organic law. It was a great step in that day thus to vindicate the independence of the judiciary and the legislature, and by this free the fountains of law and justice from the absolute control of the monarch. But no theory could prevent the three departments from trying their strength against one another, or decide that in that case the weakest should not go to the wall. If the Supreme Court should give a decision adverse to the moral sense of the nation, not even the memory of Jay and Marshall could help it from being overridden by the popular will. And if the President should choose to measure his strength with Congress, it would very soon appear that, of the three departments, the legislature possesses the power, and that, possessing the power, it will be master first or last.

The real value of the doctrine of the equality of the departments is two-fold. The first is historical, that it freed, as we have said above, the legislature and the judiciary from the control of the executive, in which in past ages they had always been. In the next place, it lays down a rule in accordance with which the powers of government may be best organized. If the functions of the three departments are skilfully and clearly defined, there will be no temptation in ordinary times to overstep the prescribed bounds, and one could hardly decide offhand that the power which condemns a man to jail or that which pardons him out is not the strongest power in the state. To a superficial view, the legislature appears the weakest of the three; its power is latent, but *it is there*, ready to be called into actual exercise; and he is either a very brave or a very foolish man who ventures, in the light of historical experience, to provoke it.

The ignominious overthrow of the President by Congress is not, therefore, a political revolution, but the effect of a rapid development of the natural tendencies of the Constitution. It is precisely the change which is going on in England, only that here a weak, shallow, and obstinate President has caused it to be much more violent and rapid than it has been there. Let another George III. or IV. come upon the throne, and we shall be very likely to see the power of Parliament exalted even more triumphantly than that of Congress has been. Even if it were a revolution, however, we should not for that reason deprecate it. A constitution which does not accommodate itself to the changing needs of those who live under it, had better perish; and if the opinions and necessities of the public have undergone a revolution, the constitution should do the same. If it is a revolution, we are peculiarly fortunate—all the more so on the heels of a tremendous war—to have it accomplished peaceably.

But the truth is that this victory of Congress does not work a revolution, but prevent one. All through the war the Democratic newspapers were telling us that we were suffering the President to establish a centralized absolutism. They were right: and that would have been a real revolution, not merely destroying the balance of power in the departments of government, but placing them again upon the basis that existed before their independence was acknowledged in theory. That danger is past, and now the same newspapers are making the same outcry at the usurpations of Congress. Are they right now, as they were then? If the peril is a real one, the factiousness of their criticism should not blind us to its truth.

In the first place, the power which Congress is now, as we admit, exercising in an extraordinary degree, is, as we have shown, a real and essential power of a legislature in a free state. The possession of power is certainly no excuse for using it badly; nor does *power* necessarily imply *right;* that Congress can override the executive does not prove that it can do so legally. But legislation is the undoubted right of Congress; and we claim that prescribing the terms and conditions of reconstruction is a purely legislative act, and therefore belongs properly to Congress. If, in doing this, or in the struggle which has grown out of it, Congress has pushed its legitimate authority to an unreasonable extent, or has stretched its power beyond the limits of right, the responsibility rests chiefly with him who began to play at usurpation.

After all, even admitting that Congress has encroached upon the functions of the executive, legislative usurpation is not, like executive, susceptible of systematic and continuous exercise. A legislative body may, at seasons of great excitement, and under the influence of strong passion, act for a short time with energy and despatch; but it can only be for a short time. The natural disposition of a large body is to slowness and indecision, and this will surely prevent a continuance of such encroachments for any long time. When the times demand, a legislature will show that it possesses the chief power in the state; but when the exigence has passed, it will very readily let the reins slip out of its hand again. And our American executive is endowed with such extraordinary authority and such enormous patronage that we need never fear but that it will succeed in the long run in maintaining all the powers which properly belong to it. Our strongest protection against executive usurpation is to recognize distinctly that Congress is the strongest power in the state, and therefore, in the last resort, the first power.

We have opposed with such arguments, and with as much earnestness as we had at command the attempts made during the past year to impeach the President. We did so from the belief, which we still retain, that up to this summer he had done nothing to justify a resort to so dangerous a precedent. But we have no hesitation in saying that should he attempt, as he seems now likely to do, to prolong the conflict between himself and Congress; should he persist in claiming for himself the right either to legislate or to judge what laws are constitutional or expedient, and by that judgment regulate his official conduct; should he, in short, either by the kind of men he selects for cabinet ministers or for military commands, or by the instructions he

gives them, show unmistakably that he aimed at nullifying a law of Congress, or executing it in a manner different from that in which the legislature intended it to be executed, it will be the bounden duty of the legislature to remove him, even if he has not proved himself guilty of any technical violations of duty. He might stay within the letter of the law and yet pardon Jefferson Davis and Breckinridge and put them both in his cabinet, and put Robert E. Lee in the War Department, but the country would not tolerate it, come what might. If he now obstinately perseveres in refusing to acknowledge his subordination to Congress, every consideration of safety and duty calls for his removal. The spirit he is displaying is the legitimate result of the extraordinary extension given to the power of the executive during the war. It must be crushed at once, and crushed so sternly and effectually that no future President will ever allow it to take possession of him.

GOOD GOVERNMENT.

In a recently published letter, Mr. Herschel V. Johnson has stated, with much earnestness and evident sincerity, his objection to the acceptance by the South of the Congressional scheme of reconstruction. He disclaims all hostility to the negro race, and while manifesting his belief that they can never be raised to the same degree of civilization and intelligence as the whites, expresses his desire to invest them with all the privileges which, in his opinion, they can safely exercise. But the extension of political franchises to them will be, in his judgment, "fatal to good government," their ignorance and incapacity being such as to disqualify them for the safe exercise of such privileges. He appeals to the Northern people to punish the South, if they are resolved to punish it, in some other way than by imposing bad government upon it. For, as he concludes, "there can be no prosperity for any people cursed with *bad government*. Capital, energy, and enterprise will shun it."

What Mr. Johnson says about bad government is certainly true, and deserves the consideration of all Americans in these days of almost universal political corruption. No community can thrive under a system of government radically bad. Justice, fearlessly and intelligently administered, is the vital element of national prosperity. Under no other administration can industry be certain of its reward, and commerce be free to bring that reward to its door. Bad government casts doubt and discouragement over every man under its influence; makes the bad worse, and tempts the good into evil courses. And a system of government which tends throughout a long course of years to produce maladministration is one of the greatest curses that can befall any country. New York city has fallen under such a system; and the extent to which its inhabitants have been plundered of their property, poisoned in their health, and corrupted in their moral ideas during the past few years, should warn other people of the dangers arising out of corrupt government.

We admit, too, that there is a presumption in favor of Mr. Johnson's assertion, that the admission of several hundred thousand ignorant and half-civilized men to full political privileges, will tend to produce bad government. Such privileges, doubtless, afford in themselves a species of education; but they have not sufficed to elevate the Mexicans or the South Americans to the rank of civilized nations, or to secure to them decent governments. It is natural to presume that men who have received little moral and no intellectual training, will use their ballots unwisely; and Mr. Johnson, having become satisfied that the negroes will use their votes against his friends, is, of course, confirmed immovably in this presumption.

But, after all, this is only a presumption; and the circumstances which make it conclusive to the mind of Mr. Johnson have little weight in ours. No man would be fit to vote who, except for the sake of some high moral purpose demanding such a sacrifice, would vote to deprive himself and all his posterity of any voice in their own government. Some Germans and Englishmen, in their zeal for the liberty of the slave, did consent twelve or thirteen years ago to vote for men who sought to disfranchise foreigners, but that disfranchisement would not have affected their children, and was indeed so visionary a scheme that most clear-headed men felt it to be unworthy of a moment's anxiety. But Mr. Johnson would make it a test of the negro's fitness to vote, that he should support candidates who have until now been able to exclude him from voting at all, and who infallibly would, if they again had the power, exclude him and his descendants to the remotest generations from all political franchises, no matter how wise, how learned, how virtuous, or how wealthy they might be. Nay, more; the negro, to prove his fitness to vote, must vote for men who have until now denied and would forever deny him the privileges of education, who would exclude him from giving evidence in the courts, and who do not believe in his manhood. And for what reason is the negro thus to vote? For the sake of a great principle? From considerations of patriotism, philanthropy, or religion? Not at all. Simply because a candidate of this kind was his "old massa," and while holding him in slavery for twenty to fifty years, was so kind as not to flog him a great deal, and to give him his peck of corn weekly.

The path of duty may seem very clearly to the Southern whites to lie in this direction, but our appreciation of the negro's capacity to vote increases exactly in proportion as he pursues the opposite course, and refuses to be directed from the support of measures tending to elevate his race by considerations of mere good neighborhood or personal friendship. And this leads us to the final question, Whether the admission of the negro to political rights, ignorant and degraded as he unquestionably is, will or will not lead to bad government in the South?

If Mr. Johnson's other assertions were true, and the South had really had, for the last fifty years, or even for the last two, a good system of government, faithfully administered, and sustained by a healthy public sentiment—if "even-handed justice" had been "meted out to white and black"—there would be some good ground for agreeing with him in deprecating the sudden introduction of a new and ignorant class of voters. But, unfortunately for Mr. Johnson's argument, the Northern people believe, and we *know*, his statements on these points to be erroneous. "Good people" have *not* been welcomed at the South. Even-handed justice has *not* been meted out. The theory and practice of its governments have been fundamentally wrong. The object of government is the protection of the weak against the strong. But Southern government has made it its chief object to confirm the power of the strong over the weak. We know, moreover, that a vast proportion of the white people of the South are just as ignorant as the blacks, and a great deal more shiftless and lazy. The problem presented to us is not the propriety of inundating an intelligent, educated, and patriotic community with a host of ignorant and unpatriotic voters—though that is an evil to which we submit at the North for the sake of ultimate good. In the South, we *must* accept the votes of vast masses of illiterate and degraded men. The only choice that remains is to admit or exclude other masses, equally illiterate, but far more anxious to learn, and infinitely more patriotic, according to our understanding of the nature of patriotism. We see in the latter course the remedy provided by a wise Providence for the ills of the state: a counterbalancing weight which equalizes the forces of ignorance and will make both sides glad to have the services of wise men; and we make our choice without hesitation, fully believing that only in this way can the educated and religious class of the community hold the balance of power, and that in this way, and in no other, can the South attain the blessings of good government.

What evils does Mr. Johnson anticipate from this choice? Confiscation is a bugbear. It has ceased to be such in the hands of Mr. Stevens; but it has become the stock-in-trade of his bitterest opponents. What other wrong can be expected from the negro? Unequal legislation? The idea is absurd. The laws will be equal, and they will be mainly administered by white men. Education will certainly be made universal. Opportunity will be given to all men to do what they honestly can. There never was an ignorant race more in love with learning, more anxious for the elevation of the whole people, than the colored men of the South. Their admission to the elective franchise has already done wonders for the South, and we are confident that in a very few years the action of Congress will be so thoroughly vindicated by the event that every politician will be as anxiously proclaiming his lifelong faith in universal suffrage as he is now his inborn opposition to slavery.

A LOST ART.

Mr. Charles Sumner has an interesting article in the last number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, in which he has collected the prophetic allusions made by various authors, ancient and modern, to the discovery of this continent, and the growth upon it of a great empire. As a literary curiosity the collection is sufficiently striking; but then the prophecies, as prophecies, are not as remarkable as they seem. The belief that there was somewhere in the great Western ocean a new continent, was very widely diffused both in the ancient and mediæval world. It was a belief which analogy naturally suggested even to the uneducated mind, and of course it found its way into contemporaneous literature, and the wonder really is not that we meet with so many traces of it, but with so few. The continent, too, having once been discovered, colonies once established upon it, and an adequate idea having been obtained of its extent, climate, soil, and productions, it did not require any great powers of prevision to foretell the growth on it of a great political community. Given the conditions which favor the growth of population, and you may always safely foretell the rise of a body politic; for against absolute and confirmed anarchy or barbarism any community of European origin has always been sure. What was difficult to foretell, and what the prophets, therefore, have not attempted to foretell, was the kind of polity which would prevail on the new continent, and it is not a little remarkable that not one of them has ventured to hint, even, that America would be, in a peculiar degree, the home of freedom and equality. All they knew was that it would be a powerful nation—and this, as we have said, it needed no very great perspicacity to discover.

The fact is that the material growth of the United States has been extraordinary, but it has been natural and logical. It has been in every way what was *à priori* to be looked for. Given a new country of boundless extent, temperate climate, and fertile soil, and you are sure of a rapid increase in population; but that, the population being of Anglo-Saxon origin, you are almost sure of equality and political liberty and a rapid increase of wealth, was a deduction which the men of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were not prepared to make, for the data for it did not exist. Here a prophet would have had a good chance to show his skill, but none appeared. In wondering over the growth of the United States, too, or of any other country of the Western world, we must avoid being carried away by the mere material magnificence of it. There is no great merit in doubling the population once in twenty-five years when the supplies of food are endless. There is no great merit in making 7,000 miles of railroad when every mile of it opens ten square miles of virgin and inexhaustible soil. No number of hogs or bushels of corn can exalt a nation greatly. Its mission is moral and intellectual, and its material growth is only a subject for rejoicing in so far as it aids in the attainment of moral and intellectual ends—and, it must be admitted, the moral and intellectual results produced by modern society thus far are not remarkable either in number or value, though they are far more numerous and valuable in the United States than anywhere else.

Modern society has been preaching the Christian religion for eighteen hundred years, and yet only a very small fraction of the population of the globe has been reached by it, and of this small fraction only an infinitesimally small proportion really and sincerely believes in it. In the education of children the progress made, too, has been lamentably small; in fact, the teacher of our day, considering the material facilities placed at his disposal, has made very slight advances on his mediæval predecessor. The condition of women and the mode of regulating the relations of the sexes is almost as tough a problem, and is looked at with despair by almost as many minds now as in the declining days of Rome. The one political contrivance possessed by the modern world of which the ancient world knew nothing—and we admit that it is an invaluable contrivance—is the representative system; but it is safe to say we have made no advance on the ancient mode of governing cities. We have devised no means of staving off the great curse of ancient society—the inequality in the distribution of property; and the tendency towards it in most countries is now nearly as strong as it has ever been. Nor have we succeeded in reproducing in any modern community the intense public spirit, the deep sense of association, by which ancient communities were animated, although the law of self-sacrifice—of indifference to self, and constant regard for others—is the basis of our religious faith. In fact, it is only within a few years that the spirit of co-operation, in the highest sense of the word, has begun to show itself strongly in politics at all. In the sentiment of art, and in the influence of art on our lives and character, we cannot compare ourselves either to the ancients or mediævals. In humanity, however, in the sense of the value and dignity of man, we have reached a position immeasurably higher than any age which has gone before us, and this it is, no doubt, which is eventually to lend our civilization its great distinctiveness; but only comparatively very little of the work has yet been done. So we may as well be frank and confess that, in spite of our wonderful material advantages and achievements, advantages and achievements such as the ancient world never dreamed of, we have really only in a very trifling degree advanced the ends for which human society exists. We have founded immense empires; we have equipped great fleets and armies; we have brilliant courts and splendid temples; but all these things were familiar enough to the ancients. We beget children rapidly and send out great colonies, but, considering the greater ease with which we live and travel, no more rapidly than they did. There is in this not much to boast of. We have republics of longer duration than theirs, but none which have as yet done more for humanity and progress, or endowed the race with a better stock of ennobling memories or ideas.

There is one story in ancient history which moderns should never weary of pondering, and which the more they ponder the more wonderful, more puzzling, more instructive, and more inspiring it seems. It is a story, too, from which every modern nation ought to learn a lesson of modesty and of courage, and over which the great chroniclers of hogs and corn, of exports and imports, of looms and reels, may well hold their breath. When we say it is the story of the Roman Empire, probably nine out of ten of our readers will lay down their paper with scorn, and declare with a sneer that it is an old story and that they have learned from it all they are ever going to learn. But nine readers out of ten never think of the Romans as anything but conquerors, and fancy that when they foot up the number of square miles and of people subject to the sway of the Queen of England or the Emperor of Russia or the United States, they have produced a match for it. Of the Romans as organizers and instructors and civilizers only very few readers ever think; and yet, when we reflect on what they achieved in this character, their military exploits fade into insignificance, and so does nearly every effort made by any modern nation to spread civilization beyond its own borders. Here was a little city, taking its rise in an age of universal darkness, with no light and no models from the outside, and which, in the length of time which has elapsed since the conquest of England by the Normans, conquered Italy, Spain, France, Britain, and a large portion of Germany—all of them then barbarous countries—and not only brought them up to its own level of civilization, but supplanted their very language and put its own in its place, and devised for their use a system of jurisprudence so wise, so logical, so enlightened, so pervaded by a knowledge of human nature, that it has survived the changes of 2,000 years, and still in every one of them, except England, binds society together in bonds that bid fair to last as long as civilization. It must be remembered, too, that this was done without printing, without railroads, without telegraphs, and, in the main, without Christianity; done by dint of toil and endeavor and moral force. None of the achievements of any modern nation can for a moment be compared with it; and modern nations are still so far from being able to rival it that the moral power of Rome is a secret over which scholars continue to argue, but of which no satisfactory solution has yet been offered.

HINTS FOR CONSTITUTION-MAKERS.

BY A JUDGE.

III.—The Judiciary.

The old New York Court of Errors appears to have been, *theoretically*, the worst court ever constituted. Thirty-two gentlemen, doctors, bankers, mechanics, merchants, farmers, and (worst of all) second-rate lawyers—holding office only four years, one-fourth going out of office every year—one day a senate, the next a court, its members

coming from eight senatorial districts, all politicians and all chosen not as judges but as legislators—what could be more absurd? And yet I must confess that this "multitudinous court," as Chief-Justice Bronson has somewhere called it, made better decisions *of law* than any court that this State has ever had. I have followed nearly if not all the overruled cases up, and, with every prejudice in favor of the old Supreme Court and against the Court of Errors, I have been forced to agree that, *in the result*, the Court of Errors was almost always right. And what is still more strange is that, when there was what is called a "hard case" there, this multitudinous court generally maintained the rigid rule of law, even when the court below, consisting of a few eminent lawyers, might have strained the rule to cover some unusual equity.

The Court of Appeals came with its eight judges, chosen as judges, and at first all eminent lawyers—a comparatively small, compact, and durable court that should never be divided, and yet it has weakened itself by divisions more than the Court of Errors ever did, and the *results* of its decisions have been questioned oftener. When a jury disagrees on some paltry question of fact, affecting no one but the parties in court, the judge sends them back with an injunction to hear each other's reasons, to re-examine the conflicting evidence, to eliminate the truth, and to agree. When school children come up with different answers on their slates, no teacher assumes that all parties may be right. There is not much more reason why judges should differ on a question of pure law than mathematicians on a question of pure mathematics. There may be a difference as to the facts in a case, but as to the law there should be no difference, and, like the school children, the division shows that somebody has added up wrong.

If there is a doubt of this it must be dispelled by a glance at the English courts. How little division is *there*. For thirty years the King's Bench, under Mansfield, was not once divided. And now, as a case travels up through the Queen's Bench, the Exchequer Chamber, the House of Lords, how each superfluous question seems to drop off, until at last the one or two great problems which the case presents receive an undivided solution and become for ever fixed and known. That there is something wrong in our appellate system no one can deny, but *where* that something is, few of us are agreed. I incline to think that the fault is *not* in the Court of Appeals. If the court were increased to nine judges, and those judges were not changing every year, something, doubtless, would be gained in capacity for work and unity of action, but not enough to overcome the monstrous mass of judicial trouble which is accumulating in front of that tribunal. Where, then, does the real evil lie?

Laying aside my own theories and other men's, I see certain facts. I see that the English system is sufficient for all England. I see that our national system would be ample for all America, if the judges of the Supreme Court were relieved from the circuits. How comes it that the comparatively little State of New York, with a permanent appellate court substantially like the Supreme Court of the United States, and with its judges freed from circuit duties, is unable to dispose of its appealed cases? I answer this question by saying that the evil is not *in* the Court of Appeals, but in the courts *below*. Our general terms are shams. There is in effect but one appeal, and that is to the Court of Appeals. Everybody may go there, and everybody *does* go there that can give security. The general terms *retard*, they do not decide, appeals. When a great case is "on its way to the Court of Appeals," it merely passes through the general term. The judges think it useless to spend time upon it, and the counsel think it useful to conceal the real points they intend to make. Instead of the case being stripped of half its doubts on the journey, its doubtful points are multiplied, so that the court of "last resort" has more propositions to examine than the *nisi prius* tribunal whence it began. The only alteration which can reach this evil will be one that will make the intermediate decision a reality. How this shall be done, the Convention must decide; but if it is not done, no alteration in our highest tribunal will effect a reform. It can be done easily, as, for example, by enlarging the general terms to five judges, and allowing appeals to the higher court only where the general term is divided, or the importance of a question certified. Appeals to the general term must be made realities; appeals to the highest appellate court must be diminished; the means are unimportant provided these ends be reached.

There will still remain the want of unity in these eight intermediate tribunals. This cannot be reached absolutely so long as we have eight judicial districts. We cannot abandon that system now, but the Court of Appeals may be used to *unitize* the eight courts below when they decide the same question differently, as it will be used to *unitize* the divided judges of any one court. In other words, if one district does not follow another on the same point, its decision may be made subject to appeal, or both be brought up by *certiorari*. As for the half-dozen courts that "crop out" in the greater cities, let their general terms be expunged, and let those judges sit as *ex officio* members of the Supreme Court constantly at *nisi prius;* let us have unity at least in the same judicial district.

The question of an elective or appointed judiciary is one of the most interesting that will come before the Convention. With all the prejudice of a New-Yorker against the elective system, and after some old efforts to be rid of it, I am constrained to admit that in at least five districts of the eight the elected judges have been just as good as any that an appointing power could select *from those districts*. I think, too, that no governor would have made better selections for the Court of Appeals than the people have done. A few—one or two—objectionable men may have squeezed in, but, nevertheless, they were just the men who would have squeezed in through the appointing door. We have not selected Kents and Spencers. The trouble is, we have not had them to select.

But in the great cities? In the first judicial district, what is the case there? Once I was a member of a judicial convention, and my vote let loose upon the city of New York a most improper and objectionable candidate for a high judicial office. I had acted conscientiously and carefully. I had gone into the convention with two or three good men on my individual "slate." But one had declined, and another had been withdrawn, and the third had been defeated, and then I had been obliged to choose between two candidates who were strangers to me, and I had chosen badly, and my vote carried the nomination. Now if I, who was both lawyer and politician, innocently was instrumental in giving a bad judge to an important court, what must it be with the mass of citizens who are neither lawyers nor politicians? Such a monstrous absurdity as calling these election lotteries "a system" probably cannot be found in any other State. We may as well meet the fact that it is no system—that it is a cheat, a humbug, an illusion, which can lead to nothing good, and must lead to the most dangerous of political evils—a corrupt judiciary!

The remedy which our first thoughts suggest is to go back to the appointing system. But it may be set down as a certain fact that the country will not yield its system, and the country rules in the Convention. What then? Shall we have two systems for different districts, and *elect* a judge of the Supreme Court in one and *appoint* another judge of the same court in the next? There is a savor of "special legislation" about this project which the Convention does not like, and which the people do not approve. Shall we let the abuse go on and acknowledge that it is without remedy? Then our Convention, instead of being the ablest, should be written down as the most imbecile assemblage that ever boasted and bragged, and then disgraced the State. This is the one special evil that must be remedied.

Looking at the belief of the country in one system, of the city in another; at the temper and prejudices of the Convention, it is hard to predict what will be, or to suggest what can be, done. Perhaps a practicable compromise would be to elect the judges of the Supreme Court on a State ticket. They would come from and act for judicial districts as at present; and in political conventions the delegates from each district would, in fact, nominate the candidate for their district. But the selections would look more to prominent lawyers known out of their district, in order that the ticket might gain strength, and the weak places of the present system would be swallowed up and recast in the whole. In the cities, too, there would be a class of watchful voters who would throw their votes for the best ticket, and certainly would try to defeat the questionable characters that have been hopelessly successful there. These votes would help the whole State ticket, and, reacting, would secure in time better nominations in each party. The more it is examined, the less objectionable this change appears, and, though not all that is desired, it contains more than can be procured by any other *probable* means.

But there remains one important point to be determined when the question of appointment is settled. It is undeniable that the General Government pays less and gets more in the way of judiciary than New York. A judge will resign his State office to accept a U. S. office of no greater dignity and of less salary. Why? Because, as we all know, the U. S. judge holds his office for life; because, when he has sacrificed his private business and has learnt to do well the duties of his office, he is not liable to lose the one without regaining the other; because he is not dependent upon political conventions or party caucuses for renominations; because he is independent.

The present constitution of New York was based on the vile idea that the public service was political patronage. It sprang out of the dissensions of a party over their spoils. Its controlling idea is that an office is for the benefit of the holder, and that in such property as many as possible must share. Accordingly, the judiciary hold for short terms, so that a new set of successors may have a part of the private benefit of office. Nay, more, to such a length does it go that it even "divides the spoil" of presiding over judicial tribunals, and regulates the practice so that each judge shall have his little portion. A convenient theory comes in and suggests that the frequency of election produces a rectitude and courtesy in the judge. As a matter of fact, we know that rectitude and courtesy depend on the man. We know also that the most questionable rectitude and the most gross discourtesy is to be found among these short-termed judges. If a comparison be made between them and the various U. S. circuit and district judges who have sat in our first judicial district, then courtesy and dignity will be found to exist with an independent judiciary.

The former constitution of this State limited the judicial tenure to the age of sixty. When we reflect that this provision did deprive the State of the best twenty years of the lives of Kent and Spencer, and

that it did not substitute a single judge of intellect so vigorous or learning so profound; when we reflect that William Curtis Noyes went down at this age in the full vigor of his professional life, and that Walworth and Bronson were never more laborious than after they had passed this limit; and, finally, when we see that in the English as in the United States courts there is never an old judge whose work is not done, and better done than by new men, we may conclude that the State of New York, like other bodies politic, may safely abandon its apprentice system, or, at least, had better make some arrangement for employing its judicial workmen after they have ceased to be apprentices, and not, as now, discharge a good hand as soon as he has learnt his trade.

When the judges of our Supreme Court are elected on a State ticket; when all the judges of the State hold office during good behavior; when judicial elections are rare, coming only to fill the vacancies which death occasions; when the eminent lawyer may give up his practice without the fear of the political caucus and the uncertain election; when the enlargement of the county courts has strained from the circuits a large mass of little matters, then the office of the judge will be again dignified and exalted, and then we may hope not for the certainty of law, for while human judgments err that can never be attained, but for the prompt administration of justice.

EUROPEAN POLITICAL CATCH-WORDS.

THE political life of every civilized people develops a greater or less number of terse, nervous phrases that at once become the property of the nation and are in the mouths of all—the "household words" of politics. Every crisis or marked epoch in the nation's history thus leaves, as it were, its high-water mark, planting it in the phrases of the people, and thus more surely preserving it than if it were recorded in written annals. Every such crisis culminates in an actor who gives the highest expression to its ideas, and embodies them in those pithy formulæ that speedily become as proverbs and pass into the warp of traditional history, an imperishable possession. Everybody remembers Mr. Seward's "irrepressible conflict," Mr. Lincoln's "big job," General Jackson's "The Union must and shall be preserved," Mr. Monroe's "era of good feeling," etc. In the single word "contraband" General Butler wrote a page of our history as vivid and as clear as if he had dipped his pen in one of the sun's quick pencils. General Sheridan appears to have given us another such word in "impediment."

We of America are prolific even to slang in these "winged words," even as our political life is more feverish and rapid than any other; but the European nations possess such a treasure of like utterances, of solid and enduring worth, compared with many of our own, as serves to give us a higher idea of the hold politics has taken on the masses than we are in the habit of entertaining. One is forcibly struck, though, with the courtly origin of most of these European phrases, as distinguished from the unmistakably popular source of most of our own.

A recent German writer has taken the pains to make a large collection of these political proverbs, and from them we select the most prominent and such as possess the most interest for the American reader. To begin with Germany herself, it is readily apparent at the first glance that she, wedded to the past and slowest of all civilized European peoples to catch the thought of the present, does not offer a rich store to reward the search of the seeker of phrases. One of the oldest is that which speaks of the German Empire as a "chaos preserved by the grace of God" (*confusio divinitus conservata*), and to the devout loyalists of that time nothing seemed so potent in inciting that chaos as the senseless talk of the people about "German freedom" (*germanische Freiheit*). These ideas of "German freedom" it was that ripened at last into "Particularism" as it curses Germany to-day, and has required a Bismark to stamp it out. To preserve their "German freedom" the one-acre princes and princelings of that unhappy country have time and again gone to war with each other, and even called in the help of the foreigner. Strange as it may seem, this phrase is attributed to Frederick the Great, who, if he was anything, was a hater of German feudalism. From the time of Frederick the Great, too, dates the talk of Prussia as "the natural ally of France." This was revived in 1805 when Prussia took Hanover from France. Up to that time Prussia had needed the aid of the French against the Empire, but to-day she is anything but France's "natural ally."

1815 brought Germany and Prussia again to their feet; but all the smaller states and Hanover, so little had they learned from the disastrous workings of the idea of German freedom, sought in the Congress of Vienna to have the Empire reinstated. They saw in it the only possible nursery of their cherished Particularism. It was not long after the overthrow of Bonaparte that a Prussian minister of the interior invented the famous expression, "the subject's limited understanding," laying therein an egg that Bismark has hatched in making a constitution for Germany in which he allowed no amendments. Demagogical, Catholic South Germany responded with an equally fatal utterance, "Particularism is freedom."

In 1841, M. Thiers, as a member of Louis Philippe's cabinet, began the unaccountably relentless war upon Germany that he has continued to this day, leading on his countrymen under the specious war-cry, "France's natural boundaries," and from that time Germany began to see more and more the necessity of union and a united defence of the Rhine. Then originated the two catch-phrases that have become so powerful in the mouth of Bismark as explained and enforced at Sadowa: "German unity," and Prussia as "the greatest pure-German state." The change from "German freedom" (*germanische Freiheit*) to "German unity" (*deutsche Einheit*) was most wholesome. (Our single word "German" does not fully express the difference in the phrases.)

The electric current that in 1848 ran over all Europe kindled into life the Frankfort Parliament, and from that body, otherwise one of the most barren in results that ever met in Germany, sprang three remarkable phrases that the Germans will probably never let die. The first two were "Great-German" (*Grossdeutsch*) and "Little-German" (*Kleindeutsch*), as synonyms for Panteutonism or the Union party, and Particularism or the Separatists; and the other was "The children of Germany's grief" (*Schmerzenskinder*), as applied to the Austrians. In that one word there is crowded a world of historic truth, such as our less ductile language must employ a combination of words to express. Since 1848, too, there has been a vast deal of idle talk in Germany about "democratic freedom" as opposed to "German unity," and this "democratic freedom," which meant the same thing there that "state sovereignty" does here, agitated matters until Germany was plunged into a war, in the midst of which the "blood and iron" man towered up head and shoulders above all that stood about him, and thrust Germany forward, sorely against her will, in the way toward that "German unity" of which they had vaguely talked and dreamed.

As Prussia has been most active of all the German states in all that has tended to make the nation united and politically respectable before the world, so she has also given to Germany most of its significant proverbs, and there are some that she would now gladly retract and cause to be forgotten, if it were possible. Thus the famous phrase, "Prussians of the second class," as applied to her allies in North Germany, originated by Bismark in one of his speeches, has become one of the most unfortunate in her history. It is one of the most potent instruments against her in the mouths of South German demagogues, who are not slow to warn their hearers that, if they enter the North German Confederation, they will become "Prussians of the third class." There are millions of Germans to-day for whom the threadbare "We will not be Prussians" is the head and front of patriotism. Despite all opposition, however, the four proud words, "I am a Prussian" (the first words of the Prussian national hymn), are continually advancing southward. In the Royal Theatre at Florence an ex-Hessian bitterly upbraided an armless Prussian officer for the part he had taken in despoiling his native country; but when the police came to arrest him, there sprang involuntarily to his lips, as he drew himself up in disdain, "I am a Prussian."

But it is France that—as might be expected—yields most richly these fine gems of speech. Going back to the time of Louis XIV., we find the government of the French kings designated by the wits of Paris as a "despotism modified by doggerel." The numerous mistresses that ruled in the courts of the Bourbons gave rise to the proverb, "Under a king, the women rule; under a queen, the men." When *le grand monarque* said, "I am the state," he probably did not foresee that, as afterwards happened, his utterance would become one of the catch-words not only of French politics, but of the world. The Revolution found no truer formula than "war to the manor-houses, peace to the cabins;" but in Vendée they burned about as many huts as châteaux, and the guillotine in Paris proved more than once that the blood of peasants was no thicker than that of kings. After the guillotine came the rule of the sabre, and Bonaparte drove the Council of Five Hundred out of their "talking-barracks," as he put it. The young Corsican became an emperor, and needed a new aristocracy in place of that he had destroyed; but the brevity of their genealogy lay heavily upon them and found expression in the ingenious declaration of a duke whose lineage, as such, could be traced no further back than to the field on which he won his marshal's baton: "I am myself an ancestor." Bonaparte himself felt keenly the deficiencies of his parvenu estate, and in a serio-comic tone cried, "Would I were my grandson!" To Talleyrand the French are indebted for "legitimacy," as well as for an uncounted multitude beside, among which we will only mention his "Words were made to enable us to conceal our

thoughts," and "I never talk about what I understand" (referring to affairs of state).

After the fall of Bonaparte there returned, among the Bourbon princes, the easy-natured Count of Artois, to whom is attributed the expression, "It 's only one Frenchman more" (*il n'y a qu'un Français de plus*), the best thing ever said by a Bourbon—but then he never said it. Then came the phrase, as applied to them, that has become the property of the world: "Nothing forgotten, nothing learnt." Presently Charles X. became simple Count of Artois again, and then there was "only one Frenchman" less.

The Revolution of 1830 introduced new phrases of its own; with "the constitution that is retained" came the "Republican king" (le roi-citoyen, not le roi-bourgeois) Louis, the well-beloved, whose motto was, "Keep cool." He carried his umbrella under his arm in Paris eighteen years, or thereabout, and then one dark night he—the umbrella still under his arm—mounted a common fiacre that stood at the base of the Egyptian column in the *Place de la Concorde* and drove away out of Paris, and Louis Napoleon has meanly neglected, to this day, to bring his ashes home to let them rest beside the Seine.

France—like history—repeats itself, so after the Republic came Bonapartism and then Napoleonism. The Republic, however, lived long enough to turn the world upside down and set the rivers in a blaze with its magic "liberty, equality, fraternity." In 1841, Thiers had put in the mouths of Frenchmen a new battle-cry, "Our natural boundaries;" but the policy of Louis Philippe was "Peace at any price," and the great orator's finely moulded periods fell to the ground. Under the new régime it seemed likely that he would accomplish little more against his old enemies, the Germans, for the Prince President in 1851 went to Bordeaux and made his famous announcement that "The empire is peace." Nevertheless, that has not prevented Europe from fighting three great wars since then, in two of which France was the instigator. Next came the complacent imperial utterance, "When France is satisfied, Europe is quiet." At Auxerre, in 1866, the Emperor announced to a startled continent, though it has since assented, "The treaty of 1815 is dead," and none more than the Prussians have hastened to take advantage of this assurance. Louis Napoleon meant to say he had broken it, but did not wish to tell the Germans they also might. At Sadowa the Prussians gave it so smart a wrench that he would fain withdraw his unguarded words and cause them to be forgotten. Since Maximilian (who, by the way, had precisely as much French blood in his veins as German) offered his breast to the cowardly Mexican rifles, we have heard no more of "the Latin race," and Europe, hitherto accustomed to await with open eyes and mouth the utterances of the oracle on the Seine, received its last, the pompous announcement of the "crowning of the edifice" of French liberty, with all but universal scoffing.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, August 9, 1867.

THE suit spoken of in my last as likely to be brought against Mr. Home by Mrs. Lyon, for the recovery of £60,000 given by her to the celebrated "medium," on his adoption by her, has commenced. But public curiosity is a good deal disappointed by the fact that it is in the Court of Chancery that this curious affair will be investigated and judged; for the proceedings of that court are conducted exclusively by writing, all the evidence being submitted in the form of affidavits—no pleading, no questioning and cross-questioning of witnesses, ever taking place in the prosecution of the suits submitted to its decision. Written evidence in support of the reality of the "phenomena" which are declared to have occurred in the course of the adoption and dotation of Mr. Home by Mrs. Lyon is understood to be pouring in upon the learned officers of the high court in question, and one can well imagine the amazement and embarrassment of those big-wigged and dignified functionaries at finding themselves thus called upon to decide whether chairs and tables did really move about a room and rise into the air without any one's touching them, and whether the spirit of the lady's deceased husband was, or was not, by communications transmitted through the tables and otherwise, her sole prompter and counsellor in the adoption whose effects she now seeks to undo. One can also understand how greatly their sense of the heterodox character of such a suit must be intensified by finding that Mrs. Lyon, so far from disputing the fact of the alleged communications from the other world, fully admits their reality, but affirms that they were produced not by the spirit of her husband, but by the agency of evil and lying spirits, suborned by the great medium to further his private ends.

While the much-disputed claims of modern spiritualism are thus being brought so prominently before the English public, an analogous sensation of surprise has been created on this side of the Channel by the appearance of a pamphlet entitled "An Enquiry into the Causes of Atheism, by a Catholic," and dedicated to the Archbishop of Paris, in reply to a recent homily put forth in regard to the decline of faith among the French people by that prince of the Gallic Church. The pamphlet in question, published by Dentu, crammed with theologic lore, and known to be written by Madame Petit—an intimate personal friend and correspondent of the present Pope, and one of the most fervent Catholics in existence—assures the archbishop that the cause of the decadence he deplores is to be found in the failure of the Church of Rome to keep pace with the progress of humanity, and the provocations to incredulity resulting, first, from her fatal rigidity in maintaining "the bondage of the letter that killeth;" secondly, by delaying to undertake the new translation of the Sacred Canon, imperiously needed to purge its books of evident and admitted errors; and thirdly, her refusal to acknowledge and direct the unfolding of the intimate relations existing between the material and spiritual spheres, which the author declares to be now taking place in the order of Providence and to be the great fact of the present age. The consternation produced by the appearance of the pamphlet in question will be readily understood. Madame Petit has long been looked up to as the very incarnation of Catholic orthodoxy and personal excellence, and the fact of her intimate friendship with the Pope—who is said to have no other lady correspondent—has surrounded her with a halo of sanctity and venerability in the eyes of the Faubourg St. Germain and the Catholic party in general, all of whom are aghast at the spectacle of such doctrines emanating from such a quarter, and are enquiring of Heaven and of one another, "What are we coming to?"

Your correspondent's goose-quill having wandered so near the frontiers of the unseen would fain, before returning to the beaten track of mundane beings, make over to your readers one of those incidents which most people like to hear of, even if only to laugh at them afterwards, and which has the double merit of having come to me very nearly "at first hand" and of offering certain peculiarities not always met with in "ghost-stories."

My friend, Colonel Sir William D——, an officer in the British army, having seen much service in various parts of the world, has been for some time past residing in Paris with his family, consisting of his wife, two sons, and a highly accomplished and charming daughter. From Sir William and his daughter I have the following story, which I give—changing only the names and initials of the parties—exactly as they told it to me a few evenings ago:

The eldest son, when pursuing his studies, a very few years since, at the Military College of Sandhurst, near London, was on intimate terms with another of the cadets, whom we will call Hartly. Young Hartly was a general favorite in the college, a promising, active young fellow, fond of the sports usually played by young men in England, and especially addicted to cricket. One Saturday afternoon, young Hartly having been absent for some time from the college on a visit to his parents in London, the pupils all turned out for a game of cricket. It was a fine sunny afternoon; the cricket-ground was full of animation, and the game was going on merrily. Presently, to the surprise and satisfaction of all the pupils, young Hartly was seen to enter the ground, dressed as usual, and looking in all respects exactly like his usual self. He went up to the ushers and shook hands with them, and with a number of the pupils. All present appear to have seen him perfectly, and to have felt pleased at seeing him come back. Presently he threw himself on the ground, took a cigar from his pocket, lighted it, and began to smoke, watching the game, meanwhile, with his usual interest, and every now and then commenting upon its progress, criticising this stroke, applauding that, and seeming as intent on the game as any of the players. At length he suddenly drew out his watch, and started to his feet, exclaiming, "I am wanted in London at four o'clock, and I must be off at once, for I have but just time to catch the train," and rushed from the ground in the direction of the railway station. Much surprised at so sudden a departure, several of the pupils took out their watches and discussed his chances of being in London by four o'clock, as it then wanted but a few minutes of that hour.

Next day brought to the astonished inmates of the college the news of young Hartly's death, which had occurred the preceding day at his father's house, *exactly at four o'clock*. He had fallen ill during his visit home and, as was afterwards ascertained, had not once left his bed from the time of his falling ill. It was also ascertained that during the whole of that last day, through which he lay in a sort of quiet stupor, his mother had never left his bedside. "We 've seen a real apparition for once in our lives!" was the shuddering admission of the cadets when the news of Hartly's decease reached them. But the awkwardness of such an admission, and the impossibility of classifying or explaining so inconvenient a fact as the visible and tangible presence of their comrade on the cricket-ground while he was

really dying in his bed in London, were too obvious not to produce a certain reaction; and so it came to pass that, in course of time, the cadets gave up the idea of having "seen an apparition," and settled down on the more convenient hypothesis of an "hallucination." A few of the number, however, of whom young D—— is one, persist firmly in their first belief in regard to this remarkable incident, and stoutly declare that they did see, touch, and hear the perfect image of their friend, though utterly unable to explain the nature of such an appearance.

Almost as incredible, at first sight, as the incident recorded above, is the fact that the guests of the Abbé Denis, curate of the parish of St. Eloi, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, dined a few days ago on fowls whose immediate ancestors figured, he says, on the table of the great Frankish King Dagobert. When the Abbé Denis laid the first stone of the church and presbytery he has built, by his own exertions, on the site of the old château and gardens of Dagobert, a hen's nest full of eggs was discovered beneath the ruins of the ancient building. These eggs, more than twelve hundred years old, were about to be thrown away by the laborers, when the abbé, remembering that wheat has been grown from grains found in Egypt in mummies dating from the time of the Pharaohs, bethought him that possibly there might still be life in these eggs. A *savant* of the Institute, consulted at once in reference to these precious relics of an age when there was as yet no France to detest "Perfidious Albion" or to be jealous of Prussia and needle-guns, advised their being forthwith confided to a hen of approved success in the maternal capacity. This advice having been acted upon, the good curé and his friends had the delight of witnessing, twenty-one days afterwards, the hatching of a fine brood of chickens, the direct progeny of the denizens of King Dagobert's barn-yard. The fowls thus obtained have been carefully kept from any *mésalliance* with their congeners of less ancient blood; and the abbé has now a yard so well replenished with "King Dagobert fowls" that he not only supplies his own larder with poultry of this illustrious breed, but is about to organize, at the suggestion of numerous friends, a sale of "King Dagobert eggs" for the benefit of the poor of his parish.

Meantime, the representatives of modern royalty are still bestowing the light of their "august" countenances on this city, viewing and reviewing the inexhaustible marvels of the Exhibition by day and honoring the principal theatres in the evening. Last night the King of Sweden and the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia were applauding Offenbach's "Grand Duchess" at the Variétés; the Queen of Portugal was seeing "Mignon" at the Opéra Comique; and the Crown Princess of Prussia was at the Odéon applauding the 199th performance of George Sand's dramatic *chef d'œuvre*, "Le Marquis de Villeneuve."

Correspondence.

HINTS FOR A JUDGE—BY AN ARTISAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Having read the article on "Hints for Constitution-Makers," by a judge who shares the popular delusion that persons who do not own "property" (I infer houses) do not pay taxes, allow me to ask, through your columns, who is it that pays the "*local* tax" if it is not the tenant? When a man either builds or buys a house to let, does he not take into consideration the amount of taxes he pays as well as the capital he invests before deciding upon the rent of his premises? It is very fine to call the class to which I belong the "non-tax-paying rabble," in order to filch me of my right to vote because I do not pay the "*local* tax" direct. I have to work one day and a half to earn sufficient to pay my weekly rent. The judge says that "capital has few votes, and it therefore resorts to the only means which it possesses—it *corrupts*"—by sending representatives from the gambling-hells, stock exchange, railway directors, iron-masters, manufacturers, lawyers, and other representatives of capital, but labor, physical labor, *none!* So the judge is not satisfied to degrade and corrupt with his money the "non-tax-paying rabble," but desires to rule the exchequer of the truly tax-paying people without their consent. If the "rabble" are so venal, let the judge and his class (for he makes the distinction) see to it that they are better educated by educating the representatives (so called) of the people to honesty in legislating.

S.

[But "S." can move into the country if he pleases, and as thousands are doing, while the real property-holder has to stay here and meet the tax-collector.—Ed. Nation.]

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The Week.

The Presidential trouble has made no progress since last week. The only move of importance has been an "opinion" from "Acting Attorney-General Binckley," justifying General Sickles's removal. It is not worth making a summary of, as nobody believes that it furnishes the real reason of Mr. Johnson's course, and Mr. Binckley's standing as a lawyer is not such as to render his "opinions" of much value in themselves. Mr. Johnson has shaped out for himself a certain course with reference to the whole Radical party and its policy, which he would doubtless pursue on grounds of expediency or from personal feeling if there were no Attorney-General in existence. The "opinions" that he produces from time to time are pleasing little forms, intended to conciliate or satisfy the more weak-minded portion of the public.

Mr. Johnson has issued another proclamation in which he delivers a ludicrously solemn homily on the sanctity of the Constitution and the laws, cites the provision of the Constitution which authorizes the President to employ the land and naval forces for the faithful execution of the laws whenever it shall, in the judgment of the President, become impracticable to enforce them by the ordinary course of judicial proceeding, "by reason of unlawful obstructions, combinations, or assemblages of persons, or rebellions against the government"—and naturally applies all this to General Sickles in South Carolina, calling him an "impediment and obstruction of a serious character;" calls on the people to obey the laws and testify their devotion to the country, and warns Sickles and all others from "hindering or obstructing" any more. Mr. Johnson has done many odd things, but this is perhaps the oddest—is, in fact, too odd to be amusing. The composition bears all the marks of the now famous Binckley's hand, and it is quite evident that if he is allowed to go on much further, he will, to use his own thrilling language, "grasp the heart-strings of public order." We shall only say that we think this last performance will furnish Congress, when it meets, with abundant reason for considering seriously whether Mr. Johnson's mental condition is such as to render it safe to leave him any longer in possession of his office.

It has been suggested to us as a reason why General Grant should remain in the War Department, even if his position does seem a false one, that his presence there prevents the passage of an enormous number of fraudulent "claims," with which hundreds of speculators stand ready, waiting for the committal of the department to the hands of somebody whom they can manage. There is doubtless something in this, and it is comforting to think that, by the terms of the Tenure of Office Act, General Grant can not be displaced till Congress meets. We are satisfied that he has done all that he has done from the best of motives; and that he is determined not to yield an inch of his legal authority is apparent from his order forbidding the restoration to office of persons already dismissed in the departments of the South.

"Acting Attorney-General" Binckley says, at the close of his opinion, that for "the sole executive to suffer the judiciary to be overthrown, would be practically to overthrow himself," and he adds "that *contempt of law indulged speedily grasps at the heart-strings of public order.* So teaches history." Mr. Binckley must have experienced sensible relief after cleansing his bosom of such perilous stuff as this. According to the well-informed correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser*, Mr. Binckley is an adventurer whose connection with the Government and intimacy with the President indicate such demoralization at the White House as was not surpassed in the days of Pierce and Buchanan, and hardly when Jackson was deep in the Texas conspiracy.

Many Republican leaders are so far wincing under the Democratic attacks on the national credit as to express willingness to have the United States bonds made subject to State taxation. They of course acknowledge the right of the present holders to exemption, but propose a fresh issue, to be given in exchange for the bonds now outstanding. We have as yet seen no plan, however, for arranging the rate of exchange. A national bond subject to State taxation would be an article of very inferior market value to one not so subject; and on what terms ought a holder of the latter to be compelled to take the former instead? Ought he to be compelled at all? Would not good faith require that he be presented with the option of being paid off, if he does not like the conversion? For those who propose to engage in the business of tinkering the national debt, *obsta principiis* would be a very good motto—and no Congressman will think the worse of it for being expressed in a learned tongue.

The fact, which is now no secret, that Chief-Justice Chase is the favorite candidate of the Radicals for the Presidency, has, during the last week or two, led to a pleasant and edifying discussion in the newspapers regarding the amount of that gentleman's income, which some of the Democratic organs represented as something fabulous. The result was that he made known the exact amount of his fortune, or, strictly speaking, offered to "sell out" to anybody who would agree to pay his debts for the round sum of one hundred thousand dollars. His slanderers have thus been silenced, but we have no doubt that most thoughtful men will agree with us when we say that an amendment to the Constitution forbidding the chief-justice, or, in fact, any judge of the Supreme Court, from ever holding any other office in government, would be a national gain. We will go further, and say that all the good Chief-Justice Chase has done by his political services since his accession to the bench has been very dearly bought by the manner in which it has been necessary for him to render them. We trust, too, that the mental constitution which makes the holder of such a position as the chief-justiceship of the United States—we know of no other equal to it in the world—long for one which an Andrew Johnson can win and fill, is singular and rare, and will long continue to be so.

The canvass in Ohio is calling out some really excellent speaking, more argumentative than has been heard from the stump since the days of the free-soil agitation. Senator Morton and Mr. Shellabarger have both, during the past week, delivered addresses which—with, of course, a fair amount of rhetorical defects—were exceedingly powerful; and perhaps what is most gratifying in them is the loftiness of the motives to which they appeal. This contrast in *tone* with the speeches of the leading Democrats is striking enough to make one who knew nothing of the circumstances doubt whether they could be all addressed to the same community. If anybody will take the trouble to run through Morton's and Pendleton's, for instance, he will find Morton constantly appealing to the popular sense of honor, love of country, regard for its fair fame, self-respect, love of justice and of equality, humanity, readiness for self-sacrifice, and so on through the whole range of generous passions, while Pendleton appeals as constantly to self-interest in its very lowest form, and talks throughout as if such a thing as a man's doing a thing that caused him loss or discomfort had never been heard of. We think that even Thomas Carlyle would not despair of democracy if he could be made acquainted with the nature of the arguments with which that to him lowest of all animals—the stump-orator—here seeks to persuade the majority of the Northern people.

The remarkable identity of the views expressed in the recent article in THE NATION on the "Judiciary" and those subsequently set forth in the report of the Committee on the Judiciary in the sitting Constitutional Convention of New York, renders it proper to say that the writer of these articles has held no intercourse directly or indirectly with the committee or any member thereof, and was in absolute ignorance of the conclusions at which those gentlemen had arrived. The common conclusion was reached without consultation by a separate contemplation of the existing evils to be reached and impediments to be overcome. Yet it must be regarded as a very great blot upon the report of the majority that the city of New York is left as an independent elective judicial district, that the needless and ridiculous multiplicity of local courts is allowed to disturb the unity and harmony that might and should exist in each judicial department, and that the strength and dignity of the General Terms are not made secure and certain. It is also suggested that a recent dangerous and degrading statute which allows a justice of the Supreme Court to sit as a referee of his own tribunal, and to receive private pay from suitors as an inferior officer of his own court, be for ever stricken out of the laws of New York, and that the time and services of judges who hold office to the age of seventy be declared to belong wholly and exclusively to the public. A more pernicious means for covert bribery than this statute presents, no enemy to the judiciary ever devised. Its apology was the niggardly salaries paid to the judges, but its authors forgot that justice should be absolutely free, and, indeed, that the whole system of privately-feed referees should be cut up root and branch.

There appears to be an emigrational movement from some of the more Southern States into Maryland. It is an accession which, in its influence on politics, is likely to be welcome to the reactionists who already control the State. A writer in the Louisville *Journal* invites a similar emigration, not to Kentucky nor yet to Brazil, but to California. In that land he himself sought refuge after serving in the Confederate army, and the "situation" of the South seems to him to resolve itself into a general "*sauve qui peut*." The first attraction of the Pacific Coast is, that "the negro is not there;" the second that "it will produce more breadstuffs, wine, brandy, and whiskey than any State in the Union, and there is no reason why its liquors should not be the best of their kind." Except for the absence of the negro, this should be the paradise of the Democracy. But perhaps Mr. Nasby could make shift with the Chinaman, who "refuses suffrage and office." At all events, let it not be written for nothing that "a few thousand Conservative [ex-rebel] emigrants can fix the political *status* in California on a solid basis." This is an end worthy the toil of escaping from military despotism. We are not sanguine, however, of the result. In the early settlement of California the experiment was tried. The South was nearer that territory than the North, and the roughest elements of the Democratic party joined her chivalry in the quest for gold. Brutality, crime, violence, lawlessness grew, held sway for several years, culminated, and then succumbed, while California rose as a free State. It is too late to reverse this decision; and the only good to be accomplished now by an exodus thither from the South, is to make room for honester, more industrious, and more loyal citizens, and to facilitate reconstruction.

We find in the Cincinnati *Gazette*, one of the ablest and most respectable papers of the West, the following pleasing announcement in a prominent position and on the first page:

"THE JONES-McCOOLE EXCURSION.

"TIME AND PLACE OF DEPARTURE.—All persons holding tickets or badges for the McCoole-Jones excursion, are notified to be at the Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton depot at two o'clock, Saturday morning. Positively no tickets or badges will be sold at the train."

The "Jones-McCoole Excursion" was an excursion to witness a "set-to" between two of the greatest ruffians in the United States. A large train was furnished for the purpose by the obliging and gentlemanly president of the Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton Railroad, and all the principal papers sent reporters. Under this sort of encouragement, as might be expected, "the ring" is rapidly becoming naturalized in this country, and we shall probably before long have to number it amongst our "institutions." It is, of course, of English origin; but its principal professors on this side of the water so far have been gentlemen of the Fenian persuasion, among whom it seems to occupy a rank somewhat similar to shooting and wrestling matches amongst the Germans. If the amusement is a respectable and established one, we recommend that our "chief magistrate" be invited to be present at the coming "mill" between "Jim Elliott" and "Mick McCoole."

The approaching visit of Charles Dickens is creating a discussion as to the manner in which he should be received, which shows that some of the foibles which he ridiculed are not entirely extinct. The greater portion of the press treats the matter in a very sensible and dignified way, but here and there we light on an "exposure" of Dickens's libels on the American nation in "Martin Chuzzlewit," suggesting the inference that he ought in some way to receive special marks of public displeasure, now that he is coming out a second time. We hope sincerely that if he should be run after, toadied, and caressed as he was on his last visit, he will write another libel worse than the first one. When a whole people go half-crazy over "a man of genius," the man of genius would be almost more than human if he did not make fun of them and abuse them. No such demonstrations are, of course, now probable, because the whole community has since then grown in good sense and self-respect; and we advise everybody who wants to hear Mr. Dickens to pay his money and do so, and those to whom Mr. Dickens is specially commended, or on whom he has special claims, to treat him politely, and every one else to let him alone. We may add that it is very unlikely that he will be able, during his stay here, to find time to give written advice to young women on their marriage, or on the cultivation of their minds—a task which "men of genius" are only too frequently called on to perform.

Dr. Lieber has addressed a memorial to the Constitutional Convention of this State recommending the abolition of the rule requiring unanimity in jury trials—showing that it is not required in any country in which the jury is in use except England and the United States. The French, German, and Italian rule, he says, is that if there are seven jurors against five, the judges retire, and if the bench decides with the minority the verdict of the minority is taken, while it requires eight jurors out of the twelve to give a majority verdict. This plan he condemns, as opposed to our theory of the judge's position, which is that of an umpire. He proposes that the jury shall consist of twelve jurors, but that a majority of two-thirds shall be competent to give a verdict. We would suggest a change similar in principle, which would probably be more consonant with the popular taste or prejudice. The feeling in favor of having at least twelve men give the verdict has no doubt come down from the time when jurors were quasi-witnesses, and when it was felt not fair to punish a man unless at least *twelve* good

and true men thought him guilty; but, whatever its origin, it is deeply rooted. Why not defer to it, by putting eighteen men on the jury, and making twelve necessary to a verdict?

The appearance of the yellow fever in New Orleans with great virulence proves what military rule did for the city during the war. It has no sooner been committed to what are called "the municipal authorities" than the old plague reappears. The outbreak will hardly displease the Secessionists, however, as the victims are, of course, mainly Northerners.

The Cable informs us that Lord Stanley proposed in May last to submit the Alabama claims to arbitration if the commission claims of British subjects for loss and damage during the late war were submitted to the same tribunal. The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* indirectly confirms this story, by alleging that no communications on this subject have passed between Mr. Seward and the English minister for several months. This might, of course, mean since last May. The probabilities are that Mr. Seward will let the matter lie for an indefinite period; but there is probably no truth in the story that the existence of this negotiation will exercise any influence on his position in the cabinet. His staying in or going out will probably depend entirely on the exigencies of Mr. Johnson's home policy.

The English reformers are now pressing for the ballot as the complement of the late extension of the suffrage. They say that only through it can the new voters be protected against intimidation and corruption; but it is doubtful whether they can be protected even in this way. There are plenty of means, as everybody here knows, of learning how a man votes even with the ballot. The real obstacle to electoral purity in England is not the open voting, but the anxiety of men newly enriched to secure seats in the House of Commons as a means of acquiring social position for themselves and their wives, and the enormous power which the great land-owners possess over the comfort and prosperity of everybody living on their estates. They can, anywhere out of the large towns, ruin a shop-keeper or artisan, or drive a laborer to the workhouse, and as long as this is possible it is folly to suppose that furnishing a man with the means of concealing how he votes will materially help him. In the great towns the ballot would undoubtedly be a protection for workmen against employers, and it might render rich candidates more cautious in their expenditure, but the evil lies after all in the constitution of English society, and this will only change slowly even with a reformed Parliament.

Everything we hear from England tends to confirm the view we took last week of the political significance of Queen Victoria's story of her married life. The wretched scandal which has been for some time in circulation about a personage known as "John Brown of Scotland," a favorite servant of Prince Albert, has at last found expression in an outrageous cartoon, in an illustrated comic paper called *The Tomahawk*, representing Brown standing beside the throne, with the Queen on it, with a pleasant smile on his face, and the British lion looking up at him tenderly and affectionately. To the Queen Brown is, of course, simply a relic of the Prince—like a horse or a dog; but she retains him about her, and treats him with a familiarity which, towards persons of his position—that of a groom—is very unusual, and to English conventional feelings rather shocking. Landseer has been employed to paint "The Widowed Queen," in which Brown figures full length. Now, the imprudence of all this only excites regret amongst the upper classes, and if it elicits any remarks at all, elicits it in very respectful and even pitying language. But the rank and file are not likely to be affected by it in this way. Nothing can be more dangerous, just as the working-classes are entering on the political arena, than to have the monarch held up to them as an utterly inconsolable widow, who, five years after her husband's death, devotes her whole time and attention to the invention of new marks of respect for his memory. Moreover, the picture drawn in the Prince's memoir of the life led by the royal pair will set many a poor man asking what they did to merit so much of the happiness which this world has at its disposal; and, behind this, the question of the *use* of a monarch at all will, we may be sure, follow closely. Unless we are greatly mistaken, England is on the eve of very great changes, of which this generation will probably not see the end, and of which the peculiar position in which the royal family is placing itself is probably one of the first indications.

One of the most extraordinary charges of literary or artistic fraud ever made is now under discussion in England. Sir Charles Barry, as everybody knows, was the architect of the Houses of Parliament at Westminster. He was knighted for his services, and made fame and fortune out of them, and is dead. Now come the sons of Mr. Pugin, perhaps in his day the first Gothic architect in the world, and offer to prove from their father's journal and other documents that their father did all the work for the building for Sir Charles for the small sum of £400, while Sir Charles took all the credit of it before the world.

The German States begin to find the Prussian yoke in some ways a heavy one. The little Duchy of Saxe-Coburg made an agreement with Prussia some years ago to give her its military contingent to the federal force, and paid her $60 a man for its support; now the Duchy has to pay nearly $140 a man. Others pay a still greater increase. One of the most striking features of the revolution is the working of the federal universal suffrage, on which Bismark has insisted. In the old Prussian provinces, where the great landed proprietors and the civil functionaries still exercise great influence, the conservatives carry the day. In the new annexations, the general dislike of the new master has caused the old conservatives to unite with the radicals for the purpose of testifying their hostility to the government. In the South German States the governments have refrained from exercising any influence whatever on the voting, and local feelings or interests have generally decided the election. One incident is both interesting and, to us in America just now, very instructive. In Mecklenburg, society is still in a condition bordering on pure feudalism. The peasants are still retained in a sort of serfdom, and know nothing and care nothing about questions of general politics. But, curiously enough, they managed to find out which candidates were most disagreeable to their lords, and accordingly cast their votes in a solid mass for the radicals. We are likely to witness a very similar result amongst the negroes at the South.

Things are not going well in Hungary, in spite of the convention and the restoration of the constitution. The intense anti-Austrian feeling of the radicals again begins to show itself. General Perezel has been elected to the Diet immediately after delivering a violent tirade against the Austrians at Pesth, and General Türr has declared himself against the ministry in a strong circular. The probabilities are that the ministry will resign. It has apparently no policy except the revival of the honveds, or national militia, and an alliance with France so as to keep out the Russians. But an alliance with France would be of very little value for any such purpose. If Russia should again make a movement against Hungary, it would be as a piece of Panslavish propagandism, and would have the support of the Sclavonic population of the Austrian Empire, and against this the Magyars would be powerless.

It is now officially announced by the Turkish Government that the Cretan war is at an end. We are not at all surprised to hear this news. The wonder is that the Cretans were able to keep up so long the delusion that they were succeeding. They never had the ghost of a chance, unless they secured the aid of some Western power—not even if they had secured the active co-operation of the kingdom of Greece. Turkey is not a very powerful antagonist, but she has a regular army of considerable strength, arsenals, a treasury and a navy; and the attempt of a few thousand mountaineers to make head against a power of this kind must in our day fail. The risk of foreign interference which the Porte has run all through the Cretan trouble, combined with the Sultan's visit to Christendom, will doubtless now lead to some real reforms in the Turkish government; but we confess we have little expectation that they can or will be carried out with any such instrumentality as the Sultan has at command.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. have in press "Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, in the Olden Time," by John F. Watson, in two volumes 8vo, illustrated, designed among other things to "exhibit the city and country in their local changes and improvements;" "A Sunday Library for Household Reading," prepared by eminent American and English divines, illustrated; "The Restoration at the Second Coming of Christ," by Henry A. Riley, being a summary of millenarian doctrines; "Fighting the Flames," a tale of the London Fire Brigade, by R. M. Ballantyne, illustrated; "Beatrice Boville, and Other Stories," by "Ouida;" and Bulwer's "Devereux," Globe edition.——Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce for this month, "The Wit and Wisdom of Don Quixote," a selection of the choicest proverbs and witticisms of that great work; "The Human Element in the Inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures," by T. F. Curtis, D.D., containing a synopsis and review of all the chief modern theories of inspiration extant; Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Biology," Volume II.; "Home Life: A Journal," by Elizabeth A. Sewell; a new edition of "The Iron Manufacture of Great Britain," by the late Mr. Truran; a new edition of "The Foreign Tour of Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson;" "A New System of Infantry Tactics," by Brevet Major-Gen. Emory Upton, U.S.A.; and "The Daughter of an Empress," by Louisa Mühlbach, a novel pertaining to Russia. This is the ninth on the list of this writer's works as published by the above house, who have paid her one thousand dollars for the privilege.——Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt are to publish another tale of the year '13—"Le Conscrit de 1813," by Erckmann-Chatrian; a series of modern French plays, beginning with "Jean Baudry," by M. Vacquerie; a "Guide to French Conversation," by C. and W. Witcomb; "Easy French Reading;" "La Littérature Française Classique" and "Contemporaine," the former being lectures by Edouard Mennedvet; "Landmarks of History—Modern, and Middle Ages," by Miss Yonge; an Anglo-Saxon manual for beginners, by Professor S. M. Shute, combining a grammar, reader, and glossary; and Professor Corson's "Thesaurus of Archaic English," of which the subscription has so long been pending, to be issued in five numbers.

—Nowhere out of India, we fancy, could a parallel be found for the voluntary torture submitted to by the Mandan Indians in their religious ceremony called O-kee-pa, as described, with illustrations, by Mr. George Catlin in his latest book. It was a religious performance in which the young men who wished to be graduated as warriors were hung up in the lodge of the medicine-men by the muscles of the neck or breast, great weights of shields and buffalo skulls dangling from the muscles of their arms and legs, and then rotated till they fainted; the final trial being to run a miserable race till the dragging weights were detached from their lacerated wounds. Mr. Catlin witnessed this shocking ordeal in 1832 on the Upper Missouri. Mr. Schoolcraft doubted, but other travellers have corroborated, his account. Small-pox and disaster have since exterminated the tribe, and Mr. Catlin's narrative will probably cause little regret for their disappearance, although they are represented as friendly and hospitable, and could boast that they had never killed a white man. The history of superstition, however, would be incomplete without the revolting chapter which we have barely sketched.

—The best statement we have ever seen not only of the theoretical but of the practical workings of the joint education of the sexes is contained in a paper read in July by President Fairchild, of Oberlin College, to a convention of college presidents at Springfield, Illinois, and reprinted in *The Illinois Teacher* for August. No person, probably, could speak with more knowledge of the actual results of the system inaugurated at Oberlin, inasmuch as the president began as a pupil at the very opening of the college, and has had experience as a teacher in three quite distinct departments—the ancient languages, mathematics, and metaphysics—besides his present office. He narrates with great moderation and perfect dispassionateness the details of the college system, enumerates its proved advantages, and then investigates the drawbacks which might be supposed inherent in it. His conclusions, we need not say, are highly favorable to the plan pursued. It may still be asked why, if the advantages are or can be made so obvious, after a successful example of thirty-four years the college has not revolutionized the general practice of educating the sexes apart. Readers of Mrs. Dall's last work will find palpable traces of this revolution in the numerous institutions, patterned after Oberlin, which are to be found in the West. They have so far determined the fashion that it is doubtful whether any new State would establish a university for either sex alone; and to them may be principally due the readiness of the Western States to admit women to political equality, which we are sure involves a revolution in educational methods. To this equality, by the way, Prof. Fairchild intimates that he is by no means friendly, and however little logical his position may be, it enables us to recommend his address to many who would decline reading the arguments of a partisan of "woman's rights."

—The London correspondent of *The Tribune* calls attention to a work little known even in England: "Notes of a Twelve Years' Voyage of Discovery in the First Six Books of the Eneis," by Dr. James Henry. The author's ability as a commentator has been acknowledged by Mr. Conington, who has profited by it in his recent translation of the same epic. But the most remarkable feature of this persistent study is thus stated by Dr. Henry himself:

"I have been, as the title imports, twelve years, twelve of the fairest years of my life, engaged in this work; encouraged by no one, approved by no one, patronized by no one, receiving no particle of assistance either at home or abroad from any one of all the numerous persons who have, with more or less success, cultivated the same author, except alone the assistance which I have reared and created for myself in my own daughter, who has already, at the age of 22, arrived at such a degree of knowledge of the subject that I have not printed a single comment without first submitting it to her censorship. Many and valuable have been the suggestions I have received from her, although I have not specially stated the fact, except at Aen. II., 683," in the note on which he remarks: "I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of informing my readers that the above very new and, it seems to me, very true explanation of this difficult passage was suggested to me by one whose zealous assistance and co-operation has all along not only lightened but rendered delightful to me the otherwise almost intolerable labor of this work—I mean my beloved daughter, Katharine Olivia Henry."

—The most interesting literary announcement from England is, that the present Duke of Wellington is printing the whole body of his father's papers, for safety, not for publication. Everything will be put in type, and those passages which concern living persons too nearly will then be struck out. Three original impressions will be taken and preserved by the duke in three different depositories, of which he will not permit the British Museum to be one.——According to the London *Publishers' Circular*, "Mr. Charles Reade and Mr. Dion Boucicault are writing in conjunction a new serial story, which is to appear in *The Atlantic Monthly* magazine, the proprietors of which are said to have paid for it a larger sum than was ever yet paid by an American periodical to English authors for a story, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Dickens;" and the same authority announces a new monthly magazine to be edited by Mr. Anthony Trollope, and entitled *The New Metropolitan*.——Messrs. Sampson Low, Son & Co. announce for this month a volume on the "Christian Heroes in the Army and Navy," by Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D. Havelock is one, of course; Stonewall Jackson is another; but we leave it for Dr. Rogers to say "of course."

—The Cable informs us of the death of two world-famous men, Dr. Velpeau at Paris, and Professor Faraday in England, almost of an age, being seventy-two and seventy-three respectively. By mail we learn of the death of Mrs. Sarah Austin, of heart disease, on the 8th ult., in the seventy-fourth year of her age. Her maiden name was Taylor, and her husband was Mr. John Austin, a barrister, and the author of a work on jurisprudence which has a solid and steadily increasing reputation. The deceased was chiefly known by her translations of German works, and *The Spectator* says of her, without exaggeration, that she was "probably the best translator from German into English ever known in literature." Her literary acquaintances were remarkable, and she held a salon which in some years quite equalled the best French examples.——Mr. Dickens is preceded in his visit to this country by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, whose sympathies during the late rebellion were not, perhaps, different from those of the author of "Martin Chuzzlewit," nor—which is the real grievance—from those of the leading men of letters in England, of whom, from Carlyle to the Poet-Laureate, we had a right to expect better things. Mr. Kingsley's connection with the Eyre defence is another drawback to our holding him in the highest esteem; but that is properly a home affair, and here he will scarcely be reminded of his admiration for Jefferson Davis. *Per contra*, the Rev. Newman Hall, a very able writer, and one of the staunchest adherents of the North in England, has just taken leave of his congregation prior to his departure for the country he has defended. He announced that he should do some pastoral work while here, and reviewed with praise the conduct of our Government in suppressing the rebellion and restoring the Union. His welcome cannot be doubtful. Still another distinguished visitor is Lord Amberly, eldest son of Earl Russell, who certainly comes with a handsome introduction from his father—the international apology at the Garrison banquet.——From Germany we may expect Fanny Janouschek, an actress of merit, who is to make a professional tour in this country from October to April, beginning in this city at the Théâtre Français, under the management

of M. Grau. Herr Hendricks, who in his favorite plays is excelled by no actor in Germany, will also solicit our applause.

—In a late number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is an article by the well-known publicist, Henry Blaze de Bury, entitled "Shakespeare and his Musicians." The writer is closely affiliated with German musicians, and is especially convinced of the musical importance of the "prophet of Munich," Richard Wagner, the composer of "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Rienzi," etc. He pitilessly exposes the decline of French music, and arraigns it for making of Shakespeare's characters, Goethe's Faust, and Schiller's Carlos inanimate corpses, on which to hang its miserable tatters. He charges the manufacturers of librettos with a "pure stérilité et impuissance," and pities the poor composers who condescend to thresh such straw. Unfortunately, the composers themselves were most to blame, for they sought out-of-the-way ideas and buried them under effect-straining situations, *bravura* pieces, marches, and dancing melodies, agreeable *entr'acte* music, ballets, and masquerades. Gounod is particularly censured as having transformed Gretchen into a Parisian grisette. The unworthiness of his new opera, "Romeo and Juliet," beside the treatment of the same subject by Bellini—to whom, however, the writer is not very favorably inclined either—is dwelt upon. Rossini in his "Othello" had been inspired at least by a spark of Shakespearian genius, but Gounod sacrifices feeling and character in order to make them the hot-beds of his parasitical creations.

—Among standard books of reference we notice in Germany H. Brugsch's "Hieroglyphic and Demotic Dictionary" (Leipzig: F. Klincksieck), which contains in their proper order the most-used words and word-groups of the language and sacred and popular writings of the ancient Egyptians, with their definitions in French, German, and Arabic. The first part has appeared, and there will be twelve in all, costing each about $6 25 in gold. In France we have the first instalment of Achille Juquin's "Dictionnaire général et raisonné de la Construction, etc." (Paris: E. Lacroix), embracing all that relates to public and private works, and the customs, laws, etc., which regulate them. This will be complete in one hundred parts, at the subscription price of forty francs for the volume. In England another work useful for all builders, and a recognized standard for a quarter of a century, is the new edition of Joseph Gwilt's "Encyclopædia of Architecture" (London: Longmans), edited by Wyatt Papworth, pp. 1,500, copiously illustrated. Gwilt was a great admirer of the classic models and of the Renaissance. His editor has accordingly had chiefly to add to the treatment of the Gothic, by doing justice to which he has greatly enhanced the value of the dictionary.

—The London *Chronicle* for August 17 has an able review (by Mr. F. J. Furnivall?) of Mr. Morley's "English Writers" (Vol II., Part I., Chaucer to Dunbar. London: Chapman & Hall), in which the final *e* of Chaucer and some obscure passages of the poet are discussed in a most interesting manner. It is gratifying to report a tendency in Germany towards the same studies, for which Mr. Morley deserves so much praise. We may cite in proof the "Specimens of Old English" ("Altenglische Sprachproben") edited by Eduard Mätzner, of which the first volume has reached this country. The second will contain an Old-English-German glossary of the period from the disappearance of the Anglo-Saxon as a literary language to the fifteenth century, occupying about 750 closely printed pages. It will investigate the etymology of words with reference to their Germanic, Scandinavian, and Romanic elements, and indicate inflections where they occur, with their accidental differences. The selections are all preceded by bibliographical introductions which discuss the questions of time, place, and author, as well as the state of the language or dialect. The first part contains thirty-eight pieces, of which we may mention two selections from "Orm," a poem on texts of the New Testament, written in the North of England dialect of the twelfth century; "The Owl and the Nightingale," their dispute about singing, beauty, and life, a poem of the same period as the first, the authorship of which has been attributed by Thomas Wright to Nicholas de Guildford; "Debate of the Body and Soul," accusing each other of misleading to sin, a poem of uncertain age; the "Song against the King of Almaigne." This last belongs to a series of political poems in Old-French, Old-English, and the Latin language, and is mockingly directed against the brother of Henry III., Richard, who had in 1257, by means of heavy bribery, been elected King of Germany, and had thereby entangled England in many complications. The song describes the battle of Lewes, in Sussex, fought on the 14th of May, 1264, in which Richard commanded a division, and in which the barons remained victors. Each stanza concludes with the couplet:

> "Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,
> Trichen shalt thou never more."

The word *trichard* (traitor) probably refers to Richard's having, on his return (1259) from Germany, solemnly sworn to the "Oxford provisions," agreed on between the King and the barons, and containing a confirmation and extension of the Magna Charta, and to the peace, both of which pledges he afterwards broke.

—Dr. August Boeckh died on the 3d ultimo, the birthday anniversary of Frederick William III., and as such the occasion of more than thirty-five brilliant orations from the now departed professor, as he spoke for his colleagues assembled to honor the memory of the founder of the university. On the ensuing Tuesday a long procession followed his remains to the churchyard of St. Dorothy. At its head walked a band of music; behind the hearse, drawn by four horses, followed his family on foot; then came the students in their gear carrying their veiled banners over a velvet cushion on which were laid the orders given him by many courts; next the Rector Magnificus, the representative of the ministry, the senators and deans of the faculties, deputations and friends; and the gala equipages of the King and Crown Prince led a long train of carriages. Boeckh's labors and works are known on both sides of the Atlantic as those of the most notable student of antiquity in our time; anecdotes of him have been, for many student generations, university legends throughout Germany, and both the lay and learned of his folk looked up to him as to their ideal of a German professor. Born in 1785, at Carlsruhe, he studied under the celebrated Frederick August Wolf, in Halle, and became professor in Heidelberg in 1807. At the foundation of the Berlin University, in 1810, he was called to the chair of "Ancient Literature and Eloquence," a position which he held until the celebration of that rare festival, the sixtieth anniversary of his doctorate, in March last. His fellow-townsmen, among whom he had honorably spent his youthful and maturer manhood and his riper age, presented him at his fifty years' doctor-jubilee the freedom of their city—an honor which Boeckh ever declared to be the highest of his distinctions, although he was stated secretary of the philosophical department of the Prussian Academy of Science, member of many societies at home and abroad, knight of high orders of all lands, and even chancellor of the civil order *pour le mérite*. Unlike many of his compeers, he never became so absorbed by his specialty as to exclude thoughts of another life with Kant's query, "Why should I trouble myself with what does not concern me?" but on fit occasions added his testimony to religion. In his oration at the jubilee of the university in 1860, a noble plea for freedom of thought, he said: "Science does not work against the kingdom of God; it rather builds thereon, and has in it its share and place. Yea, I venture to express the thought: Science with its twin sister, Art, is, as imitation of the ideals dwelling in God, a worship of God."

—A long-talked-of permission to receive graduating theses and make examinations in the vernacular has been accorded to the Prussian universities. This change will, of course, remove a great bugbear; it will also take away a great incentive to the study of Latin in the preparatory institutions, and may, on this account, be regretted. A new building is now required for the Berlin University library, as room cannot be found in the present one for the valuable and extensive collection bequeathed it by Professor Boeckh. Another new edifice will be a cathedral church, for which proposals are now invited by the minister of public instruction and religious affairs. Happily the specifications provide for carrying out an old idea of the late King for a *campo santo*, to be ornamented with pictures by Cornelius. The cost of this monument of King William's reign is not to exceed four million thalers ($2,880,000).

—Professor Gneist has lately published a stout pamphlet on "Die freie Advocatur" (Free Advocacy), which has attracted universal attention and much praise even from the government journals in Prussia. The critics seem to overlook, what the professor certainly did not, that every approval of his arguments is a blow at the judicial system of Prussia; for if every jurist had the option of becoming an advocate, none but the most stupid would be left to fill the almost unremunerated offices of judges.——Another instance of that great drawback on the German book trade, the tardiness of book critics, which leaves a book to become old before it becomes known, is the fact that Freiherr von Hock's work on American finance, reviewed in THE NATION last winter, has just reached an examination in a prominent quarterly devoted to finance and kindred topics. Due credit is accorded the author, one of that ingenious knot of gentlemen who have so long kept Austria from bankruptcy—a feat, by the way, which is not considered much longer possible. Large amounts in Austrian "securities" are held by old Prussian families, and have had quite an influence on the conservative politics; if they are repudiated, the Junkers will go furious. As is well known, the cautious Hollanders have been seduced by the high interest on the same

"securities" to an even greater extent.——A translation of an English pamphlet, "War of the Banks," is rather savagely handled in the journal just referred to. Almost every treatise on politics or finance published in England very speedily finds its way to Germany either as it appears or in German dress. This is due in no small part to the impetus given to English studies in Prussia by the marriage of the Crown Prince with the Princess Helen, and nearly all the younger journalists and literary men read English fluently. On the other hand, new American books very rarely reach Germany till after they have been duly quarantined in England; no one pretends to keep them on hand or to order them direct from the States, and the extra expenses incurred, or at least charged, on their route *via* London are formidable. It is the same with American periodicals, of which, excepting the New York *Weekly Tribune*, none are obtainable in Berlin.——A new edition of Rückert's poems, containing many never before in print, will be published in twelve volumes before the middle of next year. Geibel, whose earlier effusions, despite their elegant metre, have only found admirers among sentimental school-girls, has been prompted by an aggravated spell of weather to send a charming ode to the sun to the Cologne *Gazette*.——"Sonderlinge: Bragenzerwälder Lebens- und Charakterbilder aus der neuesten Zeit" (Peculiar People: Bragenz forest life and character-pictures of the latest time), by Franz Mich. Felder (2 vols., Hirzel, Leipzig), is a new novel written by an uneducated peasant. Professor Hillebrand, of Leipzig, discovered this uncut diamond and brought about the publication of a book of more than ordinary force and pith. If the sturdy air given by the homely phrases and expressions which in it take the place of elaborate word-painting and rounded periods could be preserved in a translation, it is worth rendering into English.

THE FUTURE OF BRAZIL.*

From the present year will date two of the most important steps yet taken by Brazil to consolidate its empire, menaced with dismemberment not only from its too bulky territory and its extent of untamed wilderness, but by narrow statecraft, its heterogeneous populations, and the institution of slavery. A few months ago the growth of slavery was definitively checked, and its abolition provided for within a period the half of which will not have passed when every slave will have disappeared. This very month inaugurates the free navigation of the waters of the Amazon and of the chief river of the southern coast by the ships of all nations. These centripetal measures are offset by the aggrandizing war on the River Plate.

What is Brazil? On the map, an area larger than that of the United States. In point of settlement, a strip of country averaging not a hundred miles in depth from the shore to the fastnesses of the interior. Within and beyond, along the great tributaries of the greatest of all American rivers, in the virgin forests from the coast serra and Pará to the base of the Andes, the savages hold undisputed and undisturbed possession. The gold-hunter, the Jesuit missionary, the kidnapper—Spanish and Portuguese—explorers of every nationality, solitary *savans* and naval expeditions, have traversed from time to time this still unknown region, but have left scarcely a trace of their passage. No roads are practicable through the interior, and the rivers have not yet been used as regular highways of communication with the capital and the seaboard. From Rio de Janeiro to the great inland district of Matto Grosso the official route was by the Paraná and the Paraguay, through the jurisdiction of a sovereign and now hostile state. Overland, Persia would not be more remote from Paris than are these two points from each other. The expedition to the rear directed by the Brazilians against Paraguay, on which the decision of the war is supposed to hang, has been more than a year, if we do not greatly err, in emerging from the jungle and approaching the scene of conflict. Should this prove abortive, Matto Grosso is a Brazilian province only in name—inaccessible for traffic, discipline, or for defence.

This explains why the empire is jealous of the republic, thrust like a wedge between its body and its members. But the provinces south of Rio de Janeiro belong, also, by their situation to the geography of the River Plate, and by climate to the temperate zone instead of to the tropics. In fact, they furnish the northern provinces, including the capital, with most of the cereals consumed there, and most of the beef. The planters who thus depend upon them devote their vast estates—a natural consequence of the system of slave-labor—to the more profitable products of the tropics, coffee, tea, sugar, etc., and import grain even from the Black Sea rather than grow it for themselves. This commercial connection with S. Paulo, Paraná, and Rio Grande do Sul would exist even if they were detached from the empire, and is not, therefore, in itself a bond of union. Hence the efforts made to colonize them from the north, and to build up a population strong enough and loyal enough some day to encroach upon and eventually occupy Uruguay, and thus to acquire for Brazil the natural and only secure boundary of the River Plate, and a principal share of its commerce. These motives were sufficient to precipitate the present war for the control of the southern river system, in conjunction with Buenos Ayres.

But other motives were not wanting. The same overgrown estates which will have nothing to do with feeding the people, and pay no taxes to the treasury, even when, as Mr. Fletcher tells of one, they cover eight square leagues, have from the beginning of the century stood in the way of European immigration, and have been the cause first of pitiful disasters to hundreds of German colonists, afterwards of diverting the stream to Uruguay, and latterly to the United States. Mr. Sturz, who is a man of his word, and who fought the land monopoly face to face for upwards of ten years without success, and trusted it would reform for sixteen more, during which he acted at Berlin as Consul-General of Brazil,—Mr. Sturz charges the empire distinctly with seeking, by encouraging sedition and rebellion in Uruguay, so to distract the country as to render it unfit for immigration, and with finally establishing the filibuster Flores as the autocrat of Montevideo, and his own faithful accomplice and servant.

We have thus analyzed the movement of Brazil towards the south, which is fast culminating, because neither Mr. Fletcher nor Mr. Codman, whose works we are more immediately considering, has undertaken to do so, and because, unless this movement is clearly understood, we have little insight into the future of that country. The problem now working out on the Plate is whether Brazil shall hold on the south the mouth and the sources of that river, on the north the mouth of the Amazon and the intervening coast; or, failing in the first particular, whether she will not eventually lose her southern provinces, perhaps in a confederation of which victorious Paraguay and rescued Uruguay shall be the extremes, with Entre Rios and Corrientes plucked not unwillingly from the side of the so-called Argentine Confederation. A defeat now is in all probability a final defeat, compelling Brazil to hold Matto Grosso, if at all, by the good pleasure of Paraguay, and to renounce for ever her contention for the sovereignty of the Plate. The adhesion of the southern provinces would then depend upon the ease with which troops could be transported to suppress a rebellion—a task which a steamer navy could probably accomplish for several years to come. But it would also depend on the character of the population at any given time, their numbers, and their relation to the people of the northern provinces. Mr. Codman invented the philanthropic plan of pouring Africa into Tropical Brazil, partly upon the theory that the climate is not to be endured by white men; but he has abandoned the project since the end of slavery is in sight. If, now, the land is made to contribute to the expenses of the Government, and if a land-office like that of the United States should be established and conducted as liberally, there is no reason why the province of Rio de Janeiro first of all should not be filled up from Europe, and be linked to Rio Grande do Sul by its foreign element even more powerfully than by its native. Meantime, by extending its railroads—it already has some of which it may boast for the physical obstacles surmounted and the thoroughness and boldness of their engineering—and by fostering colonies along the Amazon and its affluents, the empire would begin to resemble a well-fenced timber-lot, with convenient radiations to the heart of the wilderness, which it could subdue as strength and arms should multiply.

The people who are to preserve the national domain intact, if they can on these conditions, are fairly portrayed in the voluminous but readable work of Messrs. Fletcher and Kidder. Mr. Codman's experience, which, in point of space and time, was greatly inferior to theirs, is not valueless, however, as a corrective. Their weakness is that of missionaries who are bound to defend their chosen field; his is that of a man who detests, with Mr. Carlyle, the "nomadic service" of hired Africans, and who is touched with pity by a raw-backed mule that, converted into a well-flogged slave, would only receive from him an additional stripe. Mr. Codman, again, sees no future for Brazil. Mr. Fletcher not only sees a bright one very near—too near, we dare say—but actually proves that Brazil is advancing, not declining, in civilization. Almost every addition he has made to each successive edition of his book, notes some important improvement: the streets of Rio are lighted with gas, they are well paved, they are drained; he had known them when they were not.

* "Brazil and the Brazilians, portrayed in historical and descriptive sketches. By Rev. James C. Fletcher and Rev. D. P. Kidder, D.D." Illustrated. Sixth edition, revised and enlarged. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1866. 8vo, pp. viii., 640.

"Ten Months in Brazil, with incidents of voyages and travels, descriptions of scenery and character, notices of commerce and productions, etc. By John Codman." Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1867. 12mo, pp. 208.

"Les Dissensions des Républiques de la Plata et les Machinations du Brésil." Paris: E. Dentu. 1865. 8vo, pp. 87.

"Circular addressed to the Governors of all the States and Territories of the Union. By J. J. Sturz." New York, Nov. 11, 1866.

These are samples, only, but they palliate Mr. Fletcher's optimism. For the rest, he sees pretty much what other travellers have seen, what Mr. Codman himself saw, and (except in political matters) does not conceal or keep silent about the loose morals and utterly debased religion of the Brazilians. He is not so concise as Mr. Codman, and may bring some evils into less relief than the latter does—especially one very shocking instance of slave-breeding, which it must have pained Mr. Codman to relate without crediting it to an F. F. V.

In regard to the Emperor, Mr. Fletcher's testimony is highly flattering, but by no means unsupported. What can be done by the ruler of a very limited monarchy by way of example, Dom Pedro II. appears to do, and do creditably. He seems, also, to have a genuine regard for the United States, and to welcome our arts as he does our literature. There is evidently nothing small about his character, while there is much in it to admire. His attainments, both literary and scientific, are more than respectable, and his amiability cannot be doubted. He probably far transcends many of the state ceremonies which he feels constrained to celebrate according to custom, and he is at least not behind his people in religious toleration. That he has lent himself to the war with Paraguay any further than, as the chief of the executive, to declare it, and to take the field for a time in person, we do not learn. The reputation of Lopez as a tyrant towards his own countrymen and a bully towards neighboring powers, might deceive ambition into fancying itself virtue for trying to overthrow him; but we can hardly imagine Dom Pedro ignoring the vital connection between the independence of Uruguay and the prosperity, not to say existence and independence also, of Paraguay, or the fact that the apparent aggressiveness of the latter is in reality but self-defence, however barbarously (as is alleged) and illegally exercised. On the other hand, it is quite probable that the Emperor may console himself for the loss and scant honor of the struggle with a foe whose insignificance on the map is as much a misrepresentation as Brazil's importance, by reflecting that the war is hastening the decay of slavery (notably by manumission for military service), and will probably involve the taxation of landed property, to which no slaveholding class has ever willingly consented. In this sense the national debt would be "a national blessing."

Mr. Codman is very urgent that our misguided brethren of the South—or is that phrase too harsh for him?—should not obey their impulse to flee from Yankee despotism to the Brazilian paradise. His solicitude is at once just and humane; but nobody else but the Southerners themselves need be told that they are the last people to make the experiment of colonization in Brazil. All the rose color which is imputed by Mr. Codman to the Rev. Mr. Fletcher would not deceive the general reader on *that* score. The soil, the mill-inviting streams, the timber, the minerals, all resources and all spontaneous growths, contain fortunes for those only who are not afraid of hardships and of labor, and men, too, like the Pilgrims, whom "*small* things cannot discourage." The capacity of the country, its magnificent range of climate and productions—sometimes abruptly from the tropics to the temperate zones, on account of sudden elevation—its wonderful scenery, can hardly be exaggerated. For trustworthy details in this regard, as well as for more or less intimate descriptions of the chief cities from Rio to Pará, we refer to the narrative of Messrs. Fletcher and Kidder, believing that, with every allowance which the prudent reader may desire to make, there will remain a conviction of the vast field for Anglo-Saxon enterprise in all parts of the empire, and of the desirableness of a closer connection between it and this country. The commercial statistics will interest every merchant, while not a few tourists may be led to improve the new steamship line which has been subsidized by our Government, and test the comparative beauties of the bays of Rio and of Naples.

PROVERBS OF ALL NATIONS.*

Herr Wander and his fellow-philologists have really produced an international dictionary of proverbs, since to each German "Sprichwort" is appended in smaller type its synonyms in other languages, chiefly, however, the Dutch and English. These last and the German have invented proverbs apart from each other, but in the same spirit, and have been mutual borrowers. Some idea of the completeness and richness of this work may be formed from the circumstance of its containing, in its first of four volumes, not less than 44,937 German and 14,402 foreign proverbs, or together 59,339. Such a collection from printed sources and from verbal communications which, besides the comparison noted, preserves the origin of the principal proverbs by anecdotes of the incidents which gave rise to them, has never till now existed in the German or any other literature. In its scientific aspect, nearly equal in value to Grimm's German Dictionary, it is also an always fresh source of entertaining reading. The proverbs are grouped after their first principal word, be it a substantive, an adjective, or a verb, and the alphabetical arrangement of these words, of course, facilitates materially the finding of a proverb. The leading word, again, is placed at the head of each article in larger type, and then follow in alphabetical order and numbered the proverbs and the proverbial phrases, the latter of which are marked with an asterisk. The typographical arrangement of the work throughout is clear and neat, and the Latin type has been expressly selected for the purpose of making it better adapted to the use of foreign nations. The sources of the work are, whenever it appears necessary and is possible, given after each respective proverb by an abbreviated denomination, explained in the introduction. Where the same proverb has been expressed or written or printed in a different manner, each material version is given. This is the plan of Herr Wander's work, which treats not only of the proverbial literature of the High-German, Middle-High-German, and Old-German, but of nearly all other European languages, plus the classical. A brief analysis will best show how the author has understood his task.

Taking, for instance, the article "Bettler" (beggar), we find 159 German and 60 foreign proverbs, and selecting number 134 of this article, "Wenn der Bettler auf's Pferd kommt, so kann ihm kein Teufel mehr vorreiten," we have the following corresponding foreign proverbs: Eng.: "Set a beggar on horseback, he 'll ride to the devil" (Bohn II., 483). "There is no pride equal to the enriched beggar's" (Bohn II., 70). French: "Il n'est orgueil que de pauvre enrichi." Ital.: "Il villan nobilitado non conosce il parentado." Span.: "Mete mendigo en tu pajar, y hacersete ha heredero." Lat.: "Asperius nihil est humili, cum surgit in altum" (Claudianus). Under "Blut" (blood) we find 70 German and 28 foreign proverbs. We quote number 42 of this article: "Nur kalt' Blut, sagte der Koch zu den Krebsen, als er sie in die siedende Pfanne warf." This would be, literally, "Take it coolly, as the cook said to the crabs when he threw them into the frying-pan." Herr Wander's latitude admits this English proverb as a synonym: "Take it coolly, as the Jew said to the light sovereigns when he was sweating them." Under "Buch" (book) we find, number 17: "Es hat kein Buch so grosse Blätter als das Buch: 'S kann sein;" Eng.: "The book of may-bes is very broad." The articles "Frau" (wife), "Geld" (money), are the largest, having 770 and 1,420 numbers respectively. In the article "Geld" (money) we find, under number 765, the proverb: "Kein Geld, kein Schweizer;" French: "Point d'argent, point de suisse." The origin of this proverb is not modern, nor caused by the extravagant charges of Swiss hotel-keepers, as might be thought, but historical. When Francis I. of France, at the siege of Mailand by Charles V. in the year 1521, was unable to pay the Swiss soldiers, they went home with the words, "Kein Geld, kein Schweizer," which have since become proverbial; corresponding with it in general idea perhaps would be our proverb: "No money, no go."

The article "Brot" (bread) is a very large one, numbering 410 German and a great many foreign proverbs. Under the head "Existenz" we find Bismark's words, "Catilinarische Existenzen," with which he, in 1863, named the *littérateurs* and spokesmen of the Prussian Liberal party, and which, like his phrase, "Blut und Eisen," as a last remedy for the state, became proverbial. Under this article we find some other sayings of Prussian ministers: Manteuffel's, which he spoke, yielding, in 1852, at Olmütz to Austrian superiority, "Der Starke weicht muthig zurück" (The strong man courageously retreats); Von Rochow's, "Der Unterthanenverstand ist beschränkt" (The reason of subjects is limited); Count Schulenburg's, spoken at Berlin in 1806, when the French army was expected, after the battle of Jena, "Ruhe ist die erste Bürgerpflicht" (Quietness is the first duty of a citizen); Hansemann's, the founder of the Zollverein, and Prussian Minister of Finance, "In Geldsachen hört die Gemüthlichkeit auf" (In money matters good-heartedness is at an end); and the word of a Prussian prince, in 1849, who is now ruler of Prussia, "Gegen Demokraten helfen nur Soldaten" (Soldiers are the only remedy for democrats). All these words are now current proverbial sayings, used in an ironical sense in Germany. That the author has embodied these and a great many others bears testimony to the unfailing perseverance and industry with which he constantly draws from the current of contemporary public life, and thus infuses a zest rarely found in works of this character. His main source for English proverbs is Bohn's "Hand book of Proverbs, comprising an entire republication of Raye's Collection of English Proverbs (London, 1860)." The question whether a proverb belongs to this or that nation, with which it has originated and which received it by translation, appears to Herr Wander, with nations

* "Deutsches Sprichwörter-Lexikon. Ein Hausschatz für das deutsche Volk. Herausgegeben von Karl Fr. W. Wander." I. Band. A bis Gothen. Leipzig, 1867. New York: L. W. Schmidt.

which, like most of the European, have been in close relations, to be a difficult one. Like causes producing like results, the same thought may in different nations under similar circumstances spring into life as a proverb, when, naturally, the form which it assumes is of interest. The enquiry whether a proverb has come from the Germans to the English or *vice versa* will hardly lead to any certain result. In the first place, the national mind of each of the two peoples may have created it independently. But even if one of the two nations was the creative, the other the receptive one, how could that be discovered? It might be said, if the same proverb is to be found in English literature a century earlier than in the German, then the Germans received it from the English, or *vice versa*. But this conclusion is not to be trusted. The oldest book on which you can rely as evidence of priority may be suddenly displaced by an older book on the other side, which may almost always at least be supposed to exist. But then, too, the proverb may have lived in the mouth of the people supposed to have received it long before it appeared in any literature. Among every people there are thousands upon thousands of proverbs which have not yet been printed. And why should foreigners living with them not take them back to their native country, and print them there, whilst they are not yet printed at the place of their origin? Mr. Wander expresses his indifference to this question, and only in exceptional cases does he care whether a certain proverb is an original German one or whether it has immigrated, for, at any rate, more proverbs emigrate from Germany than immigrate. Real foreign proverbs will always betray themselves by their foreign stamp.

Of the proverbs of a nation, there are a great many known all over the country, which live in every mouth to-day just as they were spoken centuries ago. But by far the smallest part of the proverbial store of each nation belongs to this class. As there are men whose names are famous not only in their own land but far beyond it, and, on the other hand, men whose activity is limited to their province or county, and men who never went beyond the boundaries of their village, so with proverbs. But the proverbs known and used by a few only are still as much proverbs as those persons men. As there are men whose names go from people to people, from century to century, and others who, hardly born, die, so there are proverbs. The store of proverbs of a nation consists, then, of proverbs of a very different order as regards extension and time of use. It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Wander's dictionary is a standard work, of value to every philologist as well as to all who are interested in German literature.

ANNE BRADSTREET'S WORKS.*

Among the passengers in the "Arbella," the admiral of the fleet in which Winthrop and the Massachusetts Company, bringing their charter, transferred the government of the country from Old to New England, were Thomas Dudley and Simon Bradstreet, the one in the ripeness of mature years, the other in the first years of manhood. At the last, or the last but one, of the General Courts held in England, while the fleet was detained at Southampton, the former was elected deputy governor in the place of Humfrey, who remained in England, and Bradstreet was chosen an assistant; both then commencing an active career of public service in the colony, both afterwards called repeatedly to fill the highest office in the infant commonwealth, and the latter, who has been aptly styled "the Nestor of New England," outliving the government as organized under the colonial charter, and even holding office under that granted by William and Mary, more than sixty years after. Two years before the embarkation of the company, Bradstreet had married Anne, the eldest daughter of Dudley, she being then sixteen years of age. In her "Religious Experiences," printed in this volume, she gives an account of the early impressions in regard to her spiritual condition, her restoration from the "pride and vanity" which had taken hold of her, and her final submission and trust in the Saviour. The habits of life and modes of thought prevalent in New England in her time were not congenial to the growth and development of poetic talent, nor was the literary education of women of her rank and station such as would be favorable to the acquisition of a high degree of mental culture. When, therefore, a volume of poems "by a Gentlewoman in New England" was published in London, in 1650, we can appreciate in some degree the feelings of the editor who gave it to the world, under the title of "The Tenth Muse lately sprung up in America." This first collection of her poems was published under the supervision of the Rev. John Woodbridge, who probably took the manuscript with him to England when he sailed for the old country in 1647. A second edition was issued in Boston by John Foster, in 1678, six years after the death of the author, containing her corrections, and, in addition, many poems found among her papers after her decease, and a third appeared anonymously in Boston in 1758, as "printed from the Second Edition."

We have now, in an attractive form, a complete collection of all the works of Mrs. Bradstreet in prose or verse which are known to be extant, including some posthumous writings which appear in print for the first time. Mr. Ellis has added a memoir of the author and her family, and a summary view of the state of English literature in the first quarter of the seventeenth century. The events which led to the emigration to New England, the circumstances attending the embarkation, and the incidents of the voyage, together with the leading occurrences of the first years of the Massachusetts Colony, in which both the father and husband of Mrs. Bradstreet held so prominent a position, are also narrated. The researches of the editor have also brought to view the various authorities upon whom she relied for the historical facts related in her poems. Her education we may suppose to have been eminently a religious one. The Bible, probably in the Genevan version, was her great text-book, and many of the grand and lofty subjects of Holy Writ are treated by her in verse or incidentally cited in her other works. Her more elaborate productions, "The Four Lessons," "The Four Monarchies," and her religious meditations, show on every page her familiarity with the Scriptures.

Her acquaintance with the ancient classical writers was probably limited to the English translations, or to extracts and citations by later authors, it being nearly certain that she was not familiar with the languages of Greece and Rome. The events treated of in her "Exact Epitomie of the Four Monarchies," which are not taken from the historical books of the Old Testament, appear to have been derived mostly from Raleigh's "History of the World," and Mr. Ellis presents us in the introduction with several parallel passages, showing how closely she has followed this author, not only in the narrative but in the language used by him. She appears also to have consulted Usher, Pemble, and other historical writers of the time in the course of her studies.

Mrs. Bradstreet's style, where it rises above the form of dry narration, partakes of the quaint imagery of the religious poets of her time, of whom Henry Vaughan and Francis Quarles are notable examples. Du Bartas, as translated by Joshua Sylvester, appears to have been one of her favorite authors.

Of the literary merit of Mrs. Bradstreet's poems, although we cannot fully agree with worthy President Rogers, who describes himself as "weltering in delight" after their perusal, we may say that there are not wanting descriptive passages, even in the narrative poems, in which her ideas are clothed in becoming and dignified language. Among these we may mention the verses entitled "Contemplations," which contain many excellent thoughts, simply but gracefully expressed.

The scenes and events of her daily life, especially those which were connected with the domestic affections, form no small part of the themes upon which she was wont to dwell. Many of her poems first published in the second edition are of this class. Letters to her husband in his absence from home, and touching and affectionate memorials of members of her family who had died in early age, mostly written in the last years of her life, are among these effusions, with verses suggested by such events as the access of a fit of sickness, the birth of a child, the departure of a near relative for a foreign country, or some other simple incident of her domestic life.

This collection of the writings of this amiable and able woman is a worthy and fitting contribution to the series of reprints of the works of early American authors, many of which have been recently issued.

PROFESSOR STOWE ON THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.*

Professor Stowe has presented in a popular form much valuable information concerning the origin and history of the New Testament Scriptures. He designs to publish hereafter another volume of a similar character upon the Old Testament. His style is homely and pithy, and his discussions are intelligible to readers of the average degree of intelligence. His third chapter, which treats of ancient manuscripts and of the mode of their transmission, is of special interest. The engraved specimens which accompany the text help to elucidate the subject. The colloquial tone of the author occasionally runs into a diverting extravagance of assertion or of metaphor. On p. 30, after protesting against a metaphysical interpretation of Scripture, he says: "Everything to its appropriate use. I would not take a broad-axe

* "The Works of Anne Bradstreet, in Prose and Verse. Edited by John Harvard Ellis." Charlestown: Abram E. Cutter. 1867.

* "Origin and History of the Books of the Bible, with the Canonical and the Apocryphal, designed to show what the Bible is not, what it is, and how to use it. By Prof. C. E. Stowe, D.D." Hartford, 1867.

to mend a pen with, nor a penknife to hew ship-timber with." There is no lack of emphasis in the announcement of his opinions. Speaking of the folly of confounding the canonical gospels with the apocryphal, he exclaims (p. 235): "With even more reason might you attribute the planning and rearing of such edifices as Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Church and the new Parliament House to such characters as Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Jingle, the Artful Dodger and Fagin the Jew. There is reason in all things that are really things; and that which has no reason in it is nothing (an *Unding*), and neither deserves nor needs an answer." The author is evidently a lover of truth, and possessed of a fair stock of learning. His warmth sometimes leads him to leap to his conclusions, and to place what is at best problematical in the same category with what is established. For example, when he affirms (p. 165) that Matthew, having written his gospel in Hebrew, wrote it afterwards again in Greek, he makes an assertion which is not only without proof, but is destitute of plausibility. What evidence is there that Matthew made this translation, or this new composition? Prof. Stowe also assumes that the fact of a Hebrew original of the first gospel is unquestionable. He must be aware that so great a critic as Bleck, not to mention others, takes the opposite ground. In his polemical observations the author loses power by an exhibition of impatience, and by instituting in some places invective and ridicule for argument. After describing Renan's hypothesis respecting the life of Jesus, he begins his replication thus: "What is all this but the sheerest and most extravagant moonshine? What shadow or even pretence of a shadow of historical testimony or historical evidence of any kind does Renan give us? Not a particle of evidence of any kind, except the vagaries of his own brain, does he pretend to give." Of the various rationalistic hypotheses, he remarks (p. 306): "Their hypotheses have absolutely nothing to stand upon. They are made wholly out of air and fog, and the moment the sun shines on them they are gone." This rhetoric is not of the kind denominated by Aristotle and other masters "the conciliatory." It is not adapted to win the attention and respect of doubters who may have been captivated by the ingenious but unsound theories which Professor Stowe sets himself to combat. But, apart from certain blemishes, some of which we have indicated, the work is a meritorious one, and is likely to prove useful to a great number of persons who crave information on the topics discussed in it.

Argument for Opening the Reading-Room of the Boston Public Library on Sunday Afternoons. By Charles M. Ellis. (Boston: A. Williams & Co.)—We are glad this argument has been printed, all the more because, through no deficiency of its own, it failed of its immediate object. That object, as we have before expressed our belief, is postponed merely, not defeated, and meantime this pamphlet will work for it potently, and stimulate a renewal of the petition with an improved public sentiment behind it. It is our constant hope, too, that public libraries will be multiplied in every part of every State, and as the Sunday question is pretty sure to arise in a majority of instances—especially till the great cities have set the liberal example—this pamphlet has more than a local value, and should be widely circulated. In time, we are sure, not only will the people of Massachusetts appreciate the wise doctrine of their constitution, that "the encouragement of arts and sciences, and all good literature, tends to the honor of God, the advantage of the Christian religion, and the great benefit of this and the other United States," but it will come to be adopted also by the country at large. It appears that three times as many books are taken out of the Boston Public Library on Saturday as on any other day—of course that they may furnish reading for Sunday—but we do not hear that this is deplored, or that any one pretends nowadays to prohibit so-called secular reading on Sunday, or proposes any remedy for the Saturday evasion. On the other hand, all Sunday-school libraries distribute and recall their volumes on Sunday. Mr. Ellis rightly insists that the question is not one of days, but that, "if the use of the reading-room is for the spiritual good of man, it is good for the Sabbath and for this day [Sunday];" and as for the demand that the open library must be shown to be a "necessity," "shall we," he asks, "save a few cocks of hay, and waste the stores of knowledge, the spiritual good?"

The modesty of the Boston petition—for the opening of the reading-room only, with its newspapers, periodicals, and valuable books of reference, involving perhaps the services of a single attendant, and competing with the churches in that part of Sunday when their congregations are smallest and most insignificant in relation to the great body of the people—a petition for access to religious journals as well as to scientific and popular, supported by the librarian of the Public Library and of the Boston Athenæum—such moderation, we venture to say, is less likely to be exhibited another year because it has been repulsed in this. And we suppose Mr. Ellis would admit that his argument covers the circulating library as well as that portion which, from its nature, can not be taken from the building, but which all the more needs to be accessible on the chief and only leisure day of thousands of industrious citizens.

The Sayings of Dr. Bushwhacker and other Learned Men. By Frederick S. Cozzens, author of "Sparrowgrass Papers," etc., *et al.* (New York: A. Simpson & Co. 1867.)—The articles, essays, papers, pieces, or whatever may be the proper name for the materials of which this book is made up, are chiefly by Mr. Cozzens, while a few are from other hands. He says, in his preface, "The papers included in this volume are partly from *The Wine Press*, a monthly periodical which I edited for seven years—until the breaking out of the civil war—with some new articles, and with various essays of the author, that have heretofore been printed on the sands of fugitive magazines and newspapers. Some of these shells and pebbles I have reclaimed; the rest lie upon the beach unnoticed, and happily unknown."

Dr. Bushwhacker is a gentleman who delivers opinions in an authoritative manner on all sorts of subjects—tea, tapioca-pudding, the relation of literature to liquor, and many others—to an admiring audience who supply him at the right moments with questions calculated to stimulate his flow of ideas. The result is a considerable amount of information and opinion, given in a hasty, bustling way, which now and then amuses, but oftener fatigues. In fact, to sum the whole matter up in a few words, we should say that the chief difficulty with Dr. Bushwhacker, and the whole Bushwhacker family (and a very large and prolific family it is too, chiefly engaged in what may be called the paper-business), is that, notwithstanding their desperately good intentions, and their voluminous achievements, they do not succeed in their main desire, they do not attain their central object; they are not—the little word must be said—they are not—funny.

Altogether the best thing in the book is an imitation of Macaulay's style by Colonel Porter of the Eighth New York Artillery, who died at Cold Harbor leading a charge at the head of his regiment during the late war. He has been better known heretofore through his patriotism than through his talent for writing; but to those who read this charming *jeu d'esprit*, published for the first time by Mr. Cozzens, his ability as a writer will make itself quite as apparent as had already his devotion to his country. This short extract, from a supposed volume of Macaulay's in which his history has been brought down to a period within the memory of men still living, comprises accounts of the characters of Washington and Franklin. Of the former "stoic savages told with wonder how he alone was calm when the soldiers of Braddock were slaughtered like sheep; and Continental veterans love to narrate how his face shone with heroic fire as he rallied the broken battalions at Monmouth." And the description of Franklin is capital too: "A Quaker diplomatist was about to appear in the most artificial of courts; a new Archimedes was to come from the land of the Natchez and the Mohawk: the legate of the latest republic was to recall the image of antique wisdom and of antique virtue—of the Grecian Solon and the Roman Regulus. Haughty courtiers bent in emotion before him: brilliant beauties struggled for a kiss," etc. etc. It is pleasing, in these days of far-fetched parodies and wild burlesques, to come upon an imitation at once so amusing and so close. It is difficult to see why even Macaulay himself should find fault with the copy.

The Principles and Practice of Disinfection. By Robert Barthelow, A.M., M.D., Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics in the Medical College of Ohio. (Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co. 1867.)—In this little book we have a clear and explicit account of the principles and practice of disinfection, which it would be well if every householder in the land could be made to read and act upon. The language is simple and the doctrines enunciated are fully up to the present state of chemical and hygienic science. Dr. Barthelow does not unduly exalt disinfection. All means of purifying the air are, as he admits, nothing compared to ventilation—that is, the removal of the vitiated atmosphere and its replacement with that which is fresh and uncontaminated. Unfortunately we cannot always effect good ventilation, and then the noxious matters in the air must be as far as possible destroyed. If mankind could be made to act up to the principles of health as established by the science of hygiene, there would be no need for disinfectants of any kind. The best evidence we have ever had of the natural depravity of man is his inborn contempt for cleanliness; and, perhaps, not till the advent of the millennium may we hope for a radical change in his disposition.

With the view, however, of aiding in this desirable transformation, we recommend Dr. Barthelow's admirable little volume to all who wish to make life more tolerable than it is at present.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of The Nation *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE DEMOCRATS AND THE PUBLIC DEBT.

As might have been expected, the public debt is likely to form the most prominent topic of discussion in preparation for the State elections of this fall, perhaps even more prominent than the dispute between the President and Congress. The importance of this dispute depends entirely on the bearing it is likely to have on the work of reconstruction, and the work of reconstruction on the Congressional plan is more likely to be frustrated by a determined assault on the public credit than in any other way. In selecting the public credit, too, as the object of their attacks, the Democratic leaders are displaying that intimate acquaintance with the worst side of human nature by which for years past their greatest triumphs have been won. The character of a people is, in fact, much more severely tested by the pecuniary cost of a war than by the war itself. During the progress of hostilities there are plenty of sources besides mere love of principle from which men draw the courage never to submit or yield. There is pride, hatred, animal pugnacity, interest in the dread game itself, all of which have often operated to protract a war for years after its original cause or objects had been forgotten, and after all principle or semblance of principle had died out of it. But when the last shot has been fired, the banners have been folded, the dead buried, the books balanced, and men have to settle down to the dull routine of their old life, and toil not only to repair their shattered fortunes, but to pay off money borrowed to help them to secure objects which have been already secured or lost beyond doubt—money, too, which, like most money borrowed in seasons of doubt and danger, has perhaps been borrowed on very unfavorable terms, and which has doubtless been spent wildly, recklessly, and extravagantly, as money is apt to be in time of war—then, and only then, comes the real trial of their honor and patriotism. Almost any male animal will fight, but it is only the *élite* of the human race which, when the fighting is over, will sit down in the calm of peace and doggedly and industriously *pay*. Demagogues know this, of course, perfectly well, and count on it, so that, whether they have in the first instance advocated the war or not, they are pretty sure, when it is over, to advise people to repudiate.

The leaders of the Democratic party have, perhaps, stronger reasons for urging repudiation than any other demagogues have ever had. In the first place, they violently opposed the war, and predicted steadily and persistently that the money borrowed for it would never be refunded. Therefore they have the ordinary human interest in bringing about the fulfilment of their own prophecies. In the second place, they look on the public debt as a great instrument of national consolidation, and to consolidation they are violently opposed; and if they should succeed in breaking down the national credit at this juncture, they feel satisfied that the United States would never again be able to borrow on any great scale or for any great enterprise—certainly never to resist a new attempt at secession. Moreover, they are the friends of only one "section," and that is the South. To them New England is nothing and New York is nothing and the West is nothing; but for the South as a unit they have a real tenderness. Now, the South will probably feel the burden of the debt more than any other part of the country. To her it is not simply a debt, it is a penalty, and a very humiliating penalty—a moral as well as a physical burden. It is at once the sign and memorial of her defeat. To get rid of the debt is, therefore, the highest service the Democrats can render the South, and, perhaps, the only way they can hope to win back the Southern whites into the old alliance.

Of course they do not now propose downright repudiation. They are much too shrewd to be guilty of such brutal frankness as this. They know perfectly well that the memories of the war are still strong and still sacred, and though they opposed it bitterly and mourned over every Union victory, and though the sight of the uniform is odious to them, they like to get a Union soldier for their candidate whenever they can, and affect to consider their participation in the struggle a title to popular confidence. Occasionally at a nominating convention, as the other day in Ohio, a drunken or indiscreet member blurts out the real feeling of the party about the Northern army, but he is instantly checked, and one of his colleagues "sits on his head," as on a fallen horse, till his kicking and plunging can do no harm. So, also, with regard to the public debt, they approach it cautiously and with the tenderest regard for what they consider the popular weakness. They have accordingly opened the campaign by a determined attack on the interest of it, while for the principal they profess the profoundest respect. This idea of assailing the public credit as an instrument of party warfare was undoubtedly conceived long ago. The first public expression of it was made in Mr. Johnson's conversation with Miles O'Reilly, in which he denounced the public creditors as a "bond aristocracy," and declared the design of the Radicals was to administer the Government for their benefit. But in Mr. Johnson's hands it has not, as might have been expected, been used with as much dexterity as in Mr. Pendleton's. The theory on which the "bond aristocracy" was held up for popular execration was that the United States bonds were mainly held by very wealthy men, and that the Government was passing more and more into the hands of its creditors and used to serve their purposes. Mr. Pendleton knows, of course, that this is absurd, or what is, perhaps, more to the purpose, knows that nobody will believe it; so, instead of maintaining that the debt is kept up for the benefit of a few bloated capitalists, he simply says that for the debt he has the deepest respect; all that he objects to is the interest. He says that the holders of the bonds did not pay for them in specie but in greenbacks, and this at a time when greenbacks were worth very much less than they are now; therefore, what can be more fair than to pay them off in greenbacks? In this way they will get what they gave. The greenbacks required to settle their claims will only cost a few hours' labor at the printing-press, and the people will be relieved of the burden of the interest.

The answer to this proposal is, of course, obvious. The price which every holder of United States bonds paid for them was what they were worth at the time. Investing in "Governments" during the war was a speculation which it required, both on the part of the native and foreigner, considerable faith to make. At the time when most of the United States bonds were issued some of the ablest financiers in the world were strongly of opinion that they would never be paid. The fortunes of war were still doubtful. Even the most ardent supporters of it could say little more, in 1863 and 1864, than that they would never give up—that, come sooner or come later, victory would be for the North, though what it would cost in men and money to achieve it nobody could tell. Moreover, the low rate in specie at which bonds could be bought was one of the arguments most strongly urged in recommending them to investors. To turn round now and use it as an argument for not paying them in specie would be very like fining a man for his simplicity in being taken in by a cheat. Every nation which has never had its credit severely tested, and which is engaged in a war waged not for conquest or a disputed succession, but to decide whether it is a nation or not, must expect to borrow money at a disadvantage, and borrowing at a disadvantage means getting very little and undertaking to pay a great deal.

If we now undertook to pay off these bonds in greenbacks, the minute the proposition was made public greenbacks would lose nearly all their value; first, because the very issue of them would be a sign that the United States promises to pay were worthless. Nobody in his senses would give anything for the promissory notes of a government which had repudiated its bonds, particularly when these very notes were issued as the means of repudiation; secondly, because the number of greenbacks would be so greatly increased that, even if their payment is certain, their value in relation to gold would fall to about one-half its present figure. It is not probable, in fact, that after the Democratic plan of getting rid of the interest had been adopted, greenbacks would bring five cents on the dollar. There would be a general return to specie payments; but it would be through one of the greatest swindles on record. Except for the fun and excitement of the "financiering," simple and undisguised repudiation would be much preferable, as it would certainly be more simple and manly, and would cer-

tainly make a less unfavorable impression on mankind as to the condition of American morals.

The argument which Mr. Pendleton and his *confrères* bring forward, and which is producing, and probably will produce, more effect than any, is the weight with which the interest of the debt presses on the mass of the people. But this is not a question which, with a people making any pretensions to morality, is worth a moment's consideration. The repayment of borrowed money is almost always a painful and inconvenient process; but this has never been held to be a good reason for not repaying it. Everybody knew the burden of the public debt would be heavy when the loans were raised, and whether they were well or ill spent is something with which the lenders have nothing to do; the national faith being pledged to them that they will be repaid in coin and in any event, not if we find it convenient, or if the West is satisfied or the East is satisfied, or if the poor are satisfied, but under all circumstances and at any hazard. It is pledged too against all forced conversions or wrigglings or twistings or turnings which will make the debt any less valuable to bondholders than it was agreed that it should be when it was contracted. If we should fail to pay as we promised to pay, the creditors have, it is true, no remedy. There is no tribunal before which a nation can be cited; but no nation has ever yet repudiated without finding before very long what a terrible thing the loss of credit is, for nations which repudiate are almost always governed by knaves, and so badly governed that they can never very long keep out of scrapes which make loans necessary.

We confess, however, that except as an illustration of the way in which demagogues seek to use human baseness for their own selfish ends, we do not consider the Democratic crusade against the public debt very formidable. The "bond aristocracy" is happily a figment of Mr. Johnson's excited though not very cultivated imagination. The vast majority of the holders of the national bonds are poor men and women who are glad to commit their hardly-won savings to the national keeping, and where they do not hold them directly the savings-banks hold them by the million, so that the public credit has plenty of support in the interest as well as in the honor of the people.

It would be hard to overestimate the importance of the course of the majority on a question of this sort. If democracy is going to excel monarchies and aristocracies in nothing but in being stronger, better fed, and richer, everybody who believes that the mission of nations as of men is not to breed fast and get fat, but to "incline to God's will and walk in his way," will be glad to see the last of it. If this democracy were deliberately to embrace the principles preached by what is called the Democratic party in this country, history would talk of it as the worst curse that ever befel mankind. From the vices of kings and nobles there was an appeal to popular virtue, but from the vices of democracy there is no appeal but to despotism. It is, of course, of the highest importance that we should all get rich as fast as we can; but in getting rich we should never forget that the state is something "better than a partnership agreement in a trade of pepper and of coffee, calico or tobacco, or some other such low concern, to be taken up for a little temporary interest, and to be dissolved by the fancy of the parties. It is to be looked on with other reverence, because it is not a partnership in things subservient only to the gross animal existence of a temporary and perishable nature. It is a partnership in all arts, a partnership in every virtue and in all perfection."

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

It appears that the Committee on Education at the Constitutional Convention now sitting at Albany are not about to recommend that education be made compulsory in the State. We regret this determination, for not only does the successful operation of our democratic republican political system depend upon the general education of the community, but it is through universal education alone that the system can be protected against the worst perils that menace its efficiency and its permanence. It is probable that two considerations have mainly influenced the committee in their conclusions. First, that the State does not yet provide sufficient means for the education of all its members, and that until this is done it would be impracticable to make education compulsory; and, second, that the mass of the community is not sufficiently enlightened to recognize the full importance of universal education, and consequently not prepared to give to an enactment making education compulsory that moral support which is requisite for the efficiency of any law whatsoever. For the power of law in a community like ours depends primarily not on the penalties it denounces for its violation, nor on the number and fidelity of the agents employed in enforcing it, but on its correspondence with the general sense and sentiment of the community as to its necessity and justice.

The point, then, to be aimed at in the discussion of the subject for the present is the quickening of the sense of the community as to its importance, so as to bring the people to the conviction that universal education is the indispensable foundation and safeguard of a system of universal suffrage. Where every man is a voter, and where every woman is soon to become one, every man and every woman is supposed, in theory at least, to possess that amount of intelligence which is requisite for the exercise of the elective franchise without risk to the safety of the State. Political power without intelligence means simply mischief; it is the power to do harm.

Now education, indeed, does not create or even absolutely secure intelligence. Its object is to promote the development of intelligence, to afford a stimulus to its growth, and to provide the individual with the necessary means for that self-culture by which native capacities are increased. Education thus prepares the way for the franchise; it creates a substantial claim for its exercise, a claim far more effective in politics, far more real in justice, than any that rests upon a fancied natural right.

It would seem hardly to require argument to show that where universal suffrage prevails, there should exist universal education. Education short of universal will not answer, for a few ignorant men can do harm that not ten times their number of intelligent voters can prevent or can repair. The present condition of the government and the judiciary of the city of New York is as striking an illustration as could be afforded of the inefficiency of a system of education, excellent as far as it goes, but falling short of universality, to protect the community of honest and instructed men from the evils wrought by a band of ignorant and, in a great measure in consequence of their ignorance, unprincipled men.

But, say the advocates of our present system as opposed to a compulsory system, nobody denies the advantage of education, or the importance of its being universal; supply the means of universal education, but leave every individual free to make use of the means for himself or his children according to the dictates of reason and interest; you have no right to diminish his sense of responsibility or to limit his personal freedom, by compelling him to make use of opportunities or advantages against his will; you destroy the fundamental principle of our political system—the independence and liberty of the individual.

Such talk as this is a specimen of the loose and fallacious thought which is far too common among us. The *absolute* independence and liberty of the individual is not the fundamental principle of our political system, but only the *relative* independence and liberty. Society and government are organized, laws are enacted, simply to maintain the relative independence and liberty. The absolute freedom of every individual is constantly limited by the strong arm of the law, representing not only the general interest of the community of which he forms a part, but his own final particular interest. It is the interest of the community no less than of the individual that he should be as free as possible—that is, as free as is consistent with the greatest possible amount of general freedom. Now, the general freedom is impaired, and consequently in the long run the freedom of each individual diminished, by the prevalence of ignorance. The ignorance of a single person lessens to the extent of that person's power the freedom of the community. It is forced to provide safeguards against the evils of which his ignorance may be the source. In every crowded community there is a large class of children who, if not educated, become thieves, paupers, and, if possessed of political powers, dangerous to the state, but who, if educated, become productive and helpful members of the general body of the people.

Compulsory education, then, far from being, as it may seem at first sight, a limitation of individual freedom, is, on the contrary, its pro-

tection. The state is only the concrete expression of the mass of the individuals who compose it, and its interest is never really in opposition to theirs. It is the interest of the state to have every individual educated; it is the interest of every individual to be so. But in many instances he will not be sufficiently enlightened as to his interest to secure education for himself or his children, and it becomes the first duty of the state to compel him to secure that education without which he is likely to be hurtful to himself no less than to the community.

Universal compulsory education is at first costly, but it is, in the long run, the truest economy. It not only gives to the individual the command of his faculties, which enables him to become a producer of values, but it saves him from becoming a burden on the state or a plunderer of the community. An increase in expense for schools leads to a decrease of expenses for courts, police, prisons, jails, and workhouses. In Switzerland, as we learn from a late authority, "a reformed system of education has almost emptied the jails. In July, 1863, there was not a soul in the prison of the Canton de Vaud; at Neufchâtel there were two prisoners. In the Grand-Duchy of Baden, where great efforts were made in 1834 for the improvement of education, the number of prisoners fell in eight years (1854–1861) from 1,426 to 691, the number of thefts from 1,009 became 460, pauperism decreased by one-fourth, and jails had to be closed." There is no need to multiply instances of this sort. They may be found in abundance on every hand. The fact is established and admitted that education in proportion to its extent and thoroughness is an economy to a state.

Laws exist in several of the United States imposing penalties for truancy or unnecessary absence from school, but no State of the Union has yet adopted an effective compulsory system. New York is not behind her sisters in this respect. But, with the practical establishment of the rule of universal suffrage, the necessity of universal education becomes more plain, and it can hardly be long before the most enlightened States will be led to an efficient compulsory system. Unless such a system be adopted there can be no certainty of the continuance of our prosperity or our freedom.

It is a mistake to suppose that such a system would be, if properly devised, irksome to the people, or that it would have to be enforced against the will of the larger and better part of them. The Rev. Mark Pattison, one of her Majesty's Assistant Commissioners of Education, speaking of the system as it exists in Prussia, says:

> "Compulsory school attendance dates from the earliest period of the Reformation, and was a recognized religious duty long before it became a law of the state. The schooling is compulsory only in name; the school has taken so deep a root in the social habit of the German people that, were the law repealed to-morrow, no one doubts that the schools would continue as full as they now are."

So it would be in America. Let the state provide ample means for the education of every child within its borders, and then let it compel parents to make use of these means for their children.

EUROPEAN PROSPECTS.

The fears of a European war, which have again begun to prevail, and which the Emperor Napoleon's pacific speeches are hardly sufficient to dissipate, are exercising once more such a powerful influence on trade and finance that it may be worth while to consider what amount of foundation they have. That the French Government is anxious to fight, both for the purpose of checking the aggrandizement of Prussia and of wiping out the remembrance of the Mexican expedition, and of the mortifying check it experienced in the Luxembourg affair, may as well be taken for granted in all discussion on this subject. On this point there is little or no room for doubt. But when the minute speculators conclude that it will do what it would like to do, will rush into the field against Prussia as readily as Mr. Banks or Fernando Wood propose to bestow belligerent rights on the Fenians, they become an easy prey to every newsmonger who chooses to concoct a sensational story. The rapid arming of the French troops with the Chassepôt rifle does not, as we have over and over asserted, indicate any intention on the part of the Emperor to engage in immediate hostilities. It is a natural and obvious precaution against a terrible and disastrous surprise. After the exhibition afforded in the Sadowa campaign of the advantages of the needle-gun, he would be mad to leave the French army unprovided with a similar weapon one minute longer than is necessary, let his intentions be ever so pacific. He might not choose to fight Prussia, but Prussia might at any time choose to fight him, and it is not true of nations, as it is of individuals, that "it takes two to make a quarrel." It is not likely that the French army will, however, be fully provided with the new weapon before next spring, so that even if the Emperor were so impatient as to contemplate a winter campaign, common prudence would dictate his waiting till next May; and that he intends to wait may be inferred from the pains which he, the *Moniteur*, and the Marquis de Moustier are taking to spread pacific assurances.

It is tolerably certain, however, that he will not risk a war with such an antagonist as Prussia without an ally. Prussia would undoubtedly be able to bring a million of men into the field for a struggle with France, and although General Changarnier has laid it down recently that an army of 500,000 is as much as any power need care to have or can well manage, it is nevertheless true that two armies of 500,000 each would be apt, if well handled, to make mince-meat of one of the same size. Even Hanover, the most hostile and discontented of recent Prussian annexations, would against Frenchmen be faithful to the core. The South German states, too, are rapidly fulfilling the engagements they have entered into with Prussia. Baden has already provided herself with 24,000 needle-guns and two million cartridges; Würtemberg with 30,000 needle-guns and one million and a half of cartridges; and Bavaria is working with equal zeal; so it is expected that by next spring these three powers will be able to place at the disposal of Prussia 120,000 men, armed, equipped, drilled, and organized on the Prussian model. There is nothing in this complicated affair, perhaps, so certain as that Germany expects war in the spring. The testimony on this point is overwhelming. Germans are confident that Louis Napoleon means to fight, and as soon as possible, and no pacific speeches or circulars will cause them to change their opinion. Therefore German preparations are likely to be prosecuted through the winter with great ardor. But it is equally certain that the Germans do not want war. One of the results of the Prussian military system, and one which, perhaps, its projectors did not foresee, is, that experience of war, instead of exciting military ardor amongst the population, diminishes it. Under the military system of all other European states soldiering is the trade of a distinct class, and the soldier's only hope of a rise in life lies in frequent and prolonged wars. Therefore it has become almost an axiom with European publicists that a sovereign who has once achieved success in the field cannot long remain at peace; that he will be forced by his troops to find employment for them. Reasoning on this theory, most writers in England, even those who were most friendly, expected that the close of our war with the South would be followed by an attack on Canada—that a million of men, flushed with conquest, could never be got to disperse quietly to their homes.

In the Prussian army, however, the professional soldiers, properly so called, in time of war form a small minority. The mass of the men are bound to civil life by the closest ties, and the evils of war, instead of being felt only by a class which has made war its trade, are felt in every home, shop, and counting-house in the land. So that greatly as Prussian pride has been exalted by the Seven Weeks' Campaign, we venture to assert that there is at this moment far less military enthusiasm than there was before Sadowa. As a matter of fact, there is very much less boasting heard from Prussians since Sadowa than there was after the pitiful exploit of Düppel against the Danes. At Düppel, victory was achieved with little or no loss, and it was the first affair in which Prussian troops under the new system had been engaged, except in the little campaign against the Baden insurgents in 1849, and it naturally greatly excited their imaginations as to what they could accomplish if they could meet a first-class power in the open field. The campaign against Austria, brilliant as it was, was attended with enormous loss. The new levies, in spite of their good qualities under fire and their admirable patience, succumbed readily under fatigue and exposure, as new levies must always do; the commissariat arrangements were, in many respects, defective, and the hospital arrangements were positively bad. The result is that the German people, both victors and vanquished,

will now very willingly repose on their laurels. France, if there be a war, will almost certainly be the aggressor.

But France will hardly attack without a certainty of success. A war with Prussia would not be, in any sense of the word, a national war. It would not be waged in defence of the national territory or in vengeance for an insult; it would, in short, have no better or higher object than to prove Louis Napoleon's fitness to occupy the French throne—so that success would be for him an absolute necessity; defeat would be ruin. The passage of the French frontier by a victorious Prussian army would almost certainly be the signal for the overthrow of the Bonaparte dynasty. Therefore we may be sure we shall not witness a commencement of hostilities on the part of France, unless her chances are at least equal. They can only be made equal by an ally, and the only possible ally is Austria. England is incapable of a Continental war, Italy is on the verge of bankruptcy, and France is evidently, from her course with regard to the Papal legion, in no humor to conciliate her; Spain is in the throes of an insurrection, and Russia is gone soul and body into Pansclavism, and cares nothing for anybody who cannot help her to get Constantinople.

What is Austria worth as an ally against Prussia? Nothing, or next to nothing. If we take from the Austrian revenue at this moment the expense of the army and navy on a peace footing, and the interest on the public debt, there remains for the court, the civil administration, and all other expenses, $5,000,000! Another great war is for a power thus situated simply impossible. The calmest and shrewdest observers of the condition of Austria declare that at least ten years of peace and reform are necessary to give the empire even a chance of life. Hungary is still in a troubled condition, and the ministry is on the point of resigning, while the Sclavonic population of the empire is also lately honeycombed by Russian propagandism. The Bohemians, Croats, and Serbs are all wild with the idea of a great Pansclavic confederation. Deputations from the Sclaves of Servia, as well as of Hungary and Bohemia, visited St. Petersburg in May, and were received with great cordiality, and during their stay nothing was heard of in speeches and newspapers but Sclavonic unity. A Russian journal, the *Swiet*, has been established in Hungary, devoted entirely to the interests of the Sclavonic, or, as it pleases to call them, Russian population; another organ of the same party is published in Russian at Prague, and another, called *The Aurora*, at Vienna. With Hungary independent and by no means enamored of the Hapsburg family, and with the Sclaves absorbed in the idea of the political reunion of their scattered race, Austria's only reliance in war would be the original German duchy, and this against Germans, even if its forces were worth mention, would hardly be depended on.

Under these circumstances it is difficult to believe that the Salzburg conference has increased the chance of hostilities. We venture to predict that it will be found to have dissipated all thought of them, as far as Louis Napoleon is concerned. He found Francis Joseph a very different man from the hot youth whom he met at Villafranca. The disasters of the last ten years have not befallen the Austrian Emperor for nothing. The unfortunate man is now perhaps for the first time aware that he is the last of the feudal sovereigns, that the prosperity of his house depended on the preservation of the order of things which raised it to greatness, and that the invincible forces of modern society are all arrayed against him.

HINTS FOR CONSTITUTION-MAKERS.

BY A JUDGE.

IV.—The Executive.

In this country the chief evils that attend the executive are, 1st, The abuse of the appointing power; and, 2d, The inefficiency of the public service. The former is most powerful in the General Government; the latter in the government of New York. Whoever has had any extended business intercourse with the two must have observed how much more capable are the officials, and how much more efficient is the system, of the United States. It may be laid down as a rule that the General Government is served more cheaply for the service it exacts, and receives better service for the wages it pays, than any other employer with whom it competes. There is, undoubtedly, some secret corruption and the slackness of execution that is inseparable from the service of all governments, yet the machinery goes round year after year with incredibly few flaws appearing and scarcely ever with a breakage occurring.

He who has gone behind the scenes at Washington knows that the labor, care, and responsibility rest upon comparatively few men. There will be found two classes of officials—the one composed of worthless trash too weak for the tests of ordinary employers, which has been forced by members of Congress upon the secretaries, and by the secretaries upon their protesting subordinates; the other of elderly, sober, industrious business men, who meddle not at all with politics, and care little for Congress and its members' influence. These are the men who do the work. They hold office perennially, and grow gray and remain beggars in the service of the Government. The Government keeps them in office because it cannot do without them; but it neither pays them adequately, nor promotes them justly, nor holds out any hope or promise. These are the employees that I refer to when I say that the General Government is more cheaply served than any other employer; and they conclusively prove that when a competent man can be assured of remaining in office, he prefers the Government to any other employer.

Political patronage is the curse of the civil service, and may prove the curse of the republic. It was the power of the South; the infection with which slavery corrupted the political parties of the North. When a man's political opinions are the tenure of his office, and his office gives him his livelihood, there is a fearful strain upon his conscience and integrity. Moreover, there is in the service of the General Government and the several States an immense army of persons dependent for support on these various governments. They are not producers and render nothing toward the common stock. But behind them is a much larger throng, some of whom have been turned out of office and some of whom have been disappointed in "getting in." These men are for the most part idlers, subtracted from the general industry of the people. We cannot at this time afford to lose so many hands; for their loss is so much subtracted from the national wealth and certainly from the national energy.

The vile doctrine that the public service is political plunder, under the specious cry that to the victor belong the spoils, began with Jackson, and continued unquestioned till it was checked by Lincoln. It is assumed that this political patronage is a great political power, which helps parties to control elections, and helps incumbents to control conventions. And this is true. Yet our political history presents the remarkable fact, that while the President is the officer most likely and most able to profit by the public service and use it for his individual benefit, he has always been its victim. The great and significant fact seems to have been unseen by our public men, that between Jackson and Lincoln only one President has been renominated, and not one has been re-elected.

Americans are a practical people, yet full of theories and strangely unobservant of facts. While Europeans have gone forward, we have gone backward (so as to be not far from the ministry of Walpole), and are fifty years behind England in the matter of the civil service. The most statesmanlike measure of reform that has been presented for twenty years was the bill of Mr. Jenckes at the previous session of Congress. Yet it was defeated because a few semi-civilized members thought that an efficient and economical civil service would do well enough for the aristocracy of Europe, but was not adapted to our free institutions.

In the State of New York the governor is but a part of the executive. His powers are chiefly negative—to veto bills, to pardon criminals, and the like. He cannot remove the secretary of state, nor control a single officer of state, though he may appoint temporarily in cases of vacancy, and may turn his executive-chamber into a court-room, and, when charges are preferred against a district attorney or sheriff, take legal evidence and determine the matter in a judicial way. I presume that in the last twenty years not one public officer has been removed by the governor for carelessness, ignorance, imbecility, or general neglect of duty, and those who have been reached for specific acts are very few. The Prison Association has shown that the district attorneys of this State have alarmingly neglected to prosecute bail bonds. If any citizen chooses to prefer a charge against any district attorney to the effect that he has corruptly and improperly refrained from prosecuting the forfeited recognizance of A. B., and will then proceed to prove the charge, and shall succeed in making out a sufficient case, it is probable that the governor will remove the delinquent officer. But what governor has ever dreamed of saying to a district attorney, "Sir, the laws are not faithfully administered in your county, the constitution makes it my duty to see that they are, and if your part of the work is not better performed you will be removed"? The greatest of statesmen would be weak in such an office, and when it comes to the selection and election of a governor, the people know that there is little good to come out of the office, and that when the veto and the pardoning powers are past, it makes little difference who is governor. The only governor whose hand New York has felt through the period of her present constitution was Edwin D. Morgan; and he showed himself strong by the firm and fearless exercise of these two powers.

The facts which our twofold experience discloses are these:

1. The executive should have the smallest possible gift of patronage

—the power to appoint a few chief officers who are intended to co-operate immediately with him, and the power to fill vacancies, and nothing more.

2. He should have almost unrestricted power of removal for cause, and to secure the efficient and faithful administration of the laws, care being taken that his removals are for those objects, and a solemn declaration being required that they are made for those objects only.

3. The tenure of administrative offices should be for good behavior; and no man should be appointed to office until his fitness has passed the test of examination, and the appointing power should be vested in those officers who will be immediately and directly responsible for the work of their subordinates.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

We publish elsewhere a communication from a gentleman whose position in the world of letters fairly entitles him to criticise language used in public discussion, even when, as in the present case, he does it somewhat sharply, taking exception to the terms in which we last week spoke of Mr. Carlyle and his latest diatribe against democracy. As we have never admitted that any of the great lights of our time were never mistaken, we have no right, even if we had the desire, to claim infallibility for ourselves either as to the form or substance of what we say, and it may be that on grounds of taste there are objections to speaking of Mr. Carlyle and his deliverances in the terms in which we have spoken of them. But then we deny that it is to be taken for granted, as Mr. Kirk seems to do, that strong language is always unwarrantable; and we propose to offer some reasons, to be taken by the reader for what they are worth, for believing that we have not in this instance fallen into a sin which we have so often taken the liberty of condemning in others.

Mr. Kirk has evidently very much misunderstood the issue between The Nation and Horace Greeley on the subject of "calling names" in discussion. Mr. Greeley has, we believe, always claimed, and has, to our knowledge, in numerous instances exercised, the right of treating dissent from his opinions on political and legal questions as moral offences. We remember a case in which he denounced a correspondent as a "scoundrel" for simply construing a section of the Constitution, in very mild and temperate language, differently from himself. Nothing has been more common with him than to call men "liars" for simply giving a different version of an occurrence from that which Mr. Greeley believed to be the correct one, or for imputing motives or aims to the Republican party which he, on its behalf, felt bound to repudiate. Now, no man can "lie" or be a "scoundrel" without knowing that he "lies" or that his conduct has been base; and to conclude, because a man differs from you on a point of law or takes a view of public affairs or of the character of public men different from your own, he is knowingly guilty of an attempt to deceive, or, in other words, of an immoral act, is, in the first place, absurd. If this rule were applied to himself, Horace Greeley would certainly be pronounced by a majority of the people of the United States the greatest "liar" in America, for nobody has differed in opinion from a greater number of people. In the next place, it is mischievous, inasmuch as it confuses people's notions of right and wrong, and, by familiarizing them with the imputation of falsehood and baseness to men whom they know to be upright and honorable, causes them to attach no importance whatever to newspaper denunciations of real "liars" and "scoundrels." In the third place, it is slanderous and misleading, lowers the public respect for private character, and, though last not least, it corrupts and barbarizes the popular taste. For all these reasons we have not hesitated to denounce Mr. Greeley's method whenever the opportunity presented itself. Mr. Kirk's assumption or insinuation that we consider the concurrence or approval of the majority of our readers a justification for the use of language on other grounds unjustifiable, we must simply repudiate. If we were in the habit of taking the supposed tastes or opinions of the majority of our subscribers as a guide either in the choice of our language or opinions, The Nation would certainly be a much more popular journal than it is.

Now, we have not called Mr. Carlyle either a "liar" or a "scoundrel." We have not deduced from his opinions any conclusions whatever as to his moral condition, though, if we were to treat him on Mr. Greeley's plan, it would not be by any means difficult to do so. What we have done is to deduce from his published writings certain conclusions as to his mental condition. We have called him "foolish" and "conceited," both of which epithets describe states of mind; and we feel bound to add that we consider them, under all the circumstances, mild epithets. We might have called his opinions absurd—perhaps Mr. Kirk would have found no fault with it; but then "absurd" is a term more commonly applied to opinions which are reached by a process of reasoning of some kind. Of late, Mr. Carlyle has not deigned to support his opinions by any arguments whatever. He simply flings them at our heads and bids us swallow them, donkeys that we are. A person who does this in our day is a "foolish" person. We know of no other way of describing him. That Mr. Carlyle is "conceited" we infer from the style in which he disposes of the greatest social problems of our time. He scorns to treat them even gravely or deliberately, or to argue upon them, and yet he evidently considers it necessary that the world should hear from him about them all, and not as an enquirer, nor yet as a man who, while holding his own convictions strongly and warmly, is yet conscious that there are other thinkers in the world besides himself who are, at least, worth the trouble of confuting. If ever a writer displayed "conceit," Mr. Carlyle displayed it most offensively in his famous "Ilias in Nuce," to which he treated the world during the late war. If he had been an inspired prophet, decency would have forbidden his disposing of so tremendous a question as that which, in this wretched *jeu d'esprit*, he solved to his own satisfaction with such contemptuous levity.

But, it may be asked, are we not bound, in consideration of Mr. Carlyle's past services to humanity and free thought, to treat him, even in the midst of what we consider his later aberrations, with deference or respect? We think not; because we believe that he is now using the influence he acquired in his earlier and better days to propagate opinions and justify practices which we consider to be immoral and barbarizing, and the triumph of which would, in our opinion, be fatal to everything which makes this world worth living in. That he has still great influence we infer from the respect with which what we are forced by the very constitution of our mind, whether correctly or incorrectly, to call his rant is received, the extent to which it is quoted and wept over by his worshippers, and the readiness of men like Mr. Kirk to rush into the field in his defence or justification. Mr. Carlyle has for many years back acted as the apostle of brute force. He has employed all the weight of authority which he acquired by such compositions as "Sartor Resartus" and "Past and Present" in defence of the absolute subjection of everybody and everything to the strong hand. He has labored with all his resources to convert the civilized world to the belief that the exercise of power furnishes its own justification, that the sole duty of weakness is to submit, and that the only true civilizers and elevators of mankind are the sword and the whip, and that anybody who maintains that the helpless have rights is a knave or a fool. Nobody can have watched the course of opinion in England and America during the last ten years without seeing that he has been instrumental in converting large numbers of influential men into what we cannot help calling enemies of the human race. He furnished the pro-slavery school of philosophers at the South with most of the ammunition with which they for years bombarded "free society"—with the arguments by which they sought to show that slavery is the divinely ordained condition of the laborer. Nor were his disciples confined to the South. They swarm at this moment in the choicest circles of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston.

In England his influence has been still more marked and malefic. He helped not only to extinguish the generous enthusiasm for human rights which crowned the labors of Clarkson and Wilberforce with rejoicing, but to supply the new commercial school, which holds that the chief end of men is to furnish profits for capital, with a philosophical disguise for their unscrupulous greed. The results of his work were fully revealed when the war broke out here. We say deliberately that, for the almost devilish outburst of sympathy with the Confederacy which was witnessed in the middle and upper classes in England during the first years of the war—sympathy which no crimes or atrocities and no avowals of iniquitous intentions seemed sufficient to check—Mr. Carlyle more than any one man is responsible. The success of the North silenced and cowed that party as far as this country is concerned. But it did not loosen a single article in their creed. How well grounded they are in their prophet's doctrines was shown after the disturbances in Jamaica. When Governor Eyre came home red-handed from slaughter and outrage which a Roman proconsul would have blushed to own, which shocked and amazed all that is most Christian and most intelligent in English society, Thomas Carlyle's voice was one of the first to welcome, console, and justify him. Hardly a man sat down at the shameful feast given him at Southampton who would not and did not defend him in Mr. Carlyle's language.

We honestly confess that, right or wrong, we believe it would have been better for the world and for himself if Mr. Carlyle never had written a line, than that he should write as he is writing now. We flatter ourselves that, as there was much noble thinking done before he was born, there would have been enough noble thinking to carry humanity on to its goal if Mr. Carlyle had never appeared. Providence has not left the race dependent on any one teacher; and Providence could hardly have furnished a better illus-

tration of the danger of pinning our faith on any teacher, however wise or illustrious, than by permitting Thomas Carlyle to become in his old age the apostle of violence, the despiser and reviler of those whom God has left dependent for their happiness and security on the justice and humanity of their more richly gifted fellows. When Socrates and Plato made their appearance at Athens, they found the Greek mind firmly wedded to the belief that injustice was an evil only to the victims of injustice, that to the workers of injustice it was no evil at all. The first and noblest triumph of the new philosophy, that which brought it nearest to Christianity, was the uprooting of this error. After twenty-five hundred years, however, we find the doctrine revived and amplified in England, and are actually called upon in America to reverence the man who has resuscitated it and is glorifying it. Mr. Carlyle holds that both the tyrant and his victim are the better of tyranny.

We do not know what the fate of democracy will be here or elsewhere. If it does not succeed in supplying better government than the world has got from Mr. Carlyle's heroes, during the last fifteen hundred years, we sincerely hope it may perish utterly. We care very little for forms of government. The end of all government is the perfection of the individual man, and it is because we see in democracy with all its shortcomings and corruptions a far better promise of human development than the Charleses, Napoleons, or the Fredericks or the Rob Roys or the Eyres have ever held out, that we are willing to labor and wait for its success. In the meantime we have the consolation of knowing that the world can hardly be worse governed in the future than it has been in the past.

Correspondence.

CURRENCY CONTRACTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

An interesting article on the contraction of the currency, in the last number of The Nation, raises a question whether we have been correct in attributing the inflation of prices and other "financial irregularities" to the existence of an excessive amount of paper money, and whether we should be certain to reach what we desire by the proposed diminution in the volume of what is commonly termed currency.

There are some who believe as Mr. Webster did, when he said in one of his speeches that "the currency consists of all those things with which we effect our commercial transactions," and that, practically, legal tenders and bank-notes make but a small portion of the whole mass of paper and credits which are used as the title to, and representatives of, the merchandise which we are engaged in exchanging.

Cashiers' checks, and all others, as well as drafts and bills of exchange, appear to be currency as much as bank-notes, performing the same offices and being subject to the same laws of trade. It is true that we have attempted by legislation to invest the bank-note with a character different from the check or draft of the cashier. But this difference is rather apparent than real, more in form than substance—one having neither more nor less purchasing or paying power than the other.

It is not by any means clear that our banks could not withdraw all their notes from circulation, sell the Government bonds upon which they are issued, and then use checks for small or large convenient sums as substitutes, precisely as, in spite of the Comptroller's opposition at first, they have had to do already.

It does not appear that Congress or any other power could prevent this, nor that the change could materially affect prices, or bring us any nearer resumption, though we should thus have reduced the volume of what is called currency three hundred millions of dollars.

There is really good reason to consider, as a certain not very large class of writers do, that the currency, taken in its broadest sense, is simply an effect, and not a cause primarily, depending for its volume in some form upon the amount and price of the commodities or merchandise which it is called upon to represent, and not upon legislation. Following out this idea, it is assumed that we are not to expect resumption and a return to lower prices and more stable financial conditions by means of contraction, but that our first step is to decide that all contracts for the payment of money hereafter shall be made by the specie standard, and that all which now exist, payable in currency, shall, when due, be paid in specie funds at such premium as rules at the date of resumption, so that the debtor and creditor shall sustain the same relative position as before, and neither be wronged nor inconvenienced by the change.

It is claimed that this would be simply just to all parties, and entirely satisfy the Western people, who are, from the nature of things, debtors to the East, and thus opposed to any measures which will diminish the price of their commodities, while their liabilities remain as before.

Capitalists here and abroad may naturally desire to enhance the value of their claims upon us, as they would, practically, by resumption and the consequent reduction in prices; but this we cannot afford, and therefore, while we should not attempt to change the terms of any of our obligations, old or new, payable in specie, we have the right to insist that all our currency debts shall be paid at what they are really worth in specie, and not at their nominal amount.

Neither Mr. Pendleton, Mr. Train, nor any other Democrat or demagogue can claim more than this, and it is not easy for an impartial observer to see how the debtors can claim less. They are willing to put the price of all their commodities down to specie prices, and they ask that the price of their liabilities, which are to be paid by sale of these commodities, shall be reduced simultaneously and in the same proportion.

This does not change the real value or purchasing power in either case, but it does enable us to dispose of a certain portion of our inflated prices and currency at the same time, and in a mode which can harm no one who has a proper amount of means to meet his obligations. No one will be called upon to pay specie, for it is not that the creditor wants so long as we offer him other products of labor at specie prices, such as he must pay if we gave him corn instead of paper. All he wants is paper, or currency, which is the title to and representative of merchandise or other property. Let him be assured of this, and he will refuse specie, because if he has that he must lose interest until he exchanges it for something useful, while his paper, if he so desires, will be constantly growing more valuable by the accruing interest which the debtor pays. Let us, then, not fear to return to the specie standard, and thus reduce our prices and the volume of our currency to more reasonable proportions, and at the same time relieve our credit from the stain which has been cast upon it by our continued suspension.

There are those who believe that suspension was not necessary, and they know that, if it was, it was not just to violate the existing contracts by permitting the debtors to cancel their obligations at half price, or less.

Now the case is reversed, and we claim that it would be equally unjust in principle not to guard against the violation of existing contracts payable in our present inflated currency which would result from an immediate return to the specie standard without some provision for the protection of the numerous debtor class, who will sooner or later make themselves heard and felt, unless they are treated justly.

Justice is all we ask for them, and it is all that they can claim. This Congress has the power to ensure in less than a month after the commencement of the next session, and we shall be disappointed if the movements of our Democratic politicians in the West do not convince our members that something must be done soon. D. W.

Boston, August 26, 1867.

[The plan proposed by "D. W." would in practice be tantamount to repudiation. To declare that on and after a certain date all contracts should be made payable in coin, would be to declare that after that date greenbacks should cease to be a legal tender for all but existing debts. There would then be a prodigious fall in their value, or, as it is more commonly called, a rise in gold. Debtors would pursue their creditors with paper money, and creditors would run away from them. Nobody would take the paper money who could possibly avoid it, and at last, perhaps very soon, it would go out of use, to the ruin or immense loss of all holders of it at the time the law passed. This would certainly be a return to specie payments, but it would also be a swindle; and better greenbacks and honesty than gold and knavery. There is only one honorable and perfectly safe way of returning to specie payments, and that is by enabling the Government either to redeem its promises to pay in coin, or by inspiring general confidence that it will pay them in coin when called upon. One of the most curious chapters in the history of money is the story of the devices by which "financiers" have sought to enable the Government to evade its obligations without doing anybody any harm; but like Mr. Micawber's ingenious mode of discharging his liabilities, however satisfactory to the inventors, none of these devices have answered their purpose. If "D. W." means that the West does not want to pay its debts, let him say so; but do not let us befog ourselves with the notion that if paper which is now a legal tender were to cease to be a legal tender on and

after a certain date, and no provision were in the meantime made for its redemption, nobody would be cheated, and no injury would be done to the public credit.—Ed. Nation.]

CARLYLE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I be permitted to ask whether the language, "foolish and conceited old man," applied to Mr. Carlyle in yesterday's Nation, conforms with the standard of taste set up by your journal in distinction from most others, and generally—as it is a pleasure to acknowledge—adhered to by its writers?

In treating Carlyle's denunciations of democracy as pure "rigmarole," you of course express the opinion of the great majority of your readers; and Mr. Greeley has, no doubt, the same excuse when he calls his opponents "liars." But even among ardent believers in democratic progress there must be some who owe to the author of "Past and Present" and of "Sartor Resartus" no small portion of that intellectual stimulant which has enabled them to exercise the liberty of thinking for themselves—of all kinds of liberty the most precious and the most secure, though the least valued and the least practised. Such persons, however they may differ from him in opinion, can hardly be pleased at seeing a man whom they have learned to revere described in terms which could not be used without impropriety in any theoretical discussion. I have not had an opportunity of reading the paper on which you have commented. Its author's views are familiar to me; and I have sometimes taken the freedom—more readily accorded by men of his temperament than by many of a suaver utterance—to combat them in conversation. That was, however, several years ago. Since then a constant perusal of The Nation—of its frequent and elaborate exposures of the corruptions with which our political system is encrusted—has done much to induce a conviction that unless democracy, as established in America, undergoes some early and great modification, it must end where all demoralized systems have hitherto ended—in convulsion and overthrow.

With much respect, your obedient servant,

J. F. Kirk.

Dorchester, Mass., Aug. 30, 1867.

A Englishman. Ill warrant

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The Nation.

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The Week.

THE political campaign of this fall has not opened favorably for the Republicans. An important State, which was transformed by the loyalty of its citizens from a pro-slavery stronghold into one of the most decidedly Republican States in the Union, has been lost to the party. A Republican majority of 15,000—equal, considering the difference in population, to a majority of 100,000 in New York—has been swallowed up. A governor, a legislature, a United States senator, and one or two members of the lower house have all been lost. Such a loss would be at any time a grave disaster, but at the present moment there are peculiar reasons for regretting it, as the President will doubtless be encouraged by it. In order to understand it we must go back a little in the history of California politics. Every one knows that San Francisco, in the first few years after it came into American hands, was the paradise of scoundrels. Ballot box stuffing was carried on more scientifically there than anywhere else, the police were the worst ruffians in the city, and government in general was what it would be in New York to-day if it had been left entirely in the hands to which many wise men in the Constitutional Convention propose to restore it. The Vigilance Committee, by illegal means, rescued the city from the hands of the thieves and murderers who administered the mockery which they called law, and re-established law and order. They hanged one or two of the worst scoundrels, banished a few more, and laid the basis of good government, which ever since then the city has enjoyed. But, though the public elections were reformed, the political machinery was not. Primary elections relapsed, after a few years, into the hands of the many minor scoundrels who were *not* banished. While the Republican party was in a feeble minority it was not troubled with the company of these fellows. But when, in the patriotic fervor of 1861, the Republicans carried the State, and it became clear that they would retain power, many of the blacklegs came over to the party, and almost all of them, whatever party they might vote with at regular elections, volunteered their invaluable services at the Republican "primaries." The consequence has been that for the last four years the Republican political machinery in San Francisco and some other large towns has been entirely in the hands of unprincipled men bent upon public plunder. In 1863 the present governor of the State secured his nomination by a bargain with these men. During the present year a combination was formed by the friends of Senator Conness, whose own antecedents are of very dubious purity, with those of Mr. George C. Gorham, a noted lobbyist, who had for some years been seeking to carry a scheme through the Legislature highly profitable to a private clique, but fearfully expensive to the people of San Francisco. The allies carried the primary elections in that and other cities by the usual well-understood means. Mr. Gorham was nominated for governor, and a ticket for the Legislature was presented pledged to the support of Mr. Conness for another senatorial term. The result is before us. Gorham and Conness are both defeated. San Francisco, which gave 4,315 majority for Lincoln, gives 3,848 against Gorham; Sacramento, which gave Lincoln five votes for every two that McClellan received, goes strongly Democratic. The whole State is lost, possibly—for such is often the result of such events—for years.

Mr. Johnson has at last produced his long expected amnesty proclamation. As the Reconstruction act specially provides that Presidential pardon or amnesty shall not qualify persons now under the ban to vote, the proclamation would possess little political importance if it were not a political manifesto, and were not filled with inuendoes directed against Congress, and did not, in fact, indicate pretty clearly Mr. Johnson's intention to carry on the war. He reiterates in it broadly the doctrine that whatever conditions he thought proper to impose on the South are legal; but no others. This last step seems to render his impeachment more certain. He has evidently passed under new management, and is displaying more vigor and coherence than he has done yet. Gold is, in the meantime, creeping steadily up; and what with the complication at Washington, the Democratic victory in California, and the weakness exhibited by one or two prominent Republicans on the subject of the public debt, the political sky is cloudier than it has been for many months. Congress has formally withdrawn from the President all the authority it has given or can give to the President to grant pardon or amnesty to persons not convicted of any offence, so that he now relies wholly on judicial interpretations of his powers under the Constitution. In President Lincoln's proclamation the authorization of Congress was formally referred to in the preamble and declared to be in accordance with judicial construction.

California has been lost through Republican corruption; Maine, on the other hand, has been won by a considerably diminished majority, and the same story will probably have to be told of all the other States whose elections are to take place this fall. The reason is, that the issues are mostly local and not very exciting. Prohibition, for instance, was the point in dispute at the Maine election. The elections, therefore, really possess little or no interest or significance as regards Federal politics; but the result thus far is likely to prove mischievous by confirming Mr. Johnson in his delusions.

As might have been expected, those who advocated impeachment a year ago are now, when everybody is admitting its necessity, crowing with triumph, as if this showed they were very wise men. Others, again, fancy that those who once opposed it and now advocate it, thereby confess that they are deficient in foresight and discrimination. The great danger of impeachment, however, lies, as we have often said, in the tendency of the stronger party to use it as a weapon of party warfare. Admit once that a President may be impeached simply because Congress does not like his administration, or, in fact, impeached at all, except in the last extremity, and you alter the whole character of the Government, and make impeachment a regular party measure whenever

the majority in Congress changes during the presidential term. Therefore, those who opposed impeachment last year were right; because there was then every reason to believe that there would be no occasion for it. There is now every reason to believe that there is no other mode of completing the work of reconstruction, and this being plain, impeachment will not be, as it would otherwise have been, a dangerous precedent. Those who are crying out, "We told you so," if they mean by this that we ought to confess they were right last year, are simply making an exhibition of their own obtuseness. If the President was to be impeached not when he had done something to merit impeachment, but when some politician or clique of politicians made up their minds that he would do something to merit it at some future time, we should have an impeachment process going on constantly. We may feel ever so satisfied from what we see of his character that a certain dissolute man will yet commit a murder; but what would be thought of a criminal code under which he was liable to be hanged by anticipation whenever a knot of his neighbors came to the conclusion that he was sure to be guilty of a crime? The state of mental confusion into which some Congressmen and Senators have got themselves about the *duty* of impeachment is really pitiable. Mr. Sumner evidently thinks he settles the whole matter by telling people "to read Story and Bishop;" but then there is a great deal besides reading necessary to form a sound judgment on any subject.

Somebody took the trouble last week to pay visits to Senators Wilson and Sumner and to General Butler, ply them with questions touching their opinions on the political crisis, and take down their answers in shorthand. The result was not in any way remarkable except in General Butler's case, who produced some financial theories which, though they date from the invention of "bad debts," are somewhat novel in their application to national liabilities. Hitherto, when nations have repudiated it has usually been because they did not like taxation; but General Butler recommends repudiation, amongst others, on the ground that the loan was not made out of love. We have commented elsewhere on this extraordinary mixture of absurdity and "smartness." Mr. Sumner spoke very good-humoredly both of friends and enemies, even of Mr. Fessenden rather in sorrow than anger. "The new recruits" in the Senate, as he calls them, he regards with pity, not unmixed with wonder, owing to their difference from himself on the subject of impeachment during the session; but of some of them—Conkling, for instance—he still has hopes. His account of Mr. Fessenden was highly picturesque, and, everything considered, very good-natured. There is, however, "nothing of the jurist," he says, in Mr. Fessenden's "nature or attainments;" "he comes into debate as the Missouri enters the Mississippi, and discolors it with temper filled and surcharged with sediment." We are sorry to hear, however, that Mr. Fessenden has not "the volume of the great river." It appears that Mr. Phillips calls Mr. Fessenden "a dyspeptic Scotch terrier," which we cannot help pronouncing an unseemly attack of the pot upon the kettle, if we may vary the simile. In Mr. Wilson's remarks there was nothing with which the public is not already familiar, except his opinion that the feeling of the country had undergone a great change on the subject of impeachment within a few weeks.

The Committee of the New York Constitutional Convention has brought in its report on the government of the city, which it proposes to make independent of the Legislature for twenty years—that is, until the next convention—giving the mayor greatly increased power, making the aldermen a body of twelve, but elective by the city at large, thus offering some guarantee that they would be a *corps d'élite*. The councilmen are, however, still to come from the wards, and the police justices to be elected by "the people"—that is, by the criminal population, for no other portion of the community takes any interest in these offices. The report is clearly a compromise between the desirable and the attainable, and the attainable has got the best of the bargain. We venture to predict that, if this scheme should be adopted and the city Democracy be fairly liberated from all fear of interference on the part of the Legislature, we shall witness a state of things the like of which has not been produced in any city of modern times, and that by the meeting of the next convention there will be few men of property left in the municipality to tell the tale. The Legislature has certainly not been successful in reforming the city government, but it has imposed checks on rascality of which we shall not know the value until they are removed. The idea that an omnipotent mayor will save us is, we think, a pure delusion. The mayor may be, and in three cases out of five will be, in spite of the "respectable classes," any rascal who is willing to pay Tammany or Mozart Hall enough for the nomination. He will, too, during his term of office, endure the bombardment of the press with unruffled brow, and appear in the Central Park every afternoon with one of the finest pairs of horses in the country, and bless the convention every time he hears his champagne pop.

The "American Industrial League," the organization founded by the protectionists as an offset to the "Free Trade League," has issued an address to the public, greatly defaced by vituperation of its opponents, to whom it attributes the basest motives, but in which it states its main object moderately and fairly enough. It advocates the taxation of foreign luxuries, and the imposition on all foreign goods of a duty at least equal in amount to the "difference in price paid for their labor to the workmen of Europe and the workmen of the United States." It is right to mention that the price paid for labor, if only expressed in money, may be made an instrument of great delusion. Wages are to be estimated solely by their purchasing power, and, therefore, such tables of wages in Europe as Colonel Forney is sending home are utterly worthless, unless accompanied by a table of the prices of the commodities which working-men buy.

The Iron Age, which we hoped was about to introduce something like decency into the protectionist and free-trade discussion, quotes an article from *The Irish Republic*, of Chicago, showing that free-trade is a British invention, and so on, and then charging the free-trade journals of the Republican party with having been bribed by the British with advertising. This *The Iron Age* calls "a vigorous passage," and goes on to insinuate that Mr. Simon Stern bought up the Chicago *Tribune* on a recent visit to Chicago, and wants to know whether ten thousand dollars were or were not paid on that occasion by somebody to somebody. There is about as much sense—we say nothing of decency—in concluding that free-trade can only be advocated by a bribed man as that a protectionist writer must be in the pay of native manufacturers. The question whether free-trade or protection is the best policy is a scientific question, and the introduction of brutal personalities into the discussion of it, though more natural, is not more likely to lead to a satisfactory solution of it, than an attempt to decide on the merits of Agassiz's glacial theory by an examination of his biography. *Apropos* of this, we see the Academy of Sciences denounced by a Western paper as a "Copperhead organization." Is it quite certain that the Darwinian hypothesis was not concocted in the interest of the slaveholders' rebellion?

During the absence of "H. G." in the Constitutional Convention "T. W." turned his attention to Colonel Hillyer, formerly of General Grant's staff and now a revenue collector in this city, and wrote to the general, calling attention rather regretfully to the colonel's alleged moral defects. Grant sent the colonel the letter, and the latter thereupon turned his pen on "T. W.," and the result appeared in *The Commercial Advertiser* of last week, and was as choice a bit of newspaper fisticuffs as we remember to have seen for a long time, and deserves to be read as one of the best specimens of an art that is rapidly passing away. At the close, Colonel Hillyer glories in "T. W.'s" hate, and "T. W." dismisses Hillyer in a formula which now seems to be almost universally used in such cases, by an allusion to his excessive consumption of whiskey. We doubt if there has been a newspaper quarrel since the outbreak of the war in which one or other of the combatants has not had his love of the bottle, or, as it is more poetically but less correctly called in temperance tracts, the "poisonous bowl," exposed for the execration of the sober public.

That there is an insurrection in Spain everybody knows, but how much of an insurrection nobody out of Spain seems to know. The newspaper accounts of it are ridiculous. Martial law has been pro-

claimed in various districts, and the troops are in daily collision with the insurgents, and proclamations are hurled to and fro with the greatest energy; but all else is mystery. The Spanish newspapers report everything in what may be called the "Latin" manner, so that it is impossible to form an idea of how much truth there is in what they say. This manner was originated by the French *Moniteur*, and has spread amongst the Latin races with great rapidity, so that in all the Latin countries newspapers abuse their enemies, or report what they do not like, in exactly the same tone. They do not think of ridiculing or calling them names, as the American or English or German press is apt to do; but treat them from a lofty moral platform, and in the language of an indignant clergyman.

The doubts which we ventured to express last week as to the probability of the meeting at Salzburg having any immediate influence on European politics seem to be strongly confirmed by the news which has since arrived. If the Emperor ever expected to get any military support from Austria, he must by this time be undeceived. There is no fight left in her, and if she can be kept alive during the next twenty years, even with the aid of peace and rigid economy, it will be a miracle of statesmanship. Luckily for her the Imperial Government seems at last to have found out that the road to safety lies through popular freedom.

A special despatch to the New York *Tribune* from Constantinople, published on Tuesday morning, and to which that journal itself evidently gives full faith and credit, announces that the Russian ambassador at Constantinople has presented an ultimatum "asking for the cession of Crete to Greece, and the full equality of Christians and Mohammedans in all the provinces of the empire." On this *The Tribune* yesterday based an "announcement" of "a movement on the part of Russia which probably assures the speedy dissolution of the Turkish Empire, and may be the signal of a general European war." We trust the public will not be in any haste to give credence to this story. There is every reason for believing it to be three-fourths fiction. The Turks and Christians are already equal in all the provinces of the empire *in form*, and that Russia thinks *now* of an attack on Turkey without a fleet in the Black Sea is so wildly improbable that everybody is justified in disbelieving it till he sees the despatch. This view of the case is confirmed by the fact that there is no trace of the news from England, where, if true, it would certainly cause a panic in the funds.

While upon the subject of Cable despatches we may mention that, as there are no questions pending between Prussia and the United States, the invitation to dinner given to Mr. Bancroft by the King of Prussia a fortnight ago, and which the Cable newsman reported with great solemnity, had no particular meaning. Neither had the ride back to Berlin in company with the King, and "in the royal coach," which Mr. Bancroft, as we learn from the same veracious chronicler, afterwards enjoyed. Consequently, we could very well have waited for the news to reach us by the regular mail.

Marshal Bazaine has suffered a good deal at the hands of the press since Maximilian's execution, but has at last found a defender in the person of Count de Kératry, who, in the *Revue Contemporaine*, with the aid of "unpublished documents," threw all the blame on Maximilian. This brought out the *Indépendance Belge*, which formally charged Bazaine with the responsibility for the decree of October 3; and moreover, with having shot General Romero, a distinguished Liberal leader, who had surrendered on promise that his life should be spared, and this in open defiance of the wishes of the Emperor and Empress. Whereupon Count de Kératry appears once more, showing that Romero was a common bandit of the worst order; that Maximilian never sought to save him, and that therefore the marshal had not on Romero's account insulted Maximilian; and, finally, that the "fatal decree" of October 3 was conceived and composed by Maximilian himself, and drawn in his handwriting, and that the original still exists. This, if true, is a "crusher." The *Indépendance* also publishes a letter alleged to be written by General Porfirio Diaz, charging the marshal with having offered to place Maximilian, Miramon, Marquez, and, in fact, the whole imperialist circle, in his hands for a consideration, the nature of which is not stated. This, however, is certainly untrue and wildly untrue; and if Diaz ever wrote it, he did so under the impression that French officers can occasionally be as great scoundrels as some of his own comrades. They can, no doubt, be scoundrels; but then their scoundrelism is not apt to be of the Mexican kind, or anything like it. No marshal of France who did a thing of this kind could ever show his face in France, though to a Mexican soldier this may seem incredible.

The publication of the *Alabama* correspondence shows that Mr Seward has sought to have the recognition of the South as a belligerent treated as part of the same transaction as the letting loose of the *Alabama*, and has also sought to make the cession of some British territory on this continent the basis of a settlement, all of which proposals Lord Stanley declines. The matter will probably remain as it is until the reconstruction business is settled, inasmuch as the public mind here is too much occupied with home affairs to exercise any pressure with regard to any portion of the foreign policy of the Government. Mr. Seward, too, is satisfied, and he may be, that time tells in his favor. Every day inclines public opinion in England more and more in the direction of conciliation of the United States, even at a heavy cost.

Two incidents have recently occurred in France which present the bad points of the Bonapartist régime in a striking light. A country schoolmaster, who had served with credit for ten years, turned Protestant. He was instantly dismissed by the préfet, and, immediately on his dismissal, he was seized and put into the army, having been exempt from military service while acting as a teacher. The newspapers cried shame, however, and the préfet threatened them, but the case was too outrageous and they refused to be silent; so the noise reached Paris, and the préfet was ordered to restore the teacher to his position, and put him at the head of a Protestant school. In the other case an unoffending man was set upon, kicked, cuffed, and locked up for the night by the police, because the crowd in his neighborhood had cried "Vive la Pologne" during the Czar's visit. He sued the policeman, but the court decided that the policeman, being a "state functionary," could not be sued without the permission of the Council of State, which is hardly ever given, and in this instance was refused. So the plaintiff has to pocket his kicks. It is a singular fact that, although the meanest intelligence can see that, unless functionaries are liable to prosecution before the public tribunals like other citizens, all guarantees for personal liberty are worthless, not one of the Continental nations has in any of their revolutions attempted to make any change in the rule. There is a vague feeling, even amongst the radicals, that if policemen might be sued, the framework of society would break up.

Mike McCoole, the "champion of America," was honored with a grand procession in St. Louis, on Saturday last, while General Sheridan received a similar mark of respect in the same place on the following Monday, McCoole's being the heartier of the two, and reported in the St. Louis papers with the usual accessories. It appears, what we did not know before, that the "Ohio mill" was an international affair, Jones representing the hated Saxon, and the pounding he got, including the breaking of his ribs, being part payment for "seven hundred years of wrongs" inflicted on McCoole's native land by the British. In the address delivered to the champion by the "Committee of Reception" poor Jones is spoken of as the representative of the "despotic power that has oppressed your [McCoole's] countrymen in so marked a manner during long years of cruelty and barbarity." This is rather hard on Jones, as he is, we believe, a Hebrew, and to make him expiate English oppression of Ireland in the "ring," his own race having suffered so much from it, is an outrage on justice which we hope the Fenian senate will see to. McCoole's next victim is to be a person of the name of "Jim Elliott." He is an American, and we presume will be held to be the representative of New England fanaticism, and atone for it literally "in the flesh." He will have his nose broken for the Quaker hanging, his eye bunged up for the witch-burning, and his teeth knocked out for emancipation, the Constitutional Amendment, and the prohibitory law.

Notes.

LITERARY.

In addition to former announcements Messrs. Hurd & Houghton are preparing the following new works: "Principles of the Law of Contracts," with examples of their application, by Theron Metcalf, LL.D., late judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; "The Three Holy Kings," a holiday book with photographic illustrations; "Poems of Faith, Hope, and Love," by Phœbe Cary; "Poems," by Elizabeth C. Kinney; "Grandpa's House," by Helen C. Weeks; "The Diary of a Milliner," by Belle Otis.——Mr. Scribner opens his fall series of publications with Dr. Holland's "Kathrina," a poem, as we understand, mainly narrative, but interspersed with some dramatic and lyrical composition. The theme is one which the author has treated objectively in his novel of "Miss Gilbert's Career"—the proper influence of woman as the guide, supporter, and controller of man, and the man her husband.

—The Committee of Weights, Measures, and Coins at the Paris Exposition have made a report in which they urge all governments to adopt the metric system, and put aside their old weights and measures. They call attention to the fact that, as experience has shown, a long delay does not facilitate the change, and that it is not enough merely to legalize the metric system. The steps which it is desirable to take are (1) to order this system to be taught in all public schools, and to form part of all public examinations; (2) to introduce its use into all scientific documents, statistics, postal arrangements, custom-houses, and other branches of the national administration. As for the first recommendation, Congress can, of course, only advise; the State legislatures must direct. The post-office will probably have to wait till our currency has been adapted to the standard of the five-franc piece. But in all the remaining particulars there is no reason why the suggestions of the committee should not be complied with. There is no country in which there would be so little difficulty in making the change understood and in persuading the people to accept it as in ours, with a properly concentrated effort through the schools and the newspapers. Already we have several text-books and manuals on the subject, and these would multiply as needed. Mr. Kasson will, we hope, at the next session of Congress, reappear as the champion of this international reform, being fortified by his observations while in Europe this summer.

—The Abbé Migne's vast publishing house near Paris is the subject of an interesting article by Rev. Dr. McClintock in *The Methodist Quarterly Review* for July. It has been established only twenty-one years, and has reached a manufacturing capacity of two thousand quarto volumes every twenty-four hours. Among the works produced here is a complete course of the Greek and Latin Fathers—a library in itself, and the editions are valuable in a critical point of view. Copious indexes, both alphabetical and analytical, unlock to every enquirer the contents of these tomes, which number for the Latin two hundred and twenty-two, and for the Greek one hundred and sixty-seven. They are uniform in size, imperial octavo, and are a marvel of cheapness. By the set, in paper covers, the Latin Fathers cost only five francs the volume; the Greek Fathers, with a separate Latin version in eighty-four volumes, cost eight francs each. For half-sheep bindings thirty-five cents extra are charged. But this is only a part of the abbé's undertaking, and might seem not so wonderful if compared with the statistics of other publishers. He has issued, also, a "Complete Course of Commentaries on the Scriptures," twenty-eight volumes, imperial octavo; a "Complete Course of Theology," to match the foregoing in number and size; the evidences of Christianity, or "Démonstrations Evangéliques," containing the entire works of one hundred and seventeen writers; and three theological encyclopædias, of which the first was in fifty-two volumes, at 312 francs, in paper; the second in fifty-three volumes, at the same price; the third, now just being completed, and still theological—proving, although positively advertised as "the last," that there is no end to theology—in sixty volumes. Upon these are yet to be mentioned a "Church History," from the Creation to Pope Pius IX., twenty-one volumes; and a "Collection of Christian Orators," one hundred volumes, embodying the best utterances of two hundred and fifty preachers, with a history of preaching from the beginning. The great libraries of all countries are, of course, reliable customers for such solid works as these, which have proved under prudent management a fortune to the abbé. The unvarying size of volume, which permits a simplicity that becomes a wealth of resource in the mechanical department, and the cheapness of the series, have ensured popularity to the issues of this house, which, for the rest, has the confidence of scholars of whatever faith, and is creditably free from sectarian narrowness and deception. The abbé's example, it seems to us, might be judiciously imitated under changed conditions by publishers who are content to relinquish the ephemeral, and to seek their reputation and success in the wisdom which is not for a day but for all time.

—We ventured, some weeks ago, to review the concluding volume of Bunsen's "Egypt's Place in Universal History," and to examine the definite results of Egyptology. The subject is one which we could not hope would interest all our readers, and might have feared would be passed over by some as too "heavy." We should like the latter to see the way in which the same work is reviewed in the London *Chronicle* of August 24. Erudition, we need not say, is not spared; so neither are hieroglyphics, which are freely distributed throughout the article in aid of the text. A strictly "popular" treatment would, perhaps, have precluded the use of these characters; but they are by no means so formidable as they look. The words they depict illustrate the basis of Egyptian philology, and testify to the soundness of the methods now used in interpreting hieroglyphics. They also bear on the question of an Egyptian dictionary, and the reviewer, in fact, criticises the specimen-page of Dr. Brugsch's lexicon, which we announced last week. While we are on the subject, we may note a recent monograph on Egyptian chronology, by Mr. Unger ("Chronologie des Manetho." Berlin. 1867.) It maintains the correctness of Manetho's order, and arrives at a primitive period of 24,925 years and three "tomes," namely, the first consisting of eleven dynasties, 2,300 years; the second of eight dynasties, 2,121 years; and the third of eleven dynasties, 850 years, ending with Alexander in 333 B.C.

—*The Chronicle*, we may as well say here, is distinguished from its fellow weeklies in London, first, by a little more openness in typography and a little less formal arrangement of its articles, and then by perhaps not greater scholarship, but apparently by a more intimate connection with the best scholars, and these devoted to special subjects. With two exceptions its staff of contributors embraces all those by whom the late *Home and Foreign Review* was supported—a publication that took a high position among scholars. In politics its specialty is, to quote its prospectus, "to form, in the centre of the empire, a sound public opinion on the affairs of Ireland—just to her grievances, mindful of her interests, and favorable to her prosperous development." With this view a "considerable number of Irish writers of known ability, learning, and popular sympathies" have been engaged to conduct the discussion of Irish questions. Finally, Continental works receive earlier and more liberal attention than in the other papers of the same class as *The Chronicle*. Its editor is Mr. Frederick Wetherell. The first number appeared on the 30th of March.

—Dr. Forbes Winslow writes a letter to *The Pall Mall Gazette*, and promises another on the same subject, concerning "a sound and disposing mind." He holds that what is called partial insanity, or monomania, is not sufficient to prove, of itself, a testamentary incapacity. "I have often," he says, "witnessed among the insane the possession of delicate, just, and honorable ideas respecting their own social position, and the pecuniary claims of those most near and dear to them." He approves the action of ecclesiastical judges in former times, who, when a will was brought before them to be contested, enquired first if there was *prima facie* evidence in the wording, arrangement, etc., of the will that its author was insane; and next whether the testator's lunacy was visible in the distribution of his property. If neither of these points was established, the will generally stood against unquestionable evidence of mental unsoundness or eccentricity in other things. He quotes, as if endorsing it, the decision of Sir Herbert Jenner Fust, in the case of Morgan *v.* Boys, where the testator left a large fortune to his housekeeper, and directed in the same will that his executors should make fiddle-strings of part of his bowels, and smelling salts of others, and that the rest of his body be vitrified into lenses for optical purposes. He did this, he said, to mark his moral aversion to funeral pomp. It appeared that he had conducted his affairs with great shrewdness and ability.

—Those to whom the article in *The North American Review* for July suggested some new ideas in regard to the origin of the Italian language, will be glad to consult a work not named by the writer, which, however, sustains his view that the Italian is the vulgar Latin of former days by continuous descent. This is "Der Vokalismus des Vulgärlateins," by Dr. H. Schuchardt (Leipzig: Teubner). It is spoken of as written in none too perspicuous German, but as ably covering the field of discussion. The author presents the written sources of truth concerning this mostly unwritten tongue, and collates all the instances in which the proper pronunciation of classical forms may be inferred. For example, finding *malefacta* rhymed with *apta*, we see the original of the Italian *fatto, atto*, etc. *Meum*, pronounced as a monosyllable, gives us the French nasal *mon*, and explains the

elision of final syllables in *m* before a vowel by the poets, or, perhaps, we should say, the swallowing up of that vowel by the nasal, as in *meumst* for *meum est*. Dr. Schuchardt also elaborately divides the folk-Latin into periods, and makes Ennius do for the permanence of the language what Luther did for the German, rescuing it from further deterioration from this obscuration and syncope. Finally, a sketch is attempted of the mode in which the several Romance languages were developed from the popular speech, which assumed its sway upon the dissolution of the Western Empire and the rise of Christianity.

—*A propos* of the late abolition of imprisonment for debt in France, the celebrated *avocat* and politician, M. Berryer, has published some reminiscences in which he describes former inmates of the prison of Clichy. "In my time," he remarks, "Maximilian, ruling Duke of Zweibrücken, afterward King of Bavaria, was incarcerated by his creditors. For long years I have seen Lord Mazereene, an immensely rich man, in the debtor's prison. Mazereene was imprisoned for a considerable debt in bills imposed upon him, as he represented, by cheating in play, the payment of which he refused. He spent in prison an income of 100,000 francs, kept open table, and furnished his mistresses with an equipage and a box in each theatre. A Mr. Swan, an American, was twenty-two years at Clichy. In the numerous pamphlets directed against his creditors, he invariably began with the statement that he had estates in the United States worth more than five millions; that he could pay the demands of his creditors twenty times over; but that these demands were unjust, and he would never recognize wrong as right by their payment. Mr. Swan was fifty-two years old when brought to prison, and left it, in consequence of the July Revolution, seventy-four years old. He died two months afterwards."

—Competition among the publishers of the German classics has brought them within reach of the most moderate means. Schiller's poems, complete, are offered for two and a half silbergroschen, or six cents. This very cheapness, however, prevents the much-needed correction of the text of some of them. There are over four hundred unmistakable errors in the current editions of Goethe's "Werther" alone, and, until a society is formed for the purpose, there is little hope that the emendations will be made. The Goethe manuscripts are still preserved at the Cotta publishing establishment in Stuttgart. Goethe's habit of disregarding the subjective occasion of his writings in his later corrections of them, has left open a door for endless controversies whenever an attempt shall be made to establish definitively the text. The German "Dante Society" will meet at Halle on the 3d and 4th of October, when some of the admirers of the poet may, like their Shakespearean friends, affirm that he is better understood and appreciated in Germany than in his own country.

—The custos of the Bibliotheca Ambrosiana at Milan found, some years ago, an apocryphal codex, the Latin translation of a Greek original of the "Prophetia et assumptio Mosis"—the prophecy and ascension of Moses. Herr G. Volkmar, of the Zürich University, has, by a careful study of the text, concluded that this book was a direct source, and even an authority, for the author of the Epistle Jude, and for the author of the second Epistle of Peter ("Mose Prophetie und Himmelfahrt. Eine Quelle für das Neue Testament. Von Dr. G. Volkmar." Leipzig. 1867.) He regards both of the epistles as post-apostolic, the second a new version of the first, but both of them simply extracts from the apocryphal codex, which is a Hebrew apocalypse. The codex itself belongs to the sixth century; the original may have been written in 137 A.D., as Herr Volkmar endeavors to prove in his book.——A new edition of Professor A. T. Hoffman's "Grammatica Syriaca" has just been edited by Dr. A. Merx, of Jena ("Grammatica Syriaca quam post opus Hoffmanni refecit A. Merx. Part I." Halis. 1867.) The work is based on the results of the studies of the eminent German Orientalists, Gesenius, Bernstein, and Ewald, and on the principle that, just as in the study of the Indo-Germanic languages we must go back to the primitive language, the Sanscrit, a similar course must be followed in the study of the Semitic languages, the Syriac included; namely, the latter must be traced to the primitive Semitic language. Improved by Dr. Merx, by his adding the latest philological results, the grammar possesses great value for scholars interested in comparative philology. The first part of the work treats of consonants, vowels, accents, punctuation, etc., and is profusely interspersed with well-printed Syriac characters.——A collection of German poems of the time of the Reformation, presenting by characteristic selections an image of that epoch, has been published by Messrs. Goedeke & Tittmann ("Deutsche Dichter des sechzehnten Jahrhunderts. Herausgegeben von K. Goedeke und J. Tittmann. I. Liederbuch des sechzehnten Jahrhunderts." Leipzig. 1867.) The "Lied" has from the earliest times formed an essential element in the public and private life of the Germans. It was even conserved by the people during the Middle Ages against the will and command of the Church, which, by councils and orders, interdicted those "Teufelslieder," especially the "Minnelieder" (love songs), then more in favor with the people than epics like the "Niebelungen," "Dietrich von Bern," etc., which had gone out of vogue. The poetry of the sixteenth century became more polished and more restrained in a moral point of view, and from being in High-German is of greater interest to modern readers. In this epoch the spiritual songs, too, began to emancipate the Germans from the Latin language, hitherto only used for church songs.

—The library of Professor Edward Gerhard, who died May 12, at the age of 72, has been offered to the Prussian Government, but declined for want of funds with which to purchase it. The collection numbers more than 3,000 separate works, devoted almost singly to archæology, and embracing almost everything valuable relating to that subject. The first degree of Ph.D. awarded by the University of Berlin was given to the deceased in 1815. He very early displayed his antiquarian tastes, and having weakened his eyes by a too zealous study of the manuscripts of Pindar, he went, in 1820, to Italy to recruit his health. His visit happily coincided in point of time with the opening of the Etruscan sepulchres, in the carvings and paintings of whose vases, mirrors, etc., Gerhard discerned a new means of portraying ancient life and manners. In the winter of 1826, at Rome, he founded, with Bunsen, Plattner, and Urlichs, a society of topographical research, for which Niebuhr procured the patronage of the Crown Prince (Frederick William IV.), and which developed into the renowned "Institution for Archæological Correspondence," having members in all countries. Eight hundred plates had been prepared by Gerhard, representing with the most scrupulous fidelity the ancient monuments of art which he had so thoroughly studied, but by a mistake only three hundred got printed, while the rest were destroyed. In 1839 he was appointed director of the Archæological Museum at Berlin, and in completing, arranging, and cataloguing its treasures his labors were invaluable. From them he published two collections of engravings—the first, of Etruscan vases, with four hundred plates, partly colored, now out of print; the second, of Etruscan mirrors, with about the same number of illustrations. In 1841 he founded the Berlin Archæological Society. Some of his smaller works and fragmentary writings he had begun to gather together for publication before his death. The first volume has now appeared, and Dr. Otto Jahn will edit the remainder.

AMERICAN SCHOOLS SEEN BY ENGLISH EYES.*

One of the chief defects in the American school system is the lack of authentic means of comparison between the work of different cities and States, both in respect of the methods employed and the results attained. The Connecticut system is not that of Massachusetts, in details, and St. Louis differs from New York. The local responsibility, the freedom, which is nearly absolute, from rigorous inspection by the State authorities, and the entire lack of national superintendence, with all their advantages bring this disadvantage. It is exceedingly hard to ascertain the manifold local modifications of the general principles of public instruction, and it is even more difficult to reduce to a fair standard of comparison the cumbersome statistical tables which are published respecting every State and town, and almost every district.

Consequently, to understand the American public school, prolonged personal enquiry and observation are essential. A greater service could hardly be rendered to the country at the present moment than to secure, by the agency of the Peabody Educational Trustees, the National Department of Education, or some other instrumentality, an impartial, minutely accurate, and yet philosophical survey of the various systems in vogue from Massachusetts to California. The work can be well done only by our own citizens, for none other can appreciate the unrecorded influences of historical usages and traditions, and the uncodified regulations required by public opinion. But till such a survey is made, the educators of the country may derive great help from the observations of intelligent foreigners, who come of their own accord, or at the instance of their governments, to examine the theory, the process, and the results of our boasted common schools.

Several such reports have been published in Europe. In England, Mr. Tremenheere; in Saxony, Dr. Wimmer; in France, Mons. de Laveleye; and in Sweden, Dr. Siljeström, have printed more or less extended treatises on the peculiarities of our educational system, with critical comments and ju-

* "Report to her Majesty's Commissioners appointed to enquire into the education given in schools in England (not included within her Majesty's two recent commissions), and to those appointed to enquire into the Schools of Scotland, on the Common School System of the United States and Canada. By Rev. James Fraser, M.A., Assistant Commissioner." London. 1867.

dicious comparisons, so that there are few of our own citizens who may not with profit peruse these statements. The latest document of this character is the report of Rev. James Fraser to the "Schools Enquiry Commission," lately presented to both Houses of Parliament by royal command, and received from England by a recent steamer.

In matters of judgment so much depends upon the judge that our readers may be interested in knowing something of the author of this extended paper. Mr. Fraser, as we are informed, is a clergyman of the Church of England, the rector of the quiet parish of Ufton, near Reading. He is, or he was until quite lately, still a fellow in one of the Oxford colleges. The impression which he made upon all who saw him during his visit to this country was that of a scholar, candid, unprejudiced, and thorough, who made it his business to find out, as truly as he could, the condition of our schools. He was neither blind to virtues nor defects. His intelligent and courteous manners made it a pleasure to help him; his acquaintance with schools of every grade in England, from that of the country parish up to the university, gave a point to all his investigations, and the comparatively deliberate manner in which he journeyed made his observations of more than ordinary value. We have, therefore, been waiting with some eagerness for his report, and have read it with unusual interest. His attention was chiefly directed to common schools—not to colleges or endowed academies or charitable establishments or scientific schools, but to schools intended for all classes in the community, from the lowest primary to the high-school. The five months of his visit were spent in the three southern States of New England or in States further west most affected by their educational influence—New York, Ohio, and Illinois. He also spent some time in Pennsylvania, and made a special study of the cities of St. Louis and Detroit. Part of his time was spent in Canada.

The tour of Mr. Fraser was made in the summer of 1865, when the war was but just concluded, and it is worthy of note that the vigorous support of our schools during the absorbing conflicts of civil commotions made a strong impression on his mind. Never, he says, were appropriations or benefactions more liberally bestowed; never was there more earnest determination to carry onward the education of the people.

Six comprehensive topics were mentioned in his instructions as requiring special attention; namely — 1, School legislation; 2, Pecuniary support; 3, Administration, and the selection of teachers; 4, Internal organization, modes of teaching, books, etc.; 5, Results; 6, Religious training. In short, he was directed to find out all that he could in the time and with the means at his command. He sums up his remarks on the system of the United States in four chapters, devoted first to an exhibition of the theory; then to an exhibition of the practice; third, to a critical estimate of results; and lastly, to a very brief horoscope of the future.

The theory of our schools he finds best stated in formal terms in the Massachusetts laws, which he quotes with extended notes and comments. We need not detain our readers with this familiar topic.

Under the head of practical operations, the cost of our schools is the first subject he takes up, and here he runs against the common difficulty of securing definite statements made up on the same schedule. However, he makes an estimate worth quoting, which is based on the reports of eleven of the first cities of the Union. Here are his figures for the "average cost of tuition only":—Detroit, $6 59; Toledo, $8 34; Chicago, $8 69; Providence, New Haven, $8 85; Philadelphia, $9 17; St. Louis, $9 38; Louisville, $11 17; Cincinnati, $11 42; Boston, $11 48; New York, $12 04; average, $10 39; or, £1 11s. 6d.

The cost of high-schools he estimates as on the average $62 50, or nine guineas, a year for boys; and $36 25, or £5 10s., for girls. In the rural districts the cost of tuition is much less, especially in the simple district schools. These prices are evidently in great contrast with what is paid in England for the corresponding advantages—so that it is the sober conclusion of the writer that an American farmer educates his family at the cost to the community of not more than one-third of the amount at which the Committee of Council estimate the cost of educating the children of an English mechanic or laborer.

The administration of our schools by the various boards, committees, superintendents, and the like, he found "somewhat complex," but appearing to "run smoothly," though not quite "hierarchical," or authoritative enough to produce the best results. Our teachers for the most part appear quite inadequately trained for their work, and the certificates of examination are really worth but little. Yet there is great natural aptitude for the teacher's work, especially in the women who engage in it. They have a gift of turning what they know to the best account, are admirable disciplinarians, and their classes are not likely to fall asleep in their hands—and on the whole, as he rightly adds, they are a fine and capable body of workers in a noble cause. Their salaries, judged by an English standard, are low, and consequently changes are frequent. Their social position, on the other hand, is much higher than in England. The formal and "memoriter" character of our recitations and examinations is justly censured. But how can this be otherwise, unless our colleges, the highest teachers of the land, will modify the example which they set? So long as "cramming" will pass for learning; so long as the ability to receive page after page of Greek grammar, rules, exceptions, and examples is deemed the greatest evidence of intellectual culture in college, as it was where we were educated, so long will our instruction in high schools and grammar-schools be governed by text-books, and deal more in conventional phraseology than in positive knowledge.

The gradation or classification of our schools commends itself strongly to the approval of Mr. Fraser, but our own teachers are unanimous on this subject, and we therefore pass by the comments of our traveller.

There is another subject on which we think Mr. Fraser's observations are less just than we have commonly found them to be. We refer to the social status of the scholars in our public schools. By the theory, he says, scholars of every rank are supposed to come within the sphere of the system. This is ambiguous. All children may avail themselves of the privilege; it is not expected that all will. Every parent is as free to decide this question as he is to determine whether he will use the common park, the common post-office, or the common pump. The public merely provide public schools "good enough for anybody;" no one is forced to accept their privileges. This being the theory, what is the result? In our opinion it varies from year to year and from place to place. A good building, a judicious committee, a corps of capital teachers, will revolutionize a town or a district speedily, and the school forsaken one year may be crowded the next. Mr. Fraser, on the other hand, asserts that "in all the cities the wealthier class, indeed all who can afford to do so, almost without exception, send their children to private schools." We are confident he has generalized too rapidly. Many wealthy people, we admit, withhold their children from public schools; but, on the other hand, in a city not very far from New York an important public controversy has just terminated where the worst charge against the public schools was this: that those who could afford to send to private schools would send to the public schools, thus taking the places which should be saved for the poor. We can take Mr. Fraser to scores of schools in New York, New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, Boston, Roxbury, Cambridge, and other towns where we are acquainted, and show him that, beyond a doubt, the public schools, in practice as well as in theory, are for all. The distinctive feature of our system, in city or in country, is that the wants of the whole community are provided for, not those of any class. Because there is the post-office, no one is prevented from employing the telegraph or the private messenger; and just so with the school. Actually taken the country through, the distinctions of financial caste are not yet manifest in our schools or colleges. Long distant be the day! When the public school is the best school, men of culture will send to it. When it is not, they will seek instruction elsewhere.

But we cannot pursue these observations, for we still desire to call the attention of our readers to Mr. Fraser's estimate of the system as a whole, and his recommendations to the authorities at home.

Having reminded the English reader that from the days of Washington till now "virtue and intelligence" have been relied on as the safeguards of this republic, in which perfect social equality and absolute religious freedom are guaranteed by law, he delineates, in a few nice touches, some of the actual "phenomena" of American life; our "restlessness and activity, without, perhaps, the culture and refinement of the old Athenian, but with all his versatility; the absorbing interest of political life, the constantly rising aims of each individual, the ebb and flow of commercial enterprise, and the immense development of the spirit of speculation; the intense energy of the national temperament, its rapidity of movement, its precipitancy, its impatience of standing still." The American school, he says, is a microcosm of American life. It shows the same freedom and equality, the same rapidity of movement and desire of progress, the same ambition, sensitiveness, and subordination of the individual to the mass, the same utilitarian fever, the same absence of repose, elements of strength and weakness, of success and failure, so mingled that it is impossible, by one epithet, to characterize the resultant whole.

In his opinion, also, our school system is in harmony with the other institutions of the country, and it suits the people so far as they understand their own wants. He points out "the cheapness" of our schools even in liberal cities, and the lively "spirit of work" which is generated among both teachers and scholars. He sums up the results of the system (quite correctly, in our opinion) as tending to the general diffusion of intelligence

rather than to "high culture" or "profound erudition." The same is true, he might have added, of our colleges and of all our social educational influences. It is not the few who are carried to high perfection; it is the entire population who are lifted up from ignorance and want.

He fears that we care too little for development as compared with information, thinking too little of the *faculties* and too much of *facts*. He makes some just criticisms on our cultivation of the taste, doubting the national competency "to appreciate the beauty of simplicity;" and he misses with regret "the religious tone" to which he is accustomed in the conduct of the school-room at home.

In respect to the instruction of boys and girls in the same classes, a point on which our own administrators of schools are not agreed, Mr. Fraser makes some interesting observations. Doubting the wisdom of giving to girls the same instruction as to boys, he yet admits that where he heard the two sexes taught or catechised together he "should have given to the girls the palm for quickness of perception and precision of reply." In all their studies they "seemed fully competent to hold their own." To Americans he says: "The Roman matron of the old republic is, perhaps, the type of female excellence; self-reliance, fearlessness, decision, energy, promptitude are, perhaps, the highest female qualities." For himself he prefers a different theory of womanly culture; but he admits that the American method at least achieves the end at which it aims.

The religious character of our public instruction naturally attracts the attention of all foreigners accustomed to the union of church and state. Mr. Fraser objects to calling the American schools "irreligious" or even "non-religious" or purely secular. He sees and appreciates what is done in them for the inculcation of Christian morality; and while he prefers the "denominational" theory for English schools, he would consider himself "tendering a most fatal piece of advice" if he recommended its adoption here. All his views on this subject exhibit a beautiful spirit of fairness and liberality, such as we should like to see more general among our own religious people.

The object of Mr. Fraser's enquiries was practical. Popular education in England is sure to make progress with the growth of reform and the diffusion of suffrage, and it is with reference to possible changes in the national system that the "Schools Enquiry Commission" was instituted. It is interesting, therefore, to see what points so cautious and judicious an observer recommends to the imitation of his countrymen.

"*The* thing," he says, "which I should like to borrow is the noble public spirit, almost universally prevalent, which considers that to contribute to the general education of the people is the first duty, as of the commonwealth at large, so of every citizen in particular, and which places religion, morality, and intelligence in the forefront of the elements that constitute the strength and guarantee the prosperity of the nation."

Descending to particulars, he especially recommends that our system of graded schools be imitated in the large towns of England. "It is the one thing which our elementary schools have not," he says, "and which they most need. I do not care so much about *common* schools; I have no particular preference for *free* schools; but I do see most clearly the advantages of a *graded* school."

The second recommendation which he offers is that central boards of education should be instituted in counties or districts with more or less visitorial power, and with the obligation to publish an annual report. The great mass of Englishmen have now no authentic guarantee upon which to rely in selecting a school for their sons. The publicity of our public schools seems to Mr. Fraser one of their most commendable features.

The author of this report does not appear to have considered it his business to devise suggestions so much as to report observations. Indeed, he is continually embarrassed by the different circumstances, capacities, and prospects of the two countries. "I do not pretend to know where we are drifting," is a remark which he makes more than once. He sees impending in England the establishment of a secular system of instruction, akin, at least, to the American, and while he does not conceal his preferences for the denominational schools now in vogue, he does not hesitate as a clergyman to declare that he should neither despair of Christianity nor morality if the change, so much dreaded by many of his class, should actually come. He acknowledges, as the result of his travels in America, that what England needs is "*intelligent* education—a real quickening of the minds of the people," and he admits that his own difficulties as a clergyman lie in the slow and heavy intellectual movement of his hearers, their scanty vocabulary, their inability to appreciate an argument, their want of general and broad culture.

We have noticed some statements with which we do not agree, and throughout the entire report there is an obvious lack of acquaintance with the progressive development of our school system which would have enabled the writer to describe rather better some of its characteristics. The American public schools, as a system, have *grown* during two hundred years into their present form; they were not contrived or invented. They are adjusted, imperfectly we admit, but still adjusted, to all our other institutions. To be understood, our social life must be understood, and this no traveller, however accomplished, can be expected to understand. Mr. Fraser has done more than most observers. His patience, his fairness, his sagacity, and his ever-present love of truth are reflected throughout the American portion of the volume. We have not read the Canadian chapters.

As the conclusion of all his researches, it is gratifying to find him ready to admit "it is no flattery or exaggeration to say that the Americans, if not the most highly educated, are certainly the most generally educated and intelligent people on the earth." This is the true fruit of republican common schools.

DRAPER'S CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.*

Dr. Draper has furnished, during the last few years, more striking examples of sweeping and fallacious generalization than any modern author of equal pretensions; and some of his fallacies have been of a kind into which one would not have expected a gentleman to fall who was as familiar as he must be with physical science, even if he had not prepared himself for the work of moral and political speculation, into which he has so largely entered, by a study of formal logic. There is probably nothing which renders a book so popular in a community like this, in which, while the number of readers is enormous, the number of persons at all versed in the reasoning process is small, as just such wide and confident conclusions about human society as he furnishes. The mass of the public hates doubts or distinctions or exceptions. It hates to have an author drag it through the tedious process of analysis. It likes to have him come with his hands full of results, as the popular lecturer and the preacher do—results about which there is "no manner of doubt;" and they are doubly welcome when, as in Dr. Draper's case, they not only explain nearly everything that is puzzling in history, but light up the whole future to the remotest ages. For instance, in his "Civil Policy of America" he rang changes throughout on that most pleasing but most palpable of popular fallacies, that there is an analogy between the life of nations and that of individuals. The average reader likes these analogical illustrations—they make things seem so simple; but the falsehood of this one has been over and over exposed by the leading writers on logic. In fact, Mr. J. S. Mill makes it one of his illustrations of "fallacies of generalization," because, he says, "the decay of vital powers in an animated body can be distinctly traced to the natural progresses of those very changes of structure which, in their earlier stages, constitute its growth to maturity; while in the body politic the progress of these changes cannot, generally speaking, have any effect but the still further continuance of growth; it is the stoppage of progress and the commencement of retrogression that alone would constitute decay. Bodies politic die, but it is of disease or violent death; they have no old age" ("System of Logic," Vol. II., p. 361).

In the work before us Dr. Draper pursues what Mr. Mill has happily designated—in his enumeration of the methods which in enquiries in political science should *not* be used—the "geometrical method." That is, Dr. Draper takes one cause, climate—just as Hobbes took fear, and the Benthamites took self-interest—and makes it account for nearly every social phenomenon with which he has to deal; but, unlike Hobbes and Bentham, he hardly argues at all, but asserts, and that with an air of confidence well calculated to persuade the general reader that his method, instead of being notoriously fallacious, was universally accepted as safe and sound. There are, we hope, very few men of Dr. Draper's attainments, and, above all, possessing Dr. Draper's taste for sociological investigation, who do not know that social phenomena are the most difficult of all phenomena to account for; the reason being that, while we know, as a matter of fact, that the influences which produce any particular type of national and individual character are almost infinite in number and variety, we are absolutely unable to test the power of any one of them by experiment, or to test fully our experiment by observation. Climate, no doubt, influences character very largely, but so many other things influence it also that it is not in the power of any human being to say how much of the character of any given community must be ascribed to climate and how much to other things.

Dr. Draper, however, although a philosopher by profession, is not troubled by any of these difficulties, and the result, as displayed in the introductory chapters of his book, is really amazing. To general resemblances between

* "History of the American Civil War. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D." In three volumes. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1867.

countries very little importance, he says, is to be attached; "for *political reasoning*, we *must follow the surer guide of isothermal zones*." So he draws an isothermal line across Europe and America, and then begins his "reasoning." Here is a specimen of it:

"Many illustrations might be offered of the influence of nature over modes of thought. The January isothermal line of 41° marks out in a general manner the *final* boundary between the Catholic and Protestant peoples of Europe. To those living on the south of it, an embellishment of worship is acceptable; to those on the north, a more simple or austere form" (p. 93).

The isothermal line in question, however, as it appears in his map, conveniently leaves the province of Ulster, in Ireland, which is, of course, Protestant, to the north (of this fact he makes special mention, evidently considering it very striking); but then it so happens that in the reign of Elizabeth the Earl of Tyrone rebelled; his rebellion was put down after a fierce struggle, and his lands and those of the chiefs who acted with him were confiscated, and on this confiscated region Scotch colonists were settled in great numbers in the following reign, and to-day their descendants constitute the Ulster Protestants; while a little further west, in regions not confiscated, being less attractive, but in the same climate, the Catholic Celt still holds his place. Now, it may be that it was the climate which made Tyrone rebel, and Elizabeth subdue him, and James settle Protestants on his estates; it may be that had Ulster been south of the line he would not have rebelled, and the Scotch would not have come over to Ireland, and Ulster would still be Catholic; but of this we are sure, that whether the Ulster Plantations were due to the climate or to Tyrone's having taken a little too much usquebaugh, neither Dr. Draper nor anybody else in the existing state of science can tell. The same line, we observe, leaves France and Catholic Germany, and Catholic Switzerland, and Russia, which is Catholic in Dr. Draper's sense, all to the north of it, or, in other words, on the Protestant side. In fact, it has nothing on the south of it except Spain and Italy, which, after making all due allowance for inaccuracies and disturbing causes, is rather unfortunate, if we are to depend in our political reasoning on isothermal lines. But even if it did cut off France and Germany *in toto*, we could find in history half a dozen causes, each sufficient to account for these countries being Catholic, and none of them connected with climate. We might be wrong in the amount of importance we ascribed to them, but we should defy Dr. Draper to prove that we were.

On p. 113 he actually undertakes to predict with scientific certainty what kind of men will inhabit the Southern States of this Union from an examination of the kind of men to be found in ages past in the same zone on the continent of the Old World, and notably the coast of Northern Africa. He concludes it will be a warlike population, from the fact that Carthage was a warlike state, and that the city, when at last taken, "was literally conquered street by street and house by house." The women of the Southern States, he predicts, "will rival, perhaps exceed, in patriotism the men." He deduces this conclusion from three facts: one is, that Asdrubal's wife, when he submitted to the Romans, "appeared on the roof of the burning temple of Æsculapius, and, upbraiding him with bitter taunts for his surrender, threw herself headlong into the flames;" the others are the following:

"It was in this zone, though far to the east, that Zenobia, the Palmyrean queen, resisted the Emperor Aurelian; on the banks of the Euphrates the jewelled dromedary of that dark-eyed, fleeting beauty was overtaken by the light horse of Rome—in this, her exemplar Cleopatra, the Egyptian daughter of the Macedonian kings, was bitten by an asp brought to her in a basket of flowers, to escape being led in the triumph of the conqueror."

This is very fine, but it is not reasoning. If we had the space to do it in, we could tell on the same plan some wonderful stories about the kind of men and women that will flourish in portions of the Northwest. The exploits of the Karduchians, for instance, as recorded in Xenophon's "Anabasis," would go far to show that the future population of portions of the Hudson's Bay Territory will be what a Westerner would call "ring-tailed screamers."

It appears, also, that we may fairly expect the Southerners of the future to be cruel. The ground for this expectation is the atrocious manner in which the Carthaginian inhabitants of the same zone behaved in the great conflict with their slaves known as the "Inexpiable War;" and secondly, the conduct of Marshal Pelissier in smoking the Arabs to death in the cave, twenty years ago. This last effect of the isothermal line on the human character is the most remarkable we have yet met with.

The negro, according to Dr. Draper, ought *not* to be found naturally on this continent, though he is found in other portions of the Southern isothermal zone; that is, Dr. Draper *knows* the conditions necessary to produce a negro; he *knows* that none of these conditions are present in the Southern States. Why, then, is the negro in other parts of the zone? The answer which Dr. Draper gives is, according to him, "singular and satisfactory."

"The recession of the Mediterranean Sea from the desert of Sahara, and its contraction within its present boundaries, *had doubtless much to do with the possibility of negro life* . . . [in Africa.] Had the Mediterranean retained its old boundaries, *the negro type of man would never have been called into existence*. . . . In my work on physiology I have shown how darkness of complexion is connected with the action of the liver, and that the secretion of black pigment into the cells of the skin takes place under the influence of a high temperature and moisture. The conditions for the production of the negro did not exist in America. There was no topographical expansion sufficient at Panama. The construction of Central America is the converse of that of Central Africa; the Caribbean and Mexican Seas replace the sands of Sahara and the pestilential everglades of Soudan. In Africa the winter isothermal line of 55° marks out the true boundary of negro life. In America that line skirts the southern edge of the Gulf States. *It is plain, then*, that, were it not for the artificial climate created by civilization, the negro would be an exotic in all the domain of the republic except in the southern verge of Texas and Louisiana and in the peninsula of Florida."

By a similar process of reasoning, we are led to the conclusion (p. 103) that "the arts of Eastern life, the picturesque Orientalism of Arabia, will be reproduced in our interior sandy desert, the love-songs of Persia in the dells and glades of Sonora, and the religious aspirations of Palestine in the similar scenery of New Mexico."

At page 101, Dr. Draper shows that the continuousness and variety of labor permitted by the Southern climate make the Southern man confident, and therefore too "indolent," wanting in foresight, prone to act without reflection, irregular in his habits, and impulsive; while the uncertainty of the Northern climate makes the Northern man thoughtful, cautious, and provident. But at page 125, however, he maintains that the "certainty of the climate in Peru and ancient Egypt gave a man a remission from the cares of the future, and an opportunity of turning from the low gratification of animal instincts to the improvement of his mind."

We might fill our whole paper with illustrations of the same sort of Dr. Draper's singular understanding of the limits between reason and imagination; but we must content ourselves with one more. "What is the reason," he asks, "that on the earth's southern hemisphere no great man has yet appeared?" The reader, we are sure, will never guess. The answer is that "the January isothermal line of 41° is, in the southern hemisphere, altogether a sea line. It touches the land at no point" (p. 124). This line at the north, according to Dr. Draper, "is the axis of a zone, a few degrees wide, upon which, in Europe and Asia, all great men have appeared." But as this zone at the south runs over sea water, and great men can appear in no other, and as men are land animals, of course the southern hemisphere has produced no great men—*q. e. d.* We refer readers who suspect us of joking or travesty to the work itself.

Of the narrative portion of Dr. Draper's work we cannot speak too highly. His sketch of the events which led to the war, and his summing up of the Northern and Southern sides of the controversy, are models of calm perspicuous, and judicial statements. He is evidently exceedingly fair-minded—a fact which renders his weakness in generalization all the more remarkable, as a man can hardly be fair-minded without considerable capacity for the collection, arrangement, and valuation of facts.

NOTES ON THE NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

NO. XIX.

Church.—So far as the *form* is concerned, κυριακὴ (*sc.*) οἶκος, or κυριακόν, from which the editors of Webster derive the word, furnishes a satisfactory etymology for the A.-S. *cyric*, though the O. G. *chirihha* and *chilihha* do not so readily connect themselves with that root. That the Greek words in question were more or less used by Greek writers in the sense of *church* (edifice), for a long period during the Middle Ages, is certain, but they do not appear to have ever been the familiar, popular designations of buildings set apart for divine worship; and besides, we are constantly met by the difficulty of explaining how a word, comparatively rare in Greek itself, and unknown to Mœso-Gothic and Latin, should have made its way into all the Germanic dialects, at least as early as the eighth century, when Greek was scarcely known, except by name, to any of the Gothic tribes but the Mœso-Goths. We might conjecture, indeed, that the Væringjar brought home the word from Mikligarðr, but that would be an unsupported and improbable supposition, especially as we have no evidence that the Northmen visited Constantinople so early as the seventh or eighth century.

Circus, as those structures may often have furnished materials and sites for churches, or *circulus*, as descriptive of an early form of them, might be

accepted; but there is no evidence that they were ever used in M. L. to designate church edifices, or anything belonging to the clergy, though both were occasionally employed in the sense of audience or congregation, and it is improbable that the Gothic tribes would have agreed in choosing as a name for church a foreign word only remotely connected with such edifices.

It will hardly be doubted that all the Gothic names for *church* are the same word, and as there is no proof that any one of those tribes coined or borrowed the word and bestowed it on the others, they must all have taken it from some common and obvious source. Neither *κυριακόν, circus*, nor *circulus* fully satisfies the necessary conditions of fitness as a descriptive term, correspondence in form, and general accessibility to all the nations who resorted to the same root for the development of a naturalized name for *church*.

The ecclesiastical Latin *clerus* suggests a possible origin for the word in question, though in point of form, at first sight, less satisfactory than *circus* or *κυριακόν*, and I by no means propose this etymology with much confidence. But what was the popular, perhaps even the literary, pronunciation of *clerus* and its derivatives in the eighth century? At the earliest period in which we find any of these words in the Italian line, that is, in the dialects whose pronunciation would go far to control that of other Christian nations whatever the orthography of the word might be, the normal change of *cl* into *ch* or *chi*—as *clarus, chiaro; clavis, chiave* (confer L. *clavis*, A.-S. *cæge*); *clericus, cherico, chierico*—had already taken place. Wherever Christianity spread, it carried *clerus* and its derivatives with it, and if we suppose them to have been pronounced by the Romish missionaries in the seventh or eighth centuries as their progeny certainly were in the Italian popular speech two or three hundred years later, we have a root coextensive with Latin Christianity, and which might very readily assume all the forms in which *church* exists among the Gothic tribes. It should here be noticed, *en passant*, that in many Italian dialects *ch* has the same sound as in English, so that *chiesa* is pronounced as if written *ciesa*, or, in English orthography, *chaza, cherico, chierico*—and even the Latin *clericum*, if, as is probable, its initials had habitually the same sound as in Ital. *cherico*—would, therefore, where this pronunciation prevailed, have a considerable resemblance to *church*. In fact, *cherico* was sometimes written *cerco*, and doubtless pronounced accordingly—that is, giving the initial *c* the sound of English *ch*. (See Tommaseo, Diz. It.) Again, in some other dialects, *ch* is a guttural, and therefore approaches the O. G. *ch* in *chirihha*.

In the case of Ital. *chiaro, chiave*, and most other words where the initials *chi* correspond to the Latin *cl*, we are not able to affirm with certainty that the Italian words are derived *from* the Latin, because they may belong to a sister dialect or dialects as old as Latin itself, and which gave to these words the same articulation which belongs to them to-day. But *clerus, clericus*, and the like came into Latin with Christianity, and therefore *cherico, chierico* are certainly derived from that root through ecclesiastical Latin. The presumption is that, in passing from Latin into the popular speech, they carried the habitual Latin pronunciation with them, and therefore it is by no means improbable that the Roman ecclesiastics pronounced these Greek words much as their modern derivatives are now pronounced in most Italian dialects.

I am not prepared to show that *clericum*, or the like, was employed in M. L. in the precise sense of *church*; but a *church* is the place where the *clergy* perform their professional functions, and where they are at all hours to be found, as in their appropriate official residence; and it is not improbable that the church should have taken its designation from that of its occupants, as *monastery, monkery, nunnery* took theirs from the title of the *monks* and *nuns* who inhabited them.

In which of the Germanic dialects the word first appeared we are unable to say, but it occurs as an element in the name of a German village as early as A.D. 718, and it was currently used both in Anglo-Saxon and in several continental Germanic countries in the same century. The strongest, if not the only, direct evidence in favor of the Greek origin of the word is the testimony of Walafrid Strabo, a writer of the ninth century, who says that it was derived from the Greek *κυριακή*, or, as he writes it, *kyriaca*. The etymological opinions of Walafrid Strabo are by no means authoritative, but he may have had access to historical proof which we do not possess, and it must be admitted that his evidence is entitled to the weight, such as it is, which belongs to a not wholly improbable tradition.

The question, as connected with the history of the diffusion of Christianity among the Gothic races, is an important one, and will doubtless receive further elucidation. The reader will find an interesting though not exhaustive discussion of the subject in Grimm's [Hildebrand] Wörterbuch, under *Kirche*.

The etymology which I now suggest is, I believe, altogether new, and no doubt further research in mediæval Italian philology will bring out evidence either for or against it. At present, like the various other proposed derivations, it wants historial support; but to an ear familiar with Italian articulation, normal and provincial, it is recommended by at least a strong phonetic probability.

The Decisive Conflicts of the late Civil War, or Slaveholders' Rebellion. By J. Watts de Peyster, Brev. Major-Gen. N. Y. S. N. G., by Special Act or Concurrent Resolution N. Y. S. Legislature.—The author has vindicated his claim to his blushing honors by the publication of this pamphlet. That is to say, he has and he has n't. His two immensely long title-pages, garnished with many quotations in Latin and English, tell us he has, but they do not correspond with each other, and the contents of the pamphlet do not correspond with either. There are several chapters. The first is about pretty nearly everything. The second is said to contain, but does n't, an "Analytical Parallel and Criticism on the Principal Union and Rebel Generals," etc., etc., etc. The next two treat of Shiloh, and the last two of the Maryland battles of September, 1862. In matter and manner the pamphlet is equally valueless. It contains no new facts, no skilful use of facts that were known before, and no good reasoning or criticism. It is apparently the work of a man who has read a good deal without method, and without the power of digesting his information. The author's fitness for the discussion of military subjects, and his qualifications as a writer, may be judged from the following passages. On page 8, after speaking of Beauregard's failure to carry out the plans of Sydney Johnston at Shiloh, he says: "If susceptible of regret, to him is more applicable than to any other man in the rebel service the two finest lines of Whittier's exquisitely thoughtful 'Maud Muller':

> 'For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
> The saddest are these—It might have been.'''

The next quotation deserves especial praise for the bold and fine figure it contains, by the use of which Beauregard is represented as watering his horse in blasted hopes: "It was stated at the time that the capturer of Sumter had said in his address to the rebel army before the battle, 'I will water my horse in the Tennessee river or in h—ll before night.' The first he did not, the second he did, for what greater 'Inferno' to an ambitious military chief than blasted hopes and credit in his profession?"

Recent Republications.—We are afraid to draw an inference, except that the publishers have made money by it, from the fact that "Guy Livingstone," which now appears in the "Railway Library" of Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, has reached a sixth edition. But the worst influence that can be drawn from the gaudy cover of this volume—a ring-fight between "town" and "gown," or, as the author prefers, between "Proletarian" and "Patrician"—is not too bad for the real character of the hero. For those who may not have read the story, it may not be amiss to say that it is an attempt to extort admiration for a "thorough" blackleg, who is represented as irresistibly attractive even to the virtuous, though his face does not generally conceal his evil nature; feared and disliked, however, by the poor, destitute of all moral graces, and abounding only in brawn and animal magnetism, and who breaks his mother's heart and that of his betrothed, and, finally, his own spine, and is deplored by how many readers of both sexes who think they have assisted at the obsequies of something manly and chivalrous? So thought many a Southern young man and young maiden who worshipped, in this boxing, gambling, hunting, hard-drinking Don Juan, who "flinches no more before a great moral law than at a big fence," the spirit of aristocracy and the blood of the Normans. So thought the young people of many a respectable Northern neighborhood, and so may yet think the travelling clerks and others whose life is bound to the rail, as they peruse this sixth edition. But this is not only a bad book, but in a rhetorical point of view a weak and ridiculous book, full of rant and fustian and inflation, and in no respect redeeming by its style or its delineations the lowness of its aim.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields send us "The Pickwick Papers" and "David Copperfield," of their "Library Edition" of Dickens—volumes bound in green, a little longer than the "Autograph" or "Charles Dickens Edition," and using larger and clearer type, of course with less economy of space, sometimes two volumes being required for one of the latter edition. In illustrations there is very little difference.

About two years ago (see THE NATION for Aug. 10, 1865) we reviewed Mr. Wm. Everett's book "On the Cam," which we are glad has been so favorably received as to warrant a second edition. This, we are informed in the introduction, differs from the first in the correction of a few errors in the text and of others in the appendix, and in a brief reply to one or two of the author's critics. Messrs. Sever & Francis never publish an ill-looking book, and they have made a handsome volume of these familiar lectures about Cambridge University, its ways, its studies, its great men, and its relations to Oxford and to England.

Some one has taken the trouble to collect and translate, and the Messrs. Appleton publish for him, "The Wit and Wisdom of Don Quixote," which, though here spread over in long and short, some 160 pages, has furnished us only four "familiar quotations," taking Mr. Bartlett as our authority. No one will object to doubling or quadrupling these, but most readers of this book will probably agree that the whole of the original is better than its parts—even its best parts. Gems of sentiment are generally dull reading, and act upon each other much like shades of the same color inaptly brought together.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE MAJORITY AND THE CONSTITUTION.

A CORRESPONDENT whose letter we print elsewhere expresses in a few words what is the difficulty of thousands of honest minds with regard to this dispute between Mr. Johnson and Congress—of men, too, who do not approve of Mr. Johnson's course, but who, nevertheless, cannot persuade themselves that he and the Supreme Court have not each as good a right to interpret the Constitution—that is, define the limits of their own powers—as Congress has. It is, however, quite plain to the commonest intelligence that whatever a written constitution can do, there is one thing it cannot do, and that is, prevent these co-ordinate branches of a government from coming into collision when each attempts to define its own powers. That these collisions have not occurred oftener, or rather have not proved of much moment hitherto, either here or in England, is due simply to the fact that in ordinary times the subjects on which co-ordinate departments differ and the ends they have in view are not of sufficient importance to tempt any one department into going to extremes. One is almost sure to give up before negotiation is exhausted. Therefore the arrangements made by a written constitution for preserving the balance of power may ordinarily work well. In this country they *have* worked well. Until the Dred Scott decision, although the powers claimed for the Supreme Court under the Constitution had excited jealousy and grumbling, there was no deliberate and avowed intention not to be bound by its decisions. But the Dred Scott decision touched a point which the majority felt to be vital, and at once the authority of the court as an interpreter was repudiated by the majority. So, also, the issues raised in this reconstruction process are felt by the majority to be vital, that is, to go to the very foundations of the national existence, and therefore the slightest attempt of the court to control the action of Congress would certainly be repudiated, and the court knows it and wisely abstains from meddling.

If the Supreme Court had the power of interpreting the Constitution under all circumstances and in all cases, the judges would govern the country as a small oligarchy, and reform would be hopeless inside half a century. You may assert that they have this power as much as you please, and the majority in quiet times may act as if they had it; but the minute troublous times come, and the majority is satisfied that if it obey the judges the ends for which the judges exist will be defeated, it will not obey them. To argue that this ought not to be so, is idle; you might as well argue that human nature ought to be changed. Perhaps it ought, but governments are made for men as they are and not as they ought to be, and the wit of man is not equal to the task of devising a written constitution which shall be obeyed under all circumstances. Nothing would secure this result but some occult power that would cause anybody who violated it instantly to drop down dead. In two-thirds of what is written on the sanctity of the "fundamental law," including the long disquisitions of Mr. G. T. Curtis in *The World*, there is a false bottom to the thinking. The reasoning is based on the assumption that the Constitution is the ultimate fact of our system of government. This is a delusion. The ultimate fact of this, as of all governments, is human nature; and until human nature is totally changed, the majority of a great and free country will not allow one man calling himself an executive, or nine men calling themselves a court, to interpret the fundamental law when, in the opinion of the majority, their interpretation would be dangerous to the public safety.

But this, says "Freedom," means a government of "mere majority, and leaves my breath dependent on their will." He is right. This is exactly what it means. We *do* live under a government of the majority. The Constitution is an instrument by which the majority binds itself to refrain from certain acts, but it never gives up its right, in the last resort, of explaining the sense in which it took the pledge, or, in other words, of taking the President or anybody else whom it finds running about and doing mischief, while professing to take "the Constitution for his guide," and putting him under lock and key, if it believes his hermeneutics dangerous to the state. The idea that there is something very horrible in being dependent on the majority of a Christian state for liberty and security, which "Freedom" seems to entertain, is the product of that species of fetish worship of which the Constitution has long been the object. The Constitution, unless it is a talisman, cannot have any more force than the majority gives it. If the majority desires to rob and cut throats, there is no virtue in the parchment to stop it. If it allows Andrew Johnson and the Supreme Court to define their own powers, it is simply because it does not consider it worth while to interfere with them.

This fact has always been so well understood by the highest class of minds that in constitutional countries the skill of great statesmen has nearly always been shown in avoiding reliance on the constitution, in persuading the majority into doing or not doing certain things without falling back on naked legal rights. As soon as a king, president, or minister says, in exciting times, that he will fall back on the constitution or charter, and act on his own construction of it, he shows himself as much a fool, and is as sure to be destroyed, as a single man who should point his rifle at a regiment. The end and use of statesmanship is to avoid bringing things to this pass. The minute the statesman appeals to force as against the majority, the majority measures its own strength against him and sweeps him aside.

This is just what Andrew Johnson seems disposed to do. He says his interpretation of the Constitution is the right one; Congress says its interpretation is the right one. Admitting one to be as likely to be right as the other, who is to decide between them? The Supreme Court is simply, when the destiny of a nation is at stake, nine elderly men. Suppose they throw themselves on Mr. Johnson's side, the result would be that ten elderly men would be of his way of thinking instead of one, because Congress does not regard the Court as any more competent intellectually to decide such questions as are raised in the reconstruction problem than Congress is itself. If the Court were more competent than Congress to decide such questions, it ought to govern the country completely, and the election and meeting of the legislature is a useless expense, so that in the last resort the dispute can only be ended by the majority using its superiority of force to decide—and this it is sure to do. This may be an unfortunate state of things, but nobody is to blame for it—neither the framers of the Constitution nor those who live under it. In every free state the maintenance of liberty and justice—no matter what the written forms may be—depends in the last resort on the character of the majority of the people. "Freedom" would be sure of his liberty in Philadelphia if the Constitution were abolished to-morrow; he would not be sure of his head or his purse if he lived in Mexico, though every man in the country wore the constitution in a locket round his neck as an amulet.

GENERAL BUTLER'S ETHICS.

GENERAL BUTLER has won a good deal of reputation as a lawyer and administrator, but nobody gave him credit for much ability as an ethical philosopher. To this title, however, he has fully vindicated his claim in a remarkable conversation reported in the Boston *Advertiser* of Sept. 4. He there laid it down that, as the United States five-twenty bonds are not on their face payable in gold, but only in "dollars," the Government ought only to pay them in paper currency, as it pays its other creditors. This, says the general, "is the exact letter of the bond." That is, as the bonds are a promise simply to pay so many "dollars," and do not mention what kind of dollars, and as the Government can call anything it pleases "dollars," by means of an act of Congress, it may fairly pay its bond creditors either in paper or old iron or cast-off army-blankets or damaged biscuit, or any other commodity that it may want to get rid of. To be sure, General Butler

recommends paper with promises to pay printed on it; but then, as this paper would, under such circumstances, be worth absolutely nothing, we take the liberty of amending this proposition and suggesting that they get condemned stores, of which there must be large quantities still on hand. "One Hundred Dollars," for instance, might be painted in big letters on old uniform coats, and when a bond of this nominal value was sent in for redemption, the blanket could be handed over the counter to the holder. Of course he would grumble, but we could tell him that we never said we would pay him in gold. "But I understood," he would reply, "that you would pay me in the current money of the world; if I had thought that by 'dollars' you meant anything you chose to call a dollar, I never would have lent you the money." Then we should laugh at him and "chaff" him pleasantly for his simplicity.

But not only, according to General Butler, are we not bound to pay the bonds in gold, by the letter of the law, but are not bound in morals to pay them in gold. This may seem a hard saying to simple minds; but nothing can be plainer. The foreign holders of the bonds bought them as a pure money-making transaction, and not with the view "of aiding us in our great struggle;" so, also, the native holders bought them at a tremendous discount, and with a view to profit, or, as General Butler terms it, "an eye to the proceeds." Now, to make a debt or other contract binding on the conscience, it must be based on affection. In old times it had to be based on a "valuable consideration;" but those hard, wicked old times have passed away, and nobody is now bound to pay what he owes unless his creditors can show that they trust him out of love, and from a desire to see him get on in the world. As very few creditors can prove anything of the kind, the legal recognition of General Butler's theory would release vast numbers of worthy men from very disagreeable burdens.

What is most encouraging and delightful about this whole conversation is the illustration it affords of the amount of wisdom and high morality the nation has to draw on whenever it finds itself in difficulties in the summer season, when its great men have retired to muse and hoe potatoes on their paternal acres. If the Democrats get up a repudiation cry in the West—and there begins to be some fear that the pill, as they present it, may prove attractive to the masses out there—all the Republicans have to do is to send down a reporter to General Butler, or the like of him, and in five minutes a bolus is produced, made not simply, like poor Pendleton's, of common low interest or convenience, but of principles of pure justice, and the Democrats have forthwith to hide their diminished heads. His scheme is really, as compared to General Butler's, not fit to be seen. He recommends repudiation, in a brutal, coarse way, as a pleasant thing to do; while the Eastern statesman shows that it would not only be pleasant but right. In fact, Mr. Pendleton proposes garrotting; while General Butler recommends the scientific and innocent "drop game" as a means of getting over our financial difficulties. As the "drop game" may not be familiar to all our readers, we may explain that it is a mode of raising money occasionally resorted to by gentlemen in New York who find their credit low in the regular market. They put a counter feitfifty-dollar bill in a pocket-book first, and drop it in front of some innocent-looking countryman whom they see coming, and just as he approaches them pretend to discover it and pick it up in his presence. They open it; find a fifty-dollar bill in it, are too honest to keep it, have no time to advertise it, as the cars are just going; and propose to the countryman that he should keep it, advertise it, and restore it to the owner, advancing the finder ten dollars, or thereabouts, in the meantime, out of the anticipated reward. This he does, and the finder goes off content. Now, in this case no cheat is practised on the countryman; nobody forces him to take a strange pocket-book with fifty dollars in it. He advances the ten dollars "with an eye to the proceeds;" the finder does not tell him the fifty-dollar bill is a good one; he runs his own risk and meets with his reward; nobody is to blame but himself. Under the New York law the perpetrator of the "game" is, we regret to say, punishable; but in these days of progress let us trust he will not long remain so. Two or three more "jumps forward," and the poor fellows will find their devices acknowledged by society as a fair mode of levying the tribute which simplicity owes to smartness.

HINTS FOR CONSTITUTION-MAKERS.

BY A JUDGE.

V.—The Legislature.

Of all the fallacies for the State of New York which have been suggested to the Constitutional Convention, the worst, I think, is that which is known as "the representation of minorities." I say "for the State of New York," because there may be communities where the will of the people is expressed without the aid of the political machinery which accompanies it in this State, and where the constitutional or popular election is not preceded by what is now legally as well as familiarly known as "the primary." "The representation of minorities" in such a political community as ours would mean nothing more or less than the representation of politicians, and the only practical result that would come from it would be that the primary would absolutely govern the popular election.

There is a body of men in this country termed politicians. Party management (vulgarly called "politics") is their trade and business. A hundred of these ordinarily are equal to several thousand intelligent voters; for they devote to the work of the election every working hour of the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, while the intelligent voter gives to the election but a single hour of a single day. These men are not favorites; all the ills of the country and nearly all the evils of the age are attributed to them. They do not sway the destinies of the nation, but do sadly meddle with them; they do not control the action of the people, but do continually interfere with it. They constitute a small, unscrupulous, unpopular oligarchy, and there is nothing more dear to the popular heart than the cry that in this or that movement of the people "the politicians have been defeated."

It has been wildly supposed that by preventing the preponderance of one party over the other, and placing both equally in power, the evils of "politics" would be overcome. This principle, stretched to its utmost limit, was applied to the city of New York. Each party elected six supervisors, and the Republican minority was as strong in the board as the Democratic majority. The fanciful idea was indulged that a board made up entirely of politicians would be non-political. But these worthies were not long in learning the fact that when they had managed a little convention of a hundred and ten members they had controlled the one hundred thousand voters of the metropolis, and were as surely supervisors of the city and county of New York as that the election would come. And thus it is yearly seen that a great city cannot shake off this dozen of men, nor strike down any one of them, no matter how obnoxious he may have become. It is quite true that the people *might* nominate other persons, and *might* vote for them, and *might* elect them; but it is not the business of our Convention to frame a constitution for what might be, but for what has been and most inevitably will be again.

The next form of this is simply a modification of the original idea, and consists in electing two of the majority and one of the minority. It is an improvement, inasmuch as it gives the citizen a fraction of a choice and the privilege of saying which party shall have two and which but one; yet it is, nevertheless, only a variation of the pernicious principle that the "nominated" shall not be defeated.

A third form is the English project of allowing a voter to vote by one ticket for three men, or three times for one man, as he may see fit. But the only practical advantage from this would be that, on the day of our elections, tickets would unblushingly appear bearing the name of Michael O'Rourke three times repeated, and similar tickets bearing the name of Patrick McLaughlin three times repeated; while the friends of those most respectable gentlemen, Messrs. A., B., and C., would vote with such entire impartiality that (notwithstanding they were a clear majority of the district) Messrs. B. and C. would be defeated, and Messrs. O'Rourke and McLaughlin triumphantly elected. In other words, it is an ingenious scheme to enable a skilful minority to elect two candidates to a clear majority's one; and the only men who would profit by the scheme are the very men we are struggling to be rid of.

There is but one way in this State by which the people can secure themselves against bad candidates, and it is by voting them down. There is but one check upon the powers of party managers, and it is the power of voting them down; and the only provision which the constitution needs on this subject is a declaration which shall secure to the people the right of voting them down. All of these weak inventions are mere devices for "elections made easy." It is not "elections made easy" that we need, but elections made secure, whereby the bad may be stricken down and the real choice be taken from the managers of parties and kept sacredly vested in the people.

The principle that the choice of elective officers must be carefully preserved to the people, to be ascertained as exclusively as possible by the constitutional process of popular election, depends not only on the manner of choosing but on the districts which make the choice. Now, it is a fact, unobserved in this connection, that the smaller the district, the greater the certainty in the political result; that is to say, in most of the small assembly districts in this State the moment the convention of the dominant party has named the candidate, he may be considered as inevitably the next member. These petty conventions are

practically the appointing power, and the choice is not "the choice of the people," but the choice of the men who manage them. To understand this more thoroughly, it is only necessary to reflect that the change of a great district is not caused by the revolution of each elective precinct within it, but by a few votes in each changing from the one party to the other. Thus the State, which is the maximum district, has changed the oftenest. Under the present constitution it has changed, 1st, from Silas Wright to John Young; 2d, from Washington Hunt to Horatio Seymour; 3d, from Horatio Seymour to Orville H. Clark; 4th, from Edwin D. Morgan to Horatio Seymour; and 5th, from Horatio Seymour to the present incumbent. Therefore, in ten (biennial) elections this maximum district has changed five times, and the ratio of change is fifty per cent. Now, of the one hundred and twenty-eight assembly districts is there *one* which, through the same period, has changed in its (annual) elections ten times? The people of the State, therefore, possess a freedom of choice which is denied to every lesser district of which the State is composed, and the smaller the district, the more stringent is the denial of this right, and the more trammelled the free choice of popular election.

Under the former constitution of New York the thirty-two senators came from but eight districts, and the members of the lower house were chosen by counties. Yielding everything of theory to the theorists who brought in the present system, I must insist that it is not open to dispute that the *fact* of small districts was followed by the *fact* of small men. There was a time when the "politicians" in the large counties were compelled "to give weight to the ticket" by placing thereon an eminent lawyer, a prominent merchant, a great manufacturer, and these men thought it an honor to thus head their ticket, and when they went up to the Legislature they represented and acted for the law, the commerce, and the manufacturing interests of the State. There was a time when the citizens of Albany threw open their doors to the members of the Legislature and felt honored by their presence, and in turn added to the attraction and dignity of the office. That time certainly has passed away, and certainly it passed with the coming of the present constitution. Since then, few men of standing care to represent the paltry districts in which they may chance to dwell. They go to Albany, and receive neither attention nor hospitality. They return home and find that the nomination must go next time to another man, that anybody can be elected and that somebody else must have his turn, that it will not do to give the *office* all the time to one man. The year after, he finds that the *office* has been parcelled out to a third man who never held it before. The respectable citizens of the district say that Mr. A. represented the district most creditably, and was a most useful legislator for the State, and they wonder why he was not renominated; that he ought to have been. And thus, year after year, we find that of the one hundred and twenty-eight members over one hundred are new men, inexperienced, ignorant, worthless, easily led, easily bought, who have come up to the surface once and will never come again. Is there another intelligent community in the world that make their own laws with such folly?

I say "*easily bought.*" Such is the fact. As to the reason, there may be a difference of opinion; but the fact no one disputes. Of the two houses the Senate ought to be most easily bought, for it is the smaller, and thirty-two members ought to be more cheaply purchased than one hundred and twenty-eight. Corruption ought to be more general there, because, if a certain sum is to be invested in carrying a bill, the few will have larger shares than the many. Comparatively, a senator might command four times the price of a member of Assembly. We know (so far as such a fact can be known) that this is not so. We know that the small Senate is the less corrupt and the more trustworthy. What are the differences in the organism of the two houses? If we can ascertain these differences, is it not fair to presume that they affect the results? Reasoning like reasonable beings, may we not conclude, as in any other undertaking, that like causes will produce like effects, and that it is perfectly possible to make the Assembly as respectable as the Senate?

The first difference is that the senators represent districts four times as large as those of the members. They do not, as a rule, come to the surface for a single winter and then disappear. Their districts require of them reputation, and are too large to allow of the office being awarded to A. for the first year, to B. for the second, to C. for the third, etc., etc. A senator does not come there to mingle in a mob of men as ignorant and irresponsible as himself—to seize the only gain that can be gathered, conscious that he will never have the opportunity again. In one word, the larger districts produce the larger men.

The second difference is that the Senate is elected biennially. We Americans are a busy people, generally acknowledging that we have not time for anything. As one of them, I confess that I would rather have our elections held biennially. I could then give more time to them and take more interest in them, and do my work of citizenship better. When I ask my neighbors, they agree with me in the wish, and say that the elections "do come most too often now, and interfere too much with a man's business." Why cannot we have this as we wish it? Because there is a certain "political machinery" that would become rusty and useless if it were not oiled and used every year. Because there is a certain class of men whose trade is "politics," and they would be bereft of occupation if the election did not come once a year. Between the Convention and the Legislature the city of New York has a fair chance of having three elections *per annum*. They will divide the interest of respectable voters and lessen their attendance; but they will increase the trade in "politics." The men who live by that trade would prefer to have an election once a month. It is said that rare elections are animated, excited, bitter. I concede that they are. But those who thus object forget that they are so because the people are alive. Such elections are good for intelligence and integrity and patriotism. The elections which are fraught with danger are those which are "neither hot nor cold," when the people neither work, nor discuss, nor think, nor care.

The former Senate of this State not only had the twofold advantage of members chosen from large districts (one-eighth of the State) and for long terms (four years), but it also held an admirable principle of stability such as few elective bodies ever possessed. Though four senators represented a district, but one was elected in a single year. Hence the attention of the voter was centralized on his single candidate, and, no matter what might be the fluctuation of public opinion, but one-fourth of the Senate could be changed at one election. This was substantially the system of the United States Senate, and, like it, secured capable and experienced legislators. In a previous article I have pointed out the fact that the former Senate worthily rose to the dignity of a high judicial tribunal. Such it was when the Convention of 1846 swept it away. Cannot the Convention of 1867 restore to us such a senate as the other destroyed? The people of this State are more earnest, more independent, and much more intelligent now than they were then. Why must their representatives be worse?

After an active participation in the political work of the last fifteen years, after a careful review of the facts which our State constitutions have established, it is my deliberate conclusion that the Constitution of the United States contains the best framework of government ever constructed by the hand of man; and I think those State constitutions have proved to be the best which most closely resemble the Constitution of the United States. Two prominent characteristics of that instrument are, biennial instead of annual elections, and a stable Senate. The past and present experience of the State of New York only confirms the wisdom of the Constitution of the United States. There is no reason why we should depart from it or idly follow the windings of visionary men. The theories of government are endless and the projects of the visionary are plausible, but the facts of the past dictate to every State convention as the one approved and true pattern the Constitution of the United States.

"SWEETNESS AND LIGHT."

We print elsewhere "A Plea for the Uncultivated," from the pen of an avowed "Philistine," who has probably done as much credit to his group of the two into which Matthew Arnold has divided the human family as any other member of it. He makes one good point against Mr. Arnold in asking how, as long as the world is constituted as at present, most people can avoid being "Philistines." If the great mass of mankind, having to work hard in occupations which do not provide much culture for the mind and yet absorb all the attention, learned "to see things as they are" with as much facility as an Oxford professor, they would be more than human. Moreover, though our "Philistine" does not make this suggestion, Mr. Arnold has displayed in his latest, as indeed in all his sociological papers, considerable difficulty in "seeing things as they are" himself. He is bright, sharp, satirical, and wields a matchless style; but then the style very often covers considerable confusion in thought; and confusion in thought, in anybody who undertakes to call the attention of mankind to their shortcomings, is an unpardonable sin. It comes, we think, in him, as in Thomas Carlyle, from the fact that he has taken the position of fault-finder, but has absolutely declined all responsibility as to remedies, and has thus got rid of the great and only check which prevents the brain of the social reformer from going wool-gathering—to use a popular but very suggestive simile. When a man makes it the business of his life to point out defects in the social system by which he is surrounded, if he acknowledges at the same time his obligation to find a cure for each defect he discovers, and if society makes his finding the cure the condition of being listened to, he is forced into accuracy of thought, no matter what his natural tendency may be. He is compelled to combine the caution of the man in office with the aggressive vigor of the man out of office. The consciousness that he must follow up his exposure of a fault with a plan for remedying it, causes him to consider, in the first place, whether it is a fault or only a misfortune whether anybody, and if so, who, is to blame for it, and how the blame should be distributed; whether the root of it lies in the character or in the circumstances; what amount of effort, the character and circumstances being such as they are, it will take to get rid of it; and so on. No reformer can go through this mental process without weighing his words when he

comes to speak, without infusing into his denunciations some of the judge's justice as well as of the prophet's zeal. Coleridge tells of his having been once much annoyed by an old Jew passing his window and calling "O' clo', o' clo'!" He stopped him, and asked him sharply why he could not say "old clothes," as he did. "Sir," said the Jew, "if you had to cry 'old clothes' as many times a day as I have, you would cry 'o' clo'' yourself." The critic confessed he never felt more thoroughly rebuked in his life, and the reason was that he had not given himself the trouble to think, before finding fault with the Jew's pronunciation, what under the circumstances could be done to improve it.

Now, Matthew Arnold and Thomas Carlyle have both taken up the position of critics of society, pure and simple, and for persons of a certain temperament no task can be easier or more delightful. Society in every country is full of defects, defects both of form and substance, and to sit down and write scathing exposures of them and abuse everybody engaged in the work of the world, to call the coal-heavers beasts because they have coal-dust on their faces, the huckster a fool because he knows nothing of Plato, and the idle, donkeys because they object to being whipped into industry, is one of the most attractive occupations in which a man with a ready pen can engage. But if everybody who engaged in it was obliged to tell the coal-heaver how to keep the coal-dust off his face, and the huckster how to attend to his business and yet study Plato, and convince the idle by argument of the moral value of whipping, comparatively very few would engage in it. Thomas Carlyle's occupation would certainly be gone, and Matthew Arnold would, at least, have to change his method.

Take as an illustration of the looseness of much of Mr. Arnold's talk his comments in his last paper on the motto of the English *Nonconformist*, "*The Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant Religion.*" He takes it for granted that this furnishes the key to the English dissenter's philosophy, and that the aim of the dissenter's existence is to maintain the dissidence of dissent and the protestantism of the Protestant religion, and concludes, naturally enough from such a postulate, that there is not much "sweetness and light," or much immediate prospect of it, in the dissenter's life. But the fact is that the dissenter no more thinks of Dissent and Protestantism as *ends* than Mr. Arnold does himself. They are his means of doing what Mr. Arnold declares to be the end of culture, "making reason and the will of God prevail." The editor of *The Nonconformist* may desire "sweetness and light" just as much as Mr. Arnold, but he conceives the existence of an established Church in England and the propagandism of the Catholic Church to be great obstacles to the prevalence of "sweetness and light;" therefore he cherishes dissent as the instrument for the removal of the state Church, Protestantism as the bulwark against that particular form of spiritual tyranny called Catholicism, and reasonably enough he glorifies the essence of each of them as a valuable social agent.

Our "Philistine" has, however, not been content with defending his class; he has undertaken to carry the war into the enemy's camp, and here he has, we take leave to say, come to grief. Nobody by whose sayings men of culture would be willing to be bound has ever maintained that proficiency of Latin and Greek necessarily entitled a man to a place in the front rank in the world of culture. A great many people do consider the study of the classical languages a good means of securing flexibility and the habit of concentration in the mind, and these are certainly very important qualifications for anybody commencing any pursuit in life. Many more consider an acquaintance with ancient civilization through the classical literature to be a most invaluable preparation for the work of solving the political and social problems of this civilization of ours—an opinion in which we heartily concur. One of the greatest hindrances to human progress is the *narrowness* of men, and narrowness is generally the result of drawing one's experience of life from a limited portion of the earth's surface or a limited period of time. So that, while acquiring Greek and Latin may only give a man command over his own attention, acquaintance with classical history and literature gives him familiarity with a different civilization and a different order of ideas from those in which he has grown up, and the place of which no study of modern life, in no matter how many other countries, can thoroughly supply. Therefore, we do say that the "scholar," in the wide sense of the term, and not in the narrow sense in which "A Philistine" uses it, is better equipped, *other things being equal*, for dealing with even such problems as "What is a dollar?" than the "Philistine" is. But we say "other things being equal," because no amount of acquaintance with antiquity, and no amount of Greek and Latin, will make a feeble mind anything but feeble, or a thick skull anything but thick. That there is an occult virtue in "going to college" is a mediæval delusion.

We must not get angry with classical education because it does not do more than this to fit a man to deal with the social and economical problems of his day. Mathematical education does not even do as much. Of the two, the world owes rather less material or spiritual benefit to the latter than to the former. A young man may become a very thorough mathematician and yet be as much dumbfoundered by the Philistine's "dollar" as the classical scholar. Mathematical learning, although in its higher branches it requires, of course, prodigious intellectual exertion, consists mainly in an exercise of ingenuity—in so combining certain inductions as to make cases which confessedly fall within one, fall also within others. But in dealing with social and economical problems a large part of our difficulty lies in the selection of the facts on which we are to reason; and for the formation of the kind of judgment which is required in this process, general culture—that is, a wide range of knowledge, a familiarity with a variety of forms of society, as well as a highly disciplined mind—are necessary. It is not enough to be conversant with the machinery of "business," nor is it even necessary. In other words, the aim of "culture" is not so much to instruct a man in political economy, though political economy ought to form a part of every system of education, as to furnish him with a mind which, when applied to the economical problems, will handle them with ease and dexterity. Although a college or mere literary education, as it exists at present, may not be the best that can be devised by any means, we think we can show, even to the "Philistine's" satisfaction, that, such as it is, it has done more to fit men for sociological investigation than any other.

We presume he intends the question "What is a dollar?" to cover a knowledge of the laws which regulate the economical relations of men in civilized society. Now, "Philistines," as he himself defines the term, have had, from the earliest ages, far more to do with the *working* of economical laws than the "scholars." The "dollar" has been always in their hands, and on their proper understanding of these laws and of the functions of the dollar have always depended a large proportion of their success in life. Consequently, one would expect that they would have built up a science of social economy—that is, formulated the laws which regulate wages, labor, capital, currency, and exchange, and have furnished the world with a clear account of them. They have, however, done nothing of the kind. There is such a science, of comparatively recent origin, certainly, and still in a very imperfect state, but the "practical men" may be said to have contributed nothing to it whatever. If we run down the list of writers on economical science, from the earliest times to our own day, we find that they are almost without exception "scholars"—that is, men of literary training and not "practical" business men. Lord Bacon, Sir Joshua Child, Melon Forbonnais, Genovesi, Dr. Davenant, Sir William Petty, Hobbes, Locke, Hume, Sir James Stewart, Herbert, De Quesnay, Mirabeau, Turgot, Adam Smith, J. S. Mill, Malthus, and Senior were all "scholars." Mr. Ricardo, in England, was a banker, and made one important contribution to the science in his theory of rent; and Messrs. Cobden and Bright have been exceedingly able teachers of it, but did nothing to enlarge its boundaries. The ablest treatise on it in our day is from the pen of the man who at this moment is the ablest advocate of "culture," and one of the most brilliant examples of its advantages—J. S. Mill. The two ablest political financiers England has produced, the men who have most successfully dealt with the "dollar" problem, were Peel and Gladstone, both "scholars," both full of Greece and Rome. The two ablest political financiers this country has produced, Hamilton and Chase, have been lawyers and university men. In fact, in running over the history of the "dollar," it is singular to see how few traces of their existence "practical" men have left upon it.

The explanation of this phenomenon is easy enough. Political economy, like all other sciences, requires for the successful treatment of its problems not simply familiarity with the things with which it is concerned, but the mental capacity to grasp and apply, through complicated chains of reasoning and a great variety of phenomena, the law of their relations to man; and this comes through mental discipline and a wide general culture. Practical knowledge of trade is, of course, of immense value to a political economist, but unless he has the reasoning faculty and the power of concentration also highly cultivated, it will be of almost no value whatever. A curious illustration of this has been afforded in the case of Mr. Jay Cooke, of Philadelphia, who, having grown rich through selling enormous quantities of Government bonds, got it into his head that, having handled so many bonds, he must be an authority on the nature and functions of public credit, and undertook to demonstrate to a wondering world "that a national debt is a national blessing;" but the result was extremely ridiculous. Business men often have the observing and reasoning faculties, of course, in a high state of development naturally; but, as a general rule, the "scholars" have, and are entitled to, as much pre-eminence in the field of economical science as in that of mere literary taste.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, Aug. 23, 1867.

PARLIAMENT is prorogued, and the quiet season has irrevocably set in. The papers are ready to devote any quantity of space to topics which a fortnight ago could not have obtained admission to their columns. They are debating at full length the plans of the French Emperor, and exhausting themselves in conjectures as to the meaning of his meeting with the Emperor of Austria; they are investigating the causes which led to the death of a few (nobody knows how many) hundreds of thousands of English subjects by the Orissa famine; they have had half a dozen letters about a dead dog which has been lately moving up and down the Thames. And for a time no more lively incidents are likely to present themselves. You will, therefore, I hope, excuse me if I make a few concluding remarks upon the great achievement of the past session—the Reform bill. Its effects will for a year or two be subjects of speculation, as Mr. Disraeli allowed the House, by way of a trifling acknowledgment of their efforts, to put off their own execution till 1869. The means by which the result has been achieved have been sufficiently discussed at earlier stages of the proceeding. Mr. Disraeli has certainly surpassed the expectations of friends and foes. As a master of parliamentary tactics he has shown unrivalled powers. He has fairly trumped his adversaries' hands. He has yielded to all the popular demands, and yet made concession sound like triumph. He has dragged his staunch Tory partisans with him to ends which they denounced a year before as revolutionary; the few faithful Abdiels who protested, though men of weight and ability, have been left helplessly stranded; the opponents, whose measures he has adopted for his own, have been forced to allow him the credit of carrying them. In short, he has, in spite of all prophecy and of all opposition, performed a feat which no one could have anticipated, by an astonishing display of parliamentary skill. Has he shown himself to be a statesman as well as an acute partisan, or has he outwitted himself, as well as others, and laid the foundation of future ruin in a temporary triumph? Time must show; meanwhile I must also admit that his adversaries have not succeeded in increasing their reputation or escaping from the false position in which he placed them. Mr. Gladstone, who began the session well, committed many of his characteristic faults, and his enemies may still say with plausibility, if not with truth, that he is too impulsive and too quick-tempered to lead a party in Parliament. Mr. Bright has shown at intervals his unequalled eloquence and fire; but his tactics have certainly failed, and he allowed himself to be tempted, at least once, into an opposition, which appeared to be factious, to his own opinions when brought forward by an adversary. Mr. Mill has gained some triumphs, especially in the partial acceptance of his pet theory of the representation of minorities—I confess my own doubts as to its being a very promising scheme—but he, too, has shown the foibles to which an imperfect sympathy with the medium in which he is placed is occasionally too favorable; his audience gain the right, which they eagerly desire, to call him crotchety (the abusive equivalent to philosophical), because he puts forward his crotchets or philosophical tenets a little too eagerly and unequivocally for their taste. But whatever good or harm the passage of the bill may have done to individual reputations, one thing is clear: the resisting power to innovations has been strangely diminished. A bill which its adversaries have denounced, and one of them especially, Mr. Lowe, with no common power, as democratic and subversive, has been carried by a Tory minister, not in obedience to any strong pressure from without—and this is the most remarkable point—for the popular excitement was never comparable to that which forced the old Reform bill and the repeal of the corn-laws upon the country, but chiefly because people had become convinced that something must be done. I consider the passing of the bill to be the indication of a very widely-spread feeling that we have lately been dropping behind the age, that our institutions want a thorough overhauling, that vested interests have become too powerful, and that the only means of starting our rusty machinery with new impetus is to call in the aid of democratic energy. Representation of minorities is a pretty theory, and might be a desirable improvement in some other countries; but what we want is the representation of majorities or anything else that will prevent our constitutional machinery from becoming fairly clogged, covered with blue-mould, and in danger of decay from long-continued immobility. The feeling that something must be done has been increased by many circumstances lately; to mention only one, by the extreme feebleness that has lately marked our foreign policy, and the curious fatality, or, perhaps I should say, the perverse instinct, which leads our governing classes to take the retrograde side of every question, even when they understand nothing whatever about it. They sympathized with the South against the North, with Austria against Prussia, and with all the powers of darkness against a united Italy. If they could have carried the country with them they would long ago have succeeded in breaking our heads against some brick wall or other. I believe, indeed—as I hope most Englishmen believe—that this is a proof of a temporary unfitness of our institutions. They represent the feelings of a generation back. We are like a crustacean which has grown too big for its shell, and has to go through some unpleasant throes in casting it. When the process has been surmounted, I hope that we shall again rise to our old place, and show that the vitality of the country has not been seriously injured.

There is another view, of which the most forcible expression has been given by Mr. Carlyle. "Shooting Niagara, and After?" is the title of a paper in the August *Macmillan* which, I presume, all lovers of a curious literary flavor will have already studied. The perverseness and the spurts of irrelevant fury with which it is occasionally marked have induced most English papers to treat it simply with ridicule. They say, Pooh, nonsense! and there is an end of it; and I am half inclined to agree with them. Still, I doubt whether the poohpooh arguments can ever quite sum up the fitting reply to a man of genius, and I am more inclined to sympathize with *The Pall Mall Gazette*, which has translated Carlylese into English, pared off some of the eccentricities, and presented a very respectable residuum of argument which demands a serious answer. I think, indeed, that *The Gazette* has unconsciously altered the essence of his remarks in this process of distillation, and has made him the mouthpiece of ideas not his own. Carlyle, it says, is the most influential of modern English writers—a proposition from which I entirely dissent. Some fifteen or twenty years ago this was nearer the truth. University students then talked Carlylese naturally; every youth who wished to be a little ahead of his neighbors was a disciple of the mysterious Teufelsdroeckh; Carlyle, in short, was the prophet of the rising generation, of the advanced guard of the radical school. That has completely ceased to be the case. The idol of the rising generation is undoubtedly Mr. Mill, than whom a more complete contrast to Carlyle can hardly be conceived. Every young gentleman who wishes to be before his age—that is, every clever young man with a soul above boating and cricket—studies Mill on logic and political economy and liberty and representative government. They are the sacred books of the new sect; Carlyle has undergone the fate to which humorists are specially liable, of falling out of fashion; his path lies too far from the beaten track. Still, he is a great humorist, and a man of great imagination, and to that I conceive that both his merits and his defects are owing. Both are displayed in the essay in *Macmillan*, which is worth studying if only for the skill with which it arrays rather commonplace remarks in an original dress. Carlyle, I have often thought, should be compared in literature to Rembrandt in art. He has the same peculiar power of seeing events in an exaggerated chiaroscuro. The high lights are concentrated on certain points and the great mass left in obscurity. This is equally conspicuous in his treatment of events and of characters. In this essay he says: "What is the use of liberty? To the good man it is a blessing that he should develop his own character; but to the bad man it is a curse; he should be forced to do right and be thankful for the force." This would be quite true if the world were as Mr. Carlyle sees it; if there were a few heaven-born heroes with superhuman insight, and the rest of the world were purblind sinners creeping at their feet, and from ignorance as much as from vice continually plunging deeper into chaos and misery. But I don't quite agree in this view. I think the heroes have a good deal of earth in their composition, and the common men a good deal of heavenly light; I fancy that, on the whole, men are guided more by aspirations upwards than by their viler propensities, and that, consequently, it would never do to put whips into the hands of the heroes and let them drive the vile herd at their own free will. And I also admit that were it not for the existence of some virtue and some common sense in the masses, liberty would be as ridiculous as Mr. Carlyle represents it. It is to this same curious tendency of his imagination that many of Mr. Carlyle's mistakes in other matters are owing. He loves the picturesque with his whole soul—the one eminent figure standing erect and well brought out from the background—and, therefore, he talks the intolerable nonsense (I can call it by no other name), that he repeats from the "Iliad in a nutshell" about the American war. He refuses to see anything in slavery except "permanent servitude;" that is, an engagement for a life instead of a year, as though the other incidents of slavery were of no importance; and further declares that this question of length of engagement was the only thing settled by the war. This points to another weakness which is a natural corollary of the first. He has a distrust, or rather an utter abhorrence, of the scientific view of history. He thinks that all questions are to be settled by "insight," *i. e.*, by looking at things from a poetical or imaginative point of view and judging by the picturesqueness of their appearance. If they group well, if the

light and shade are properly arranged, all is right; but he never dreams of the necessity of checking his impressions by any correcting statistics or by any careful induction; he knows nothing of any theory of a gradual development of the human race, or of any weighing of the unseen social forces which are often the most important. History is to him a succession of kaleidoscopic pictures, not the gradual unrolling of a mighty scheme. Hence we find such extraordinary results as that in this essay he actually rests his hopes for England in our return to aristocracy. The English aristocrat is, he says, the politest man known, and therefore he falls down and begs him to come and save us. It wants something more than politeness or science (another cardinal virtue of theirs) to do this; it would require, amongst other things, that the world should roll back on its hinges; that old ties and sentiments that have been decaying for centuries should start into new life. To one who looks upon history as a shifting phantasmagoria of picturesque scenes, that is a possibility; to people who condescend to think and observe, it is as vain a fancy as that feudalism should revive, or that men should give up gunpowder and take to bows and arrows. If the laws of human nature should change, how nice it would be!

I see that I have diverged into what you will perhaps care little about, a criticism of Mr. Carlyle as a writer; and yet I know not why it should not be as interesting as the thrice-told story with which I started—the criticism of the Reform bill. I began with the intention of saying more at length that with which I must now conclude, that your readers will find in Mr. Carlyle's essay, after making allowance for the writer's eccentricities, a very powerful and valuable statement of a very general creed. He, with many other more temperate writers, thinks that we are beginning to shoot Niagara; and notwithstanding his mournful views of politics in general, even he sees some hope in the approaching break-up of many antiquated pieces of humbug and conventionality. His hope, indeed, points in a very strange direction when he fancies that the aristocracy will put together the new ship of state, to be pieced together from the fragments of the old one when the crash in the falls is over. But the concordance of this prophet of one extreme school with the opinions of many of the opposite persuasion is worth noting, and may lead to an appreciation of the true nature of the approaching change.

Correspondence.

A PLEA FOR THE UNCULTIVATED.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We have had much good writing of late on the subject of culture, and much disputation as to the comparative merits of classical and scientific studies, yet it remains for one of the uncultivated to ask the question, "What is the end you seek when you claim that culture is the highest aim to which we workers must aspire?"

Define your purpose—give us a scientific definition of your words. What is the culture for which you would have us all strive?

If we take the popular estimation, we should probably find that in the minds of the greater number of people men would be sorted into four classes:

1st. The scholars. In this class we should find placed the highest, those whose attainments are the furthest removed from present times and interests, the learned Grecians, the scholars who have sucked in Latin with their mothers' milk, who, having had placed before them the theory that the study of language is the best discipline of the mind, and having become great philologists, have therefore proved themselves the most able men.

2d. The men of science, the great astronomers, the engineers, the chemists; but as these men come somewhat nearer to our everyday needs—since by the aid of the astronomer we sail ships with safety, and ships carry more cargo—since by the aid of the engineers we build railroads, and railroads only carry pork and cotton and the like—since the chemist only teaches us to make soap and to dye calico—we cannot feel that they are free from the taint of material things: they are not lifted above the vulgar wants of what theologians stigmatize as this corrupt body, and therefore they deserve not to be considered men of pure culture.

3d. The men of affairs—merchants, manufacturers, tradesmen, and artisans—to whom a little culture may be possible in their leisure hours, but whose pursuits are not in harmony with it, whose aims are in their nature such as to preclude high culture, who are the mudsills of conventional society, and under whom come the

4th class. The great mass of workers, who are the mud, the common clay, upon whom conventional society may set its feet, but who cannot partake in the culture which is the chief good to be attained in life.

We, the uncultivated, the Philistines, as Matthew Arnold calls us, have become so accustomed to this classification that we accept it without a protest, and even though most of us are engaged in pursuits by which the hungry are fed more bountifully and the naked are clothed more warmly than they would have been had we not worked out our vocation, some of us, I say, accept our doom as Philistines, and look up to the man whose head is crammed with the knowledge of books, who has found in the study of language the best development of the mind, as a superior being resting on a higher plane.

Have we not a right to question the justice of this popular classification? We know that, except for our work, the culture of the scholar who despises our pursuits would be impracticable. The first requirement of scholarship, unless in the rare case of the man of genius, is leisure, and leisure is not possible except from the accumulation of capital. Some one must labor, some one must trade, in order that the surplus result of labor may take the form of capital, on the income or principal of which the scholar may live.

This accumulation of capital, this process of consolidating labor for future use, this trade, commerce, manufacturing, and the like, absolutely demands an absorption, a persistent application of the intellect and of the time to such an extent as to render high culture, according to the ordinary use of the term, practically impossible. We must work, we must be Philistines whether we will or not, else there can be no culture either for us or for our critics who abuse us.

We may have good manners, we may be polished men; but if culture consists in the development of the mind by its application to language, literature, science, or art, we can share in it to a very limited extent.

But let us see if the scholar or the man of high culture can meet all the requirements. If he has fully cultivated his mind he should be able to use it, to apply it in any direction. Let us try him.

Ask him what a dollar is and he can only tell you it is a coin. Its function, its power, the intricate yet simple laws which govern its use among men, are to him as Greek to the Philistine. Yet mistakes as to the nature of the dollar have ruined nations and almost stopped the march of civilization. Perhaps the historian can trace the ruin of a nation to a mistake in Greek, but to the Philistine such knowledge is not given.

I challenge the man of pure culture, whose aim is culture, who has made the development of his intellectual faculties the study of his life, and, absorbed in his books, has simply crammed his head with knowledge, none of which ever comes out to give "sweetness and light" to mankind. In what is his accumulation more worthy of praise than that of the avaricious man who accumulates capital? In one respect it is even less worthy of praise. The scholar must be supported by the labor of others; he consumes the capital which some one else has gathered; but the avaricious man who accumulates capital cannot, if he would, fail to benefit others. The accumulation of his capital comes from its use, and no one will pay for its use except for his own gain. The user supplements his own labor with the capital of the miser, increasing his own share while he pays interest or profit on the capital. The use of capital promotes the abundance of commodities.

In most cases your scholar or man of science will despise your question, "What is a dollar?" or profess, with some scorn, an utter inability to apply his mind to any such problem.

I question much whether any problem in philology or science or mathematics is a better exercise for the mind than are the problems which must be solved in trade, finance, and the collection of revenue.

These are the questions which treat of the relations of men to each other, in which mistakes may be of such fatal character as to neutralize every effort of the teacher or the preacher to elevate human nature.

Is it not time for the manufacturers, the merchants, the traders, and the artisans to assert their claim? to prove that any culture which does not include them is incomplete? to demand that sociology, social science, political economy, the science of wealth, or by whatever name you may call the investigation of the laws of human relations, shall be included in every scheme of education?

When this has been accomplished we may find merchants and traders and artisans no longer accepting their doom as Philistines, or weakly attempting to evade it by a smattering of literature or art, but claiming for themselves a position as high as that of others who now look down upon them; and claiming this position by virtue of a clear perception of the fact that by their work the abundance of things is increased, the comfort of humanity promoted, the leisure of the scholar made possible, and true culture, or, as it has been well defined by Arnold, sweetness and light, diffused among all, and not monopolized by a few.

"A Philistine."

MR. STANTON AND GENERAL GRANT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have just read your article on Mr. Stanton, and feel that I must thank you for it. You have, I assure you, but done justice to him. From the day he entered the War Office to the close, I have followed him with the best opportunities for observation, and I am sure the nation owes a debt it can never pay to him. As chairman of the Military Committee I was brought into intimate relations with Mr. Stanton. I saw him under all circumstances—in the hour of victory, in the day of disaster, and in these later times of anxiety and humiliation, and I can truly declare that he was an able, honest, and devoted statesman. Often rough in speech and act; sometimes hasty and of necessity unjust, he was yet ever earnest, passionately devoted to the country and to liberty. It has been my fortune to know many public men during the trials through which we have passed, but no one has impressed upon my mind more evidences of being actuated by a sense of duty to the country.

I know that he remained in office for the past two years to do what he could to save what the country had done. He felt that it was a hard lot to be distrusted by friends, and we often talked the matter over. Some months ago he said to me: "I will not resign; I will die in this room rather than leave my post of duty. I know I have done some good and prevented much evil, and our friends may see it when I am gone." He believed it was the duty of a public man, as well as a soldier, to sacrifice himself, if need be, for

the country. I honored and loved him for silently bearing the burden of office and reproach. He gave the highest evidence of patriotism and unselfishness in staying in Johnson's cabinet.

Grant knew that Mr. Stanton remained in office for the sake of the country; for he was present, only a few weeks ago, when Mr. Stanton spoke of these matters. They were friends, agreed in policy, and I am confident Grant is acting from the same high motives. If so, he is making a great sacrifice that should win our respect. If he is acting otherwise, for personal ends, he is false to opinions I know he entertained only a few weeks ago.

Yours truly, HENRY WILSON.

NATICK, Mass., Aug. 24, 1867.

CO-ORDINATE DEPARTMENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of August 29 you say, in your first editorial, "The real value of the doctrine of the equality of the departments is twofold. The first is historical, that it freed, as we have said above, the legislature and the judiciary from the control of the executive, in which in past ages they had always been. To a superficial view the legislature appears the weakest of the three; its power is latent, but *it is there*, ready to be called into actual exercise; and he is either a very brave or a very foolish man who ventures in the light of historical experience to provoke it. The ignominious overthrow of the President by Congress is not, therefore, a political revolution, but the effect of a rapid development of the natural tendencies of the Constitution." I think the meaning of your whole article might be condensed into the following statement: "Formerly the executive was despotic; our Government made the legislature coequal; but it should simply have transferred this despotic power from the President to Congress, and as this was not done before, it had better be done now; for this is only 'a rapid development of the natural tendencies of the Constitution.'"

This view strikes a deadly blow at a written constitution, because, as Congress represents the fluctuations of public opinion more rapidly than the President or the Supreme Court, it is thereby entitled to rule them both. If Congress should not only pass upon the extent of its own power, but designate the particular officer to execute its own laws, what then? The absolute rights of every one would be in the control of the majority, and we would instantly have to adopt the plan now accepted in England, and give the minority representation. This minority would either limit the power of the majority, or it would not. If it *would*, we would still have a constitution, but one uncertain and precarious. If it would *not*, then the majority could justly pass upon my right to breathe.

Is not a written constitution in which the extent of government [is clearly defined], and a body of judges [appointed] to pass upon that extent, better than this? That the day may come when every man will be a law unto himself I trust and believe; but "why were laws made, but that we 're rogues by nature?" and until we cease so to be, a written constitution, with its three departments, each supreme in its own sphere, will be the hope, the only hope, of FREEDOM.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 5, 1867.

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The Week.

THERE is no further news of importance from Washington. Mr. Johnson, it is said, understands his amnesty proclamation as restoring to the persons covered by it all their rights, civil and political, just as if there had been no rebellion, all acts of Congress to the contrary notwithstanding, but says the question of their right to the suffrage must be settled by the courts. With that he has nothing to do. It is rumored, moreover, that he intends to give not an order but a strong "hint" to the military commanders to keep the registration open beyond the date prescribed by the law, but even if this be true there is, of course, no probability that any such hint would receive attention. It may serve to give some idea of Mr. Johnson's state of mind to mention that he ascribes the outrage recently committed by Colonel Gilbert's soldiers in Arkansas to "Radical teachings." The soldiers sacked a printing-office because a newspaper printed in it had libelled them, and they did so, it appears, with the approval of their commanding officer, who is now under trial by court-martial for it, and the charge against him is based on his violation of the express provisions of the Radical Reconstruction act. But then Mr. Johnson may be right after all, for there is hardly anything the Radicals have not done, or caused or permitted to be done. Did they not provoke the South into insurrection, and did they not cause the New Orleans massacre? We some time ago drew the attention of *The World*, which is singularly acute in the detection of their connection with great crimes, catastrophes, and calamities, to the coincidence of the terribly severe weather last winter with the Radical ascendancy in Washington, in the hope that it would state the law of the relation of the Radicals to the climate, but we have had no response.

General Butler has sent to *The Evening Post* an explanation of his conversation with the reporter of the Boston *Advertiser*, touching the payment of five-twenty bonds, but it is not much of an explanation after all. He says that his scheme differs from Mr. Pendleton's inasmuch as Mr. Pendleton proposes to issue fresh greenbacks to pay off the bonds, while he only proposes to use for this purpose the greenbacks now in existence. This correction made, all we said on this matter last week stands good, and the project has been received by the Republican press with such unmistakable manifestations of disgust that it seems almost a waste of labor to say anything more about it. It may be well to add, however, that Mr. Hooper stated expressly in the House that these bonds were to be payable in gold, and such has since been the understanding of the country and the world—and especially of the widows and orphans who have put their money into them. The reason why it was expressly stipulated that the interest should be payable in coin was that the interest began to run immediately, paper being a legal tender, while the general expectation was and is that before the principal fell due gold and silver would be the only legal tender. Therefore General Butler's attempt to draw the inference that the existence of an express stipulation in one case excluded the supposition that there was any understood stipulation in the other, to say nothing of his other ingenious suggestions, was an unworthy attempt to apply to the decision of a great question of national honor and obligation expedients drawn from what Burke calls the "petty warfare of village vexation." It does one good, however, to see the leading Republican organ, the New York *Tribune*, smash the theory with a few blows of manly and honest logic. "What did we agree to do?" and not "What will it be easy or convenient for us to do?" is the question which a great nation has to ask itself in all matters of obligation, and it is the only question which anybody making any pretence to the character of a statesman should ever suggest to it.

The career of the personage who now styles himself "Acting Attorney-General," or as he is known in the newspapers, "Binckley," *tout court*, is one which is rarely met with in the Western world. His rise resembles the rise of a grand vizier at an Oriental court rather than that of a Christian lawyer, and it forms, perhaps, the most singular incident of Mr. Johnson's singular administration. "Binckley" is a jack-of-all-trades, who has been everything by turns and nothing long. According to an account given of him by the Washington correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser*, after having first made his appearance in Washington as a portrait painter, and then tried land agency, writing for newspapers, a clerkship in a Government office, and other shifts, he turned his mind to the law about three years ago, has had one case in court, which he judiciously withdrew, and then suddenly emerged as "Acting Attorney-General" of the United States, having been selected by Mr. Johnson as legal adviser of the Executive of the United States during a most critical period. We doubt if a parallel for this can be found in the history of any civilized state. "Binckley," too, has actually been permitted to "advise" the President in the Sickles case; that is, to furnish Mr. Johnson with legal reasons for arraying himself in hostility to Congress and the majority of the people, and the opinion was what might have been expected from a jurist of Binckley's standing.

Harper's Weekly calls attention to one question on which the policy of the extreme Radicals in the House and Senate has certainly been justified by events, and that is the question of adjournment. Mr. Sumner, Mr. Stevens, and others urged earnestly the maintenance of the session through the summer as a check on Mr. Johnson, but their Conservative

colleagues—from, as it now appears, over-confidence in Mr. Johnson's honesty—overruled them. The prolongation of the session certainly did not necessarily involve impeachment, while it would have most probably held the President in terror, or, at all events, have furnished the means of repressing him at any moment. But then the Conservatives were not, in regard to this any more than in regard to the impeachment, wholly wrong. There were dangers in a protracted session of Congress which were almost if not quite as appalling to a large body of the people as the possibility of Mr. Johnson's doing what he has done. Business was in a very depressed state, and there was not the least hope or prospect of its rallying as long as Congress remained in session with no real business before it, owing to the fear of its tinkering the tariff and the currency. It was well known that there was a powerful lobby trying to force it into doing one or other, or both, of these things, and plenty of other mischief besides, and business men were justly terrified by the prospect. We may add that unless Mr. Johnson should accomplish a greater amount of evil than he has yet done, we shall not feel at all sure that the Conservatives were not right after all.

The testimony as to General Grant's sympathy with Congress, and thorough understanding of his position and of the expectations and desires of the public, increases every day. The Boston *Commonwealth* reports an interesting conversation on this subject with Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, a warm and intimate friend of Grant, which goes to show that Grant took the secretaryship after a full understanding with Mr. Stanton, that he is fully alive to the perils and difficulties of the crisis, and that he earnestly urged the Conservatives of the Senate to retain in the bill the power of dismissing district commanders which the House had bestowed on him, fearing what has since occurred, or, as *The Commonwealth* has it, "transpired"—a word which is coming more and more into use amongst the reporters for grand occasions. Great state events "transpire;" common events happen. For instance, things "transpire" in "residences;" in houses they occur or come to pass. Differences between Mr. Johnson and Mr. Grant "transpire," while a fight between two hodmen would only occur.

The Lynchburg (Va.) *Republican* discovers in our assertion that the Supreme Court is simply, "when the destinies of the nation are at stake, nine elderly men," an "evidence of the lawlessness and demoralized spirit of the times." Now, nobody believes that the Supreme Court *is* anything more than "nine elderly men" when its decisions are opposed to the opinions of the majority on a matter which the majority considers to be of vital importance. The Dred Scott decision, for instance, was treated precisely as if any nine men in the country had uttered it. Nothing will, under such circumstances, ever make the Court anything more than this except the power of working miracles. If it can throw those who doubt its authority into convulsions, it will always be obeyed; but if it can only pronounce them guilty of a "contempt," it sometimes will not be obeyed. We regret this just as we regret the absence of a guiding and universally recognized authority in religious matters, but we are no more responsible for it than we are for the existence of the seventy-four sects of Christendom. "Freedom" has sent us another shriek from Philadelphia, in which he too seems to hold that unless we admit, against the evidence of our senses, that nobody ever can or will dispute the authority of the Court, we are somehow helping to break down the Constitution. We wish some of these sages would think a little more, and weep and wail a little less.

The leading topics of discussion in the European papers are the intentions of the Emperor of the French, as indicated by his speeches on his return from Salzburg. The interpretations put upon them of course vary, but the general result is profound uneasiness, producing on the Continent, and particularly in Paris, a complete stagnation of business, and loading the banks with unemployed capital. His admission that there are "dark spots" in the sky is taken to be a confession of faults which an autocrat would hardly be likely to make unless he were bent on atoning for them by a grand blow. An interesting article in the London *Economist*, on the timidity of French bankers and merchants, and the pettiness of their operations as compared with those of Englishmen or Americans, points how largely it is due to political anxiety. When an Englishman twits a Paris banker on his caution, he replies that there are no revolutions in England; in France there are—he has seen them, and knows what they mean. All this is an excellent illustration of the weakness of Cæsarism as a system of government for the commercial and highly complex civilization of the modern world. In a democracy, the publicity of the governmental process enables people to perceive tendencies, and form a tolerably good estimate of what is going to happen, and they can make their arrangements accordingly. If there is a warlike feeling abroad, they may safely calculate on war; if there is a general leaning towards peace, they may calculate on peace; but when peace and war are arranged by one man in his closet, for reasons of which the public knows nothing, safe commercial operations on a great scale are impossible. The imperial system is, in fact, very well adapted to simple societies like that of ancient Rome or modern Russia; but it is impossible for it to sustain itself as a permanency amongst the more highly civilized nations of our day.

The Austrian treasury, as we pointed out a fortnight ago, is in a bad way, and, as the empire is not strong in financiers, it has been trying to borrow a Dutchman, M. Van Bosse, formerly Minister of Finance in Holland, to infuse order into the chaos. But he is not to be caught, and the Kaiser is forced to content himself with the advice simply of another Dutchman, M. Wevering. The problem to be solved is how to pay debts without money, and M. Wevering's solution is simple and efficacious. He says they cannot be paid; that the Austrian creditors must suffer some loss; and that, after this, some improvement in the financial condition may be effected, but only very slowly. We hope that Francis Joseph, before he adopts M. Wevering's plan, will try what we can do for him in this country. If he will only leave the selection in our hands, we will furnish him, not with one, but with two or three American gentlemen who will put him in the way of saving his credit with hardly any outlay. We shall not name them at present; but we may say that they are in possession of a little machine, by the aid of which they undertake to discharge government obligations at the rate of millions an hour, whether bonds, notes, bills, or debentures, without any compromise or reduction. It makes no difference, too, in which species of money the debt may have been contracted. They can supply either florins or ducats or pounds or dollars with equal facility. This is no humbug. We advise all embarrassed governments to give them a trial.

Mr. Acland, who is well known in England as an "electoral agent," has been preparing statistics with the view of showing what will be the nature and effect of the changes made by the Reform bill. His first table shows that in forty-one boroughs the number of householders rated under four pounds exceeds that of the old ten-pound householders by majorities ranging from fifteen up to twenty-four hundred. If this indicated what it seems to indicate, of course we should be warranted in concluding that the act would completely and at once change the character of the House of Commons. But as we pointed out when discussing the effect of the new measure some weeks ago, a large number of the smaller boroughs are inhabited by agricultural laborers and small shopkeepers who are completely under the influence of the neighboring gentry. Twenty-seven of the above forty-one are of this class—the four-pound householders in them being nearly all agricultural laborers, brutally ignorant, and described by Lord Malmesbury, when speculating in the House of Lords on their probable political action, as "knowing at least the name of the sovereign if they did not know that of the clergyman of the parish"—a circumstance from which he seemed to derive a good deal of consolation. In boroughs of this class it is safe to say the Tory influence has been strengthened rather than diminished by the act. The great landholders are as sure of their votes as they are of the daily appearance of the voters to work on their estates.

The Reform League is now agitating for manhood suffrage, but we venture to assert that unless the further extension of the suffrage is accompanied by a system of thorough popular education, it would—English society being constituted as it is, and English land distributed as it is—only strengthen the hands of the class it is intended to overthrow, and strengthen it by a great increase of corruption and intimidation.

A striking illlustration of the value of the "dissidence of dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion"—the Nonconformist devotion to which, in England, has so disgusted Matthew Arnold—has been afforded by a recent incident in Northamptonshire, in which a Mr. Smeeton, a tenant farmer, has been turned out of his farm by Mr. Villiers—a brother of the Earl of Clarendon—because, being a Dissenter, he refused to pay church rates, although he had cheerfully contrbuted to a fund raised for the restoration of the parish church. Mr. Smeeton says another landlord refused a farm to his (Smeeton's) father simply because he was a Dissenter; and he knew of a case in his own village where a little girl had been turned out of the parish school, built partly with the public money, because her Baptist parents did not choose to have her "christened." The English Nonconformists may therefore fairly oppose church establishments and Catholicism with all their might without laying themselves open to the charge of thereby throwing obstacles in the way either "of reason and the will of God" or of "sweetness and light."

The last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* contains an elaborate review of some of the manufactured products exhibited at the Great Exposition. The following with reference to the cotton manufactures of France is worth citing, in view of the discussion which is now beginning to rage here:

"The commercial treaties with England date from 1860 to 1861. The first movement of our industrial interests was, as every one remembers, to take the alarm, and, above all others, the cotton manufacture believed itself doomed. It thought itself so vulnerable on ever so many points—the price of coal, of iron, of machinery, of the elements or instruments of its labor, the interest on capital, the perfection of the workmanship and the extent of the markets. To expose it to such a shock was to ask it to rejoice over its own ruin; it would, at least, have been prudent to have waited till it was better prepared. Time has passed over these griefs, and shown how little foundation they had. . . . . Far from sinking under the experiment, our cotton manufacture has gained by it. England, it is true, has lost none of her advantages—the low price of coal and great power of exchange; but we have real compensation in the greater cheapness of labor and in the salutary stimulus given to the threatened establishments by the necessity of defending themselves. It is but justice to confess that to the complaints of the first moment have succeeded the manliest and most sustained efforts. . . . Until then many spinning-mills, enervated by protection, had lived on in a small way with defective machinery; this machinery has been completely renewed. In other cases, the work was carried on on too small a scale, and consequently languished. In every direction now the average of the operations has been raised to such a point that the smallest establishments do good service."

We quote the above as the testimony of a distinguished Frenchman, M. Reybaud, in the leading French review, and as a matter of considerable economical interest; because France furnishes what Bacon calls a "prerogative instance" in this controversy—her case being that of a nation, protectionist in opinion and feeling and traditions, which has had free trade forced upon her unjustifiably, as we have always thought, by an absolute monarch.

The Tribune's "special despatch" from Constantinople, ten days ago—announcing the presentation of an "ultimatum" to the Porte by the Russian ambassador, and demanding the cession of Candia to Greece and the equality of the Christians, gave that journal "the satisfaction of being the first to announce a movement, on the part of Russia, which probably assures the speedy dissolution of the Turkish empire, and may be the signal of a general European war"—turns out, as we predicted last week, to be just three-fourths fiction. The Constantinople correspondent furnished us on Wednesday morning with a full proof of his wildness and excitability. The "ultimatum" is neither more nor less than an elaborate plan of reform, drawn from the Russian Government by a visit of Fuad Pasha to the Czar, and by a personal request for advice addressed to General Ignatief by the Sultan himself, "*recommending*" the cession of Candia to Greece, and "*proposing*" certain internal reforms. The only pretext for calling it an "ultimatum" is General Ignatief's saying that if this advice was not taken, his master "would not be responsible for the consequences." The correspondent then unblushingly adds: "I do not think Russia is ready to follow up this ultimatum now; but it is evident she is preparing to strike as soon as war breaks *out in Europe*." Our advice to *The Tribune* is to instruct this gentleman in the meaning of "ultimatum," and to add to his "special despatches" a caution to the public.

Mrs. Theresa Longworth Yelverton, who has figured so prominently before the courts of Great Britain, in her attempts to establish the validity of her marriage with Major Yelverton, is now in this country seeking to raise money, by giving readings, to enable her to prosecute her suit still further. A paragraph in the New York *Tribune*, written evidently with the praiseworthy view of securing sympathy for her, gives a very incorrect version of her husband's position. He was forced to resign his commission in the army, it is true; but not "because he was living with another woman not his wife," as *The Tribune* asserts. This is not "an offence against morality and decency for which men are dismissed from the British army, as being unfit to associate with gentlemen," as *The Tribune* thinks. If it were, the British army would be summarily deprived of a great many valuable officers. What Major Yelverton was dismissed for was his having, on his own confession, gone through a marriage ceremony in Ireland, which he did not believe to be legally binding, for the purpose of betraying her, and for divers other frauds and falsehoods thereanent. Moreover, the legality of Mrs. Yelverton's marriage in Ireland has, we believe, received no confirmation beyond the verdict of a jury in Dublin in an action brought by a third party against Major Yelverton for his wife's maintenance, and the jury were unquestionably guided far more by their feeling of the major's rascality than by any opinion as to the validity of the marriage. The question turned upon the point whether Major Yelverton was or was not a Catholic at the time of the marriage, and on this the evidence in his favor was impregnable, although it was equally clear that at the marriage he had lied on this very point. We wish Mrs. Yelverton every success; but she will hardly desire herself that her position or that of Mr. Yelverton should be misstated.

A remarkable illustration of the economical ignorance of the working-men has recently occurred in England. A man has invented a machine which saves one-third of the labor of paper-hanging, and tried to show it to one of the leading firms in London, but could not get access to the head of the firm for a long time owing to the hostility of the men. When he sent in his card it was never delivered, and he was told the person he wanted to see was out. When he did at last see him, his machine was refused through fear of the men. The inventor was next civilly invited by some workmen to show them the machine, which he did in the innocence of his heart, but got a black eye and a good deal of abuse for his pains. He left the machine on trial at another shop, and it was smashed. In this matter of machines a very little reflection, or, in place of reflection, a very little knowledge, would show that a manufacturer who secures a machine which saves one-third of the hand labor, does not necessarily forthwith reduce his force by one-third. He has the same amount of capital to employ as ever, and the result is that he employs the same amount of labor but accomplishes one-third more results—in other words, extends his business. Of course it is possible that in some trades the demand may not at once keep pace with the supply after the invention of a labor-saving machine, but the disproportion rarely lasts very long, as cheapness is a great stimulator of want.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, have nearly ready Bacon's "Essays," with Whately's annotations, of which an American edition has before been published, but to which Mr. F. F. Heard has added a preface, notes, a glossarial index, and the bibliography of the essays, in all about 100 pages, making the volume superior to any British edition ever published. John Wilson's press has already been used for a large-paper edition, limited to fifty copies. The same house will publish a book of lectures by Henry Giles.——Messrs. Roberts Bros. have in press Count de Falloux's "Life and Letters of Madame Swetchine," translated by Miss Preston; "The Layman's Breviary," from the German of Leopold Schefer, by Rev. Chas. T. Brooks, the successful translator of Goethe and Jean Paul; "My Prisons," by Silvio Pellico, illustrated; "The Friendships of Women," by Rev. W. R. Alger; and new editions of "A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe" and "The Rob Roy in the Baltic."——The autumn list of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields embraces, of course, a large number of the works of Dickens, in the various editions of this house, but besides these the following: Mr. Chas. Eliot Norton's translation of Dante's "Vita Nuova," uniform with Longfellow's translation of "The Comedy;" the "Life of Josiah Quincy," by his son Edmund; "Waverley" and "Guy Mannering," in one volume, being the first of a reissue of the Household Edition of the Waverley novels, to match the Library Edition of Dickens, and to make twenty-five volumes in all; a new volume of poems and an illustrated edition of "Lucile," by Owen Meredith, another by Robert Browning, a third by Alice Cary—"The Lover's Diary;" a "Red-Line Tennyson;" "Opportunity," a novel, by the author of "Emily Chester;" a new edition of Dio Lewis's "New Gymnastics;" an illustrated edition of Whittier's "Snow-bound;" Dr. Holmes's "Guardian Angel;" "A Journey in Brazil," by Prof. and Mrs. Agassiz; "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," by the late H. D. Thoreau—one of his earliest and most charming works; "Prayers of the Ages," by the editors of "Hymns of the Ages;" and a great variety of juvenile stories, by Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Child, Grace Greenwood, Alice Cary, etc.

—The permanent loss of California to the liberal party of the country is not probable if the recent political defeat does nothing to impair the common-school system or to diminish the educational zeal of the State. Simultaneously with the news of the election we read in a San Francisco newspaper that more books have been produced in California during the past twelve months than in all its previous existence. These, it will be understood, are entirely Californian, from authorship to mechanical execution. One work, of which the title is not given, but which is said to possess a permanent value, after passing through the press in San Francisco, has been stereotyped and sent East to be reprinted here. They are the first stereotype plates of any consequence ever made in California, and we suppose it is found cheaper to transport them than the volumes themselves, in order to supply the readers of this side of the continent. The growth of a native literature on the Pacific Coast will be watched with interest, owing to the peculiar composition of the population, their geographical independence of the rest of the country, on the one hand, and their commercial and geographical connection with Asia and Polynesia, on the other. The public taste, we should imagine, would be quite as elevated as in many an older Western State.

—Professor T. G. Müller, of Basel, has gathered into one volume all the knowledge extant in books of the aboriginal religions of this country (Amerikanische Urreligionen). It is a well-arranged history, to which, of course, our literature contributes a great deal, and for which the author availed himself also of the rich collection of Mexican and other antiquities in the Museum of Basel. He concludes that the American Indians did not get their religions from the nations of the Old World, but that the origin of these religions is to be sought in the nature of the human spirit, and their differences in the different relations of the American nations to nature. Of course Prof. Müller denies the one-pair development of the human race, and perhaps would not assent to Prof. Huxley's views on the pre-historic distribution of mankind. He shows how every people in Europe has by turns been assumed to be the ancestors of the Indians, Mr. Schoolcraft going so far as to adopt the Jews. Physiologically, the American tribes appear to be of the same origin, linguistically as diverse as the most unlike nations of the other hemisphere, and psychically also diverse, as is seen in their distinguishing religions. The wild Indians, says the author, resemble in their religious views and customs much more the savages of other continents than the civilized nations of their own, and these, again, much more the civilized nations abroad than the savages of the same race with themselves. The first part of Prof. Müller's work treats of the savages, including in its four chapters the North American red-skins, the inhabitants of the Greater Antilles, the Caribs, and the tribes of the eastern portion of South America; the second treats of the civilized nations, viz., the Peruvians, Mexicans, etc.

—The working classes are rapidly ceasing to accept their employers' view of their position and rights, and are all over the world organizing for the enforcement of their own economical ideas. It is, therefore, of the last importance that they should have some better knowledge of the principles of political economy than they can pick up in conversation in factories or workshops. What gross ignorance prevails amongst them on this subject has been well illustrated in the eight-hour agitation and in the debates and resolutions of the Labor Congress the other day in Chicago. The small amount of attention paid to this matter in our schools and colleges is one serious defect in our present system of education. Two gentlemen in London, Messrs. Ellis and Shields, are so sensible of the dangers of popular ignorance on politico-economic questions that they not only have contributed very largely in money towards, but have labored hard themselves personally in, teaching the elements of the science in the local schools. Dr. Hawes, the late Dean of Hereford, did the same thing under the influence of a similar feeling. Dr. John Watts, of Manchester, who has grown up amongst the working-men and may be said to be one of them himself, has now published a "Catechism of Wages and Capital" (London: Simpkin & Marshall), for use in schools, and which grown-up people may read with profit. It deals simply with the economical laws which regulate the relations of employers and employed, being that branch of the science with which the working classes are mainly concerned. If some American publisher would reproduce it we have little doubt he would serve himself, and he would certainly serve the community.

—The deadly consequences of a communication between wells and cesspools and other drainage are well enough known but are too seldom considered. Great pains are often taken to preserve the drinking water from taint in times of pestilence, but the moment the epidemic is over, the old indifference returns. We published some time ago the valuable experience of a correspondent, who urged the utilization of ordinary coal-ashes by mixing them with excreta, and thus converting them into a powerful and inodorous manure. We observe that the congress on the sewage of towns that met last year at Leamington, in Warwickshire, and which has since published in one volume the papers read to it by various authors, was satisfied that a principal cause of failure in municipal sanitary system has been "the unnatural admixture of excreta with large quantities of water," and the prevailing use of water as a means of their removal. The air of the house is tainted, putrefaction takes place in the sewage, which often escapes from the imperfect drains, and makes its way to the wells; and finally the rivers are polluted, and the fish poisoned, while there is no adequate compensation in the employment of sewage as a fertilizer, which, in a sanitary or pecuniary point of view, is a very doubtful experiment. The remedy is the substitution of the earth-closet for the water-closet, by which means the liquid and solid excreta are made portable, inoffensive, and valuable. Details of the working of this system on the Baron Rothschild's estate and elsewhere will be found in the proceedings of the congress.

—A writer in the London *Chronicle* presents some startling statistics of the past and present population of Ireland. Twenty-one years ago there were reckoned eight and a quarter millions of people; sixty-one years ago, 5,574,105; this year, only 5,557,196. In 1861 there were 5,788,415, and every year since there has been a diminution, in spite of increase by births. But though 1867 is nearly equal to 1806, the proportion of the sexes in the two years is far from the same. Then, there was an excess of 50,469 women; now, of 184,756. Emigration has carried off the men. In spite of an enormous decrease of population from 1851 to 1861, the number of deaf mutes increased by 473, or about 8 per cent.; the blind by 1,902, about 19 per cent.; the lame and decrepit by 225, more than 5 per cent.; the lunatic and idiotic by 4,118 on a former total of 9,980! "To France alone, after the scourging conscriptions of Napoleon, could Ireland be compared with any hope of finding a parallel for facts so lamentable."

—The conference on Sunday-schools recently held at the Isle of Wight was closed by the Bishop of Oxford, who had presided over it. He probably caused some astonishment by remarking that Sunday was as much the day of rest for children as for their parents; and inasmuch as God had made children volatile and restless, and sleepy when tired, and disposed to whisper and laugh as naturally as the bee buzzed, it was a mistake "to set

them on a hard bench, and to make horrid faces at them when they began to buzz, or to knock them on the head when they went to sleep." Teachers failed very much on the "Be-good system," which, as the sum of all doctrine, was marvellously unfruitful for men, women, or children. Moreover, there was no natural affinity between the fourteen-years-old pupil and the infant, any more than between the rook and the starling. At the Sunday-school everything should be done to make children happy, but "of course there should be some coloring of Christianity and religious teaching about it." The little ones should especially be taught to sing, and when the school ceased to be wearisome it would become an instrument for touching their hearts.

—In a "Historical and Critical Commentary on the Old Testament, with a New Translation," Dr. M. M. Kalisch has reached the first ten chapters of Leviticus (Longman & Co., 1867). Twelve years ago he published his first volume on Exodus, and nine years ago his second volume on Genesis. In this time his opinions with regard to the early books of the Old Testament seem to have undergone a radical change. His commentary on Genesis admits that "with regard to astronomy and geology the biblical records are in many essential points utterly and irreconcilably at variance with the established results of modern researches." Now he is ready, in the present volume, to side with Bishop Colenso. He finds Leviticus to be the work neither of one author nor of one age, to be desultory and illogical in arrangement, and everywhere fragmentary, and he concludes that the Levitical ordinances were neither known nor carried out before the exile, when the priests were helpless and even objects of charity. Dr. Kalisch goes further in denying a typical meaning to the sacrifices, and examines passages of the New Testament to show how the apostolic writers were infected with the rabbinical spirit of interpretation, and borrowed support for their narrative from the Old Testament with their "as it is written," and proof with their "that it might be fulfilled." Finally, the author rejects the miracles. *The Pall Mall Gazette* bespeaks for him, as a sincere and reverent scholar, courteous treatment at the hands of his opponents.

—A writer in the London *Daily News* confronts the Ritualists with the law by relating the discovery, in the library of the House of Lords, of the copy of the Act of Uniformity, 14 Charles II., 1662, with the roll affixed containing the words of the Book of Common Prayer, which had been detached and lost from the copy deposited with the House of Commons. Technically and practically, therefore, the writer remarks, the two rolls form one engrossed act, and "nothing can be so distinct a proof that the prayers, psalms, rubrics, etc., are the law of the land." He then goes on to state that the second Prayer-book, issued just before the death of Edward II., differed from the first—which was drawn up by a committee of seven bishops and six other eminent divines, under the presidency of Cranmer, in the second year of that reign—in having pasted on its last leaf the note "which appears at the end of the Communion Service, relating to the practice of kneeling and the adoration of the corporal presence." This note was omitted in the third Prayer-book, which was incorporated in the first Act of Uniformity, 1st Elizabeth, and was not restored till the fifth and last revision, 1661, which was incorporated, as we now know, in the act first mentioned as recently brought to light. It is a protest against the Romish doctrine of the Mass, and shows how far the Ritualists have seceded from the ground of Cranmer.

—A curious field of philological enquiry is that pursued by the Rev. Oswald Cockayne, M.A., for whom Longmans publish the third volume of "Leechdoms, Wortcunning, and Starcraft of Early England." The first treatise is upon "Lacnunga," or medical prescriptions, some purely heathen, others a medley of pagan and Christian superstition, and many suggestive of little known connections between the mythology of the Anglo-Saxons and that of the Scandinavians. A more interesting portion is that consisting of dream-readings, some of which are manifestly imported from Italy. A glossary of names of plants from the Cathedral Library at Durham completes the work.

—Chinese imitations of English and American paintings were once the harmless passion of merchants who traded with the "Flowery Kingdom." A reversal of this practice is found in the illustrations to Lieut. Silver's "Sketches of Japanese Manners and Customs" (London: Day & Son, 1867), imported here by Scribner, Welford & Co. They are fac-similes of colored pictures by native artists, and, though we cannot decide whether they fairly represent the originals or not, they are certainly inferior to many plates that we have seen in some rather ancient three-feet Japanese books. They convey, however, a good deal of information about social customs and costumes, a daimio paying a state visit (for instance) with trailing breeches—a fair offset to the trailing skirt. Another sort of fac-simile, imported by the same house, is Andrew Wright's "Court-hand Restored," consisting of twenty-three copper plates exhibiting old law hands, contractions, abbreviations, etc., and meant to assist law students especially in reading old deeds, charters, and records. The use of such a book must of course be greater in England than here, but, as Mr. Grant White has shown in his discussion of Collier and his disputed Shakespearian folio, a knowledge of the handwriting peculiar to certain epochs is indispensable to the critic and the historian. —A remarkably rich collection of ballads is also to be met with here, including John Mathew Gutch's "Lytell Geste of Robin Hood," and other ancient and modern ballads of the outlaw, his history and true character, in two volumes (1847); Dr. R. C. Alexander Prior's "Ancient Danish Ballads," translated (1860) in three volumes, and presenting a curious panorama of Northern manners; "Ballads and Songs of Brittany," translated by Mr. Tom Taylor, after Vicomte de la Villemerqué (1865), to the melodies of which Mrs. Taylor furnished accompaniments; and two fresh importations of this year's issue: "Songs of the Nativity," being Christmas carols, ancient and modern, religious and festive, edited by Wm. Henry Husk, librarian to the Sacred Harmonic Society. Many of these appear for the first time. One, from a fifteenth century MS., tells how

> "Holly and Ivy made a great party,
> Who should have the mastery
> In lands where they go.
>
> "Then spake Holly, 'I am fierce and jolly,
> I will have the mastery
> In lands where we go.'
>
> "Then spake Ivy, 'I am loud and proud,
> And I will have the mastery
> In lands where we go,'" etc., etc.

Only a limited number of copies have been printed (London: Hotten) on large and small paper. About a dozen tunes are added. "A Collection of Seventy-nine Black-Letter Ballads and Broadsides," published during the reign of Elizabeth, 1559–1597, is also, and in a greater degree, new. Its contents hardly permit of classification. Here are three titles: "A Ditty delightful of mother Watkin's ale;" "As pleasant a dittie as your heart can wish, shewing what vnkindnes befell by a kisse;" "A discription of a monstrous Chylde, borne at Chychester in Sussex, the xxiiii. daye of May, this being the very length and bygnes of the same. MCCCCCLXII." A cut to the last ballad showed an infant 6⅝ inches high, which the writer declared God's manifestation against the "stoutnes" of the times.

—*The Broadway* has made a very good start with its first number. One of its articles was by Mr. John Hollingshead, and personally named and described the chief dramatic critics of the London press. The critics were displeased, partly at being named and partly at the small appreciation they got from the writer. The consequence has been that Mr. Hollingshead has been denounced for an intrusion on privacy and for misstatements, and has been obliged to defend himself from half-a-dozen assailants at a time and to correct some of his mistakes in later editions. Mr. Rae comes to the rescue of Mr. Tom Taylor and of Mr. F. G. Tomlins. Mr. Tomlins undertakes to show how Mr. Charles Dunphie spells his name, and between his manuscript and the printer's types the name is again misspelt. Mr. Hollingshead does not overlook this error, nor the fact that Mr. Tomlins has named two other critics who were from delicacy omitted in the *Broadway* article; and he justifies his conduct in making known the critics "who are only half anonymous;" that is, on the side "which they present to their real and only masters, the public," intimating that the actors and managers know the other side of them only too well. He also asserts that the modesty of men like Mr. Tomlins is mere prudery, and that "they contribute little biographies of themselves to 'Men of the Times' and similar books that are living dictionaries" of the supposed secrets which Mr. Hollingshead is blamed for blabbing. His object, he explains, in writing the much-abused article was to prove that he and his fellow-laborers were not "a set of dramatic authors whose sole aim was to conciliate managers and sell French dramatic translations."

—One result of the Emperor Napoleon's descent into the republic of letters is that he can be addressed without impertinence as "confrère" by Alexander Dumas, Sr. The novelist has retained his love of historical writing in one form or other, and being now engaged on a novel to be called "Les Blancs et les Bleus," sought, in order to give tone to it, to make an examination of documents pertaining to the 13th Vendémiaire. The public library to which he applied—in a rather wholesale way, it must be confessed—refused to oblige him, and the author appealed with great tact to the Emperor, "to whom nothing is refused." A flattering allusion to the "Life of Cæsar," and perhaps the recollection of the eminent military ser-

vices of Gen. Dumas, the petitioner's father, under the First Consul, secured the desired favor by Imperial direction on the following day.

—It would, perhaps, require the genius of a Schubert to lay down the canons of lyrical composition so as to secure the truest musical expression for a given poetical thema, but to detect incongruous adaptations is granted to many who cannot lay claim to genius. The practical divorce of words and music is especially evident in the modern opera, whether we look at the trashiness of the original texts or the latitude of their rendering in half a dozen languages. The test is, of course, severest in the recitative. Here there must be not breadth but exactness of expression; and it is a frequent source of very dismal failure on the part of the composer himself. An audacious example of license on the part of a libretto manufacturer is that of the writer who turned Kind's German text of Von Weber's "Der Freischütz" into French for the Théâtre Lyrique. It is after the fatal shot, when the hermit appears to outwit the Devil, and is saluted properly in German by "Sei mir gegrüsst, Gesegneter des Herrn!" (A greeting to thee, blessed of the Lord!) The French translator jauntily uncovers as if on the Boulevards: "Bon jour, Monsieur, comment vous portez-vous?"

—While Berlin has lost two of its leading scholars in Boeckh and Gerhard, it will gain another eminent philologist in the new director of the "Gymnasium zum grauen Kloster" (Gymnasium of the Gray Cloister), Professor Bonitz, long the most able professor in his department in the University of Vienna. When the Austrian Government resolved in 1849 to take the Vienna University from the control of the Roman Catholic clergy, Bonitz was chosen, as a Protestant, to give tone to the new administration. He had already distinguished himself in almost all branches of Greek literature, especially in his criticisms on the "Metaphysics" of Aristotle. His later contributions to the publications of the Vienna Academy showed that he was equally facile in reviewing Homer and the Tragedies. But his scholastic labors did not produce the most important of the results he brought about during his eighteen years' residence in Austria. Through his influence the higher educational institutions were rendered almost independent of the clergy. He also established the "Zeitschrift für das oesterreichische Gymnasialwesen" (Journal for the Austrian gymnasial interest), which has been very efficient in advocating improvements. Such efforts against what they considered the true interests of religion could not escape the opposition and resentment of the Romanists, who lost no opportunity of harassing the zealous reformer, in which they were assisted by the notorious Concordat of 1859, which provided against changing the old institutions of the university. For several years Bonitz has been determined to accept the first appropriate position that might offer itself, and would have gone to Bonn last year but for the derangements there. It is a rule of the Berlin Gymnasium that the director must have the title of D.D., and immediately after his appointment the university at Kiel conferred it upon him—a fresh tribute to his merit, as it is an honor now rarely bestowed by the German universities.

—The Panslavists are at work in earnest. A biennial congress has begun its session at Belgrade, pursuant to a resolution adopted at the ethnographical exhibition at Moscow. The object of these meetings is to establish a uniform language and literature among the Slaves of different countries, in aid of the longed-for "Slavonian unity." At Belgrade they are discussing which language shall be chosen as the basis, and the Russian is likely to carry it, on more grounds than one, over the Czech, the Polish, and the Servian. M. Rank is preparing a Russo-Czech dictionary; M. Seckl, a Russo-Czech grammar, as is also M. Jesbera at Moscow. These works are to circulate in Bohemia, and to spread the knowledge of the Russian tongue. The Servians are not backward in their allegiance, and point to the subjection of many Slaves to the power of Asiatics as an outrage to be remedied by their Russo-Slavonian brethren.

MR. LONGFELLOW AND HIS CRITICS.*

In noticing the preceding volumes of Mr. Longfellow's translation we have already expressed our opinion as to the method adopted by him in his work, and as to the general merits of its execution. The concluding volume but confirms our judgment of the wisdom of his choice of method and the unrivalled accuracy and felicity of the translation. The version of the "Paradiso" gives evidence of the same scrupulous fidelity to the thought of his author, and the same poetic sympathy with his mode of expression, which are characteristic of the version of the "Inferno" and the "Purgatorio." Being less occupied with simple narrative, and containing much more of philosophic speculation and abstract thought than the other portions of the "Divine Comedy," while in passages it displays a higher reach of imagination and a loftier poetic vision than is attained in them, the "Paradiso" is more difficult to translate well than the earlier divisions of the poem. Mr. Longfellow has shown himself equal to the difficulties of his task.

It is utterly out of the question to convey by means of extracts a fit impression of a work which requires to be studied as a whole. We say *studied*, for the poem of Dante, whether in the original or in a translation, is not to be properly comprehended without serious and thoughtful study. Only a comparatively small portion of it—and that the least important, either as affording a knowledge of the author's thoughts, feelings, and character or as manifesting the highest qualities of poetry—is to be read easily, at a glance, and for mere entertainment. The poem is a treatise of philosophy and of religion; it is the expression of a whole theory of life and immortality, and it was written with a purpose far deeper than that of merely affording gratification to the poetic sentiment, or of furnishing amusement for the leisure hours of idle men.

No one who is not able or willing to meditate and to study need expect to find much pleasure in the perusal of the "Divine Comedy" or derive much profit from it. The complaint has been made that Mr. Longfellow's translation is not easy reading, that there is much in it that is difficult to understand, much that interferes with the simple enjoyment of the poem as poetry. But the complaint should go further back—it touches the original itself. The "Divine Comedy" was a hard book to the men of its own land and time. It is a book which no Italian even now can understand without the aid of comments. The difficulty lies in Dante's treatment of his topic, the strangeness to us of many of his notions, in the remoteness of many of his allusions and illustrations, in the subtlety of his thought, in the power of his genius. This fact makes most of the current criticisms passed on the "Divine Comedy" and on the translations of it of very little worth. They are written by persons who are incompetent to judge of the character of the work. Few men have the requisite culture—for it is a special and peculiar culture that is requisite—to enable them to speak critically of the poem. They have no point of judgment from which to view it. Of the newspaper criticisms of Mr. Longfellow's work that have appeared in this country or in England there have been very few which indicated any genuine appreciation of the conditions under which his work was executed; very few show that their authors knew anything more than the external qualities of Dante's poem.

There have, however, been some exceptions. The three notices which have been published in *The World* are marked by knowledge and discrimination. The author's critical taste is not always sure, nor do his principles of judgment altogether coincide with our own, but he writes as a man who has at least sufficient culture and sufficient thought to make his opinion worthy of attention.

A notice which was published in the Philadelphia *Press* of July 24 is also evidently from the hand of one who has made a special study of Dante, and who has acquired a considerable fund of information in regard to the literature to which his poem has given rise. The article is of value from the amount of this bibliographical information which it contains.

We have selected these two notices (for we will treat the three articles in *The World* as forming but a single criticism) for attention not only because of their intrinsic merits, but also because they give expression to opinion in some respects unfavorable to Mr. Longfellow's work—opinions which we cannot but think are founded in a degree on misconception of the nature of the work itself.

The objections made to Mr. Longfellow's work may be reduced to two —first, to the method which he has pursued; secondly, admitting his method, to the manner in which he has applied it.

The critic in *The World* (May 31) says:

"Fidelity to the text of the original has been his guiding principle; and we cordially admit that, in carrying out that principle, he has exhibited an amount of taste and scholarship, and has achieved a degree of success, alike delightful and surprising. The theory of literal translation is not likely to receive any more splendid illustration. In this noble work that theory is put to the test in such a way that the shortcomings now to be noticed bear not upon Mr. Longfellow's own style of work so much as upon the theory itself, with which they are irrevocably implicated. These shortcomings or defects are, first, the too frequent use of syntactic inversion, and, secondly, the too manifest preference extended to words of Romanic over words of Saxon origin."

After giving a series of brief extracts from the versions of Longfellow, Cary, and Parsons, the critic goes on:

"Who does not see that, in all these cases, Mr. Longfellow and, to a

* "The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. Translated by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Vol. III. [Paradiso.]" Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.

slightly less degree, Mr. Cary, by their strict adherence to the letter, transgress most gravely the laws of English construction; and that Dr. Parsons, by his comparative freedom of movement, produces better poetry as well as better English? In our last example, especially, Mr. Longfellow's inversions are so violent that to an ordinary reader, ignorant of the original Italian, his sentence might be hardly intelligible. In Italian, such inversions are permissible; in English, they are not; and Mr. Longfellow, in transplanting them into English, sacrifices the spirit to the letter, and creates an obscurity in the translation, where all is lucidity in the original. Does not this show clearly enough that the theory of literal translation, where two languages so widely different as English and Italian are concerned, is not the true one? By Mr. Longfellow's work, as we think, this theory is crucially weighed in the balance and found wanting."

It is Mr. Longfellow's theory, then, that is at fault, and to which the critic is willing to ascribe the defects which he finds in the execution of the work. But even if Mr. Longfellow had failed as completely as we think he has succeeded, we should not be willing to admit that his theory was wrong. The truth is, that this discussion of the theories of translation, with the realists or literalists on one side, and the nominalists or advocates of free versions on the other, is one that cannot be settled. It has its origin not only in difference of taste, culture, and sense of literary art, but in absolute difference of mental constitution. In the last century the nominalists carried the day; at the present time the realists seem to have the field. It is to be remembered, moreover, that there are different objects in translation, and that it is quite unfair to judge all by the same rule. There is no common measure or standard of success for two translations of such opposite character, for example, as Mr. Conington's Virgil and Mr. Longfellow's Dante. It is a pity that we have not two words with which to separate and classify works so different in method and intent. Mr. Conington's prime end was to make a translation, in general exact to the thought of his author, which should be a fluent English poem. Mr. Longfellow's prime end was to make a translation which should give to the English reader the most exact acquaintance not only with the thought, but with the form of expression of his author, so far as it could be conveyed in another tongue. Of course, if Mr. Longfellow had chosen, he could have made a poem in English, and called it a translation of Dante, that should have been more in accordance with modern taste in versification and expression than the work which he has accomplished. But, in our judgment, he chose wisely in determining to make an exact rather than a free translation. For the quality and essential nature of every work of art is primarily dependent on its position in the long and continuous series of works of human thought and genius; that is, on its historic relations. These are expressed not only in its general sentiment, but in its special form. They can be but imperfectly preserved and rendered in any translation, and the best translation is that which preserves the most of them. To translate Virgil into the metre of "Marmion," or Homer into English heroic verse, is not only to neglect the *tone* of the original, but is also to disregard those associations which give to the original its special historic quality. A good translation of a poem is one which succeeds in preserving both its poetic, that is, its universal quality, and its historic, that is, its special quality; and a good translation may be more surely made, by one competent to make any translation at all, by following as nearly as possible the exact form as well as the thought of the author. In the case of Dante, as we pointed out in a preceding article, it is impossible, in an English translation, to preserve the exact form of his poem so far as the rhyme is concerned. The attempts made to translate the "Divine Comedy" into English verse rhymed according to the original, although they show great ingenuity, prove, without exception, that a good translation is not to be made in this way. They are all open to the charge brought by the critic of *The World* against Mr. Longfellow's version, of "syntactical inversion;" but while in Mr. Longfellow's version this inversion is, with scarcely an exception, representative of similar inversion in the original, in the case of Mr. Cayley's, Mr. Dayman's, and Mr. Ford's translations these inversions are not representative of the original, but belong to the English rendering alone, and result from the difficulty of otherwise securing the required rhyme. The form of Dante's thought is thus sacrificed to the form of the English verse. A critic in the London *Chronicle*, who regards the expressly faithful form of rendering as not on an equality with the expressly poetic form, as he terms it, and with whose opinion in this respect we should concur if it seemed to us within the limits of possibility that the original Homer should find a new Homer to translate him, or that a Dante of the nineteenth century should be found to render into another tongue the Dante of the thirteenth, has pointed out the fact that, "of all great poets, Dante is the one who will best bear the expressly faithful form, and that this, indeed, is necessary to the bringing out of his *full* value. The reason for this is, that the literal words of Dante are so supremely excellent in terseness, in energy, in beauty, and in poetic suggestion. The precise verbal shape into which he puts his meaning is constantly the very best shape into which that meaning could possibly be put; and although to follow this out literally in the equivalent words of a different language is not necessarily to follow it out with an adequate amount of beauty in sound diction or artistic impressiveness, it is nevertheless certain to be so far an advantage—one step securely taken in the right direction. Thus the Dantesque translator, with whom faithfulness is the paramount point, may be assured that he need never run in his zeal, but that the more successful he is in faithfulness, the more successful must he also be in phraseology. The faithfulness may, but too probably, not be poetic enough to constitute a fine poem in translation; but, if only carried sufficiently far, it *must* constitute a fine study of style in diction."

And here arises the second objection that has been made to Mr. Longfellow's work, that, whatever may be thought of his method, there are faults in his execution of the task which he prescribed to himself. We readily admit that his work is not perfect; that there are lines which might, without loss of exactness, be rendered more poetically; that there are some inversions which might have been avoided; and that some words are used of which the excellence may be questioned. But we assert that, taken as a whole, Mr. Longfellow's success is a surprising testimony to his skill, to his genius, to his sympathy with his author. Many of the objections that have been brought against special passages in Mr. Longfellow's work lie, as we have said, not against the translation, but against the original itself. He has, doubtless, sometimes followed the order of Dante's words in passages in which another order would have been preferable in English, and has sometimes translated some of Dante's words by their etymological equivalents in cases where other English words were nearer to the absolute meaning of the original; but such instances are rare, and serve as indications of the strict fidelity to the original which has been the rule and is the merit of his work. If at times his fidelity seems verbal and literal rather than spiritual, this is, at least, a matter upon which it behooves the critic to speak with modesty; for the translation generally shows that fidelity to the letter is consonant with fidelity to the spirit, and few critics can flatter themselves that they possess a keener sensibility, a finer taste, a more disciplined poetic judgment, or a better appreciation of the real force of Dante's words, than the translator.

Nor can there be any doubt that, if we apply the test not only of fidelity but of poetic art and charm to Mr. Longfellow's work, we shall find it, as a whole, superior in the highest poetic qualities to any other version of the "Divine Comedy." Take the best passages of the best free "poetic" versions, and let them be compared with Mr. Longfellow's renderings of the same passages, and in almost every instance the advantage of poetry will be with the latter. The most poetic free version of the "Inferno" ever made is, beyond comparison, that of Dr. Parsons (just now published complete). It is the work of a genuine poet and a thorough scholar of Dante, and its special merits are of a very high order. In its kind it is a work that can hardly be too warmly praised; nor is it to detract from its praise to say, that though free it is not more poetic than the literal version of its author's brother poet. It is probable that to the common, uncultured reader there are many parts in Mr. Cary's or Dr. Parsons's translation which would seem more poetic than the corresponding parts of Mr. Longfellow's work; but the original itself would seem less poetic still than the version which is most faithful to it, and the praise bestowed on the translation would be in proportion to its adaptation to modern taste by the presence of qualities not to be found in Dante's work. The realistic method which Mr. Longfellow has pursued is open to the risk of degenerating into a mere verbal literalism. The line between the literal fidelity that is true to the higher inward quality of a poem and that which is content with a mere verbal exactness of rendering, is not to be sharply drawn or absolutely defined; but the strictest verbal literalism is better than a so-called freedom of method which, in its libertine excesses, is faithful neither to the word nor the spirit of the original. Success in such a task as Mr. Longfellow's is to be estimated by the character of the whole work, and not by the consideration of exceptional portions. Whatever special defects and blemishes may be found in it, they bear a very small proportion to the great body of the poem; and if his method of translation be conceded, we believe that no competent critic will hesitate to agree with the critic of *The World* in regarding his achievement, when viewed as a whole, as a "magnificent success."

Fault has been found with certain modes of diction and with the use of certain unfamiliar words in Mr. Longfellow's translation, and in some instances, we think, with justice. Among the words that have been objected to with reason are, "Saraband," "Oppilates," and "Depilation;" but we cannot but think that the translator is in the right in his attempt to familiarize our ear and to introduce, or rather to restore, to our poetic diction

such words as "Benedight," "Maledict," and "Misericord." It is an instance of the minuteness of the criticism to which Mr. Longfellow's work has been exposed, and which it justly claimed, that attention should have been given to these minute details.

There is in some passages of the translation a tone of Italian heard, as it were, under the English words; this was hardly to be avoided, for it is the result of the principle on which the translation was made. But it is rare that this occurs, and the greater part of the poem is a model of pure English diction.

The critic in the Philadelphia *Press* can find, indeed, nothing, or very little, to like in the work; it is hardly more than "a quasi-perfect interlinear translation." He asserts that there are hardly "thirty consecutive lines to be found in it in which the rhythm is perfect and unbroken." We are at a loss to understand what this means. If the writer means that there are hardly thirty consecutive lines of neither more nor less than ten syllables, he is right; but this does not make the rhythm imperfect. The English pentameter is a verse of five feet, but not necessarily of ten syllables; it may have ten or eleven syllables. Mr. Longfellow frequently uses a verse of eleven syllables (the exact counterpart of Dante's own verse), and, by the frequency of its use, gives to the rhythm a variety, fulness, and harmony such as it could hardly have possessed were its lines all strictly decasyllabic. Milton and Wordsworth have both shown with what fine effect the hendecasyllabic pentameter may be used.

The purely critical portion of the article in *The Press* is, as may be inferred from this specimen, of very little value. The author finds the text unsatisfactory, but the notes and illustrations are "disappointing" and "deluding;" there is an "almost entire neglect of the great German scholars, and of nearly all the modern Italian scholars, and of some of the best French scholars." A list is given of some of those scholars whose names do not appear. The author shows a wide acquaintance with the recent Dantesque literature, but a total misapprehension of the object Mr. Longfellow had in compiling his comment. It was not to afford the reader a full apparatus for the discussion of the vexed questions of Dantesque interpretation and textual criticism, but to give him the information requisite for a fair understanding of the poem, and an explanation of the difficulties which one unfamiliar with mediæval thought would be likely to find in it. It was plainly his object to make a comment for the general reader, and not primarily for the critical scholar. But in making a good comment for the general reader, he has made one which the student most versed in Dantesque literature may read with interest, and may often consult for help in forming his critical judgment on a doubtful point. It would have been mere pedantry on Mr. Longfellow's part to cite the name of every commentator whose work he consulted or whose opinion went to the making up of his own judgment. The writer in *The Press* conveys a false impression by insinuating that Mr. Longfellow has neglected valuable sources of information and is ignorant of works of importance to the student of Dante. We have not space to exhibit in detail the mode in which the author of this criticism misleads his readers in regard to the nature of Mr. Longfellow's labors. Two instances must suffice. "There are writers on Dante," says this critic, "who are so well known, so identified with modern Dantesque literature, that not to have used their labors, and not at least to have named their names, is without excuse. Such are Witte" (Witte *is* mentioned once in the notes), "Blane," etc. Now, Witte's labors on the "Divine Comedy" have mainly related to the text, to which he has given long critical study; his illustrative notes to his translation are very brief, and are mainly derived from common sources. Blane's chief contribution to Dantesque literature is his "Vocabolario Dantesco," a work of great value, which every student of the poet has at hand, but is not a book to be cited in a comment. His own unfinished comment is of but little value. Had Mr. Longfellow been preparing a critical edition of the original text-book, Witte and Blane would have, we may be sure, been his constant authorities. So, too, when this writer complains that he has made no reference to Lord Vernon's labors, the reader is naturally led to suppose that the omission to refer to them is a fault, or implies ignorance of them. But the truth is they are not of a kind to afford any great assistance. The early comments which have been reprinted under Lord Vernon's auspices are of inferior value to those of Boccaccio, Buti, and Benvenuto da Imola, which Mr. Longfellow frequently cites, and the edition of the "Primi Quattro Edizioni," published at Lord Vernon's expense, is simply for critical students of the text. The learning of the writer in *The Press* seems not to be accompanied with judgment.

But we must stop. Mr. Longfellow has made a translation which is not only the most faithful but is the most poetic, and will be the most popular, of the versions of the "Divine Comedy."

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S NEW POEMS.*

ALTHOUGH the quantity of verse written nowadays is far greater than at any previous time, no one will be ready to assert that there is a proportionate increase of true poetry. The faculty of verse-writing and of expressing thought, sentiment, or emotion in poetic form, becomes more common with the increase of general culture. But culture, though serviceable to genius, is not productive of it, and an age of culture may be abundantly fertile in excellent verse while it may remain barren of the poetry that has permanent, absolute, and universal worth. For poetry in the highest sense is the expression of the most intense individuality. It is the poet's individuality that affords the measure of his interest and value for mankind. Only the most powerful natures can resist the influence of culture to diminish individuality; weak natures are subdued by it, the strong alone are competent to turn it to the advantage of their own genius, instead of having their genius shaped by it into a more or less exact conformity to the general features of the intellectual life of their times. Culture unquestionably quickens the tendency to verse-writing. It enables the average man to acquire without difficulty the form of poetry, and the exercise of the capacity to write out one's thoughts or feelings in rhythm and rhyme is attended very frequently with an excitement that is, not unnaturally, frequently mistaken for genuine inspiration. But if there be nothing more than this capacity, the exercise of it is a poor, unmanly, and worthless occupation, and, with a higher degree of culture than ours, men will come to regard verse-writing not as meritorious, but as an idle and somewhat debilitating process. There will be fewer volumes of what is called poetry, even if not more numerous volumes of what is poetry.

The lowest exhibition of the poetic faculty is that afforded by the conscious or unconscious imitators of the popular poets of the day. The poets that are most imitated are not always the best; for it is the faults rather than the excellences of poetic style that catch the ear and are mistaken by the uneducated for beauties. The poets whose style is mannered, whose diction is peculiar rather than good, whose sentiment partakes of the prevailing weakness of their times, find most imitators; while those whose style deserves the name, whose diction is simple and whose sentiment is strong, are little troubled by followers in their wake.

But there is a higher class of verse-writers than that of mere imitators, which yet is lower than that of the original poets; a class of writers easily impressed by the force of intellectual currents, susceptible to the delights of the best poetry, highly cultivated, with wide appreciation and genuine love of art, not without thought or feeling of their own, though destitute of what we are forced to call original, creative power, and yet endowed with more or less faculty of embodying in fresh forms conceptions derived from external sources, and of expressing sentiments which can only in a limited sense be called native to their own souls. The poorest writers of this class are very near the best of the class of unconscious imitators, while the best of them approach sometimes near to the level of the true poets. The writers of this class often gain the reputation of poets with their contemporaries, and may, for a long time, even be more popular than the real poets, for they dilute the strangeness of novel originality by a mixture of familiar flavor. Greatness is always remote from men, and seemingly inaccessible. Shakespeare is less read by the mass of each generation than its own second-rate poets. Hawthorne is less popular than Mr. Trollope.

It is among the best of this class of poets that Mr. Arnold has his place. His poetry is not that of a strong original genius, but of a highly impressible, highly cultivated nature. It is the work of a student who has learned the canons of art, who knows how to practise the self-restraint which sometimes almost supplies the place of power—of one who has thought for himself, has loved good poetry, and who, if not inspired, has frequented the sources of inspiration. His poems are most attractive to those who have a sympathy with the scholarly habit they disclose, and who are fond of indulging themselves in sentiment of a fabric not uncommon in our days, of which the warp is honest manliness, while the woof is a morbid philosophico-sentimental morality.

This volume will not add greatly to his reputation. His earlier volume contained some pieces—"The Forsaken Merman," for example—which were inspired at least by a fancy flushed with the poetic wine of youth; but of that sort there is nothing here.

The opening drama, "Empedocles on Etna," was indeed a poem of Mr. Arnold's youth, for it was published not far from fifteen years ago, and it betrays youthfulness not only in its general conception, but also in the details of treatment. It contains, to be sure, much that is fine in its way, much that interests the reader in the character of its author, but it is essen-

* "New Poems. By Matthew Arnold." Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

tially one of the poems of a cultivated, as distinguished from an original, genius. It is Mr. Arnold's version of the story of the conflict of man with the things that surround him in the world, of his insatiable longings, of his overpowered will, of his unquenched desires and unsatisfied doubts. It is a modern rendering of an ancient idea. It is a Germanized Greek-English dramatic sketch. Empedocles is a Greek character in Goethean costume. The very opening lines of the poem jar on the sensitive reader with their modernness of tone, as out of harmony with the assumed antiquity of the character and the scene. Callicles, a young harp-player, is resting on a rock by the path in the forest region of Etna. He begins:

> "The mules, *I think*, will not be here this hour;
> They feel the cool, wet turf under their feet
> By the stream side;"

and so on. Now, this is so essentially modern in tone that it is like a discord to come two lines later to the invocation "O Pan!" followed by another modern line:

> "How gracious is the mountain at this hour."

So it is through the whole poem; there is an incongruity between what it is and what it assumes to be which is not fully compensated for by its carefully studied rhythm and diction, or by the beauty of separate passages. There is enough thought in the poem, enough of metrical excellence, to make it interesting and readable, and to give it a higher claim to regard than that of most such attempts, but it is not a work that *must be* read now or that *will be* read fifty years hence.

A similar incongruity marks the next most important piece in the volume, "Thyrsis, a monody to commemorate the author's friend, Arthur Hugh Clough," and in this the incongruity is more displeasing. In it Oxford and Sicily, Clough and Thyrsis, are painfully jumbled, and the pastoral imagery, far from producing a pleasing effect, only gives to the lament of the poet for his friend an air of coldness and unreality. A piece of worse taste than this poem, from a man of such claims to good taste as Mr. Arnold, is not often to be met with.

The contrast between such poetry as Mr. Arnold's and such poetry as Mr. Clough's shows, perhaps, as plainly as any illustration could do, the difference between the poetry of culture without genius and the poetry of genius with culture. Mr. Arnold has now the wider reputation; but it is safe to predict for Mr. Clough the more enduring fame. There is no poetry of our time more thoroughly individual than his, and none more fully in sympathy with the highest intellectual and moral conditions of the generation to which he belonged. His is almost the only English poetry since that of Wordsworth which is inspired with the large life of nature, and which, by its healthy realism and entire truth to fact, literal or imaginative, material or spiritual, takes rank with the best poetry not of our age alone but of any age. Each of Clough's poems is a clear expression of himself; but many of Mr. Arnold's poems might have been written as well by any one of half-a-dozen contemporary poets of the second order. The sincerity and individuality of Mr. Clough's poems make many of Mr. Arnold's seem, by contrast, quite factitious and unsubstantial.

And, indeed, this impression of unreality is somewhat confirmed by the sort of morality which Mr. Arnold preaches in his minor poems—a morality of truisms that does not save him from scepticism and discontent. He is the poet of a discontent which never rises to the force or dignity of despair. He says:

> ——"The world which seems
> To lie before us like a land of dreams,
> So various, so beautiful, so new,
> Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
> Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain."

And again he says:

> "I sigh that one thing only has been lent
> To youth and age in common—discontent."

And there is much more of this tone in the volume, doubtless to be taken not as Mr. Arnold's clear and abiding conviction, but rather as the temper of an often recurring mood. In some poems, such as one or two of the sonnets, "Progress," "Rugby Chapel," "Palladium," there is a much higher and more manly strain. But the general effect of the volume is not of "sweetness and light."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND MODERN CIVILIZATION.*

The great Œcumenical Council of the Catholic Church having been summoned by the Pope after much deliberation and hesitation, it may be worth while to see what are the most recent utterances of the Church touching its relations to modern society, which this council is doubtless expected to confirm. The Encyclic of 1864 and the accompanying syllabus of "opinions and doctrines which are wholly reprobated, proscribed, and condemned" constitute an authoritative exposition of the principles by which the Papacy is guided in the administration of its spiritual and its temporal power, and set forth in clear and unequivocal terms a part of the pretensions of the Romish See to ecclesiastical and political supremacy. To borrow the dialect of courts-martial, the Encyclic is the charge, the syllabus the specification, of several of the damnable heresies of which our degenerate age is accused, and which, in the opinion of the Pope, would speedily consummate the ruin of Holy Church and the overthrow of all organized human society but for the vigilance of the shepherds of the Church—the bishops—and the miraculous power and wisdom with which its inspired head, Pius IX.—"The Holiness of our Lord," "The Man-God," "God upon earth," as the "shepherds" style him—is gifted.

The Encyclic Letter was issued by the present pope on the "8th of December, in the year 1864, the tenth year from the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, Mother of God," and is addressed "To our Venerable Brethren, the Patriarchs, the Primates, Archbishops, and Bishops in favor and communion with the Apostolic See." It is written in Latin, and is a good specimen of the style habitually employed by the Papacy in those rare semi-lucid intervals when it becomes conscious of its own impotence, and seeks to effect by coaxing, persuasion, whining, and half-smothered menace objects which it cannot for the moment accomplish by force.

The Encyclic consists mainly of a jeremiad over the *depravatarum opinionum perversitas*, or, as Mr. Hosea Biglow would translate it, "the gineral cussedness" of our times, interlarded with copious references to former bulls, encyclics, monitions, maledictions, and excommunications launched by the present and former popes against modern religious, political, and scientific heresies and heretics, all which condemnations are renewed and confirmed; with self-complacent glorification of the labors, the benevolence, and the "apostolic vigor" of Pius IX. and his predecessors, "guardians and avengers of the august Catholic religion," in resisting the "criminal machinations" of the wicked, who, "frothing like the billows of a raging sea," have sought "to overthrow the foundations of religious and social order;" and with abundant laudation of his venerable brethren for their unceasing watchfulness in detecting error, and exhortations to them to continue their zealous efforts in opposing the intrigues of "the slaves of corruption."

These depraved wretches, it is said, "contrary to Scripture, the Church, and the Holy Fathers, have dared to maintain that the best state of society is that in which the duty [*officium*] of government to put down [*coercendi*] by penal sanction the violators of the Catholic religion, except so far as concerns the public peace, is not recognized. In consequence of this absolutely false idea of social government, they shrink not from cherishing the erroneous opinion, so fatal to the Catholic Church and the heal of souls, which our predecessor, Gregory XVI., called a *frenzy*: to wit, 'that liberty of conscience and of worship is the proper right of every man, and ought to be proclaimed and secured in every well-organized state; and that the citizens have full liberty to manifest loudly and publicly their opinions, whatever they may be, by speech, by printing, or otherwise, without restraint on the part of the ecclesiastical or civil authority.' In maintaining which rash propositions they do not reflect that they are preaching a *liberty of perdition*." Various other equally shocking errors are enumerated, such as, "that the Church ought to decree nothing which shall fetter the conscience of the faithful in the disposal of their worldly goods; *that the Church has not the right to restrain offenders against her laws by temporal punishment*; that, as to the judgments of the Apostolic See, and its decrees manifestly relating to the general good of Holy Church, its rights and discipline, and which do not touch the dogmas of the faith or good morals, men may refuse to conform or submit to them without sin;" and other equally pestilent heresies, all which, as well as all others condemned in previous encyclics and other manifestoes of the present Pope, are emphatically reprobated and proscribed.

All these errors the pastors of "the sheep and the lambs," among which latter are included, of course, such sucklings as Napoleon III. and Victor Emanuel, are charged to combat, and especially to teach, that "the power of kings is given to them not simply for the government of the world, but chiefly for the protection of the Church," and that it is "for the interest of chiefs of states and kings, wherever the cause of God is concerned, to follow his ordinances and *subordinate, not prefer, the royal will to that of the priesthood of Christ*."

The immediate means relied upon for the accomplishment of the great ends contemplated by the Encyclic was a Plenary Indulgence, to revive the piety of the world. This indulgence was to be had by the faithful, good

* "Recueil des Allocutions Consistoriales Encycliques et autres Lettres Apostoliques citées dans l'Encyclique et le Syllabus du 8 Décembre, 1864, Suivi du Concordat du 1801, et de divers autres documents." Paris. 1866.

cheap, in the space of a single month in the course of the year 1865, by the usual methods, prayers to be said before this or that image and pennies to be given in the forms and quantities prescribed by the several bishops.

Accompanying the Encyclic is a circular letter of the same date from Cardinal Antonelli to the dignitaries of the Church, stating that the Sovereign Pontiff has ordered that a syllabus of the principal errors referred to in the Encyclic should be drawn up and sent to all the bishops of the Catholic world, in order that they might have under their eyes the errors and pernicious doctrines reprobated and condemned by him. The Encyclic and syllabus were published in the official and semi-official Catholic journals of Italy, accompanied with an authoritative Italian translation; but the French —who had just then stipulated to withdraw the army of protection from Rome—and other outside unbelievers were left to "puzzle out" the meaning of the Latin text with dictionary and grammar as best they could.

The syllabus consists of eighty articles, each specifying [a damnable heresy, distributed under these ten general heads: 1, Pantheism, Naturalism; 2, Moderate Rationalism; 3, Indifference, Latitudinarianism; 4, Socialism, Communism, Secret Societies, Bible Societies, Liberal Clerical Associations; 5, Errors concerning the Church and her rights; 6, Errors concerning civil society in itself and in its relations to the Church; 7, Errors concerning natural and Christian ethics; 8, Errors concerning Christian marriage; 9, Errors concerning the civil principality [*civili principatu*] of the Roman Pontiff; 10, Errors relating to modern Liberalism.

In attacking these errors, his Holiness is often tilting against windmills, because the opinions denounced are not, and never were, maintained by anybody except such as reject Christianity altogether. In some other cases, the doctrine condemned, though denied in form, is, in substance, accepted and acted upon by the Papacy itself as the foundation of its own supremacy. Thus Article V. prescribes as heretical the opinion that "the Divine Revelation is imperfect, and, therefore, subject to a continuing and indefinite progress corresponding to the advancement of human reason." But the Papacy treats the "Divine Revelation" as previously imperfect every time it defines a new dogma, and it is constantly not only interpreting but going far beyond Scripture and even tradition, supplying their omissions and issuing new precepts on points where those authorities are silent. In fact, the dogmatic and disciplinary history of the Catholic Church is little more than a pretended extension of a revelation assumed to be inadequate to the spiritual wants of man in his career of revolution and progress. And in this very point lies one of the main distinctions between Protestantism and Catholicism; the former affirming, the latter denying, the completeness and sufficiency of the Scriptures as an exposition of Christian faith and duty.

Many of the articles relate to the internal organization and discipline of the Catholic Church, and are of comparatively little interest except to its members, and some either contain a hidden meaning or are trivial and insignificant. We shall notice a few which possess greater importance, and we strongly commend to the study of Protestant theologians and other thinking men the whole of these extraordinary documents, as well as the various earlier Papal manifestoes on which they are founded. They are collected, translated into French, and conveniently arranged for reference in an octavo volume, of which several editions have been lately published at Paris. The Encyclic itself and the syllabus are contained in the same volume.

Article XII. of the second section denounces as error the proposition "that the decrees of the Apostolic See and of the Roman congregations obstruct the free progress of science."

The astronomical theories of Copernicus and Galileo were condemned by such decrees, and Galileo was forced by torture, or at least by the threat of it, to renounce them. The propagation of these theories was unquestionably "obstructed" and "free" investigation into the laws of nature discouraged by these decrees. The conclusion is irresistible that the infallible Pius IX. does not hold the discoveries and doctrines of Galileo to have constituted true steps in the "progress of science," and the faithful are still bound to accept the Ptolemaic system. In fact, the notorious Ultramontane primate of Ireland, Cullen, has lately denounced the Copernican and Galilean theory as false, in an orthodox Roman periodical.

Under the third head, Article XV. condemns the opinion that "every man is free to embrace and profess the religion which, under the guidance of reason, appears to him to be true." Article XVI. denies that "men may find the way of eternal salvation, and obtain that salvation, in the observance of whatever religion." Article XVIII. stigmatizes the belief that "Protestantism is only a different form of the same Christian religion in which, as well as in the Catholic Church, men may be acceptable to God."

The fourth section formulates no article, but cites and confirms several previous manifestoes of Pius IX. in which he had, "in the severest terms," reprobated "such pests" (*ejusmodi pestes*) as "Socialism, Communism, Secret Societies, Bible Societies, and Liberal Clerical Associations."

In the fifth section these errors are condemned: By Article XXI., "that the Church has no power to define, dogmatically, that the religion of the Catholic Church is, solely, the true religion." By Article XXIV., "that the Church has not the right to employ force; and has no temporal power, direct or indirect." By Article XXX., "that the immunity of the Church and of ecclesiastical persons derives its origin from the civil law." By Article XXXI., "that the ecclesiastical courts for judging the temporal affairs of ecclesiastics, whether civil or criminal, ought to be abolished, even without consulting the Apostolic See or heeding its protests."

It is important here to observe that, until a very recent period, under all Catholic governments, priests and all their interests were exempt from the jurisdiction of the lay civil and criminal courts, and clerks could be held responsible and punished only by ecclesiastical tribunals, constituted by the Church, and wholly independent of the civil government of the countries where they exercised their powers. In practice, priests enjoyed almost complete impunity, and were very seldom punished for the most atrocious temporal crimes, penal sanctions being scarcely ever applied except for errors in doctrine or other offences against the Church itself. The Church also claimed and exercised jurisdiction over all questions of property, or other temporal right, between ecclesiastics, and even between laymen and the Church or her ministers. The conscience of the Church in matters affecting her interests is like the conscience of other corporations. A layman, therefore, going to law with the Church or a priest, usually received the same measure of justice that a non-stockholder would obtain against a railroad company before a court appointed by the directors, and composed of conductors, engine-drivers, brakesmen, and stokers.

The abolition of the ecclesiastical courts, and the subjection of the priesthood and the secular rights of the Church to the common criminal and civil law of the land, is the offence of modern progress against which Rome has directed her most furious maledictions, and it is to this question that the two articles last cited refer.

Under the sixth head, Article XLII. denounces as heretical the doctrine "that in case of a legal conflict between the two powers, the civil law ought to prevail." Article LIV. denies that "kings and princes are not only exempt from the jurisdiction of the Church, but superior to it when questions of jurisdiction are to be decided;" and Article LV. condemns the opinion "that the Church ought to be separated from the state, and the state from the Church."

Article LVII., seventh section, warns the faithful that it is erroneous to hold that "science, in respect to matters of philosophy and morals, as well as the civil law, may and ought to be exempt from divine and ecclesiastical authority;" and Article LXIII., same section, denies "that it may be allowed to refuse obedience to legitimate princes, and even to revolt against them."

The Government of the United States not being administered by a "legitimate prince," it was, of course, not unlawful for the slaveholders to "revolt against it;" and this consideration goes far to explain the warm sympathy of the Papacy, of Catholicism, and of all state-churchism with the rebel cause.

Under section eighth, Article LXXIII. denies that "by force of a civil contract a true marriage can exist between Christians," and affirms that "the contract of marriage between Christians is a sacrament, and the contract is null without the sacrament."

In Articles LXXVII. and LXXVIII. tenth and last section, these grave errors are reprobated: "That it is no longer expedient to establish the Catholic religion as the sole religion of the state, to the exclusion of all others;" "That provision has been properly made, in some Catholic countries, for the enjoyment of the right of public worship of different sects by foreigners;" and Article LXXX. closes the black list by denouncing one of the most criminal and dangerous of heresies, namely, "that the Roman Pontiff may and ought to reconcile himself and compromise [componere] with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization."

These few citations are enough to show that the acceptance of the doctrines of the Encyclic by Christendom would at once carry society back to the barbarism of the dark ages, and the language in which they are expressed may seem to readers unfamiliar with pontifical literature less bland and conciliatory than our criticism on the style of the Encyclic and syllabus had led them to expect. They are, however, among the mildest ordinances which have issued from the Vatican during the popedom of the reigning incumbent, who, so far from possessing the gentleness and kindness of nature usually ascribed to him, is really one of the most malevolent, relentless, vindictive, and unscrupulous pontiffs that ever sat upon

the papal throne. As compared with the previous manifestoes on which they are founded, the Encyclic and syllabus are but the cooing of the dove. The earlier bulls, allocutions, and circulars of Pius IX. are one long wolfish howl against the scientific and social progress, the civilized and enlightened Christianity, the spirit of charitable association, and the disinterested philanthropy of modern times, which have done so much for the head, the heart, and the material well-being of man.

A TRIP TO THE AZORES.*

THERE is a virgin charm in one's first foreign country, be it what it may. Horace Walpole found nothing in all Europe so memorable as his first sight of Calais; and to the untravelled American the Azores are, for a month or two, equivalent to so much of Europe. It is from a straining glimpse at their high outline on the first horizon that he first learns truly that the world is round. On landing, he there beholds his first priests and beggars and barons; he sees orange-groves and a stray palm-tree; he sees tiled roofs over which the *Diable Boiteux* might have scrambled, and paved court-yards into which Don Quixote might have ridden; he sees girls with water-jars on their heads, and women with vast capotes, who look like monks, but are not; he sees shops without a pane of glass, and almost without contents or customers; he sees little children who can speak the language, while he cannot. In the blue harbor he sees perhaps gorgeous foreign flags beyond his explaining, while behind these towers a volcano, retired from business, and smoking no more but only steaming.

These things he sees, to be afterwards seen, it may be, elsewhere. And by the time these have grown familiar, he has found out other and stranger things, such as the travelled routes of Europe can hardly show. The church architecture of the islands bears everywhere traces of the Moorish style, and one is constantly upon glimpses of the old Moorish civilization of Portugal. You clap your hand at the inner doorway to summon a servant; and when a good Christian lady wishes to utter a strong ejeculation she says *Oxald*, which means "Would to Allah!" The gardens are Moorish in arrangement and the windowed chimneys in structure; the boys play a Moorish game of ball, under its original name of *arri;* and the people make butter in oriental fashion, by tying up the cream in a goat-skin and kicking it until the butter comes.

Hence it is plainly desirable to have a book about the Azores, and the merit of this little work is that it monopolizes the ground; there is no other. Bullar's work (London, 1841) is out of print; so is Dr. Webster's (Boston, 1821); and we can think of nothing else in English except an article on "Fayal and the Portuguese," almost elaborate enough for a book, in *The Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1860. Senhor Borges' book is therefore really needed, and it includes a good deal of information, in a compact and rather dry form. The writer was a native of one of the islands, and thus possessed a groundwork of familiarity with their general aspect and with the ways of the people. He had, however, been absent eighteen years, and was by his own confession pretty thoroughly bored when he got among his relations once more. It is probably to this fortunate *ennui* that we owe his book.

Yet which of us can claim to write with infallible authority, even upon the affairs of his native land? Inspecting with that microscope which is supposed to be the proper weapon of critics, we find Senhor Borges mistaken in supposing that, among the Western Islands, snow "is never seen anywhere except upon the summit of Pico" (p. 22), whereas we have beheld it with these eyes upon St. George. And we must further protest against the too affectionate vagueness with which he leaves it undetermined whether his friend, the Baron da Santa Anna, drove horses or oxen in his family carriage (p. 128). Happily we can resolve the doubt. Ten years ago, at least, the baron sported an ox-cart with a white tilt—for all the world like a butcher's cart, were the latter only drawn by the same animals in a live state which they in turn transport when dead. More than once have we beheld that lordly vehicle awaiting in some *sargão* or courtyard the descent of its mistress from the ball-room, the oxen patiently munching their hay, while the driver snored upon the mattress which formed the only seat of the conveyance.

The Azores are, as is well known, a colony of Portugal; their population numbers some 250,000. The nine islands are divided into three administrative and military districts, each with a civil and military governor. Well do we recall the latter functionary in the central district—a stately man, with a vigor of moustache which in those days of peace appeared unattainable by mere Americans. There being but a few dozen soldiers to command, he turned his attention to the command of languages, and we remember that in his regiment of words there was a little mixture of uniforms. Thus, when we meekly asked him, in what we intended for clear Portuguese, as to how many years he had been in his country's service, he replied in a happy conglomerate, "*Veinte-cinco annos*—vat you call twenty-cinq year."

It is a little surprising that an Americanized Portuguese should have written several chapters about Fayal, and should have omitted all mention of that untitled prince who resides there, Mr. Charles Dabney, the American consul. He is simply a pacific Rajah Brooke, whose energy and foresight have stamped themselves on the whole island, mainly creating its trade, its agriculture, and even the delicate mechanic arts for which its women are now renowned. He and his household have so endeared themselves to the inhabitants by long years of wise benevolence that, even in the furthest villages of that island, they are simply designated as "*a familha*"—"the family," as if the world held but one. To a visitor from the United States the crowning charm of Fayal for half a century—beyond even its climate and its orange-gardens—has been the beautiful hospitality of one American home.

* "A Trip to the Azores or Western Islands. By M. Borges de F. Henriques." Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1867.

American Pomology. Apples. By Doctor John A. Warder, President of the Ohio Pomological Society; Vice-President of the American Pomological Society, etc. (New York: Orange Judd & Co.)—No department of agriculture, or of its kindred art, horticulture, more deeply interests everybody than pomology, and none of the various fruits is of deeper practical utility than the apple, the most common as it is really the most useful of fruits in a culinary point of view. The amateur apple-grower will find in this manual just what he needs. In his introduction the author sketches the importance of orchard culture, proceeds with a brief history of the apple, then treats of propagation, grafting, budding, the nursery, dwarfing, diseases, site for an orchard, preparation of the soil for trees, selection and planting, culture, pruning, thinning, etc.; the ripening and preserving of fruit; insects; character of fruits and their value; terms used; classification. The last title embraces a description of apples arranged alphabetically under their several divisions, filling 316 pages of the book, followed by selected fruit-lists, suited to various localities of the United States, and a very valuable catalogue and tabulated index of apples, giving name, size, origin, class, season of ripening, quality, and the page on which they are described. There is a general index, but the contents of the chapters and sections are unfortunately omitted, and should be inserted in the next edition by the publishers.

This is a new work by a thoroughly practical pomologist, who has given those interested in apple culture one of the best manuals for immediate reference and use now extant. Every part of the book is well illustrated.

Vineyard Culture Improved and Cheapened. By A. Du Breuil, Professor of Viticulture in the Royal School of Arts and Trades, Paris. Translated by E. and C. Parker, of Longworth's Wine House, with notes and adaptation to American culture by John A. Warder, author of "American Pomology." (Cincinnati, Ohio: Robert Clarke & Co. 1867.)—The author is a French horticulturist of considerable eminence, and has been not inaptly called the Loudon of France. Dr. Warder has done himself credit by his comments on the text, besides his additions, which make the work one of great value to every American vineyard culturist. It contains 144 illustrations. The uncertainty of grape-growing, it will be learned from this book, is not confined to the experience of Americans; skill, labor, and great watchfulness, as taught by both the professor and the editor, are the price of a plentiful grape harvest. This branch of rural industry is attracting much attention throughout the United States—especially in Western Pennsylvania, Northern Ohio, Missouri, and California, the country is likely to become as famous for its wines as now for its products of cotton, tobacco, rice, and sugar.

Home Life: a Journal. By Elizabeth M. Sewell. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)—Miss Sewell's latest novel is said by its author to have been "written with a wish to illustrate a few fundamental principles of education;" the principles selected for illustration being the necessity of a due regard for the social proprieties, and the needful preparation of the youthful mind for the rite of confirmation. On these important topics it sheds some little light, but in other respects is of no especial value. The purity of its style and of its moral tone might, however, make it a valuable addition to the Sunday-school libraries.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE DANGERS OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

THE result of the elections in Maine and California conveys one or two lessons which, we feel satisfied from what occurred at the Massachusetts Convention, the Republican party will take to heart. The one is the danger of relying too much on party discipline, or even the goodness of the principle on which the party is based; and the other is the danger of importing too much of the Puritan spirit into politics.

When Connecticut was lost, last spring, the local papers tried to persuade themselves that their defeat was due to their not having been ardent enough in their advocacy of negro suffrage, and proclaimed that they were going to secure victory next year by working harder for it than ever, and in this pleasing theory they received strong support from the New York *Tribune*. But nobody whom the horn-blowing which precedes and follows elections does not bewilder ever took this in anything but a Pickwickian sense. We took the liberty ourselves, at the risk of being misunderstood, of suggesting that it was not too little negro suffrage but too much which caused the disaster, and that it was the over-reliance of the party on its efficacy which gave the State to the Democrats, by causing the Republicans to pay too little attention to other things. For instance, they flattered themselves that mere shouting for equal rights would make such performances as the nomination of a professed mountebank in the Third District of no consequence; and *The Tribune* and *Independent* here thought that, merely by hurrahing and flinging of caps in the air, the rank and file could be made to swallow him. In like manner, in other parts of the State, the approach of the election was, with singular want of tact, selected as a fitting occasion for the enforcement of a prohibitory liquor law which had for a long time previous been allowed to lie dormant.

Now, the reason why it is not safe in most States to rely too much on the strength of the fundamental idea on which the party organization is based is, that the whole of the party is scarcely ever completely under its influence. In Connecticut, in New York, in Pennsylvania, and in New Jersey, as well as in other States, the ardent Republicans are never sufficiently numerous to win an election. They have to secure their majority by the help of a few thousand who are only lukewarm Republicans, whose political feelings are not strong, who are affected in voting by divers collateral considerations, and who, unless they are well looked after, are as likely as not to go over to the enemy on the day of battle. It is these men who decide political contests in nearly all the closely divided States. We dwelt strongly on this circumstance last spring in commenting on the Connecticut election, although it is something for which, amidst the roaring about "armies" and "banners" and "bivouacs" which the party papers keep up about election time, it is almost impossible to secure attention. The writer of the excellent papers on "Constitution-Making" which have been appearing in our columns, also pointed it out in his article last week, showing that this State has changed sides in politics five times in the last ten elections "by a few votes in each precinct going over from the one party to the other." In 1862 these few thousand votes gave the government of it to the Copperheads, in the very midst of the war, when the zeal of the mass of the Republican party was at white heat, simply because they were somewhat disgusted with the military mismanagement and the excessive touching of Mr. Seward's "little bell."

Now, as long as the success of the party is dependent on the fidelity of these auxiliary corps, their feelings—prejudices, if you will—have to be borne in mind in the management of it. They will support you in the pursuit of your fundamental idea if you do not ask them to sacrifice too much to it. But you cannot work them up to such a pitch of enthusiasm about it as to get them to vote for a "showman" or pugilist simply because he supports it, or to wink at the total disregard of character in nominations or of purity in legislation. The Republican party, unmindful of this, has, in various directions of late, been making rather heavy drafts on their devotion. In Pennsylvania, for instance, they have been arraying themselves against a judge simply because, in the exercise of his judicial functions, he held the issue of legal tenders by Congress to be, as a matter of law, unconstitutional—a performance which the leading party organ, *The Tribune*, to its great honor, had the courage to denounce. Now, there are enough Republicans in Pennsylvania who care more for judicial independence than they do for negro suffrage or the Congressional plan of reconstruction to be disgusted by an incident of this sort, and either stay at home on election day or go into the Democratic camp. We know what was done in Connecticut, and what the result was.

In California the Republican party has suffered itself for five years to be led by notorious knaves, who, while waving their hats for Congress and the black man with one hand, had the other thrust up to the elbow in the State treasury. The main body of the party are so much impressed with the gravity of the contest now going on at Washington that they continue to vote for these rascals while knowing and deploring their rascality; but the main body are not able to carry the day. There is a sufficient number who would rather see the State lost to the Republicans than see the State government in the hands of rogues, and so these go over. The new governor of California is a War Democrat, opposed to the Congressional plan of reconstruction, but he is a man of stainless honor, of antique purity and simplicity of character; and one of the most devoted Republicans and anti-slavery men in the country—a man to whom the Republican party owes much, and who knows Mr. Haight well, and knows the condition of Californian politics—has assured us that had he been in California at the last election he would have voted the Democratic ticket.

We would warn the Republican party that the number of such men—of men who, while ardent friends of equal rights, and thoroughly convinced of the wisdom of the Congressional plan of reconstruction, are yet so alarmed and disgusted by the prevailing political corruption, by the shocking abuses of the nominating system, so convinced that unless we can bring more purity of character to bear on the work of politics neither universal suffrage nor any other arrangement of the political machinery will save our system of government—is increasing, and that nothing but greater deference for their "prejudices" or "simplicity" will enable it to keep the field and finish successfully the great work which it has in hand.

The election in Maine calls attention to another somewhat unfortunate tendency in the organization—though it is a fault not very far removed from virtue—and that is its tendency to introduce a somewhat Puritanic spirit into legislation. Those who abuse Puritanism are accustomed only to look at its bad side. We, on the other hand, it ought not to be forgotten, are accustomed only to look at its good side. We read Macaulay's splendid eulogy of it, and see its wonderful career, forgetting that it belonged to an exceptional era, and that as a permanent spirit in politics it works mischief as well as good.

By the Puritan idea we mean a feeling of impatience at sin in others, and a disposition to repress it by the strong arm. It is something more than abhorrence of sin or impatience of evil and suffering or indignation at the wrongs of others. All these feelings are universal in their nature. Puritanism is purely an outgrowth of Christianity. The ancients had no such sentiment. Socrates was put to death not because he was a heretic, but "because he corrupted the youth," and thus undermined the state. The Roman sumptuary laws did not aim to control individual character, but to check that corruption which was eating out the life of the republic. But when Christ founded a religion resting on personal character; when personal purity became the great aim of life, and personal sin the one thing to be shunned, the feeling of impatience at sin in one's self was not long in passing over into impatience at sin in others, and an eager desire to rescue them from the snares of the evil one. Hence the great missionary movements of Christianity, beginning with St. Paul and worthily represented by the Augustines, Xaviers, and Brainerds who have succeeded him.

Like all other human qualities, this crowning virtue of Christianity was capable of being transformed into an evil. It is an easy step from a genuine Christian sympathy with others and a desire to aid them, to a feeling that we have a right—nay, are under an obligation—to force

our aid upon them and reform them even against their will. If our neighbor does not see that he is committing a sin, is not that all the more a reason for preventing his involuntary wickedness? This impatience at the sin of others, and haste to deal with it as if it were one's own, is the essence of Puritanism. But it is not confined to the Puritans; nor is it peculiar to Protestantism. It inspired the directors of the Inquisition as well as the Covenanters of Scotland and the "Saints" of Cromwell's army. Wherever people are intelligent, thoughtful, and earnest, this spirit will spring up spontaneously among them, to give scope to the intensity of their convictions and the warmth of their zeal. Strength of conviction is in great danger of passing into intolerance. For all people act from mixed motives, and it is not always possible to distinguish this spurious sentiment from the genuine Christian principle from which it springs. The sense of pain at the misconduct of others and of indignation at the wrongs suffered by others are wholly legitimate and praiseworthy feelings. We have a right to prevent others from suffering from violence or fraud—these are matters which concern us all. But when our aim ceases to be the redress of wrongs, and we begin to legislate for the prevention of personal sin, we pass from the sphere of politics into that of morals; that is, bring human laws to bear upon actions which, in their personal nature, concern nobody but the individual man and his Maker—setting up our human judgment as the arbiter of right and wrong.

At the present moment the Republican party is in great danger of suffering itself to be controlled by the Puritan idea. It is made up in great measure of those intelligent but not broadly educated classes who have very positive convictions and very earnest purposes, but who have not learned to appreciate and respect the rights of human thought. More than this, in the stormy times through which we have just passed, the uncompromising zeal of the Puritan element has been of the most signal service. Now, the situation is changed. We have passed from the revolutionary stage to that of constructing, and we need above all things calmness, moderation, and a regard for the rights of all. The English race seems especially disposed to Puritanism; the Germans recognize individual rights more readily than we. The German population in this country was with difficulty won over from the party which promised least interference with their individual liberty. They consented to postpone this to the more weighty issue of universal freedom. Now that this question is settled, they will surely drift back to their old associations if the Republican party is controlled by the Puritan idea.

Puritanism has had a noble history and has accomplished marvellous results. It is through and through heroic and self-sacrificing, even when it has wandered furthest from the perfect law of liberty. Its career in the future may be as glorious as in the past if it will free itself from its bad tendencies, will learn that liberty of thought is as sacred as emancipation of the body, and that legal restraints should have nothing to do with moral acts. It is hardly necessary that we should make the application of all this to the attempts which are being made in Massachusetts and Maine to enforce by law a standard of private morals for which, no matter how high it may be, the community is evidently not prepared.

THE PANSLAVIST MOVEMENT IN EASTERN EUROPE.

Nobody who is familiar with the notion held by the mass of the Turkish population of the Padisschah's relations to Christian sovereigns—they look upon them as very mean and miserable vassals of his, who sent their armies to aid him against Russia for fear of the bowstring—ever believed, of course, that it was simply a desire to see foreign lands or the great Exposition, or to show himself in person amongst the great powers, which led the Sultan to risk so great a shock to Mohammedan prejudices as was involved in his journey to Paris, and which induced the Sheikh-ul-islam to commit so great a violation of Mussulman traditions as to grant him a dispensation for the purpose. Most people supposed that it was the Cretan trouble and the fear of fresh complications arising out of it that led him to take so extraordinary a step. But the danger to the Ottoman empire from the Cretan insurrection—or, in other words, from the Greek question or the Christian question—is one which Turkey has already encountered and ridden over in safety. It has ever since 1851 been perfectly plain that the Turkish Christians, as Christians, no matter of what race, Greek, Armenian, or Slavonic, do not interest the Western world sufficiently to make their troubles a source of peril to the Turkish Government. The Greeks, too, as Greeks, have lost their hold on the sympathies of the rest of Europe. The more people have seen of the Greeks, the less they have liked them, and the less they have believed in their fitness to succeed the Turks on the Bosphorus. The romance which surrounded them in the days of Byron is completely gone, and Frenchmen hear of Cretan heroism with leaden ears.

Russia, who for the last ten years has been biding her time, has become perfectly aware of the change in the Turkish problem, and that there is no hope of doing anything against the Turks by means of a religious crusade. She has become aware, moreover, that the Greeks will not serve her purpose, and that if she is to get hold of Constantinople she must put a mightier force in movement than either Hellenism or Orthodoxy. She has, therefore, given up religious enthusiasm and has betaken herself to Panslavism. We have made mention once or twice lately in The Nation of the agitation going on, through Russian agency, amongst the Austrian Slaves and amongst the Servians. Troubles of a serious character have also been stirred up amongst the Bulgarians. Russian emissaries swarm on both sides of the Danube, preaching the unity of the Slavonic race, and, in addition to this, that all Slaves are Russians. Newspapers for the propagation of these doctrines, and published in Russian, have been established in Bohemia and Hungary, and Slave deputations from all parts of the Continent have been invited to St. Petersburg, and sumptuously entertained at banquets at which the political unification of the race was preached as a sacred duty. In fact, the Panslavist theory has now become a revelation. It has found its disciples and prophets; all it wants is martyrs.

The scheming goes on at St. Petersburg with ruthless determination. Since Ignatief, the godly pilgrim, sought Hesychastic consolation at Athens, a spirit of candor has possessed the Orthodox politicians. Hypocrisy and prevarication are held in contempt. The most secret thoughts and designs are divulged. All who will hear—*omnibus quorum interest*—are told the object of the Czar's mission: the establishment of the Slavonic power. Cato praised Cæsar for being the only one among his contemporaries who knew really what he wanted. The same may be said of the Russian diplomatists. Not so very long ago it was otherwise. Even the aims of Nicholas were often too universal, and therefore vague. His horror of revolutions, his passion for legitimacy, overbalanced his practical military sense. The triumph of absolutism was to him dearer than personal success. Gortschakoff and Milutin are more practical and positive. They dispense with Spanish and Italian intervention and petty German vassalage. They care nothing about liberal principles and their promenade round the world. They suffer even Red Republicanism to prevail where it does not cross their purpose. They are quite ready to unite with radicals and revolutionists as long as it suits their game. Nesselrode marched against Kossuth without previously settling the price with Prince Schwarzenberg. The ruling spirit at St. Petersburg would to-day not equip a single soldier to aid the Pragmatic Sanction. Far rather would he speculate on Garibaldi's exploits. The principle of nationality, once the battle-cry of demagogues, has become the countersign of autocrats. The religious fervor does not extend any distance, and hence the Double Cross is abandoned for the Slavonic Tricolor. The prevailing sentiment is too matter-of-fact to get along in politics with nothing but faith and fanaticism to lean upon. The Patriarch himself has been allowed to degenerate into a mere pensioner of the Porte. The centre of gravity in the East is to be transferred from the catechism to the grammar.

Once the saying used to be, "Who holds the Greek dogma is a Greek;" now it reads, "Who speaks Slavonic is a Russ." That this conception reaches further, embraces more, and that it indicates the political end more accurately than the pseudo-Hellenic swindle, few will deny. Russian statesmanship is no longer restricted to the orthodox Greekdom. All Catholic branches, United Greeks and Romans, Miridites, Bosniaks, and Arnauts, Catholic Bulgarians and Servians, belong to this domain. Religious rivalry in the East is

over. French Catholic propagandism, which slaved in the valleys of Hæmus in favor of the Roman faith and the imperial policy, has thus lost its real object. Lazarists and Jesuits may continue to labor with never so much zeal, but to make converts the missionaries must first turn Slavonians. But the Slavonian soul is the heritage of the Czar. Ten years spent by Pope and Cæsar have thus been rendered useless at one blow. The religious hatred between Catholic and Orthodox in Epirus, between the threefold-split Bulgarians, between Bosniaks and Tschernagorzes, is forced into the background for the same political ends. They no longer hesitate to combine against the Turk, not because the latter holds the Pope and the litany in contempt, but because he levies taxes and reigns. This new political gospel has become wonderfully popular in the empire. To emancipate themselves from the law all sects are ready. The Orthodox propaganda has thus fallen into discredit, while the Panslavistic progresses, and it was this danger that sent Abdul Aziz on his travels. Time—it may be a few months—will show whether his object has been accomplished.

REAL NATURE OF LEGAL TENDERS.

It has been said that the law authorizing the issue of legal-tender notes or "greenbacks" should have been entitled "a law for the collection of a forced loan." This is a harsh expression, and if it had been used at the time of the passage of the law it might even have been called disloyal. It might then have created a prejudice against the Government, and have made it more difficult to carry on the war. We hold that the members of Congress were perfectly justified in resorting to a forced loan, or to any other measure deemed by them to be necessary to maintain the integrity of the nation. We were engaged in desperate war; the law of war is the law of force; and a forced loan could no more be complained of than a forced conscription or draft of men. Both were within the power, nay, were the absolute duty, of Congress, if in their judgment necessary.

In treating the question of the legal-tender note, and the propriety of continuing to use such notes as the money of the country, we are not to be charged with impugning the motives of the law-makers when we say that we must now recognize the law under which the notes were issued as a law for the collection of a forced loan, and we believe such admission will lead more easily to a correct solution of the existing financial problem. Let us admit the law to have been of this nature, and also that the greenback is a bond or promise of the Government issued in accordance with such law, bearing no interest, payable at no definite date, and therefore containing in itself, or in the terms of its promise, no single element of absolute value. The legal-tender note has an arbitrary use purely created by law, it being available to the holder for the payment of debts and taxes; but real or actual value is independent of law, and only exists in any commodity or article when that commodity or article contains in itself a power, or is of its own nature capable of rendering a service to mankind. Therefore, actual or real value cannot be created by law, but can only be created by combining a greater or less proportion of human labor with the gratuity or useful gift of nature, thus embodying labor in a concrete form, fit to render service or meet a desire.

That the legal-tender note is simply an evidence of a forced loan is practically admitted in the form in which the monthly statement of the public debt is made. We read of the several loans as: debt bearing coin interest; debt bearing currency interest; debt bearing no interest. Can an evidence of debt bearing no interest, and payable at no definite time, have any inherent or actual value? Would any one take such bonds willingly? We exchange services, and *value* is the result of the estimation of the services so exchanged. We express value in money, and the token or measure of value or money ought to be as nearly uniform in its relation to the services exchanged as is possible in any embodiment or concrete form of human labor. Money must contain the service, and service involves effort, greater or less in degree but always the same in kind; and as gold and silver contain labor in the most compact and indestructible form, they have been adopted as the materials from which the money of the world shall be made or coined.

We may substitute a paper promise to pay gold and silver; but unless such promise is definite it loses every element of uniformity in its estimation. Its use may be compelled, but value cannot be put into it; the moment the compulsion is removed its use might cease, and if no definite time were then fixed for actual payment in specie it would become almost worthless. If this is admitted or proved, can any sane man continue to claim that a thing which has no fixed or ascertainable value in and for itself, and, therefore, no uniformity, is a proper or just standard by which to measure the relation of all other commodities or services to each other? No man would agree to sell cloth by the measure of a yard-stick which might one day be thirty-six inches long and another day only thirty inches; neither would a miller buy grain to be measured in a basket which should one day contain thirty-two quarts and another only thirty. Yet this is what we practically do, or are forced to do, in the use of legal-tender notes. The element of time, and consequently the element of credit, must enter into all transactions or exchanges, and consequently we must use money to liquidate the credit. Our currency or lawful money adjusts itself to gold, not gold to the currency, as most people seem to think; and no one can predict what that rate of adjustment will be at a given time. Hence an additional element of chance, which cannot be foreseen, must enter into every transaction. Every element of risk must be guarded against, and, therefore, the capitalist, who is the rich producer, constantly taxes the consumer, who is to a large extent the poorer laborer.

We have established a measure which shrinks in length when a cold chill comes over the land from the crazy freaks of an insane or tipsy President; which gains in weight when once the speculators are convinced that the Secretary of the Treasury has force enough to resist the efforts of those whose greed or whose weakness leads them to attempt to live upon the labor of others without performing any service. The weakness of the people lies just now in the widespread conviction that this is a great country and superior to all natural law, and for whose guidance experience is of no use. Therefore we adopt and cherish the stale device of irredeemable paper money, by which despots have despoiled their people ever since bills of exchange were invented, and then, not knowing what hurts us, we endeavor to cure the evil by the enactment of eight-hour laws and the like.

We shall reach substantial prosperity again only when the exchange of services shall be left free, and when the Government shall cease to attempt to *create* money, and limit its attention to its functions of *coining* money. Our legal-tender notes should be funded by the issue of bonds bearing interest and redeemable at a time certain. The country had the services for which the notes were issued, and by those services the nation was saved.

By the last statement of the public debt (Sept. 1, 1867) it would appear that the Secretary of the Treasury has resumed the exercise of the power granted him by Congress, and has withdrawn or paid, during the month of August, $4,000,000 of legal-tender notes, the amount outstanding Aug. 1 having been $369,164,844; Sept. 1, $365,164,844. Yet we have had no evidence of any disturbance in the money market, and no forced decline in the prices of commodities. One need not seek far for the reason; it is to be found in the abundance of the crops, from which abundance come lower prices and a slower and more gradual movement, and hence less demand than usual for capital or for currency wherewith to move the crops.

But something more than this is needed. Having demonetized gold, of which, as a commodity, we are large producers, we have constantly, as producers, a large quantity for sale. Merchants compete for this commodity to pay duties and for foreign remittances. The duties are paid in to the Government much faster than the interest upon the debt accrues, and, consequently, the Treasurer is a constant seller of gold. The demand for home use being only for the payment of duties, gold is, on the whole, the cheapest exportable commodity we have, and we keep but a small stock, except the reserve held by the Government. The gold which ought to be the basis of our monetary system is now piled up in the banks of England and France, which hold jointly about $300,000,000, with the rate of discount 2 per cent. When we prove our intention to resume specie payments and to keep our faith, this idle capital

will flow to us and aid us in our purpose. But we must at once take measures to retain more gold here as a basis for the resumption of specie payments. We may reduce our volume of currency by taking advantage of our abundant crops, but yet our abundant product of gold may keep gold the cheapest of all our crops, and cause it to be exported. Nothing but use, nothing but demand, will induce the supply.

We have just been arguing against the continued use of legal-tender notes or false money, and urged such measures as would cause the use of such money to cease. But we by no means urge an heroic treatment.

We must fix a day at which the greenbacks shall cease to be a legal tender, make them convertible into bonds bearing interest, and cause the accumulation of a reserve of specie upon which the national banks shall be able to resume specie payments. Then the national banks will become a national blessing, because they will meet the want of the nation by furnishing a uniform currency convertible into specie, controlled by the Government and yet independent of it so far as the banking department is concerned.

Let us see if the condition of affairs to-day does not indicate the method by which we may safely and surely reach all our points aimed at:

1st, We want to accumulate a reserve of specie slowly but surely, to do which we must create a demand.

2d, We want to designate a bond desirable enough to induce the funding of legal-tender notes during periods of ease or plenty in the money market, and not when money is scarce.

3d, We want to fix the date when the greenbacks shall cease to be a legal tender and when the banks shall be compelled to redeem their notes in specie.

To meet the first point, the capital of the banks is invested in United States bonds on which the interest is paid in gold, and they are required to keep on hand a reserve of 25 per cent. in lawful money. Let it be enacted that as fast as the interest is paid, viz., 3 per cent. every six months, the banks shall substitute the gold thus paid in place of greenbacks as a part of their reserve. A new demand for a certain amount of gold every six months will thus be created.

To meet the second point, we have in the 10-40 5 per cent bond one which since the war has varied little from par in currency. In easy times it sells a little above, in hard times a little below. At the present time, if offered by the Secretary, the subscriptions would soon absorb the surplus of money, the existing useless quantity of measures of value would be absorbed, and the amount of currency would be brought down to the quantity required to move crops and to conduct business on the basis of the lower prices prevailing, which lower prices, as we have attempted to prove, result from an abundant supply of commodities, and not from forced contraction of the currency.

As to the date at which legal-tender notes should cease to be so, and the banks be compelled to resume, we have indicated to us by our previous plan the term of four years, because in four years, at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, the banks would have received 24 per cent. in gold upon their capital, and this sum, in addition to the surplus which the Government could easily hold in gold, would be an ample basis for a circulation of $300,000,000 of national bank-notes. Due warning having been thus given of the compulsory resumption of specie payment, all sound bankers would prepare for it by a reduction of loans and discounts. Unsound bankers would be caught and their banks would fail, causing local disturbance but no general crisis, but thus leaving at the disposal of the Government a portion of the bank-note circulation allowed by law to be distributed among the Southern States. We cannot but think, however, that by the steady withdrawal or contraction of our redundant currency and the regular demand for specie, induced by the foregoing plan, the depreciation of our currency would be corrected long before the period of four years had elapsed, and we should have returned to specie payment by an easy and natural process.

Provision should, of course, be made for the Secretary of the Treasury to change the bond offered for one of shorter date or at a lower rate of interest, if large crops and the consequent rapid accumulation of capital should render such course possible. When we state that we may return to specie payment by an easy and natural process, we by no means intend to say that no one will be hurt. We cannot pay the penalty of war, of forced loans and false money, without some damage, but by a plan such as we have indicated the damage may be reduced to a minimum, and it will fall less upon the laborer than upon others.

THOMAS CARLYLE'S INFLUENCE.

It is not from any desire to prevent Mr. Kirk from having the last word that we again recur to the subject of Mr. Carlyle's position and value as a social philosopher. We find little in Mr. Kirk's second letter to call for further remark from us, by way of direct reply, beyond his assertion that in representing Carlyle as teaching that "the only true civilizers and elevators of mankind are the sword and the whip," we are "depicting an abstraction, a being that has never existed." We do not well know what Mr. Kirk means by "an abstraction." What we have here sought to depict is a certain opinion promulgated by Mr. Carlyle as to the means by which the world ought to be governed. Mr. Kirk might reply that Mr. Carlyle does not say this—that he simply says that the wise and strong man ought to rule; but this, after all, would be mere quibbling. If Mr. Carlyle's hero does not find his claims to superior wisdom recognized, then he is to shoot and flog. We know this as well as we can know anything of the kind, owing to the fact that in Eyre's case Mr. Carlyle "clothed his philosophy in circumstance," as Bacon has it. Eyre, it appears, is one of his heroes, and Eyre's mode of dealing with "niggers" is the mode in which, according to Mr. Carlyle, the weak and ignorant ought to be dealt with, when they grow restive and revolt—even if cheated, overtaxed, denied justice, and denied education. One case of this kind goes further to explain what Mr. Carlyle's philosophy is than ten of his volumes would go.

We have nothing to do with Mr. Carlyle's "intellect or real idiosyncrasy;" we are concerned with his social philosophy. That philosophy we find to be morally detestable and logically absurd. We do not simply accuse him of "defending a system tending to the perpetuation of barbarism;" we accuse him of preaching a system which would create and perpetuate barbarism; and we beg to dissent, *in toto*, from Mr. Kirk's assertion that as much may be said of the highest names in literature.

Of course, we view his opinions "through the medium of our own." Through what other medium, in the name of all that is wonderful, can we view them? Mr. Kirk may say the medium is defective; but this is simply begging the question. Everybody judges the opinions of others with such mental apparatus and such training and education as he happens to have, and with the standard of morality in use in his time and country. We make no claim whatever to supernatural wisdom and perspicacity; but we deny Mr. Carlyle's claim to exact them of his critics. What we bring to the work of judging his remedies for social ills is simply the utilitarian test of right and wrong, and the ordinary inductive method of the logicians. It may be that we are not skilful in the use of these implements, and that, if handled by other men, Mr. Carlyle's sermons would come out justified. This may be; but pray show this. Don't tell us that Thomas Carlyle, whose voice is constantly heard in the market-place, is so great a prophet that he has to be weighed and measured *in vacuo*.

Perhaps the very best vindication of our criticism we could offer would be a translation of Mr. Carlyle's last diatribe into everyday English. Some of the writers who have been laboriously confuting him would, we think, if they would take the trouble to do this, be somewhat mortified to find that the philosopher's grand solution of the difficulties of modern English life consists simply in the government of colonies by "younger sons" as absolute monarchs, the reduction of "Quashee Nigger" to slavery and of all white laborers to permanent servitude, the instruction of the whole population in something called "rhythmic drill," and a general dependence on the wisdom and power of the "aristocracy," including, of course, such sages as Mr. Windham, the Duke of Hamilton, and H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. It is difficult to keep a grave face when one finds that it is the production of stuff of this sort, in a picturesque jargon, which has for some weeks been making the earth quake in both hemispheres. Is it really true that to be a preacher and prophet one has only, with "lowering brow and clenched fist," to treat all the facts of life as if they did not exist, and reason on society as if he had the power of manufacturing his own premises?

When anybody can, however, by the mere production of such an article as "Shooting Niagara," create a veritable sensation, it is quite evident that, little as there may be in the production itself, there must be something very unusual in the position of the writer, and in Mr. Carlyle's case this is

undoubtedly true. He can no longer be said to wield much influence, but he has wielded so much in his day that he is still regarded even by many of those who differ most widely from him as a formidable personage. In fact, when he tells us that "we are in the thickest welter of surrounding gluttony and baseness," the most stout-hearted radical can hardly avoid starting and turning pale. It is, therefore, worth while to ask what he has really done for social and political philosophy.

We think it is, in the first place, safe to say that Mr. Carlyle has not made a single tangible, definable addition to it, although he has for thirty years devoted himself to the study of it. It would be impossible to discover in any of his writings either a new idea or the germ of a new process. The two things he has preached are "earnestness" and the value and dignity of leaders; but all the success he has achieved in preaching these has been due to his fantastic eloquence. His mode of inculcating the duty of earnestness was undoubtedly startling and effective, and undoubtedly gave an impetus to certain currents of feeling from which society reaped and still is reaping considerable benefit. He certainly stirred within great numbers of young men, when he first began his preaching, the pulses of a better life. Multitudes of susceptible persons swore, with their hands between his, to go in quest of the Sangrail, to "live their highest," and set their faces firmly against "shams;" and we should be sorry to believe that many of those who did so were not lifted by it permanently to a higher moral plane. But then the text from which the preacher preached was a very old one. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," contains, after all, the pith and substance of Mr. Carlyle's teaching on the conduct of life; and the glorification of leaders and heroes, with which he has for twenty years been vexing the world, is simply a roundabout and laborious way of asserting the value of wisdom in the regulation of human affairs—a proposition which was maintained with an abundance of proof and illustration by the Socratic philosophers at Athens, and which, after two thousand years of repetition, is rather flat and stale and unprofitable even when set out in Mr. Carlyle's peculiar diction. There has never been any considerable body of persons prepared to dispute the wise man's title to rule. Even "Quashee Nigger" has always been ready to place his neck under the foot of the Hero; but the difficulty has always been to discover him, and towards the solution of this Mr. Carlyle has contributed absolutely nothing. How to know his King of Men when we see him he has never vouchsafed to tell us.

The result has been that, after making a sensation with his philosophy for a few years—in fact, getting up by its aid a kind of moral "revival"—he has seen it thrown aside as a broken reed. His young men found out that zeal without knowledge was not of much value; that "earnestness" profited a man little unless he knew what to be earnest about, and that Mr. Carlyle's plan of having the world governed by heroes was about as useful as the plan recommended so often to children, of catching birds by putting salt on their tails. The "school" tried to prolong their existence for a few years by becoming "Muscular Christians," and warring against evil with their fists and in old clothes. The wicked were disposed of in every direction in three or four easy rounds, and some progress was made in persuading the world that there was a natural connection between piety and muscle. But this movement has not been successful either. The reasoning faculty, to which the race owes most of its progress and happiness, and which, for the most part, shapes its destiny, though often made light of by quacks and false prophets, never wholly loses its supremacy in the civilized world, and it has thrust Carlyleism aside at last, as it has so many other superstitions, fallacies, and delusions. His doctrines and his arguments have been handed over to the "economists and calculators" of the Lindsay and Spence school, to whom the chief end of man is to make ten per cent. on capital, and the rising generation has, as our English correspondent pointed out last week, gone after John Stuart Mill. Mill now reigns supreme, simply because he preaches the principle which has for four hundred years been struggling to assert itself in every civilized country, that sociology is a science, and that its secrets must be got at by ordinary induction, by observing and recording, and not, like Mr. Carlyle, ignoring the facts of life and the laws of human nature; that men, being more than animals, must be governed through their reason, and that, however society may change, and in certain phases seem to deteriorate, there is in it, nevertheless, on the whole, a continued and steady progress towards good; that each century is but a moment in human history; and that the horror of change, the fear that we are in the rapids, and that the great abyss is at hand, of which Mr. Carlyle is in our day the grotesque exponent, is a phenomenon as old as civilization. The only thing peculiar about it now is that it appears in vituperative magazine articles instead of stories about eclipses, showers of blood, armies in the sky, big black dogs, and other signs and wonders

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, August 23, 1867.

THE absence of the court and the fashionable world seems to have no effect on the popularity of the wonderful show which, it is now certain, will be closed on the last day of October. The physiognomy of the "Gasometer" and its adjuncts has changed during the last month; the crowds which fill them being now composed, for the most part, of the numerous classes of summer tourists set free by the recurrence of the annual vacations of the learned professions and the "slack season" of manufacturers and well-to-do shopkeepers. The crowd is consequently somewhat less elegant, but is just as dense as ever, especially about those objects which the public has taken from the first into special favor. Prominent among them is the making of felt hats, from the disintegration of the wool to the sale of the finished head-gear; the life-size groups of peasants and warriors from every part of the globe; the chocolate worker that breaks up the cocoa-beans, converts them into chocolate, folds up the same in paper with the maker's name in gilt letters, fastens each packet with sealing-wax, and stamps the wax with the seal of the firm; the wonderful performances of Bradford's washing-machine, cleaning, drying, and calendering linen almost as by enchantment; the great French bake-house in which bread is made by machinery, and the American cottage in which biscuits are produced in like manner, and sold, hot from the ovens, to the admiring crowds; the wood-carvers, flower-makers, and Tunisian silver-workers; the cutting of diamonds presided over by Costa, the great lapidary of the age, to whom the "Koh-i-noor," the "Star of the South," and all the other great diamonds of recent discovery owe their present splendor; the lace-makers and weavers of silk; the French artificial flowers, not to be distinguished in broad daylight from nature's handiwork; the Italian alethoscopes with their marvellous effects of light, which have so completely thrown the ordinary stereoscope into the shade; the grand displays of the English silversmiths; the unrivalled opals in the Austrian section; the glass of Hungary, France, and England; the hideous group, in the India department, of an enormous lion and tiger of similar proportions, tearing each other to pieces—a miracle of stuffing; the making of great blocks of splendid ice by steam, and the freezing of bottles and decanters by the aid of sulphuric acid; the pneumatic machine; the model of the Suez Canal; and, fully as popular as these, the "lift," which is incessantly carrying up adventurous parties to the restaurant established on the roof of the Machine Gallery, the loftiest part of the building. All these are surrounded, by about two o'clock, by crowds so dense that circulation is practically suspended in the vicinity of each.

In order to give a new lease of publicity to valuable inventions which have failed to command sufficient attention amidst the enormous rivalry of so complete an epitome of the world's achievements, and also to facilitate the sale of goods that may remain unsold at the closing of the Exhibition, the Government has decided on granting the hospitality of the old Palace of Industry in the Champs Elysées to all exhibitors who may wish to avail themselves of such accommodation. It is scarcely doubtful that a great number of exhibitors will gladly avail themselves of an arrangement that will help them to the attainment of what seems just now to be the principal aim of all, viz., the sale of their "exhibits," which they seem to prefer doing at almost any reduction of price, rather than take them home. Visitors to Paris, with a little ready money to dispose of, would be able, towards the close of the Exhibition, to pick up any quantity of "bargains," so great is the reluctance generally felt by exhibitors to retain their wares after the close of the present show.

A tolerably *piquant* book might be made out of what may be called the "by-play" of the brilliant gathering that has brought together the ends of the earth and the extremes of the social scale as never before, and of such a book not the least readable chapter might be furnished by gleanings in the "Gasometer" itself. Think, for instance, of the feelings of Count X——, possessor of a rare copy of "Brantome," which he had confided to one of the most renowned bookbinders of the present day, with orders to spare no expense in binding the same in a style that should be at once a testimony to the value attached to it by its owner and also a memorial of the possibilities of the art of bookbinding at this stage of the world's development, and who, having consented, at the prayer of the bookbinder, to allow the latter to display the work as the crowning glory of his stall in the "Gasometer," discovers, on going to feast his eyes on this treasure, that the three volumes of the same, most magnificently bound and ornamented, bear on their backs, superbly gilded, the words: "'BRAN. *Tome* I.' 'BRAN. *Tome* II.' 'BRAN. *Tome* III.'"!

In the Frigard trial, some of the curiosities of French judicial procedure were displayed in the speech of the prisoner's counsel, who dwelt long and eloquently on the virtues of Madame Frigard's father, an eminent Norman

apothecary, who not only attended the poor for nothing, but lent them money when hard up, which, unless he was luckier than most country apothecaries, he must have found a losing game. The very least the peasantry could do for such a man was to build him a monument, and this they did, raising 1,400 francs for the purpose. The eloquent advocate, M. Lechaud, who stands at the head of the French criminal bar, here reached his climax, by declaring that "God owed the prisoner's father a recompense for his virtues;" but your readers will never guess what the recompense was. It was his "not allowing him to live to see this trial." Madame Frigard, by the way, wore at the trial a dress of the fashionable color—*feuille morte*—which may drive it out of use, as Mrs. Manning's wearing black satin on the gallows, twenty years ago in London, drove that out of all "genteel" drawing-rooms. Anything to equal Frigard's stupidity does not often appear in court. She seems to have left nothing undone to leave traces of her at every stage in the tragedy. She showed herself at the hotel after the murder, as if to fix her appearance in the minds of the waiters; enquired for her companion, as if to impress on them the fact that she had had a companion and that she was missing; and, as a crowning bit of stupidity, enquired the address of a jeweller, pawned a brooch with him, and left her address; so that, as soon as the body was discovered, the police were able to walk straight to her lodgings. A more striking illustration of the way in which a murderer's deliberately-taken precautions work for his destruction is, perhaps, not to be met with in the annals of crime. Madame Frigard herself is, in her self-reliance and business talent, a typical Frenchwoman, and her case brings up once more the question so often asked—How is it that the French *jeune fille*, educated, as she is, in complete seclusion from the world, and, above all, from the world of men, and kept systematically in as childish a condition as possible, nevertheless turns out the most enterprising, self-possessed, energetic, and capable married woman on the face of the globe? If Madame Frigard had been an Englishwoman, or even an American, she would, when her husband failed in business, have been left in helpless misery with her children in some obscure corner, while he went to the metropolis to seek his fortune; but being French people, it seems the most natural thing in the world for him to stay at home with the children, and for her to go to the capital and use her wits, to procure for them all a fresh start in life. Does n't it seem from this as if, after all, nature had more to do, and education less, with making women what they are than we are in the habit of supposing?

We had hardly got done with the Frigard sensation when "Jacob the Zouave" came on the stage. Jacob is a gentleman serving in the Zouaves. He has discovered in himself the power of curing people of all kinds of diseases, but notably of curing cripples; and the talent being as rare as it is useful, he got an indefinite leave of absence and set up in business as a panacea. As his fame spread, the street leading to his house became crowded densely from morning to night, so that it took twenty "*sergens de ville*" to keep order. Jacob seems to be a magnetizer. His patients find him in a kind of trance, from which he wakes up at the summons of an attendant to see his batch of incurables seated on a form in front of him, their sticks and crutches being carefully stowed away in a corner; and he then, after taking a cursory view of them, and "eliminating" any cases he does not take a fancy to, *orders* the others, in a loud voice and with abundant gesticulation, to get up and walk, and, as the story goes, up they get and, with much whining, away they go. Unluckily for Jacob, however, Marshal Forey, who has one side paralyzed, took it into his head to try him, and visited him with his aid-de-camp. The marshal's crutch was removed, and he was told to get up and walk in the usual manner. He tried to obey, and shuffled over thirty paces with great difficulty, and then dropped down. The rumor got abroad that the marshal had been cured, but Captain Bidot, the aid-de-camp, denied it, and Jacob has been ordered back to his regiment as "a failure." The stoppage of his career is, however, perhaps as much due to his having scandalized the clergy as to his professional shortcomings. To have miracles going on in which they had not a hand was more than they could stand, and in such cases they generally in this country get aid from the secular arm.

Correspondence.

THOMAS CARLYLE'S POSITION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You would hardly be willing to print, if I were disposed to offer, a rejoinder of corresponding length to your last article on Mr. Carlyle. Indeed, if your remark that there "may be on grounds of taste objections to the language" in which you had before spoken of him, is to be understood as an admission that such objections are sound, my object is substantially gained. I had no wish to defend Mr. Carlyle's opinions or to controvert yours. If there be, as you intimate that there are, persons who "pin their faith" on him as their teacher, they have ill-comprehended or ill-applied his teachings. But I cannot help doubting the existence of such a class. Those who have really felt his influence would be among the first in asserting their own freedom of judgment; while the tribe who find it convenient to cite his authority when it happens to afford a shelter to their own prejudices would be the last to accept his guidance where his path no longer runs parallel with their accustomed track.

Conceding by implication a want of good taste in your use of the epithets "foolish" and "conceited," you yet contend that they were, as so applied, only a mild expression of the truth. Your arguments do not, however, strike me as touching the intellect and real idiosyncrasy of the man. They show at most that his opinions, viewed through the medium of your own, on questions of great moment are fraught with error which, if triumphant, would be fatal to the world, and that his manner of promulgating them is vehement and dogmatic. But this is simply what men of all parties have asserted of their opponents in the long conflict of ideas. We have left off persecuting on these grounds. Perhaps we may one day come to understand that it is by the stagnation of thought, not by its clash, that the vitality of society is endangered.

When you represent Carlyle as teaching that "the only true civilizers and elevators of mankind are the sword and the whip, and that anybody who maintains that the helpless have rights is a knave or a fool," you are, surely, depicting an abstraction, a being that has never existed. Let it be granted that, on some points, Carlyle has shown a lack of sympathy, of insight, and of tolerance—that he has defended a system tending to the perpetuation of barbarism, and denounced a cause involving the hopes of humanity. More than this cannot be pretended with a shadow of plausibility. As much may be asserted of some of the highest names in literature—names that are now mentioned only as those of the lights and benefactors of mankind. It is, in fact, no uncommon characteristic of great thinkers that they have stood aloof from or resisted the movements that, whether on the surface or still more strongly as undercurrents, gave the impulse to their time. The tide of their own thought, disengaged from its eddies, cleared from its impurities, was to give the impulse to an aftertime. Tacitus and Marcus Aurelius, devoid of superstition, saw in Christianity only a form of superstition. Erasmus, the flagellator of priestly corruption, tyranny, and ignorance, looked coldly on the innovations of Protestantism. Dr. Johnson, most sagacious, most tender-hearted of men, denounced the War of Independence not a whit less violently than Carlyle has denounced the war for the Union. Burke, the philosopher of constitutional liberty and a champion of American rights, was thrown into paroxysms by the great uprising against absolutism and feudal privilege. Guizot, the expounder of historical progress and development, opposed, till submerged by it, the flood of democracy.

I might even cite names more illustrious than these. I might remind you that, while ignorant multitudes readily opened their hearts to the Gospel, it needed a miracle to convert the persecutor Saul. I might remind you with what bitter contempt the masses are always spoken of by the "poet of humanity;" and how Goethe, greatest of Germans, was also the only German who refused the part assigned him in the War of Liberation, declaring himself "unable to hate the French," the oppressors of his country.

When you confess to deeming it better that Carlyle "should never have written a line than that he should write as he is writing now," you will pardon me, I trust, for being reminded of the many pious but timid souls who think of Voltaire and Rousseau as apostles of Satan.

One more observation, and I have done. You say that you "do not know what the fate of the democracy may be," and you say it in a tone which might suggest the inference that you do not much care. At all events, you are willing that any form of government shall perish, if the end of government be attained. Yes; but it is through forms and systems, and through the men by whom they are moulded and regulated, that history is carried on. It is not by self-assertion that democracy will live; it is not by the denunciations of enemies that it will die. Ably and honestly guided, it may fulfil all that you hope from it; guided as it now is, not by one party or by one leader, but by all parties and by all leaders, it will not and it cannot come to good. Doubtless it will have had its use, as a reaction against the evils and abuses of the opposite system. Doubtless it may, in its decay, deposit the germ of something better. More or less adequately it will perform its destined functions; just as, in past times, feudalism and monarchy,

"the Charleses (?), the Napoleons, the Fredericks"—you fail to include the Gustavuses and the Cromwells—performed theirs. As for "the Rob Roys and the Eyres," I resign them to your mercy.

With much respect, your obedient servant,

J. F. KIRK.

DORCHESTER, Mass., September 6, 1867.

"SWEETNESS AND LIGHT."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Your correspondent, "A Philistine," says that "true culture has been well defined by Arnold—sweetness and light." It seems to me that Mr. Arnold has received altogether too much credit for his very vague definition, which, whatever be its merits, has certainly no claim to originality.

In Swift's "Battle of the Books" the spider is presented as the advocate of the moderns, and the bee of the ancients. The spider argues, on behalf of his brethren and himself, that he spins wholly from himself, and scorns to own any obligation of assistance from without. The bee, as advocate retained by the ancients, answers: "Whatever we have got has been by infinite labor and search, and ranging through every corner of nature. The difference is, that instead of dirt and poison, we have rather chose to fill our hives with honey and wax, thus furnishing to mankind the two noblest of things, which are SWEETNESS AND LIGHT."

It will be seen that not only the definition of culture as "sweetness and light," but also that it should be "diffused among all and not monopolized by a few," is contained in this truly beautiful and poetical simile.

Mr. Arnold's strength is rather in quiet perception of all beauty, critical acumen, a pointed, semi-French rhetoric, which is new and attractive in an English dress, than either in superiority of thought or power of concentrated expression. Whatever excellence there may be in the definition of culture, then, ought to be accredited to the true author. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the original is not the better; and whether the vague words which Arnold has borrowed, while they admirably perform the office of indefinite suggestion, and serve well as the text of a lively essay, are at all suited to convey any scientific truth or exact theory.

W. W. N.

GERMANTOWN, Pa., Sept. 12, 1867.

MATHEMATICS IN COURT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

The question of forgery is involved in the "Howland Will Case," and it is contended that two signatures must have been traced.

Mr. Crosman was engaged in examining different signatures of various individuals with reference to the question of signatures repeating themselves. He "stated at great length the result of the comparison of these signatures; that he found many of them to cover much better than the signatures of Miss Howland to the second pages and to the will; that in one case both lines, 'Your obedient servant' and 'Joseph B. Spear,' covered much better than the two signatures of Miss Howland."

The whole case was closed by the testimony of Prof. Benjamin Peirce upon the doctrine of chances. I quote from this testimony as follows:

"In the case of Sylvia Ann Howland, this phenomenon could occur only once in the number of times expressed by the thirtieth power of five or more—exactly, it is once in two thousand six hundred and sixty-six millions of millions of millions of times, or 2,666,000,000,000,000,000,000. This number far transcends human experience. So vast an improbability is practically an impossibility." How then to account for "Your obedient servant, Joseph B. Spear," and other duplicate signatures?

Now, I would ask if all this testimony of Prof. Peirce's is not irrelevant? The signatures that do correspond, and are not forgeries, are facts, and by the side of this doctrine of *chance* they seem to prove that figures cannot always be trusted. It appears to me that the case in question is not amenable to the laws of chance. It is always a person's *intention* to make the signature similar to others as nearly so as possible every time. The elements of will and desire unfit it for judgment by such laws. Figures can be prostituted to prove almost anything, and were it not for Prof. Peirce's high position, one might be led to think his evidence nothing more than a special plea. And the tone of his testimony is arrogant and positive, as if he were charging the judges.

I doubt very much whether "all the mathematicians of the world" will instantly recognize the correctness and applicability of this doctrine.

V. X.

[Mr. Crosman's testimony does not in any way conflict with Professor Peirce's, for the conclusion of the professor's testimony is not that there may not or do not occur exact coincidences in the signatures of certain persons, but that in the case of Sylvia Howland such a coincidence would be a most extraordinary event, unless designedly produced by tracing or other form of forgery. The evidence on which this conclusion is founded is a minute comparison of about fifty signatures of Miss Howland each with all the others. So irregular were the signatures found to be that a coincidence so close as that of the alleged forgery ought not to be expected more than once in 2,666,000,000,000,000,000,000 cases of comparison. This calculation is not affected by the fact that other people write more regularly than she; it is based simply on an investigation of *her* habits of writing. This investigation might be called in question as being in the nature of things somewhat arbitrary so far as determining what are and what are not cases of coincidence. No two individuals of any species whatever could be found exactly alike if examined with sufficient minuteness. It was accordingly necessary to resort to the practical judgment of common sense to determine the data for this calculation; and the value of the calculation, which is a very simple one, depends wholly on the judgment used in observation, and is not a mathematical question at all. The procedure was substantially this: The thirty down-strokes of Miss Howland's signature were chosen as test objects. In comparing any two signatures, as many of these lines were made to coincide with corresponding ones as in the judgment of the observer could be made to do so. The coincidences, or what in the judgment of the observer were deemed coincidences, were counted, and the whole number of coincidences in the 1,250 comparisons was found to be to the number of non-coincidences as one to four nearly, or to be about one-fifth of the whole. The relative frequency of the occurrence of different numbers of coincidences in single comparisons followed the law of chance very closely, showing that the several coincidences were independent, accidental events, and hence, for the whole thirty to occur (the independent chance of each being one-fifth), there is only the chance measured by one-fifth to the thirtieth power. This conclusion is not invalidated by the fact that in the signatures of other persons exact coincidences do happen, unless it can also be shown that these persons generally write as irregularly as Miss Howland did. The effect of a person's *intention* to make all signatures alike, which "V. X." refers to, is fully taken account of in the investigations of the person's *habits*. There is nothing whatever in what "V. X." says about the "elements of will and desire." His comment on the tone of Professor Peirce's testimony is hardly just. Mr. Peirce has a not very wise way of putting his testimony in the most paradoxical and at the same time positive form he can devise, thereby making it very much less effective on the minds of common folks. If he appears arrogant, it is probably from a desire to make up in the earnestness of his statements the lack of convincing clearness—to supply his audience with a lively faith in default of a clear understanding. He is a little too much given to impute a certainty to the results of mathematical computation which only belongs to the processes and not to the data of the computation. The value of the present testimony depends wholly on the judgment of his son in estimating coincidences, and does not depend on the judgment of either father or son as mathematical experts.—ED. NATION.]

CONTRACTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The remarks on this subject in THE NATION of August 22 seem to need qualification. It may seem a mere truism to say that the more greenbacks a man held, the richer he would be, provided he knew that he could get gold for them. But when it is added that, "*therefore*," the withdrawal of a portion of the legal-tender notes would not cause the remainder to bear a higher value in gold, we must demur very strongly to the inference.

Following the lead of the article referred to, we may first admit that, as a measure of value and means of effecting payments, the Government has a direct control over the value of its paper currency, and might even make it, under certain circumstances, more valuable than gold. But as, in fact, the Government has never ceased to regard gold as a legal-tender for debt and a measure of value, it follows that if the paper promises by withdrawal should become more scarce and hard to obtain than gold, the latter would at once begin to be used instead, and the two would circulate side by side. In other

words, specie would be at par, and specie payments would be virtually resumed. This is precisely what the advocates of contraction propose as the simple and only safe way of restoring the currency.

Now, taking the second aspect of the greenback, as a simple promise to pay gold, which is depreciated because the promise cannot be kept, is it not plain that, with every withdrawal of currency from circulation, the payment of the remainder becomes easier and less remote? If the Secretary of the Treasury had been allowed by Congress to go on selling bonds and locking up the proceeds out of the reach of banks and speculators, should we not have been saved a large part of the expansion of credit, advance of prices, speculation, extravagance, and consequent stagnation which have cursed the last two years? One hundred or even two hundred millions of currency might thus have been withdrawn with far less damage to the people than they have actually suffered.

All plans for partial redemption by substituting new forms of credit on an arbitrary basis are impracticable and essentially unjust. All should be placed on the same footing; if the Government offers to redeem any part, it should be prepared to redeem the whole. This can easily be done when the amount of outstanding notes has been sufficiently lessened. There is absolutely no other safe way.

We must remember that, though the principles involved are extremely simple, their application is most complicated. On these four hundred millions of United States promises are based more than double that amount of bank promises, and specie payments cannot be safely resumed until the whole of this vast mass has been brought into an approximate equilibrium with specie. In other words, the banks must be compelled to diminish their liabilities to the people to a point at which they can meet all demands on them in specie or its equivalent, as they did before the war, and they can only be compelled to do this by the withdrawal of the legal tenders, which have formed the basis of their previous inflation. Thus the contraction of the greenback currency is doubly important to the restoration of correct values.

J. S. R.

NEW CABINET EDITIONS OF THE

WORKS OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

In announcing several new editions, in a style of improved elegance and convenience, of the Works of Washington Irving, the publisher would take the opportunity of acknowledging the good reception which his efforts in the presentation of these favorite writings have heretofore received. In the several forms in which the various productions of the author of the "Sketch-Book" have been given to the public, it is estimated that the sale has reached no less than fifty thousand of the series, or more than a million volumes. Nor is the demand yet abated. On the contrary, new exertions of enterprise are required to meet the desires of a new generation of readers, and keep pace with the progress of taste and refinement in the typographic and other mechanic arts of the publisher's calling.

The motive of this perennial popularity is not far to seek. It is to be read on every page of the delightful volumes in which "Geoffrey Crayon" infused the happy inspiration of his genius in his devotion to themes which will always be regarded by successive generations of readers with no ordinary emotions of interest. The charm of the felicitous style of Washington Irving, the reflection of the amiable poetic spirit of the truly refined gentleman, would be felt on any topic on which the author had been pleased to bestow it. But it is for the ever-enduring fame of Irving that he chose for the exercise of his pen topics of undying value and importance. In his inviting essays on human life and character, in portraying manners, as in the "Sketch-Book," "Bracebridge Hall," and other volumes, he has touched, with mingled sentiment and humor, those emotions which are implanted in the hearts of all; while his topics of biography, of history, and romance are of such world-wide celebrity and passionate interest as the story of Columbus and his followers, with their discoveries of the New World; the life of the founder of the nation, George Washington, drawing with it the narrative of the Civil and Military events of America during his remarkable career; the marvellous record of Mahomet, with the illustrations of the genius of his race in the romantic fact and legend of "The Tales of the Alhambra" and the "Conquest of Granada;" the felicity with which the author has linked his name with the birthplace of Shakespeare, the genius of Oliver Goldsmith, the fame of Scott and Byron, and, not least, the humorous invention which, in Knickerbocker's irresistible Chronicle of New York, has imputed a mythic interest to the bare early annals of his native city. It is thus that the writings of Washington Irving may be claimed to be imperishable till, what is not likely soon to happen, the same ever-welcome themes are treated in some happier manner. The charm of Irving is his acceptability to all—a grace and refinement to please the most fastidious; and his peculiar merit is readily appreciated by every reader; his good sense and humor, the air of enjoyment pervading his pages, have secured his works a home in both hemispheres, wherever the English language is understood. Of the few indispensable authors in every American library, Washington Irving is certainly among the foremost. The delight of childhood, the chivalric companion of refined womanhood, the solace of life at every period, his writings are an imperishable legacy of grace and beauty to his countrymen.

The new publications of these works will be in several forms of unusual elegance, and all, in proportion to a moderate price for each, combining good taste with economy. The series will be issued in the following order punctually on the first day of each month until completed, beginning with October.

Bracebridge Hall.	Astoria.
Wolfert's Roost.	Bonneville.
Sketch-Book.	Mahomet, 2 vols.
Traveller.	Granada.
Knickerbocker.	Salmagundi.
Crayon Miscellany.	Spanish Papers.
Goldsmith.	Miscellanies.
Alhambra.	Washington, 5 vols.
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The Week.

THE retirement of "Binckley" into private life and Mr. Johnson's attendance at the Antietam celebration have made the week, as far as politics are concerned, unusually uneventful. We have had no reports, no dismissals or accusations or threats directed against anybody, though we believe the President still takes "the Constitution for his guide." The dismissed generals and General Hancock have, however, met at Washington, and have been received with extraordinary enthusiasm. General Sheridan paid the usual visit of ceremony to the "Chief Magistrate," as it seems now the settled fashion to call the President, but it was short and chilly. On Monday evening Sheridan, Sickles, and Hancock were serenaded. Sheridan made no speech to the crowd, but General Sickles did, vindicating in general terms his administration in South Carolina, and citing—though not by name—Governor Orr as one of his witnesses. Nothing, in fact, could be stronger than the governor's testimony, in his farewell letter to Sickles, to the good effects of military rule in maintaining order during the terrible ordeal through which the South is passing, perhaps the most trying through which any people has ever passed, being nothing less than a double revolution—a social one as well a political one. There is no example in history of any such change, much less of any such change being accomplished with so little disorder and so little abuse of power. The tirades which Mr. Johnson and his satellites have delivered on this subject have, then, been fully as remarkable as revelations of their ignorance as of their want of common sense. Ten years hence the onslaught on General Sickles for his policy in South Carolina will produce very much the same impression as Mr. Buchanan's demonstration of the illegality of suppressing the rebellion. When a community is being re-cast from top to bottom immediately after a bloody civil war, it is not the habeas corpus and trial by jury it wants, so much as security for life and limb—the consciousness that property and person are covered by the strong hand.

Quiet at the White House does not, however, mean quiet everywhere. The week has been marked by a number of unpleasant occurrences in private life. Senator Patterson, the President's son-in-law, has had a personal encounter with General Kyle, of Tennessee. The affair consisted of a slap in the face, a knock-down, an attempt to shoot, a reconciliation, and a drink. The proper newspaper heading of the affair would be "Difficulty in High Life." We are sorry to say, also, that we have had another outbreak between "H. G." and "T. W." The hopes we entertained that "H. G.'s" temporary removal to a wider sphere of usefulness at Albany would lead to a cessation of hostilities have not been realized. In the first place, "T. W." endeavored to fasten on "H. G." the responsibility of recommending Callicott, the hero of the great whiskey frauds, to the Government for the place he has disgraced. The result of this was that "H. G." was compelled to pronounce "T. W." and his aiders and abettors "immeasurable liars," meaning, of course, that their powers of mendacity were greater than our finite minds could grasp or comprehend, and not, as some absurd commentators have supposed, that the superficial area of their persons could not be computed. Smarting under this imputation, "T. W." published, in parallel columns, on one side a private letter of "H. G.," written to the President in confidence last year, strongly recommending General Steedman as Stanton's successor in the War Office; and, on the other, an article from *The Tribune*, published last month, strongly denouncing the said Steedman as the worst man whom the President could possibly select for the said office. The thing wears an awkward look; but it is not quite so bad as it seems, as it was quite possible for an honest man to think very well of General Steedman a year and a half ago and think very ill of him last month. He has done several things which show him to be utterly unfit for any place of responsibility just now, which he had not done when "H. G." wrote his letter. Our advice to "H. G." would be, however, to retire resolutely, and no matter at what sacrifice of feeling, from the business of recommending people for office, and devote the time and energy thus saved to the advocacy of Mr. Jenckes's Civil Service bill, and thus help to redeem the country from its greatest curse and canker—the filling of the public service with the nominees of editors and politicians as the reward of dirty job-work.

There have been various stories afloat about the desire of the President to have all the elections of the constitutional conventions at the South take place on the same day, and of his having visited General Grant, and urged his writing an advisory letter to the district commanders to that effect. The object of this is, of course, to secure a general postponement, as the day would have to be fixed with reference to the necessities of the State most backward in its registration. The only certain thing about the affair seems to be that both General Grant and the President are agreed that they cannot, if they would, interfere with the commanding officers in the exercise of their discretion. So the *elections* will be held in each State whenever the military authorities think it is time to hold them—no sooner and no later.

The cry for the payment of the five-twenty bonds in greenbacks has sensibly abated, owing to the sorry reception it has met with from the public. General Butler, as we have already mentioned, "explained" last week. This week Mr. Pendleton has "explained." What he wants is that the bonds should not be paid off in the greenbacks now in existence, inasmuch as this would convert a non-interest-bearing debt into one bearing interest, and thus increase the burdens of the country; that the Government connection with the national banks

should cease; and that the fresh greenbacks, which he needs for bond-paying, should only be issued gradually as the restoration of the South and the expanding industry of the country may call for them. The trouble is, that when you set about issuing an inconvertible paper, neither Mr. Pendleton nor anybody else can tell when there is as much of it in existence as the industry of the country requires. There is no measure, check, or standard of any kind to be had. When you issue too much convertible paper you receive notice of it by its coming back on you for redemption in coin. But you may issue inconvertible paper in any quantity, and while some will maintain that there is enough of it out, others will maintain there is not half enough, and the debtor interest will always urge you to keep on issuing; for the more you issue, the better they will be off. If there were so much of it out that, like the French assignats, a cup of coffee would cost a hundred dollars, the business of the country would, in the absence of any other medium, still be transacted in it. No honest man can go over this ground again, in view of the experience of the rest of the world, without feeling sad that in the United States, in the nineteenth century, it should be necessary to go over it at all. The sum and substance of the matter is that anybody who issues inconvertible paper till Mr. Pendleton and his followers cry "Hold, enough!" will swindle the poor just as effectually as if he sanded their sugar or put stones amongst their coal, and "there's an end on't." Governor Morton, of Indiana, has written an excellent letter on the subject, showing that the true way to lighten the national burdens is to lessen the taxes, and that this may be done not only without a diminution but with a positive increase of the public revenue, and denouncing all schemes for evading plain national obligations. As long as men of this stamp keep before the popular eyes "the more excellent way," we shall not fear the influence of the Butlers and Pendletons.

If anybody wants to know the natural consequence of trying to collect an enormously heavy tax upon a commodity in only too general demand by the aid of a revenue service filled with the tagrag and bobtail of party politicians, ignorant of their duties, and intent on feathering their nests during their short term of office, he has only to read the reports which now appear in the papers every day of the "whiskey frauds," as they are called in this city. The tax is so heavy that the premium on evasion is enormous; it pays distillers to run almost any risks to avoid payment; moreover, it pays collectors and inspectors to take heavy bribes. They have no character worth mention to lose. In the class to which they belong, hauls of this kind are not disreputable; the worst, judging by past experience, they have to fear from discovery is the loss of their situations—but they are sure to lose them anyhow, in the ordinary course of politics; while by being boldly corrupt they are sure of a snug little fortune, and increased consideration amongst their fellows. In the meantime, the consumption of spirits is not seriously, if at all, diminished by the tax. Its principal effect on the liquor is to cause its adulteration, and the morals of the country necessarily suffer even more than the liquor. All these effects of this tax are set down amongst the ascertained and well-settled facts of political economy in dozens of volumes. If legislators cared for the experience of mankind, which they do not, how much trouble we should escape!

There are in various quarters all over the country symptoms of opposition to the tendency in the Republican party, of which we spoke last week, to incorporate all sorts of schemes of reform in the party platform, and force them through under cover of the general devotion to the fundamental doctrine of equal suffrage. We have no doubt these indications will not be thrown away on the leading men of the party, but they will need to be more watchful than ever during the next session of Congress. There is the tariff, the eight-hour movement, the Fenian movement, the temperance movement, the greenback movement, all of which are trying to get a seat in the Republican car, but the burden of which would be more than the party could bear were it twice as strong. Its present business is to bring the South back into the Union under equal suffrage, and to see that the national credit is not impaired in the process of reconstruction. This done, the other things may be brought on, but not before. A "mass convention of the friends of morality, temperance, and religion" has been called at Rochester, Minn., which the St. Paul *Press* denounces as an attempt to break up the Republican party, the leaders in the movement being Copperheads, although the call is mainly directed to Republicans.

A propos of municipal reform, *The Evening Post* has been reiterating its doctrine that "the people" (*The Post* always means by this the numerical majority) "have a right to misgovern," and rebukes the Citizens' Association and everybody else for claiming the right to instruct "the people" on any subject. It is as well to repeat that this is one of the most immoral and detestable doctrines ever preached in a Christian country—that it is worse by far than the doctrine of the divine right of kings—that it claims for the numerical majority the right to disregard the moral law in its dealings with the minority—that it would, if sound, justify slavery or spoliation or any kind of baseness or corruption—that it is incapable of defence by any educated man, and contains a fallacy over and over exposed—that the promulgation of it at such a time and in such a community as New York City is likely to work mischief, and only mischief—and that, if such a creed were deliberately adopted by any democratic community, it would make democracy stink in the nostrils of every sober-minded friend of humanity. We, for our part, hold that all possessors of power, whether the Many or the One, are bound to use it in the service of justice; and that the right of a numerical majority to "misgovern" rests on precisely the same basis as the right of a band of brigands to rob a solitary traveller. We hope, too, the educated and intelligent and Christian minority of this city will not be deterred by talk of this sort from telling "the people" what they think, from asserting that they *are* wiser, *are* more enlightened, *do* know better what ought to be done, than the crowd which votes for Fernando Wood for mayor. That that crowd will work its way into more light through the exercise of political power may be true, but that it is the duty of journalists and preachers to keep it constantly advised of its ignorance, of its corruption, of its gullibility, and of its responsibility to God and man for the use it makes of its power, admits of no question.

Nobody seems to have paid much attention to the proceedings at Antietam the other day. We observe that the Charleston *Mercury* thinks "the services partook of a national and conciliatory character," and infers from the language of Mr. Johnson's speech that "the sentiment is becoming general that an honest purpose governed the action of both parties in the memorable conflict;" and *The Tribune* of this city printed in parallel columns Mr. Johnson's speech at Antietam and Mr. Lincoln's at Gettysburg—"the greatest speech of modern times." But, generally, the affair, so far as concerned the President's part in it, has been looked on as a piece of electioneering for the leadership of the great conciliatory party which is to appear in 1868—whether the Southern registration is reopened or not, we presume—and as such is looked on as a piece of futility not worth mentioning.

One of the most recent Democratic discoveries is recorded in the Memphis *Avalanche*, which reports, on the authority of "several responsible gentlemen," that on several different days they had seen, at a certain point of a certain railroad, from ten to fifteen cars filled with blacks from Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, and Southern Tennessee, all on their way to Ohio to vote. On being examined by "the responsible gentlemen," these colored persons said they were sent on by the Freedmen's Bureau, and they were "to vote as they were told." "This," *The Avalanche* sensibly remarks, "is a fair specimen of the way in which the people's money is squandered by the reckless Radical politicians." It certainly is disgraceful to spend so much money collecting blacks all over the South to vote in a Northern State where they are denied the suffrage, when the judicious expenditure of half the sum would have procured twice as many cart-loads of white men

in the Eastern cities, each man good for at least two votes, and some for four.

Several causes were at work to ensure the severe defeat which the Confederationists have just experienced in Nova Scotia. Most Nova-Scotians have the smallest possible degree of confidence in the politicians who have for many years controlled the Canadas, and who, in all probability, are hereafter to control the maritime as well as the inland provinces. Then the ordinary Nova-Scotian—if he is hardly what a Yankee calls a very enterprising person—is by no means a profuse or extravagant person, and has no relish for seeing the surplus revenue of Nova Scotia taken to supply the chronic deficit in the Canadian treasury. Finally, and most cogent of them all, is this reason for opposing confederation: that a legislature, elected before confederation had been seriously talked of, coolly settled the question for their constituents without submitting it to the people. This action the people have resented by sending an almost unbroken delegation of anti-confederates to Ottawa, only two of the nineteen confederate candidates having been returned. The result of the election is a spirited assertion of the right of popular government.

General Escobedo has written a remarkable letter to Mr. Romero, the Mexican Minister in Washington, or rather, Mr. Romero has done a remarkable thing in publishing it. The general says that all he did in Mexico was done in obedience to the orders of his Government and for the good of his country, and thanks Mr. Romero for denying the stories in circulation about him here; but, awkwardly enough for his friend Mr. Romero, he cautiously refrains from saying whether these stories were true or false. M. Escobedo is not the only person in the world who would be much indebted to his friends for denying what the world says about him. There is just now a visible *rapprochement*, as the French say, between the leading Mexicans and this country, which may or may not have something to do with the fact that they are about to put a loan of fifty million dollars on this market. If anybody wants to get an idea of the moral condition of the country, he has only to read the account of the execution of General O'Haran the other day. The men who authorize such spectacles, in a time of profound peace, do not deserve a footing even on the markets of any civilized country. Should the money be raised, we shall have a crucial test of the solidity of the present tranquillity. If the other "chiefs" can stand by and see the Juarez party spend such a sum, they must have made prodigious advances in civilization during the late war, and the French may fairly claim part of the credit of it.

The political future in Europe remains as uncertain as ever. Capital continues to flow home to the banks, which are now groaning with it; fortifications continue to be strengthened, new guns invented, while the French and German press keep up the courage of the fighting men by Homeric defiance and abuse. Of the New York *Tribune's* immediate war in the Mediterranean we hear nothing more The Russians are probably getting another "ultimatum" ready for the Turks. Two "ultimatums" will certainly bring the Sultan down, but if they do not we recommend the application of a third; and if this does not do, Russia ought, for the sake of her own credit, to declare war against him whenever the fighting begins all over Europe, or at some other remote and indefinite period.

About the effect of the Salzburg conference on Germany, however, there seems to be no doubt. It has, beyond all question, ripened the South German leaning towards Prussia. The Grand-Duke of Baden's speech, the other day, revealed clearly the immense progress which the Southern states have made towards unity under Prussian leadership in consequence of the apparent leanings of Austria to France. One other consequence will unquestionably be—we might say, is—as we have more than once pointed out, a closer alliance between Prussia and Russia. That this is rapidly growing up is now generally admitted, and the Panslavist movements in Austria and Turkey, directed, as they doubtless are, from St. Petersburg, point to a great convulsion in Eastern Europe whenever France and Prussia come to blows.

In England there is nothing very new or striking. The newspapers are still trying to peer into the darkness of the political future, and make out, if they can, what kind of England the householders are going to make of it. The probabilities are that their predictions, especially the dismal ones in which a portion of the press is indulging, will suggest far more sweeping changes to the new voters than they would otherwise have thought themselves capable of bringing about. One or two things, however, all parties acknowledge to be doomed, without hope of respite or reprieve. One is the Irish Church, and the other the present military system. Both are monstrosities. Governor Eyre, as if to fan the flame of opposition, has just been fêted by the officers of the garrison at Dover.

The "International Working-men's" Congress has had its second meeting at Lucerne, in Switzerland, but the proceedings were not marked by much ability or practical sense. The difference of language amongst a body of men who are rarely acquainted with any language but their own, and the ignorance of the French and other Continental delegates of the rules of proceeding in deliberative bodies, or, in fact, of the necessity of any rules at all, caused incessant confusion. The questions brought up for debate were the relative position of men and women in industry; the probable effect of the trades unions on the condition of the whole working class—whether they will not create and foster a grade of poorer working-men; the value of political enfranchisement as an aid to social enfranchisement; and others of less importance. The principal feature in the debate which followed was the struggle of the chairman to keep the French delegates from exercising the right to "*parler indéfiniment*"—a faculty which was, in the old Revolutionary days, the proud boast of Bernard "le Clubbiste," as he was called, who was afterwards tried in London for conspiracy against the Emperor, and defended by the well-known Mr. Edwin James.

Garibaldi does not seem to be growing wiser as he grows older, and his two attempts against Rome have destroyed his influence with all the more sober-minded of his own countrymen. The last one, apart from its involving the arrest of Garibaldi by the Italian Government, is more foolish than the first. The French troops were withdrawn from Rome under an impulse which the French Emperor probably regretted as soon as he had signed the convention, and his changed position in Europe and changed feeling towards Italy as a possible ally of Prussia in future complications, render him probably only too glad of an opportunity of going back again. If the despatch of yesterday, announcing the return of the French troops to Rome, be true, it is a great misfortune for Italy, and Italy owes it to Garibaldi's want of good sense. Whenever Italy gets out of her financial difficulties, and is able to turn a bold front to Europe with a full treasury behind her, Rome will surely fall into her hands. Every hour tells against the Papacy. It has lost Austria, and, in fact, may be said to have lost Catholic Germany; and intelligent Catholics are gradually reconciling themselves to the idea that the Church may continue to flourish even if its chief bishop does not hire fighting men.

The insurrection in Spain has been suppressed and the executions have begun. There is hardly a city in the kingdom, according to the latest reports, in which wholesale shootings are not going on under the direction of courts-martial. The Spanish branches of the "Latin race" seem to be in a bad way, and there appears to be no immediate hope of improvement. In Spain the army is just strong enough to put down insurrection, but not strong enough to keep order, and the degeneracy of the aristocracy and the absence of a middle class have left the army the only governing power. The worst of it is that the people, while brave and martial enough to make foreign interference impossible, are not capable of pulling down the military régime. The chances are that Spain will run the course of Mexico, and perhaps not come out as well in the end.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. NICHOLS & NOYES, Boston, will publish, early next month, "The Sexuality of Nature," by Leo H. Grindon, author of "Phenomena of Plant Life," etc. They also announce for publication by subscription a large-paper edition of Samuels's "Ornithology and Oölogy of New England," with entirely new drawings, colored from nature, and promise that "no pains or expense will be spared" in thus producing the new volume.——Mr. H. B. Fuller, Boston, has in press Theodore Parker's writings, in fourteen volumes, new edition; volume second of "Lectures and Annual Reports on Education," by Horace Mann, uniform with his "Life;" "Memoir of Rev. Mr. Conant," by Rev. Robert Collyer; "Joseph in the Snow," by Berthold Auerbach; "Morning Glories, and other Stories," by Miss L. M. Alcott; "Fairy Bells, and What they *Tolled* us," by Miss Lander.——Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt have in press "The Interference Theory of Government," by Charles Astor Bristed, a little work of some hundred pages, of which it is not difficult to guess the contents.

—The firm of Mohun & Ebbs, favorably known to our book-buyers for its importations of rare and valuable works, especially illustrated, large-paper, and otherwise fine editions, having recently dissolved by limitation, the junior partner, Mr. Allen Ebbs, has removed to 183 Broadway, and continues the business with an entirely new stock of books. Turner's "Rivers of France," folio, Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Portraits," the fifteen volumes of the "Museo Borbonico," the volume of engravings of Thorwaldsen's works, produced at the expense of the Danish Government, proof plates of the illustrations to "Waverley," Doré's designs complete, are among the more striking portions of Mr. Ebbs's present collection.

—At the late meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the Earl of Buccleuch, president for the year, paid a tribute to the late Prof. Faraday, who has been called the greatest discovery of Sir Humphry Davy. The London correspondent of the New York *Times*, recalling this saying, remarks that "Davy was himself the discovery of a greater man, in my opinion, than either of them—Count Rumford." It is really true, and it is a curious link between the Old World and the New, that Davy owed his promotion to the professorship of chemistry in the Royal Institution, if not directly to Benjamin Thompson—originally of Woburn, Massachusetts, later of Rumford (Concord), New Hampshire, later still of Munich, etc.—at least indirectly, as the founder of the Institution. A small percentage of the American people have heard of Count Rumford as the founder of a professorship in Harvard College, but few know that he was an American, and that he probably excelled Franklin as a physicist. In fact, these two men were distinguished for their researches in heat, light, and electricity, the correlation of which forms the most brilliant chapter of scientific discovery within the memory of the present generation; and Rumford's enquiry into the nature of heat, and his experiments tending to identify heat with motion, are now looked back upon with respect by Tyndall, Grove, and their co-laborers. By his correction of smoky chimneys, and discovery of the true theory of draughts, the count contributed to the comfort of millions, and secured the universal use of coal for domestic purposes. As a statesman, he was to Bavaria, on a smaller scale, what vom Stein was to Prussia.

—The influence of the old nations on the North by commerce is the subject of a recent work in Swedish, by Mr. C. F. Wiberg, now published in a German translation. ("Der Einfluss der klassischen Völker auf den Norden durch den Handelsverkehr." Hamburg. 1867.) The influence of the Phœnicians on the culture of the Scandinavian North during the bronze age was sought to be established by Professor S. Nilsson, in his work on the "Aboriginal Inhabitants of the Scandinavian North;" but Mr. Wiberg only partially corroborates his views. The Phœnicians, attracted by the mineral wealth of Spain, especially its tin and silver, early settled there, and in 1100 B.C. founded *Gadir*, the modern *Cadiz*, as is proved by remains of buildings, discoveries of coins, instruments, monumental inscriptions, etc., and by the Phœnician impress on the language and culture of the Iberians. There is testimony and proof that they reached the south coasts of Britain; but Mr. Wiberg dissents from Professor Nilsson's opinion that they visited the more northern waters. That Gaditanian and Carthaginian navigators had passed through the Channel into the North Sea, and had traded in amber, is not quite impossible, but cannot be satisfactorily proved, as there is no tradition about it, nor has there been any discovery of Phœnician remains in western and northern Europe. According to Mr. Wiberg, the style and uniformity of the bronze weapons found in Germany and Scandinavia are quite Etruscan, and in many cases point to a mechanical origin, by casts which are found in Italy, unlike the Phœnician, and evidently of Etruscan origin. The line of these discoveries follows the great commercial highways from Italy over the Alps, along the Rhine, and thence to the north; also in Eastern Germany following the Danube. The amber trade of the North with the Greeks was inaugurated in 325 B.C. by Pythias of Massilia (Marseilles), who circumnavigated the Atlantic coast, and found his Thule, as Mr. Wiberg surmises, in Jutland. A Greek-Scythian colony at the mouth of the present Bug and Dnieper prosecuted an amber trade with the Baltic by means of the latter river. The Romans also came overland as early as 361 B.C., as is shown by coins found in Scandinavia. For amber they exchanged instruments, weapons, gold and silver coins, etc.

—An unperformed opera of Meyerbeer's, called "The Youth of Goethe," the performance of which was forbidden in his will by the composer, and which his widow, with due regard to this circumstance, had kept back, is the subject of a lawsuit on the part of M. Blaze de Bury, who wrote the text for it, of course under promise of compensation. He now demands the performance of the opera in order to get his *tantième*. Most admirers of good music will hope that he may win.——Among recent recipients of the Cross of the Legion of Honor was Mr. Spiers, professor of English at the École des Ponts et des Chaussées, and well known to school-boys as the author of the best popular French and English dictionary now in use.——A leaf from practical theology is a work just published in France, of which Dr. E. Verrier is the author: "Of Infant Baptism in case of Danger," which treats especially of intra-uterine baptism and the instrument to administer it.——Didier (Paris) publishes M. Pellissier's history of "The French Language from its Origin to the Present Day," in its formation and progress, embodying the latest results of philological investigation.

—An Austrian political economist, Dr. L. Stein, of Vienna, has published a hand-book of public administration, the last part of which, treating of public health, has just appeared ("Die innere Verwaltung. III. Theil. Das öffentliche Gesundheitswesen in Deutschland, England, Frankreich und andern Ländern. Von Dr. L. Stein." Stuttgart. 1867). The regulation of the public health is divided by the author into two departments, the preventive, or sanitary, and the remedial. The first embraces the restriction of epidemics, that put upon markets, quack and patent medicines, burials, buildings, the labor of juveniles, and on contagious diseases; the second governs the persons engaged in the healing process, physicians and apothecaries, and also the public health institutions, hospitals, asylums for the insane, etc., etc. In France and Germany the governmental administration of the public health is regarded as almost perfect, and likewise the supervision and restriction of physicians and druggists. Without the study of medicine for not less than four years, hospital practice of one year, and a doctor's examination, nobody in either of these two countries is admitted to practice. In England no formal examination is prescribed, and the acquisition of the doctor's degree is free. Nine medical corporations in that country are exclusively entitled to have their fellows and licentiates acknowledged as physicians. The only security against incapacity is given by the registration of those physicians in a medical register, subject to the General Council of Medical Art. In France, Holland, and Germany apothecaries are only admitted to make prescriptions after several years' study of pharmacy and an examination. Drug-stores are subject to regular visitations and the sale of patent medicines is prohibited. In England there is no legislation about this matter.

—*Trübner's Literary Record* for Sept. 2 contains a translation of the preface of a Parsee gentleman, residing in London, to *his* translation of Sir John Malcolm's "History of Persia" into the Guzerati language. Jamshedjee Pallonjee has largely annotated the original work, and illustrated it with twenty engravings and a portrait of the leading European Zend scholars. He enumerates eight conclusions to which he has arrived and which he endeavors to establish in his introduction. He agrees with Bunsen as to the time of the early Aryan separation, and in fixing the age of the prophet Zoroaster at 3500 B.C. The primitive abode of all the Aryans in the pre-historic period was somewhere near the North Pole, a decided change of temperature having since taken place in that region. The Semitic and the Aryan history should be treated independently of each other; as the Bible treats of the Semitic people only. "In the history of mankind, as a general rule, one Aryan nation is not destroyed by another Aryan nation, but by the Semitic or Turanian nation only, and *vice versa*. Generally speaking, the Aryan is an original or inventive mind, the Semitic a copying or receptive mind."——Some of the recent publications of Trübner

& Co. are, "The Dervishes; or, Oriental Spiritualism," by John P. Brown, U. S. Secretary of Legation at Constantinople; Alexander Melville Bell's "Visible Speech; the Science of Universal Alphabetics," or, self-interpreting physiological letters for the writing of all languages in one alphabet, illustrated by tables, diagrams, and examples; "A Hand-Book of Modern Arabic," being a practical grammar, with its examples, etc., in European type, by Prof. F. W. Newman.

ERRATUM.

In our article on "Mr. Longfellow and his Critics," in our last number, the name "Blane" *should have been printed* "Blanc."

THE ART OF LIVING.*

A WRITER of considerable acuteness, in one of the Irish papers, has lately been maintaining that we need an additional profession, the business of which should be simply and solely to point out to each man, after a proper investigation of his antecedents, attainments, and mental and moral qualities, in what calling he should engage. This conclusion has been reached after long and painful observation of the tremendous blunders which lads make every day in selecting their walk in life. The ministry swarms with men who would have made good lawyers and soldiers; the bar with men who would have made excellent merchants; commerce with men who would have done better as professors, and so on. In old societies these mistakes are almost irretrievable. They are not usually discovered until a man has fairly settled down to his work for good or evil, or has grown too old to make change possible. In this country, where the social organization is less fixed, men make more frequent attempts to correct early errors by abandoning the calling once taken up and going into others; but even here change is difficult, and, when made, it is often unsuccessful. Even if the person happens in the second attempt to hit on his right vocation, the mere act of changing—the feeling that, having once made a mistake, he may make another—is apt to unsettle him permanently, and convert him into one of those versatile mortals who are "everything by turns and nothing long," and who, after a life of failures, sink into an embittered and unhappy old age.

There is probably no more prolific source of misery than these mistakes in choosing a vocation, and they cause great loss to the community. The waste in productive power, of having men spending their lives in trying to do one thing when they are better fitted for some other, is, of course, immense. If we could only hit on some scientific method of dropping men into their proper places at their entrance on active life, we should not only greatly increase the sum of human happiness, but make a great addition to the national wealth. Whether we should be any better off if we had a body of men set apart for this very business, as the Irish writer suggests, may be doubtful. Whether there be any considerable number of persons in existence possessing the necessary qualifications for it, may be questioned; but even if there be, there is no means of discovering them—a fatal and irremediable defect in the scheme. Who could answer for the fitness of those who are to pass upon the fitness of others?

As matters stand, boys either drift into their callings on the current of circumstances or they are put into them by parents who have probably either made little or no study of their taste or bent, or else try to force them to adapt themselves to some favorable opening. A father may be satisfied that his son would make a good lawyer, but he finds he can get him into some mercantile house of high standing on favorable terms; or he knows that his bent is literary, but just then he cannot well afford to send him to college, and so on. In a still greater number of cases, the boy's character not being formed, and no special bent having developed itself in him, he is guided in the choice of a pursuit by some accident of his position. He has a schoolfellow engaged in it, who describes it in glowing terms, or there is some incident of it which strikes his fancy. He turns merchant because he sees that wealthy merchants live in fine houses and keep fast horses; or goes to the bar because he sees that a good many lawyers are very famous and highly honored; or he becomes a clergyman from an admiration of pulpit eloquence, or from a desire to be "interesting" to women.

This being the case—mistakes being apparently not preventable—social philosophers have devoted themselves mainly to showing men how to reduce their bad consequences to a minimum; that is, to instructing people how "to make the most of themselves," as it is called, no matter what walk of life they may have chosen. The demand for this sort of instruction is insatiable, if we may judge from the number of books, of greater or less pretensions, such as those whose titles we give below, which pour from the press every year. They rarely seek to guide men in choosing their calling; they suppose it already chosen, and then supply general maxims which will be likely to be of use in any calling, showing the mental and moral habits and other conditions necessary for general worldly success. The kind of teaching they supply is, in fact, very much like that which the Sophists gave young men in ancient Greece. In our day, the field of intellectual knowledge has become so enormously extended that educators of youth are almost forced to confine themselves to giving the pupil a tincture of science and literature. The moral training, training in the art of living, of being useful, of being agreeable, in the proper regulation of his relations to his fellow-men, is left to the parents, and only a small minority of these are competent for it, or devote much attention to it; hardly any give it systematic attention; so that nearly all the instruction young people get in the social art they get imperceptibly, unconsciously, from the social and family influences under which they live. Occasionally their character is affected by the church to which they belong; and sometimes, but only very rarely, ministers try to deal with social problems for the benefit of the young; but ministers are apt to be ill-fitted, both by education and position, for any such work.

The Sophists, on the other hand, had very little scientific or literary knowledge to communicate. When they had taught their pupils a little astronomy, a little geometry, and a little arithmetic, their store was exhausted. They had no body of literature through which to carry the pupil, so they devoted themselves mainly to his instruction in his interests and duties as a member of a civilized community—in other words, taught him to "think and speak and act" as a citizen, father, brother, son, or Greek; how to express himself correctly and effectively; how to bear himself gracefully and harmoniously; in short, the qualities of mind and body he needed to cultivate in order to be of value to the state and to his family. We need not ask how much of all this a youth learns in our schools and colleges. His whole time up to the moment of entering on the active duties of life is devoted to acquiring scientific or classical information. All the direct moral or æsthetic education he gets is derived from occasional parental admonitions or stray scraps of wisdom communicated by teachers or professors in an address on some solemn occasion. We have, of course, chairs of moral philosophy, but the instruction communicated in them is apt to be made as scientific as possible, and kept as far as possible from application to actual life. When a boy, launched on the great sea, and brought face to face every day on rising with difficulties of all kinds, wants to get at the secret of ordinary worldly success, wants to find out what implements he must most use, what defects in himself he must correct, what he needs in order to be agreeable in circles in which pleasure and profit are to be sought, what dangers he runs in trying to make his place as a social being in what is called the "world"—wants, in short, to command the experience of men who have been through the process and succeeded in it, he has to purchase one of the dozens of little books whose number is swelled every year, many of them trashy, many more foolish, and many more misleading, but all aiming to do in an irregular way what ought to be done regularly in education. He gets through this channel, for the most part, advice on dress from some of the worst-dressed men in the country, on manners from some of the greatest clowns, on mental culture from men whose minds are a mass of confusion, and on the art of conversation from bores whose appearance in private life puts young and old to flight.

One of the little books before us—Dr. Hart's "Mistakes of Educated Men"—is a commentary on the seven great maxims: Take care of your health; form the habit of being beforehand with your work; hold on to the calling or profession you have chosen; have some fresh intellectual acquisition always on hand; do not limit your studies to your own specialty or your intercourse to your own particular sect or caste; cultivate the art of conversation; cultivate good manners. We have rarely, if ever, met in this species of literature with more good sense, good feeling, knowledge of the world, and comprehension of the means of succeeding in it, within the same compass; and though we have never lighted on it before, we are glad to see that this is the fourth edition. Of course it touches everything lightly, and contains very little that is new or striking; but on a subject on which so much is to be said, and on which so much has been said, perhaps a teacher exhibits his sagacity and tact in no way so well as in making a good selection of the advice he offers. Dr. Loomis's book is a more pretentious performance, being "a text-book for schools and academies;" but hardly so successful. The author, or rather compiler—for a considerable portion of it is taken from Dr. Watts's "Improvement of the Mind," and more from "Chesterfield's Letters" and other works—perfectly well understands, however, the want he seeks to supply. He says very truly that, on the ques-

* "Mistakes of Educated Men. By John S. Hart, LL.D." Fourth edition. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigues. 1867.
"Mental and Social Culture: a Text-Book for Schools and Academies. By Lafayette C. Loomis, A.M., M.D." New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co. 1867.

tions of "how the mental faculties may be best developed and strengthened, what is the most successful mode of study, how shall I learn the principles of politeness and personal accomplishments, of rendering myself agreeable, instruction has been greatly neglected;" and that, "with no word of counsel in his whole course of instruction, the youth is expected to develop himself for mental success and social excellence." But Dr. Loomis is hardly in a position to supply the need himself when he supposes that Dr. Watts is a good instructor on such subjects for the young men of our day. Nobody who understands his age would embody such wisdom as the following in a manual of "Mental and Social Culture":

"He that would raise his judgment above the vulgar rank of mankind, and learn to pass a just sentence on persons and things, must take heed of a fanciful temper of mind and a humorous conduct in his affairs. Fancy and humor, early and constantly indulged, may expect an old age overrun with follies."

Or such as this:

"In order to furnish the mind with a rich variety of ideas, the laudable curiosity of young people should be indulged and gratified rather than discouraged. It is a very hopeful sign in young persons to see them curious in observing and inquisitive in searching into things that occur; nor should such an enquiring temper be frowned into silence, or rigorously restrained, but should rather be satisfied with proper answers."

NEW THEORIES OF CONSTITUTIONAL LAW.*

THIS is an ingenious and elaborate effort to demonstrate, by a course of legal argument, that the Federal Constitution has been misconstrued ever since it was established, and that, properly interpreted, it abolished slavery, destroyed the last vestige of State rights, consolidated the whole power of government in the hands of federal authority, and carried out the doctrines of Hamilton to an extent of which Hamilton himself did not dream.

Such a line of argument cannot, of course, be supported by judicial authorities, for it is in direct opposition to the views of every tribunal that has administered justice in this country since 1787. A few cases are cited by way of illustration, or to strengthen collateral branches of the argument; but evidently no great importance is attached to them.

The keystone of Judge Farrer's theory is to be found in the preamble or enacting clause of the Constitution: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution of the United States of America." This clause, in our author's opinion, confers powers and duties upon the Federal Government commensurate with the objects thus declared, and upon the widest interpretation of their meaning. It needs no explanation to make it clear to any one that this doctrine would give to the Federal Government all the power that any government ever had, subject only to the specific checks and restraints imposed by subsequent clauses of the Constitution itself. Whatever any State might do, the United States could do; and the latter power might go further, and, assuming all the powers of local government now exercised by the several States, might prohibit them from exercising any authority whatever. Such is Judge Farrer's conclusion (§§ 120–122); and he could not stop short of this, reasoning from his premises.

This position is fortified by reference to Section 8 of Article I. of the Constitution, by which the whole nature of the government seems to be involved in a question of punctuation. That section begins thus: "Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises; to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States; but all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States." It is evident that the meaning of this clause depends very much upon the use of the semicolon where it first occurs. The Republican party of 1800 maintained that this semicolon had no more effect than a comma; the Federalists insisted that the use of a semicolon separated the two parts of the sentence as effectually as if they had been divided into paragraphs and numbered. If the latter view were correct, the power to provide for the general welfare would be an independent one, of unlimited scope; if the former were the just view, this power would be a mere incident of the taxing power, and could at the utmost only be exercised by raising and appropriating money. Judge Farrer, of course, magnifies the office of the semicolon.

The power of Congress being thus established as supreme, the "security of liberty" abolishes slavery, and the "establishment of justice" abrogates everything that is unjust. The section concerning the apportionment of representatives Judge Farrer explains by assuming that "persons" means "citizens," that "all other persons" must mean citizens bound to service otherwise than for a term of years, because "bond" is the opposite of "free," and "bond" implies some contract or obligation, which cannot exist in the case of a slave (§§ 139, 140).

The amendments to the Constitution, forbidding seizures and searches without warrant, prosecutions without indictment, etc., etc., are confidently assumed to be limitations upon the States as well as upon the Federal Government, and one decision, by Chief-Justice Spencer, is cited to that point. But surely the author must be aware that the contrary doctrine is well settled, if anything can be settled by judicial interpretation.

We shall not follow Judge Farrer through the rest of the argument by which he proves to his own satisfaction that Congress has power to do anything; that the United States courts have jurisdiction over every possible controversy; that the States are mere municipalities; and, in short, that the Constitution has never been understood or expounded heretofore with the slightest approach to correctness. We respect his motives, but cannot sympathize with either his objects or his method of attaining them. We do not think that justice would be more effectually administered, the happiness of the people increased, or the perpetuity of the Union more assured by a consolidated government than by the system which now exists. Even if we did, we could not justify ourselves in putting a meaning upon the words of the Constitution which we all know was not attached to them by a single man who helped to frame it, who voted for it, or who advocated it in public or in private. No instrument could endure such a mode of interpretation as is applied to the Constitution by this book. No confidence could be placed in any man's word, or in any of the bonds which hold society together, if such total disregard of precedent, and such amazing ingenuity in explaining away language or torturing it into meanings of which its authors never dreamed, should become general. Liberty and justice can rarely be founded upon hairsplittings.

We need not dissect our author's various propositions, for it is enough to say that we cannot recall one of his original ideas which commands our assent. We do not think that the enacting clause of the Constitution has any more force than any other common preamble, and this sufficiently marks our dissent from his entire theory. That portion of the book is, however, ingeniously wrought out, and the work is interesting as a discussion of first principles, and a bold attempt to reverse the theories of the Constitution generally received. The same labor confined within the limits of settled law, and accepting past judicial construction as a basis, might have produced more valuable results. As it is, it will be impossible for the book to influence public opinion. Perhaps this is as well, for all its tendency is in favor of consolidation, unrestricted and absolute. If such a theory had been accepted in the past our *whole* land would have been blasted by slavery, and the means of national salvation would have been utterly wanting. The exaggeration of State rights does not blind us, and should not blind the people, to the fact that the local sovereignty of the States has been, and may again be, the only refuge of free thought and speech.

* "Manual of the Constitution of the United States of America. By Timothy Farrer." Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

LINEAR PERSPECTIVE.*

THE art of linear perspective, as taught in the schools and as practised by architectural draughtsmen, is the art of producing, by geometrical rules and from two or more geometrical projections, a picture of some object or group of objects. It is commonly assumed that this linear perspective, as usually taught and practised, is one with true perspective; that is to say, with the art of representing on a plane the true appearance to the eye of solid external objects. This, however, is not the case. Linear perspective, as generally practised, is known by all experts in its use to be very limited in application; it often gives an absurd result, the incorrectness of which everybody can see; and a little examination will show that its results are always approximate, never absolutely correct. That it may be seen how far from universal in their application are the processes of linear perspective, let us suppose that it is required to draw a Grecian temple or a modern imitation, like the New York Sub-Treasury, from a point opposite the exact middle of one of its octostyle ends or fronts. If a good draughtsman make the drawing from the building itself, as an artist works, he will represent the two corner columns as smaller in apparent diameter than the others, while the two in the middle will be the largest two. And this representation will agree with the facts of true perspective, because, if the portico is forty feet long and the spectator eighty feet away, the midmost columns will be only eighty feet and some inches from him, while the corner ones will be nearly ninety feet from him. But if, instead of doing this, he proceed by the rules

* "A Manual of Elementary Problems in the Linear Perspective of Form and Shadow, etc., etc. By S. Edward Warren, C.E." New York: John Wiley.

of linear perspective, the corner columns will be the largest in apparent diameter, and the midmost ones the smallest in apparent diameter. Again, if the building be long, and low as compared with its length, and to be drawn as seen from a point opposite its centre, the apparent height of the ends will be less than the apparent height of the centre, and the horizontal lines will be seen to curve, bending toward each other as they approach either end. But if this same building be drawn by the rules of linear perspective, the horizontal lines will be straight; they cannot be otherwise; there is no rule in linear perspective as commonly taught to provide for the true rendering of this appearance in nature. Again, suppose that this long building is divided into two, and a street opened opposite the spectator, down which he looks. There are then two similar blocks of building, divided by a space equal, say, to one-half of the length of either. Now, if the perspective draughtsman takes one of these at a time from the point previously fixed, he has the usual process of such drawings smooth before him; each side runs toward a vanishing point; all is right. But if he has to draw both buildings at once, as he had before to draw the long building, he will come at the curious result that the buildings will have each the one side diminishing toward a vanishing point, and the other remaining bounded by parallel lines. Again, if the building to be drawn is high in proportion to its width, as, for instance, a tower thirty feet square all the way to the top and two hundred feet high, a correct drawing from the building itself will represent it as diminishing toward the summit; or, if the draughtsman be raised high above the ground, diminishing toward base and summit both. But if this is to be drawn "in perspective," the tower will be the same apparent width from top to bottom; the thirty-foot horizontal lines will converge toward vanishing points (if the tower be drawn from a corner); but the two hundred-foot vertical lines will keep their parallelness.

One of George Cruikshank's charming etchings, the frontispiece to one of the volumes of Hunt's "Popular Romances of the West of England," represents "the giant Bolster striding from St. Agnes' Beacon to Carn Brea," a distance of six miles. One great foot is planted on a hill in the near foreground; the other, six miles further away, is properly diminished in perspective. But the head, according to the "laws of perspective," being about over a point midway between the feet, would only be diminished by three miles of distance back of the foreground foot. Now, a giant who strides six miles must be eleven or twelve miles high, so that his head is really thirteen or fourteen miles further away from the spectator than is the more distant foot. So Cruikshank and truth diminish the head twice as much as the distant foot. Cruikshank's figure looks vast—an inconceivable Titan. If he had followed the rules of perspective as given in the books he would have produced something absurd, and that is all.

It is usual to avoid the more strikingly false results of ordinary working perspective by taking such angles of vision and such distances of points of sight as will make inaccuracies least noticeable. But if the vertical lines of a two hundred feet tower should converge much, vertical lines of a house forty feet high should converge somewhat. If a range of columns come noticeably wrong in a drawing made by rule, a range of windows will be less strikingly wrong, indeed, but just as certainly wrong. And so on through all the many misrepresentations of this very imperfect and misleading art of linear perspective. The fact is, that the little dash of science at the bottom of it is false—a pseudo-science, as we called it once before. The surface upon which forms are supposed to be projected by the visual rays in this linear perspective is a plane, like a plate of glass, held up before the eye; and upon this plane the images of the objects viewed through it are supposed to be fixed. But it is easy to see that a picture so made—that is, by fixing, as Mr. Ruskin advises, "with a brush and stiff color" upon the glass plate the apparent forms of objects seen through it—will only be correct while the spectator and his plate of glass retain their positions unchanged. If the plate with the fixed images be hung up for a picture, all the images will be distorted except when the eye of the spectator is exactly at the point of sight. But pictures are and can be only very seldom so viewed. A fixed panorama or a diorama can be managed so as to be seen from only the true point of sight, and for these the linear perspective will give a result more nearly correct, though still it has to be modified so as to provide a vanishing point for vertical lines. But for all ordinary pictures on a plane surface true perspective will be the fixing of the images upon the surface of a sphere, these images to be afterward developed upon the flat picture; for every object, however small, must have its own plane of perspective—that is, there will be for every picture an infinite number of planes of perspective, all equidistant from the eye. But an infinite number of such indefinitely small perspective planes, all equidistant from the eye, become the surface of a sphere.

The writers on the theory of linear perspective generally defend it by assuming that every picture ought to be viewed from the point of sight only. But not only are pictures never, in reality, looked at from one point only; they are not, in reality, meant to be looked at from one point only. Delaroche's "Hemicycle" is, perhaps, more often than other pictures so viewed; but with this and all other works of art on a flat surface the careful spectator takes one point of view after another. But, indeed, it is sufficient to observe the practice of any painter in drawing a large scene from nature. He will be found to set down every form as it would be given by true or spherical perspective. His most distant columns will not be right from one point of view only, and from every point beside be the thickest of the whole range. They will be put upon the flat canvas as they have been imaged upon the imaginary sphere of which his eye is the centre.

The true theory of perspective has been fairly well presented by at least one writer, W. G. Herdman. His attempted reform was proposed about fifteen years ago, and the immediate result was that he was well and heartily abused for meddling with a time-honored practice. The few writers who have attempted to answer the objections urged by him and others take the ground that, since "the lines on the glass can only be a correct representation of the object to a spectator when placed in the same relative position to him as it was to the point from which the object was drawn," therefore one who looks at a picture must always bring his eye to the exact point of sight and keep it there. The writer whom we quote, the author of a good practical book on linear perspective, goes on to say: "To complain that the representation will not adapt itself to these various points of view, and that the laws of perspective are imperfect in consequence, is as just as it would be, in stating that the rules of arithmetic are incorrect, because by them two and two will only make four; and so far from proving the imperfections of the science, the fact proves its correctness." With which reasoning and with the extraordinary grammatical construction of the sentence containing it, Mr. Moore was probably satisfied.

The very little use made of linear perspective is the principal reason why its errors are so little noted. It is used, practically, by architects' draughtsmen in getting up pictures of buildings not yet built, and by Patent Office draughtsmen in making drawings to accompany applications for patents. It is hardly used in any other way, and in ordinary processes of drawing is almost wholly useless. It is, therefore, of but very little importance; and all that need be required of school manuals is that they clearly present its simpler processes. The book before us does so with tolerable success. There is about enough of the theory, quite intelligibly stated. The examples are explained and reasoned out at perhaps too great length. There is a very elementary chapter on the perspective of shadows, and a few words, not without sense, on "aerial perspective" and landscape effects in general, though it is hard to see what this last has to do with the rest of the book.

A CANOE VOYAGE IN CENTRAL EUROPE.*

JUST before following the adventures of the *Rob Roy*, we read the condensed diary or log of a friend who, between the last of May and the first of July of this year, with one companion, journeyed nearly five hundred miles in an open row-boat, rigged to carry a sail, and taken from Boston round to Boston again, *via* Providence, Narraganset Bay, the Sound, the Connecticut River, the Merrimac, and the northern coast of Massachusetts. The real perils to which this unseaworthy craft was exposed not only in rounding Point Judith and Cape Ann, but when far removed from the smell of salt water, and the toils of pulling against the stream during half the voyage, made Mr. Macgregor's excursion seem a scarcely venturesome pastime. It must be said, however, that he does not magnify his dangers or his hardships, and that he makes a principle of always floating with the current. His canoe is, in fact, only a covered wherry, which can be made water-tight, and cannot in any event sink unless stove. Row-locks and oars are dispensed with, and a double-bladed paddle serves to steady, guide, and propel the canoe. A bamboo mast carries the sail when needed. The boat weighs only eighty pounds and draws three inches of water. The author easily establishes his claim of safety, comfort, and independence for this mode of conveyance. Though often stranded he was never upset, and on the land his canoe was of less trouble, sometimes, than a good-sized trunk would have been.

The incidents of the voyage are related without strict mention of dates, in a straightforward, unartistic way. Not often does the narrative stray from the river or lake, except for an illustration—perhaps from the author's

* "A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe on Rivers and Lakes of Europe. By J. Macgregor, M.A., Barrister, etc." With numerous illustrations and a map [1]. Fifth edition. Boston: Roberts Bros.; London: Sampson Low & Co. 1866.

already extensive travels; and there is a certain monotonous recurrence of events which, in their turn, are commonplace, as being the universal experience of eccentric tourists. As our Yankee skipper, after once having been heralded in the Springfield *Republican*, was awaited by crowds at various points of the Connecticut further north, so Mr. Macgregor was anticipated from city to city and from bridge to bridge, on account of the notoriety bestowed on him by the Continental press. Curious and meddlesome boys always flocked to him. Generally he met only with courtesy and hospitality, the German railroad officials being far more obliging than the French. At critical moments "a man appeared just in time (N. B.—They *always* do.)" The voyager, like your pedestrian, felt better for resting on Sunday, and found twenty miles a day as much progress as is desirable for a man in search of pleasure and not of work. These facts are not interesting for their novelty, but they have a cumulative value as confirmation of what other solitary travellers have observed and recorded, and may be expected to develop a wholesome enthusiasm for canoeing wherever this book is read. For the rest we remember nothing that is peculiar enough for remark except the barrister's apologetic moralizing *passim*, as if in defence of "muscular Christianity," and his distributing tracts as he went along. Not much poetry, little humor, little of the artist, as we have already said, does he show. He tells us that the landscape seen from the surface of a river is very different from that seen through car or diligence windows, and even from the deck of a steamboat. Undoubtedly this is true; but to make it palpable we need some Thoreau, with his "Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers."

The following passage may be quoted as describing the most hazardous adventure of the voyage, and as being a sample of the author's best style. He is on the River Reuss, having left Lucerne:

"The river banks suddenly assumed a new character. They were steep and high, and their height increased as we advanced between the two upright walls of stratified gravel and boulders. A full body of water ran here, the current being of only ordinary force at its edges, where it was interrupted by rocks, stones, and shingle, and was thus twisted into eddies innumerable. To avoid these entanglements at the sides, it seemed best, on the whole, to keep the boat in mid-channel, though the breakers were far more dangerous there, in the full force of the stream.

"I began to think that this must be the 'hard place coming' which a wise man further up the river had warned me was quite too much for so small a boat, unless in flood times, when fewer rocks would be in the way. In reply, I had told him that when we got near such a place I would pull out my boat and drag it along the bank, if requisite. To this he said, 'Ah! but the banks are a hundred feet high.' So I had mentally resolved (but entirely forgot) to stop in good time and to climb up the banks and investigate matters ahead before going into an unknown run of broken water.

"Such plans are very well in theory; but somehow the approach to these rapids was so gradual, and the mind was so much occupied in overcoming the particular difficulty of each moment, that no opportunity occurred for rest or reflection. The dull, heavy roar round the corner got louder as the *Rob Roy* neared the great bend. For here the river makes a turn round the whole of a letter S, in fact, very nearly in a complete figure of 8, and in wheeling thus it glides over a sloping ledge of flat rocks, spread obliquely athwart the stream for a hundred feet on either hand, and just a few inches below the surface.

"The canoe was swept over this singular place by the current, its keel and sides grinding and bumping on the stones, and sliding on the soft moss which here made the rock so slippery and black. The progress was aided by sundry pushes and jerks at proper times; but we advanced altogether in a clumsy, helpless style, until at length there came in sight the great white ridge of tossing foam where the din was great, and a sense of excitement and confusion filled the mind.

"I was quite conscious that the sight before me was made to look worse because of the noise around, and by the feeling of the loneliness and powerlessness of a puny man struggling in a waste of breakers, where to strike a single one was sure to upset the boat. From the nature of the place, too, it was evident that it would be difficult to save the canoe by swimming alongside it when capsized or foundered, and yet it was utterly impossible now to stop. Right in front, and in the middle, I saw the well-known wave which is always raised when a main stream converges, as it rushes down a narrow neck. The depression or trough of this was about two feet below, and the crest four feet above the level, so the height of the wave was about six feet. Though rather tall it was very thin and sharp-featured, and always stationary in position, though the water composing it was going at a tremendous pace. After this wave there was another smaller one, as frequently happens.

"It was not the *height* of the wave that gave any concern; had it been at sea the boat would rise over any lofty billow, but here the wave stood still, and the canoe was to be impelled against it with all the force of a mighty stream, and so it *must* go through the body of water, for it could not have time to rise. And so the question remained, 'What is *behind* that wave?' for if it is a rock, then this is the last hour of the *Rob Roy*.

"The boat plunged headlong into the shining mound of water as I clenched my teeth and clutched my paddle. We saw her sharp prow deeply buried, and then (I confess) my eyes were shut involuntarily, and before she could rise the mass of solid water struck me with a heavy blow full in the breast, closing round my neck as if cold hands gripped me, and quite taking away my breath. Vivid thoughts coursed through the brain in this exciting moment; but another slap from the lesser wave, and a whirl round in the eddy below, told that the battle was over soon, and the little boat slowly rose from under a load of water which still covered my wrists, and then, trembling, and as if stunned by the heavy shock, she staggered to the shore."

The American reader misses the map to which he is referred on several pages; and it would have been well to annex a diagram showing the construction of the canoe. The appendix is full of practical suggestions.

THE MAGAZINES FOR OCTOBER.

BEFORE reading "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," and "Waiting for the Verdict," we are waiting until these novels are put into book form. As for what remains of the October *Galaxy*, it seems to be pretty readable. Miss Bertha S. Scrantom's story may, perhaps, be excepted from this commendation, that writer being apparently not yet able to tell a story without listening to the sound of her own voice, and in this instance, at least, having chosen a story which does not much concern any of her fellow-creatures to hear. The matter is, however, better than the manner. We are not much inclined, either, to say good words of Mr. Eugene Benson's "Paris and the Parisians." It is no doubt occasionally necessary and useful to animadvert with severity upon the wickednesses of the capital of pleasure. We well remember a spirited copy of verses in "Porter's Rhetorical Reader," in which moral indignation at French corruption was so vigorously expressed that we were led seriously to expect for the graceless city the very fate of Sodom, to which town it was likened. And, by the way, for some years we looked on the nocturnal departure of Louis Philippe as a fact in some way possessing quite a Biblical dignity. That was twenty years ago, and we dare say sixteen years of the Second Empire, which Paris has had since, might very likely have done no good to the original Sodom, so we are willing to take for truth all that Mr. Benson says in describing how "this million-petalled flower" shocked him. But, nevertheless, there is more to be said than that before the truth is told even of Paris; and, furthermore, we doubt if these warm denunciations of the sensuous charm of such and such a phase of Parisian life, of Mademoiselle Thérésa, of "the fierce ravishments" of this, of "the terrible fascinations" of that, and so on, do very much to inflame the heart of the reader with a love of the good and a detestation of siren pleasures. There is a sort of sermons that people like to hear accordingly as they are enamored of the sin inveighed against, and it seems to be somewhat so with this eloquence of Mr. Benson's. When we say eloquence, by the way, we mean to be understood of exclamation points and things of this nature: "Her soft white face gleamed luminous like a pearl; her eyes, damask, like the purple pansy. On her cheek a little patch of black set off, with manifest coquetry, the pallor of her beautiful face. But stop; look at the dance," and so forth.

"In the Enemy's Lines," by Mr. J. F. Fitts, is a brief narrative of adventure of which the hero is a Yankee lieutenant who escaped from the rebels after Sheridan's battle of Winchester. "Mexican Armies and Generals" gossips about Miramon, Marquez, Treviño, Corona, Mejia, Escobedo, Mendez, and the other chiefs of whom we have heard so much lately, and gives a graphic description of the "armies" which these gentlemen commanded, and which seem to have been in every respect worthy of such leaders. It sounds like the reverse of a compliment, but we mean it civilly, when we say that Mr. Clarke, the writer of the article, appears to have been a part of what he describes. Mr. W. H. Whitmore, whom we presume to be the gentleman of that name who knows all about American coat-armor, or coat-armor in America, writes, not so entertainingly as he might, of those fabulous claims to immense English fortunes which some family or other of our fellow-countrymen are periodically making. Mr. E. B. Seabrook talks very sensibly of "The Poor Whites of the South"—a topic which it would be interesting to hear of at much greater length from a person so well informed as he must be, and so unprejudiced as this article shows him to be. But we would suggest to him the word "slavocracy" as the true term by which to designate the class of Southerners who owned slaves. Nine men in ten of the persons who were members of the ruling order in the South, who were masters of the true poor whites, and nine women in ten of the white women of their households, were so destitute of every quality which we familiarly attribute to aristocratic people, that to call the body of them an aristocracy, without explaining that it was an aristocracy of which most of the ladies were apt to "dip snuff" and a majority of the gentlemen were far more ignorant and unpolished than an average Northern farm-hand, is to call it by a misleading name. We suppose, however, that the reader may be trusted to infer the true character of Mr. Seabrook's aristocracy when, by Mr. Seabrook's account of its correlative commonalty, he sees that the latter was an incestuous, thievish, murderous, drunken, and brutally

ignorant community—a shame and a curse to the country, and the true child of its mother, slavery.

The October *Atlantic* must be called dull. There is the tenth instalment of "The Guardian Angel," and there is "Themistocles," and "The Rose Rollins," which is worse than "Themistocles" and worse than "Uncharitableness" and "The Writings of T. Adolphus Trollope" and "By-ways of Europe," these two last-mentioned being, the one by Mr. Tuckerman and the other by Mr. Bayard Taylor. "The Flight of the Goddess" is a neat little poem by Mr. Aldrich, and quite suggests Browning. But we fear that its leading thought is hardly a true one; this, we think, would have been our way of writing the first stanza:

> "A man should live in a garret, I *do n't* think,
> And have few friends, and be poorly clad,
> With an old hat stopping the wind in the chink,
> To keep the Goddess constant and glad."

But the verses are not of the serious order, which reminds us that the imitativeness of which we have spoken is perhaps not to be mentioned as a fault. The same consideration also prompts us not to insist on our own view of what is desirable in the way of poetical living, and, withdrawing our emendation, to leave the poem as it stands.

Of Mr. Whipple's "Ben Jonson" it is only necessary to say that it puts in a telling way the current opinion in regard to that author's works and character. Mr. Hale's "Dinner Speaking" is very pleasantly humorous. There is humor in "The Autobiography of a Quack" also, and a great deal of truth, we suppose; and we suppose that, considering the source whence it comes, and the quack's allopathic education, the homœopathic physicians will not feel like resenting his flings against the system of Hahnemann. "A Native of Bornoo," which is the personal narrative of Nicholas Said, a Mahometan negro nobleman who was born in Soudan, and is now in Georgia, a retired Union soldier, is interesting and strange; and strangeness is the charm, such as it is, of "The Throne of the Golden Foot"—an account of the Burmese court by Dr. Palmer.

The chief article, however, is Mr. Parton's effective, and in some passages really eloquent, plea for an international copyright law. He must have been in quite a complimentary mood when he wrote it. Mrs. Stowe was never better praised in her life than in the well-deserved tribute to her anti-slavery services with which Mr. Parton cleverly opens his case. And the court being constituted as it is, the advocate is certainly to be commended for his kind notices of our American historians and publishers. Indeed, we believe nobody comes in for hard knocks except English publishers and the metaphysicians. Of these latter Mr. Parton speaks in a characteristic and amusing way. Mr. Lewes's late negotiation, or attempted negotiation, with the Appletons in reference to his new "History of Philosophy" is the subject of remark:

"Thus we see that a few hundred pounds of metal are likely to bar the entrance among us of a work which demonstrates in the clearest and most attractive manner the inutility of all that has hitherto gone by the name of metaphysics, and which also indicates the method of investigation from which good results are to be rationally hoped for."

Yet it is probable, if we may say so, that the metaphysicians have, on the whole, been even useful to the world, and we take courage to say absolutely that "demonstrates" is rather a strong term to use, at this early day, at any rate. We were wrong to say that the misguided men just mentioned and the English publishers are the only people treated with severity by Mr. Parton. He freely and justly charges the blame of the existing state of the copyright law upon the American people and government. And if this national reproach is soon removed Mr. Parton will deserve a good share of the credit of bringing the change about. We hope every one interested in the question, and especially all those who in their places as popular instructors ought to be writing about it, will try to take Mr. Parton's advice and read carefully that most entertaining volume of Charles Reade's—"The Eighth Commandment." Mr. Reade's literary influence is, by the way, quite visible in several portions of Mr. Parton's last paper, which is in no respect harmed thereby, Mr. Parton being as far as possible from a mere imitator of other writers.

The Catholic World for October has one prose article that may be read with considerable pleasure. It is a negative answer, accompanied by arguments and statements of fact, to the question, Whether or not a woman has been educated enough when, to use the language of M. de Maistre, "she knows that Pekin is not in Europe, and that Alexander the Great did not demand in marriage a niece of Louis XIV."? Monseigneur Dupanloup is the writer of the article. He had in a little treatise expressed an opinion favorable to the higher education of women, and had in consequence received many letters from gentlemen whose views were quite at one with M. de Maistre's; so, to answer them all at once, he prepared an article for *Le Correspondant*, which *The Catholic World* translates. It is worth reading, although there is in it nothing not already accepted on this side of the water. Yet it might be doubted whether our acceptance is much more than theoretical when we see that our womankind, as Monkbarns says, are still pretty much what we might expect in the case of a class of persons who, and whose mothers for all the generations, have been in a manner slaves, and who have therefore the vices and weaknesses of slaves. Still, we men have, theoretically at any rate, and in this country at any rate, now abdicated our unfortunate and unprofitable position of tyrants, and may all be presumed glad to know that the archbishop is preaching good doctrine to the French.

It seems—we cannot tell—as if Aubrey de Vere had contributed expressly for *The Catholic World*—and we hope he may be one of the foreign writers whom the editor informs us he has recently engaged—three poems dated on the "Feast of the Assumption, 1867." "Our Lady" the series is entitled, and the beautifully finished verses are full of conceits and subtleties and at the same time of deep devotion—incongruous elements that may well enough co-exist in Roman Catholic hymns to the mystical Virgin. We find nothing else in this number of the magazine to which it is worth while to call attention. Confirmed cynics would enjoy the articles entitled "Rome and the World" and "A Few Thoughts about Protestants," and "Our Boy Organist" and "The Martyrs of Gorcum."

In *Harper's* we get this month the last of "The Dodge Club," from whose members we part with regret. The hilarity of the writer is a little tempered in this final chapter of his record, for he has to take two of his heroes out of the list of clubable men and marry them off to Pepita and Ida, send the Senator home, and otherwise disintegrate the noble fellowship he has been portraying. But he is still merry, and hypochondriacal people might do worse than read about the contest between the double-headed eagle of Austria and our own sky-cleaving messenger, or, speaking literally, about the Senator's victory over the Austrian commandant in Venice.

"Rides through Montana" is by the late Thomas F. Meagher, and is the first and only completed paper of a series which he would have written if death had not prevented. It is well illustrated, well enough written, and will teach the reader something of the mountain territory.

"The Lost Jackson Boy" tells a doubtful story of a boy who, in the year 1837, was stolen by Pottawattomie Indians from the town of Jackson, and ever since until last year has lived with one or another of the savage tribes. A dying Comanche chief told the lad that his name was Willey, and that he had been stolen in Michigan, whereupon he wrote to the postmaster of Jackson. The knowledge of the English language and the art of writing is accounted for by stating that when he was seventeen the Indians, desiring an interpreter between them and the whites, sent him to a school in San Francisco for three years. If his account of himself is true—and the family of a Mr. Filley, of Jackson, who lost a son in an unaccountable way in the autumn of 1837, believe it fully—this adopted chief might tell us a good deal about Indian manners and customs. He is said to be master of eleven dialects, and to know many tribes intimately. It would be well if Mr. Parkman could get hold of him.

"Boating at Harvard" is not long enough, and does not go into details sufficiently, but is good as far as it goes, and readable; and the rest of the magazine, to describe it roughly, is for the young ladies, always excepting the "Easy Chair," which opens well with a notice of the late Miss Sedgwick, and a few remarks upon soldiers' monuments.

Except a sample of Dr. Holland's new poem, "Kathrina," *Hours at Home* for October is a readable magazine. We request the reader to fancy for a moment or two that his wife is in a neighboring room lying on her death-bed, the disease being a lingering consumption. Then he is to suppose that to him musing enters the Destroyer, "a guest unbid," and, with what is to be called a most aggravating manner, shows him his wife's dresses, jewelry, and other personal property:

> "So? what is this?
> Her wardrobe! Let the door be opened wide!
> This musk, so blent with scent of violets,
> Revives one. You remember when she wore
> That lavender?—a very pretty silk!
> Here is a *moire antique*. Ah! yes—I see!
> You did not like her in it. 'Twas too old,
> And too suggestive of the dowager.
> There is your favorite—that glossy blue—
> The sweet tint stolen from the skies of June—
> But she is done with it. I wonder who
> Will wear it when your grief shall find a pause!
> Your daughter—possibly? . . . . You shiver, sir!
> Is it the velvet? Like a pall, you think!
> Well, close the door!"

This peculiar pathetic vein is remorselessly worked by Dr. Holland in the poem before us, and as one reads the whole passage he is reminded of nothing so much as of the "tears of the widower" as he converses with the younger sister of the departed.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of The Nation *should be addressed to the Editor.*

"AND AFTER?" AT THE SOUTH.

In spite of the hostility of Mr. Johnson and the solemn warnings of the Perry school of politicians, the work of registration in the Southern States is nearly completed, and unless a revolution or a succession of earthquakes or a terrible pestilence should occur within the next two months, the election of delegates to the Constitutional Conventions will take place and the conventions will be held before the end of the year. If held, the admission of the States to the Union before the close of the next session of Congress is almost certain. In some districts, perhaps two or three, the negro voters will be in a majority. It is not improbable that several negroes will sit in the conventions, and it is not impossible that some may be sent to Congress under the new constitutions. Under the new constitutions the great majority of male adults of all colors will vote at elections. Many whites will be excluded for participation in the rebellion, but most of them have sons who have reached manhood since the rebellion, and who cannot be disfranchised, and who will certainly represent their fathers' sentiments at the polls. In other respects the South will be very much such as the war left it or Mr. Johnson's "policy" would have made it. Acts of Congress cannot change the nature of man or the face of the country or the climate. The forces by which human society is held together and impelled on its course—the fear of God, the love of money, love of home and of family and of country, pride, ambition, and patriotism—will remain just as active as ever. The sun will shine and the rain fall, and the rivers will flow and the cotton and tobacco will grow, just as they did before the war. The negroes will continue to hoe corn and pick cotton and groom horses and cut wood after they get votes, for precisely the same motives which drove them to these acts before they got votes—the desire of gain or fear of starvation. It was feared before emancipation that if they were emancipated they would pass the entire day lying on their backs in the sun. That this fear was groundless a little reflection would have shown, inasmuch as no provision is made in this climate either by nature or legislation for the support of persons passing their time in that way, and the pangs of hunger are fully as unendurable for any length of time by a man in a recumbent posture as by a man moving about on his feet. But it has now been proved to be groundless by actual experiment, just as the fear that vast crowds of negroes would take up their abode in Washington, regardless of the difficulty of supporting themselves, for the mere pleasure of voting annually for the mayor, has been proved to be groundless. The negro has not devoted himself to lying on the ground. He works for his livelihood on the same economical principles as the members of the great Anglo-Saxon race—that is, he gives as little labor as possible for the largest attainable amount of money, and is found to be, as men go, faithful and industrious. To be sure, he chooses his occupation, and his women refuse to work out of doors whenever they can find the means of support indoors; but these inconveniences are inseparable from all free society. They are found under every system of government, and would be found under this Government even if negroes never voted. So it would be silly to complain of them; but nobody at the South, if we are rightly informed, does complain of them.

If Southerners were in the habit of reasoning much, the mistake they confess they have made with regard to the probable use the negro would make of his freedom would teach them caution in drawing their conclusions as to the use he will make of the ballot. *A priori*, it is easy to show that he will abuse it; but, *a priori*, it was easy to show that he would lie on his back in the sun sooner than work. From the total break-down of this process with regard to his industrial energy, is it not fair to infer that it is unsafe to trust it with regard to his political sagacity? We will grant all that is said as to the mortification it will be to many Southern gentlemen to see negroes sharing in the government of the State; it will be mortifying, no doubt, but then they have enough good sense to acknowledge that a class can hardly expect its pride to be shielded against all shock in a great social and political revolution; and the mortification conceded, what else is it that Southern Conservatives fear?

They cannot fear amalgamation as a consequence of negro suffrage, for two reasons supplied by themselves, one of which we think sufficient; but we observe that Democratic politicians do not seem to rely on it alone. The first is, that God has forbidden the mingling of the races; and the second is, that any natural repugnance to intermarriage, on the part of the white race, which exists now will not be removed by the negro's possession of the suffrage. When every man votes, a vote does no more to render a man attractive from a matrimonial point of view than his wearing a pair of pantaloons. It would be contrary to all our experience of human nature if the instincts which lead to marriage were materially affected by the distribution of political power. A negro emperor might prove attractive to a white woman of distinction, but it would be because he could offer her power. A colored man in possession of the two-millionth part of the national sovereignty will be just as attractive as a colored man without any share in it—no more and no less. Dr. Draper, in a passage of more than usual profundity in his last work, has asserted that when the white and black races mingle it is only the white race which is adulterated, which is like saying that when whiskey and water are mixed it is only the whiskey that is changed. But the fact is, the learned doctor to the contrary notwithstanding, that when the races mingle, one is adulterated as much as the other; and, according to all the Democratic physiologists we have had the opportunity of consulting, the product of the adulteration—that is, the mulattoes and other combinations of white and black blood—have no vital force, and are sure to die off. This being the case, they are sure not to form a permanent element in society, and when they disappear they leave the black and white races as pure as ever.

Which of them is likely to gain the ascendency in the new Southern society? Here again Southern politicians supply us with the key to the future. The whites, of course; first, because they are the race possessed of most energy, of most education, of most transmitted moral and mental power. If the blacks gain and keep the ascendency, it will show that the blacks are the superior race, and, therefore, on the Southern theory of the proper constitution of political society, they will be entitled to the ascendency. Secondly, because they do not multiply as fast as the whites, or, at least, no faster, while the whites are incessantly recruited by immigration. To the blacks no reinforcements come from without, so that even if they were a match for the whites in the political art they would have, in a very few years, to succumb to mere numbers. All the whites have to do is to facilitate immigration from the North and from Europe. Other things being equal, people would far sooner settle in Virginia or North Carolina than in Minnesota or Iowa. They would be in a more genial climate, nearer the markets and the seaboard, and within easier reach of the great centres of civilization.

Why, then, does not white immigration flow into the South? Why is there the least danger that the negroes will be able to outvote their white neighbors in any district for more than a single year? If Southern men would only answer this question candidly, they would have solved the problem which at this moment most troubles them. Strangers do not want to settle in Virginia, not because they are afraid of the blacks, for they avoided it before anybody ever dreamed of seeing emancipation in our day, but because they are afraid of the whites; because they fear they could not get justice from white juries and white judges; because they are afraid of molestation from their white neighbors; because they do not like duelling and street fights; because they like to be able to take what publications they please and live as they please. Every now and then there reaches us from the South a solemn protest that life and property there are as secure as they are anywhere, and that a man has only to be discreet in his conversation in public places to enjoy as much peace as in Massachusetts. But here lies the kernel of the whole difficulty. Men do not like to be discreet in their conversation in public places. The liberty of being indiscreet is the great charm of Northern society. It forms one of the great attractions of the Northern States to people from all parts of the

world. People crowd here from Germany and Ireland in immense numbers, mainly, no doubt, in search of cheap land and high wages and freedom from conscription, but also in search of a place in which they can read and talk any nonsense they please; in which they can say "dreadful things" and make "incendiary speeches," revile dignities and titles, preach "dangerous doctrines," try odious social experiments, without any man's making them afraid. It is a pity, no doubt, that human nature should be animated by so insensate a desire, that it should not love the ancient ways and ancient codes; but we have to deal with it as it is, and not as it ought to be. Whenever the time comes in which a man may maintain against all comers on a Virginia crossroads the thesis that a negro is better than a white man, that the rebellion was set on foot by Antichrist, or that no ball is complete unless half the guests are colored, without exciting either horror or indignation, the bugbear of negro ascendency will be for ever gone, because the whites from all parts of the world will pour into the State.

Two-thirds, at least, of the Southern troubles just now are due to the people's lack of humor. If Governor Perry had ever so little of it he could not have written his recent letters; and if the mass of the people had it, most of the peculiarities which render them such disagreeable neighbors to strangers settling amongst them would at once disappear. There is, for instance, a horrible want of perception of the ridiculous revealed by the "despair" into which large numbers of very sensible Southerners now confess they have fallen, inasmuch as it is tantamount to an acknowledgment that they are sure to be beaten in the political arena by a race whose powers they hold in utter contempt, and which they far surpass in numbers—to whom they deny all capacity for organization or sustained effort or power of calculation.

WHY POLITICAL ECONOMY HAS NOT BEEN CULTIVATED IN AMERICA.

"A Philistine," in the second letter which we publish to-day, calls our attention to the fact that, of the eighteen "scholars" whose names we mentioned last week as political economists, not one was an American; and this he evidently considers, and with reason, a good illustration of the justice of the accusation he brings against "scholars" in this country of neglecting the problems of practical life. If, however, we had been simply making out a list of distinguished political economists instead of a list of men of literary culture who had successfully cultivated political economy, we should certainly have put Henry C. Carey in it, not because we think the conclusions at which he has arrived always sound, but because he is unquestionably an able and original thinker, whose conclusions are always entitled to respect. So that in the politico-economical field America is not wholly unrepresented; but the absorbing interest which nearly all Americans feel in the subject-matter of political economy, and the small amount of attention which has been paid to the science both by scholars and politicians, are certainly very remarkable. The flashes of ignorance of even the rudiments of it which constantly appear in speeches in Congress and on the stump, are amongst the most striking phenomena of our political life. There is, perhaps, no field of mental activity in which we are so far behind European nations as in this, though there is none in which we should, considering our position and pursuits, have so far surpassed them.

We are far, however, from ascribing this deficiency, as "A Philistine" does, to excessive study of Latin and Greek. This does not, as we endeavored to show last week, prevent men from cultivating the science and achieving great proficiency in it. What has, perhaps, done more than anything else to throw political economy into the background, has been the extraordinary importance given by the political condition of the country to the study of constitutional law; or, perhaps, to speak more correctly, to what the Germans call "hermeneutics," or the science of interpreting written instruments. The necessarily undeveloped state in which the founders of the Government had to leave it, the rapid growth of the country, the delicacy and complexity of the relations of the various States to the General Government, have all combined to force the ablest minds to devote themselves, year after year, to the exposition of the fundamental law; that is, to the explanation and elucidation of the language in which the framers of the Constitution expressed their meaning. Now, though this work of interpretation has been a very useful and very important work, it would be useless to deny that it is not a very improving work for the mind. It develops acuteness rather than profundity or breadth, and when the love of it is widely diffused it forms one of the greatest hindrances to deep or original thinking. Men who are accustomed to promenading within the four corners of a deed soon become unfitted for, or learn to dislike the labor of, clambering over the rough ground on which alone the materials of original thought are to be found. The consequence has been, that as soon as the form of the Government was settled, and the generation which had to deal with the great problems by which the world was shaken at the time of the Revolution died out, political speculation soon died out too. We have ever since then been producing singularly learned, acute, and accomplished jurists of the English type—the type which rigid adherence to precedents naturally produces, but not one political philosopher. The nearest approach to such a character was made by John C. Calhoun; but he, too, was not a philosopher in the best sense of the word. In all that he wrote on the science of legislation he was not a free enquirer, but a lawyer getting up a brief for slavery.

Another cause of the prevalent neglect of political economy has been the anti-slavery agitation. That, too, has been a great obstacle to the cultivation of political philosophy. A better sharpener of the moral sense, better discipline for the popular conscience, it would be difficult even to think of. But as an exercise for the higher qualities of the mind, for either the powers of observation or induction, it was not only worthless, but worse than worthless. The arguments by which slavery had to be assailed were deductions of the simplest kind from the simplest rules of morality, and, such as they were, they were old and well worn. A child could grasp them and a stripling could wield them. The real work of the leading agitators, therefore, was the presentation of the horrors and abuses of slavery in a striking form to the popular eye—in other words, the work of artists rather than of thinkers. The conflict produced, consequently, an abundant crop of moralists. The press, the pulpit, and the political arena still swarm with them, and they stoutly refuse to this hour to admit reasoning to much share in the work of government. They look at nearly every question from an emotional point of view. They propose to confiscate at the South because Southerners are such bad men; they wanted to impeach Andrew Johnson as a kind of religious duty; they claim negro suffrage and female suffrage as a "natural right."

Another cause of prevailing indifference to political economy, and, we are inclined to believe, the most powerful of all, has been the wonderful material prosperity of the country. Such a population as this is, with such political institutions, placed on so wide an area of fertile soil, cannot but thrive. The country, too, has been blessed with exemption from most of the curses of the Old World. It has, during the greater portion of its history, had no debt, no standing army, no taxation worth speaking of. The abundance of land rendered the existence of a poor laboring class almost impossible, until the great factories came into existence. Now, we think it will be found that it is almost as difficult to get a country in this condition to devote much attention to the laws of political economy as to get a very healthy man to watch his diet and study the different degrees of digestibility of different articles of food. If we run through the history of the science, we shall find that it took its rise, and has been most successfully cultivated, in the countries in which the people have found most difficulty in making ends meet. The art of raising revenue has nowhere been carried to such a pitch of perfection as in Holland and England—two countries which have for a century and a half been burdened with an enormous debt, and which nothing but exceedingly skilful adjustment of the taxation would have enabled to bear up under their burdens. The immense impetus which has been given to the study of political economy in England within the last thirty years has been unquestionably due to the misery of the working classes. The battle of free trade and protection, which set every man in the country to discussing the laws of trade, was in the beginning a popular rising against dear bread. We might multiply these illustrations if it were necessary.

But society in America has, within a few years, made rapid ap-

proaches to the European type of organization. It has grown more complex, more varied; has produced, what it had not fifty years ago, a number of distinct interests. It has now a large working class, which is not satisfied with its condition, and is disposed to believe that legislation can help it. It has a large manufacturing class, which insists on having legislation help it. It has an agricultural class, which is possessed with a similar idea. The minute the questions begin to be asked—What can legislation do for them? Can it do anything at all? What must they and what ought they to do for themselves? What are the natural laws of exchange? What are the natural laws regulating the relations of labor and capital?—that minute the interest in and knowledge of political economy begin to grow; and, unless we are greatly mistaken, these are the questions by which the country will be agitated as soon as the reconstruction problem has been fairly disposed of.

Whenever political economy begins to be studied here we may feel very sure that it will be studied under far more favorable conditions, and probably with more fruitful results, than in Europe. The cause which, more than any other, has retarded its progress in the Old World, has been the number and force of the disturbing elements created by the feudal structure of society and influence on men's conduct of feudal traditions and feelings. Here, on the contrary, we have a social and political organization in which the individual will plays very freely, and in which the influence of sentiment or prejudice or tradition on the choice and pursuit of callings is reduced to a minimum, so that the political economist has an opportunity of watching the working of the natural laws such as European society never affords him, and the want of which has hitherto been the great obstacle to anything like scientific exactness in economical investigations. We may feel quite safe in predicting, therefore, that when once the mind of the country gets a bent in the direction of social science, we shall do far more for it than European enquirers have been able to do.

CITY AND COUNTRY.

About this time of the year hosts of families begin to come back to all the large cities, feeling heartily thankful that the summer is over and almost wishing there might never be another. This is not, of course, the impression one would get of their state of mind from reading the minute descriptions of the various "summer resorts" which appear as regularly as the long days return in the columns of the daily papers. According to the authors of these compositions, nothing can be more beautiful than to see the way in which the ladies and children enter into the delights of the seashore and the mountains, and the way in which their fathers and husbands cast off care when they join them on Sundays. It is true that a counterblast generally appears in the editorial columns, mostly of a facetious nature and doubtless written by a gentleman whom his avocations confine to the city. In this the horrors of "summer resorts" are vividly depicted, and the coolness, the quiet, the cold bathing, and abundant space of city houses correspondingly praised. But the general effect of newspaper utterances about country life in summer is nevertheless highly exhilarating.

The families themselves, however, tell a different tale. We, of course, are not now talking of the men who go off on fishing or hunting excursions, and who not only pass their days and nights in the open air, but effect such a total change in their habits and diet that the wonder would be if they did not gain immensely in strength and weight and spirits. Nor are we talking of the fashionable women who pass their summers at the great watering-places, and to whom the summer brings simply a prolongation of the winter's gayety—the difference being that more of it is carried on in the open air. We are talking of the mass of families in moderate circumstances who fill the smaller hotels and boarding-houses and the farm-houses, "with plenty of shade-trees," all along the Eastern coast, from Canada to Virginia, and for about one hundred miles inland, and who pour out of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, as well as out of smaller cities, as regularly as the month of June comes round. They want change, fresh air, relief from the cares of housekeeping, and hope to bring bloom to their children's cheeks, and give tone to what "family physicians" call "the system" of the ladies, by an open-air life and a liberal consumption of country produce. We believe the great mass of them, however, have come back this year, as they have in most other years, disgusted or disappointed; not much if any better than when they left, with about the same delicate hue and "the system" in the same sensitive condition, and, in fact, indebted to their summer in the country for very little beyond an increased zest in the enjoyments of their own homes on their return. In fact, it is only the lucky ones who find they have not brought back with them the seeds of disease in the shape of malaria, or a well-developed and tenacious cold, or a racking dyspepsia brought on by the country produce. The miseries of "country board," which are exposed by the facetious writer of the press, are usually only the minor miseries—the smallness of the rooms, the straw flavor of the atmosphere, the fluffiness of the feather-beds, and the limited supply of water. The great reason why the summer does so little for the health of the town population is the badness of the diet. Supposing the air to be good—which is not the case in all districts; in many it is only good enough to prevent the outbreak of fever and ague—neither man nor woman lives by air alone. The city population is, on the whole, accustomed to excellent food, to good meat and good vegetables and good bread, and in the country none of these do they get. In the hotels these things are deliberately withheld with an eye to profit. The season is short and the proprietors are "business men," and the problem they set before themselves is to give as little food to their guests and of as poor a quality as possible without driving them away.

How far they can go in this direction nobody can tell who does not know the general indifference of women about their diet. The great mass of "country boarders" are women, and most women care very little what they eat. It may, in fact, be asserted, as a general rule, that if there were no men in the world the institution of a "regular dinner" would be unknown. It was established and is kept up by men, and is only enjoyed by them. The woman of our day, left to herself, wants a rather late breakfast, composed of a little bread and butter and tea—she is apt to be particular, however, about the bread and butter—and an early tea proper, composed of the same material as the breakfast, *plus* perhaps cake or oysters or broiled chicken or other light dish—say pie—though we set down this last article with doubt and reluctance. One meets occasionally in light literature with insinuations that it is only in the presence of men women eat lightly, and that among persons of their own sex their appetite bears the ordinary relation to size and activity; but these never emanate, we are satisfied, from writers who have carefully studied their habits. The majority of women do not enjoy eating; they care nothing for the ponderous meals in which men delight. They enjoy in great dinners not the cookery, but the lights, the flowers, the table service, and the company. In their ordinary diet there are, perhaps, one or two articles for which they have a strong liking, and these are apt to be very simple; but if the meat is tough or the vegetables old and tasteless or the bread a little sour, it makes little or no impression on them and is forgotten as soon as they leave the table. Their joys come not from these things nor their sorrows either.

The advantages to the keepers of summer hotels of having the main body of their guests persons likely to give so little trouble about their food may be readily imagined, and the result is that the table of these establishments is generally not simply poor but a disgrace to civilization. One has to compare it to the fare which is furnished at even fourth-rate Swiss taverns, and to remember that our population is, perhaps, the readiest in the world to pay for comfort, and that our soil is the most fertile, in order to appreciate badness of country board. It is so bad that it more than counterbalances the good effects of the air.

As to the farm-houses, to which it is becoming more and more the fashion for city people of moderate means to resort, the food is in them perhaps worse than in the hotels; but there is more excuse for its badness. The normal diet of the American farmer is perhaps the worst in the world, and the result is that that singular phenomenon, the dyspeptic farmer, is almost exclusively confined to this country. It is, of course, the natural result of half-baked bread and unlimited pie, and griddle-cakes fried in pork, and a perennial deficiency, not to say total absence, of "garden-sass," or, in the language of towns, vegetables. When the farm-house is turned into a boarding-house, and the "shade-trees" are made to cover the gambols of city children and the afternoon sewing or novel-reading of their mothers, the only change in the table is, of course, the occasional addition of fresh meat, and it is, of course, literally fresh, the animal being generally killed the day it is eaten. It is mostly tough. The bread is mostly sour enough and raw enough to be poisonous, and the life is apt to be monotonous to the last degree, and the guests are lucky if their summer is not darkened by the advent of dysentery or fever. That, under these circumstances, "the summer in the country" should not do more for health, is nothing wonderful. The wonder would be if it did anything. We doubt very much whether many families now conceal from their intimate friends their failure to receive much, if any, "benefit from the change." They go to the country every summer because town at that season is for ladies unutterably dull and lonesome, and because it is the fashion to go; and how powerful the fashion is

becoming we may conjecture from the fact that stories such as one is familiar with in London and Paris, are current of persons in New York who retreat during the hot months to the back of their houses and only appear in the streets after nightfall.

The badness of the "country board" has of late years caused a considerable increase in the number of persons who rent houses for themselves during the summer. The number of those, however, who can keep house, both in the city and the country, is so small, and their fortunes are usually so large, that their example is of very little use. A very much larger number are going into the country to live altogether—some, no doubt, with the view of getting rid of their difficulties in summer, but many more from a strong expectation of improvement in their health or an increase in their pleasures. In both, we venture to assert, they are in the majority of cases disappointed. In the first place, nobody should go to the country, as Mr. Donald G. Mitchell has pointed out, with the expectation of deriving much pleasure from it, as country, who has not a keen eye for the things of the country, for scenery, or for trees or flowers or some kind of culture. Of this not one city man in a thousand has a particle in his composition. To nine out of every ten city men in New York the noblest prospect they ever see is that which they enjoy from the steps of the United States Treasury building in Wall Street, and they enjoy fruit and flowers nowhere so much as at the florist's and at the fruiterer's. For ladies the country has much pleasure, if they have large houses, and can afford to keep them filled with their friends; good stables, and can afford to keep them filled with horses; and handsome grounds, and can afford to keep them in order. Without horses, and until the farming mind has been considerably enlightened on the subject of road-making, houses in the country must be always more or less of a prison. As a matter of fact, we venture to say that women living in the country do not take one-tenth as much exercise as women living in the city, and consequently the country average of female health is not as good as that of the town—the reason being that the paved sidewalks and street-sights offer temptations to walking which in the country are unknown.

This may seem a very gloomy view of country life, and we admit that it is gloomy, and that we intend it to be gloomy. Moreover, we do not look for improvement until the standard of country civilization has been considerably raised. At present it lags far behind that of the city. In the cities immense progress has been made in the last fifty years in the art of comfortable living. The houses, the diet, the dress, the paving, lighting, and all other conveniences have greatly improved. City people, too, have grown a great deal more sensible in the matter of dress. They wear thick shoes and stout cloth; they have raised their voices against raw bread; they have substituted hair mattresses for feather-beds; they have cut down their allowance of griddle-cakes and pork; they leave open their windows a good deal, and are gradually emerging from their basements to eat their dinners. We are not now speaking of the wealthy class, but of all classes. But into the country the modern improvements do not seem to make their way. What it gets from the town is its shabby gentility and its cast-off sentimentality. We remember, a few years ago, seeing a very well-educated, well-dressed Swiss girl, who sat near us every evening at supper, toiling in the kitchen every morning in cooking the dinner at a large hotel up in the Alps. She was the daughter of a farmer and innkeeper in a less frequented place, and she had come over to learn the art of providing good dinners for large companies, with the view of applying her knowledge afterwards to the management of her father's business at home, and this, we were assured, was a very common thing amongst young women of the same class. The tendency amongst American country girls, as Mr. Mitchell, in his "Farm of Edgewood," has pointed out, is in an entirely opposite direction. They are less and less country girls every generation. No more cow-milking, no cultivation of flowers or "sass," no more walks on foot or rides on horseback, or baking or cooking, or any other work that discolors the hands or browns the face. The "popular monthlies," the prize novels, the cheap pianos, and the "shabby genteel" boarding-schools, at which they meet young city geese, have done away with all that. The consequence is that the farm-house has lost most of its old characteristics, and it has not shared in the material progress of the age. The inmates may make more money; but the art of living comfortably does not advance amongst them. They attend more lectures and read twice as many tales; but their stomachs are not in half so good condition. Bread-making, for instance, which is one of the best indices of the stage of civilization a people has reached, is nowhere in a more backward condition than amongst them, while their ideas on the subject of roads—another test of civilization—are those of the twelfth century.

The worst of it is that as the American countrywomen—at least in the regions round the large cities—have risen above their coarse work, immigration has not done much to supply their place. In all civilized European countries life in the country is made comparatively easy for people of town habits by the fact that it is almost always possible to procure servants, and very good ones, faithful if not accomplished, from amongst the surrounding peasantry. Here it was never, of course, easy to secure genteel "help" from amongst the farming population, but it was possible. Now it is impossible to secure any such help at all, and neither the Germans nor the Irish step in readily to meet the difficulty. The Germans nearly all make their way rapidly to the West, and have a not unnatural tendency, and, we are glad to say, a very successful one, to secure houses of their own. The Irish linger on the Atlantic coast; but they are the most gregarious race in the world. They do not take kindly to agriculture, because it involves more or less solitude and isolation, and they consequently crowd the large cities, and care very little how they are lodged, provided they are reasonably well clothed and fed and have plenty of the society of their fellows. They therefore eschew as far as possible service in the country. For them it of course means a sort of exile—the loss of the company of persons of their own race and creed, and often a scanty supply of the rites and consolations of religion. There are, no doubt, large numbers of Irish girls who will consent to take service in the country, but only those heads of families who are in the habit of enticing them from the intelligence office to the station on their way out, and who have to perform the melancholy duty of conveying them to the station, after the last fatal row in the kitchen, on their way back, can tell how hard is the lot of those denizens of the country whose comfort is dependent on their steadiness and fidelity.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, Sept. 6, 1867.

WHILE the Emperor and Empress of the French were at Salzburg, the good people of Thüringen celebrated the eighth centenary anniversary of the foundation of the Castle of Wartburg, celebrated throughout Germany as the asylum of Luther during the most critical period of his career, and as being associated with the memory of the canonized Queen of Hungary, Saint Elizabeth, who resided there until she became a widow, and many of the most interesting legends of whose life—as narrated in Count de Montalembert's charming and touching story of her life—are connected with that ancient pile. The Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar, heir to the Landgraves of Thüringen, who has caused the former residence of his ancestors to be filled with a series of frescoes representing the principal incidents in the life of the venerated queen, presided in person at the historical solemnity, which was accompanied by a popular festival and wound up by the performance in the evening of a new oratorio—"Saint Elizabeth"—composed and directed by the Abbé Liszt.

It seems that the Salzburgers, by way of marking their satisfaction at the Empress's visit, presented her with a magnificent album bound in brown morocco, with a lining of white satin, on one cover a scroll surrounded by gold lines containing the Empress's cipher in amethysts and surmounted by a crown of gold; on the other cover the arms of Salzburg in the same metal. The first page contains an inscription recording her visit, the second a splendid view of the town, and the forty following leaves drawings by the best native artists of the most striking scenes of the region, one of the grandest of Europe. From Dunkerque we hear that the Empress was especially delighted with a triumphal arch inscribed to her, and built up entirely of loaves of bread, which were taken down and distributed among the poor as soon as the imperial *cortége* had passed under it. From Amiens, famous for its duck-pies—and where is still living and flourishing the plump pie-woman from whom X. B. Saintine, author of "Picciola," always used to purchase the local dainty—we learn that among the people officially presented to the Imperial couple was a little old woman who took part in all the wars of the First Empire. Her husband, who belonged to the grenadiers, having been unable to resist the temptation of returning to his village, in whose neighborhood his regiment once halted on a march, deserted at night and reached his cottage in safety but excessively tired, having run several miles at the top of his speed. The good woman, despising her better half for this desertion of his colors, saw him speedily into bed, arrayed herself, as soon as he had fallen asleep, in his uniform, shouldered his gun, and set out for his regiment. Arrived at headquarters she demanded to see the colonel, and having been conducted into his presence she thus addressed him: "My lazy and cowardly husband has deserted his colors, and you don't suppose that I shall tell you where he is. But I offer myself to take his place, and solemnly promise to do everything pertaining to a soldier's duty well and faithfully in his place." The colonel,

admiring her pluck, accepted her offer, and admitted her into the regiment as *vivandière*, in which capacity she remained for twenty years, showing herself as brave and resolute as the bravest of the soldiers about her, and adored by the regiment she so faithfully served.

The court, returned from its journeyings in the east and north, is to start to-morrow for Biarritz. The little Prince appears to be in perfect health, and as active as boys of his years are apt to be. It has been said that the Zouave Jacob, the reports of whose instantaneous cures of various forms of disease have been keeping Paris on the *qui vive* for the past fortnight, had been sent for by the Emperor during his son's illness, and that the restoration of the child's health was due to the wonder-working powers of the "*guérisseur*." But this report does not appear to be correct, though the Zouave in question evidently has protectors in high quarters. His "healing powers" first began to be talked about at the Camp of Chalons a year ago, several of the officers, as well as the soldiery, professing an absolute faith in their reality. His regiment being quartered at Versailles, great numbers of sick people, lame, halt, and blind, flocked to him daily, and of these a great number appear to have believed themselves to be cured by him. The fame of these marvels was not long in reaching Paris, where a friend of his—M. du Fayet, occupying roomy premises at 80 Rue de la Roquette, near the Bastille—lent him rooms for the reception of the sick, such numbers of whom flocked thither to solicit his help that it was found necessary to place barricades before the doors, only admitting batches of thirty at a time, according to the number of the tickets held by each. It being impossible to admit a tithe of the applicants, another friend of the Zouave, the Marquis de Chateauvillard, a man of high family, well known in the aristocratic regions of this capital, placed at the disposal of Jacob a part of his house in the Rue St. Lazare. Both these places, as well as the barracks of his regiment at Versailles, were so densely crowded that policemen were obliged to be on duty to keep order, and the streets in the neighborhood of each were at times blocked up by vehicles of all kinds, litters, and people carrying their sick or lame relatives on their shoulders.

The Zouave, who is "second trombone" in the Imperial Guard, appeared on parade every morning at Versailles, saw the crowd of sick gathered about the doors of the barracks, and then took the train for Paris, giving a *séance* sometimes in the Rue de la Roquette, sometimes in the Rue St. Lazare, and going back at night to his barracks. He gives no medicine, declaring all doctor's stuff to be poison, and takes neither fee nor reward from those who come to him. The police, therefore, had no ground for molesting him, and limited its interference to the keeping of order among the crowds who continued to flock to him.

I have seen M. Jacob, and talked with him; but I have not as yet succeeded in witnessing the operations that have been the leading topic with the Parisians for the last fortnight. He is of middle height, with regular, well-formed features, dark hair and keen mouth, and a pair of dark-brown eyes that dilate and flash in a way that indicates a vehement temperament and a most resolute will. The expression of his face is perfectly tranquil, without a single wrinkle or hard line, or trace of anxiety or dissipation. He is about forty; has served for twenty years in the army, and has taken to the service of the trombone as a relief from sentinel duties and other fatigues from which the band of a regiment is exempt. He is highly esteemed by his superiors and by his comrades, and is said to be exemplary in the discharge of his duties. He is something of an artist and has read a good deal, besides observing the human race in the campaigns of Algeria, the Crimea, and China. Eye-witnesses whose testimony would be received with respect on all ordinary matters, declare that they have seen the long rows of paralytics, blind, and halt rise up at the bidding of this man and go away *cured*, leaving their crutches, walking, seeing. His friends claim that he can cure all diseases, but not all the sick. They say that, in presence of certain sufferers, a veil seems to drop down before his eyes, separating him from the patient, and that, when this occurs, he knows that he cannot effect a cure, and sends the applicant away. He is declared by his friends to be a very religious man, and convinced that God has given him the faculty of healing. But he makes no pretence of asceticism or pietism; is often rough in manner, and sometimes employs expletives that savor rather of the barracks than of the sanctuary. He does not, apparently, attempt to explain or reason upon the power he believes himself to possess; nor can he account for his not being able to exert it in all cases.

As far as I have been able to judge of the matter, I should say that in some cases the action of this man, whatever it be, does really effect a lasting cure; that in others his action gives a partial and temporary relief, after which the disease is seen to be unchanged; and that in the majority of cases the action is *nil*. But, even with these qualifications, the fact of his causing, by the mere exertion of his will, without extraneous aid of any kind, a certain number of instantaneous *bonâ-fide* cures, is surely one that may very well have taken Paris by storm, and should claim at the hands of men of science something more serious than the angry and contemptuous assertions of "impossibility" with which the air has been resounding for the last week.

For a few days past the Zouave has suspended his *séances*, to the poignant regret of the crowds who had taken tickets and been awaiting their turn of admission. It is said that so much hostile influence has been brought to bear against him that the police were instructed to keep away, in the hope that some disorder would occur that might warrant a suspension of the *séances*, and that some thirty or forty medical students, disguised in blouses, and some of them with their heads or arms bound up, as though suffering, contrived to get in and to make the "row" desired by his foes. At all events, placards posted up at the Rue de la Roquette state that "the *séances* are suspended until further notice."

The theatrical and operatic worlds are preparing for their autumnal campaign. George Sand is dramatizing her stirring novel of "Mont Revêche;" Guizot is writing the last pages of his "Méditations Religieuses;" the International Anti-Slavery Society has held a conference here; Patti and Nilsson have returned to Paris, and the former has just signed an engagement with the opera of St. Petersburg for the winter of 1868-9; James Gordon Bennett has sold the famous *Henrietta* in England for £10,000; Abd-el-Kader is said to be very proud of having won fifteen francs at the gaming-house of Iffezheim, where Mustapha Pasha (the Viceroy's brother, and one of the most inveterate gamesters extant) has broken the bank twice in three days; and the north door of Notre Dame, which, according to tradition, the devil has kept unfinished all these hundreds of years, has just been successfully completed by a French smith, to the great joy and glory of all concerned.

Correspondence.

MORE ABOUT CULTURE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

If my plea for the uncultivated can be construed into any undervaluation of the "scholar," in the wide sense of the term, it gives a different impression from that which I intended. No one can hold the true scholar, the man of large culture, in higher esteem than I do. But my ground of complaint is this, that the popular estimate of the scholar rather indicates and holds up as a model the pedant, or the man who accumulates knowledge for a purely selfish gratification, rather than the man who, from his high culture, shall be able to diffuse "sweetness and light" among others.

Hence the main controversy between classical and scientific studies, while the science of human relations, or what is commonly called political economy, is almost unheard of.

That there is an occult virtue in "going to college" appears to me by no means a mediæval delusion, but a very prevalent delusion at the present day, and—while going to college simply meant four years' grinding at the classic mill—a very mischievous delusion, by which a few boys of a peculiar cast of mind were benefited, and a much larger number either lost their time or were unfitted for their necessary vocations in the active world. Now that nearly all the universities and colleges have enlarged the field of study, this objection will no longer apply.

If we could substitute a true study of language for the study of the so-called classics, or Latin and Greek, there would have been less, or perhaps no, objection to this. But in the exclusive study of Latin and Greek, the minds of boys and young men become imbued with the idea of a form of civil polity which was based on slavery, and which has failed. The Greek and Roman polity was one of centralization and of protection culminating in slavery, the natural result of the theory of protection. I believe the principle of individual freedom and of popular rights came from the horde of so-called barbarians by whom the Greek and Roman forms of government were for a time overwhelmed.

If this be true, then the study of language as a discipline of the mind should include the language and literature of the Northmen, in order that the mind, while being disciplined, should not be perverted by the exclusive observation of the Roman and Greek polity, but should be strengthened in the principles of human freedom by a knowledge of the northern races from whom we have derived so many of those principles.

As to the study of political economy, I do not ask that it should be included in the system of education with the special view to the development of men by whom new discoveries in the science should be made, but in order

that the mass of our active men should understand their position in the harmony of the universe; that we should have our several vocations ennobled by a clear perception of the fact that by our work the plane of comfort, education, and morality is being raised for all, and that all interests are harmonious if we only cease fostering one above another by means of laws.

The whole country is being now disturbed and placed in danger of serious disaster simply because few among the people and perhaps still fewer among the legislators have any knowledge of the science of political economy, or any conviction that certain principles of social science have been absolutely settled. Hence we have men who believe that the Government can create value, and that from their power of coining the precious metals into money they derive the power to make money of the same value out of paper. Hence, also, we have the demand for laws to regulate the hours of labor for adults. Hence the enactment of laws for the collection of revenue by which, in addition to their purpose of securing a revenue, the attempt is made to divert labor from its natural channel into some other, or, in other words, to destroy its freedom.

And, finally, I think it is significant of the want of attention to the science of political economy in this country that in the list of eighteen "scholars" whom you name in your comment on my previous letter who have distinguished themselves by their contributions to this dominant science, not one is an American.

When we have a harmonious system of education, we shall have scholars who can meet the requirements of their time and be able to give the direction, as Adam Smith and Stuart Mill and Buckle and Lecky have guided the English, and Bastiat the French; and men like Gladstone, Cobden, and Bright, capable of leading us in the path of true prosperity which the scholars have marked out for us. "A PHILISTINE."

[We know nothing and can learn nothing about the "so-called barbarian" races except through Greek and Roman literature; and nothing that we know of them is of much, if any, political value. We have hardly a single political or legal idea of importance of which the germ, at least, may not be found in Greek or Roman polity. The phrase "popular rights," in the sense in which we understand it—the right of the majority to rule, through the ballot—would have been incomprehensible to a barbarian. It was as familiar to an Athenian or Roman as to a Bostonian. The same thing may be said of municipal government.—ED. NATION.]

THE ROMAN JUDICIARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some weeks ago you spoke of the great problem presented by the success of the ancient Roman civilization. As it is evident from this that you do not adopt the popular theory which makes out the ancients to be of no use, I make no apology for mentioning to you another problem arising out of one department of this civilization. The question does not occur to me now for the first time, but the discussions in and about the New York Constitutional Convention have brought it up in my mind with renewed force. The general theory and practice of modern times is opposed to an elective judiciary; our own unfortunate experience testifies strongly against it. Yet the principal Roman judges (the prætors) were elected, and what is more, every man who went regularly through the highest offices was prætor (that is, judge) before he was consul (that is, executive), just as if our President should first be a justice of the Supreme Court and our State governors first be judges of the highest State courts. Nay, more, the prætor not only administered the law, but also helped to make it by his edicts. Why did this system, so contrary to our modern ideas, work so well in Rome? CARL BENSON.

"SWEETNESS AND LIGHT."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Your correspondent, "W. W. N.," seems to be laboring under the delusion that Mr. Matthew Arnold makes use of the phrase "Sweetness and light" as if it were of his own manufacture. Surely he must have read Mr. Arnold's lecture somewhat carelessly, otherwise the crude statement of "A Philistine" would not have led him, as it seems to have done, to entertain such a supposition. The sentence which "W. W. N." takes so much pains to quote from Swift is quoted by Mr. Arnold himself. In the edition of his lecture contained in the *Every Saturday* (July 27, 1867, p. 100) may be found the following words:

"Exactly the notion of perfection as culture brings us to conceive of it; a perfection in which the characters of beauty and intelligence are both present, which unites 'the two noblest of things'—*as Swift* (who of one of the two, at any rate, had himself all too little) *most happily calls them in his 'Battle of the Books'*—'the two noblest of things, sweetness and light.'"

Your correspondent seems eager to rescue the phrase from Mr. Arnold's supposed claim; and I am equally desirous of calling attention to the fact that Mr. Arnold expressly credits it to its true owner. J. A.

WATERBURY, Conn., Sept. 20, 1867.

STATISTICS OF THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As appears from a recent report on the works at the Mont Cenis Tunnel, the execution of this gigantic enterprise was ordered by a law of the Sardinian Parliament on the 15th of August, 1857, and the excavation was begun by hand labor at Bardonnêche, the southern terminus, in October; at Modane, the opposite extremity, in December, of the same year.

Until machinery was employed for drilling the rock, the average rate of progress per day at the Bardonnêche end was about two feet and two inches; at the northern terminus, in consequence of the less favorable character of the rock and other circumstances, it was five or six inches less.

Drilling machinery of a very ingenious character, driven by compressed air condensed by a small water-power, was first applied at Bardonnêche in 1861, was introduced at Modane in 1863, and has since been constantly in operation at both points up to the present time. Experience has suggested many improvements in the construction and operation of the machines, and their rate of performance has been considerably increased in consequence. Thus, at Bardonnêche, the progress has been per day as follows:

In 1861, 1 foot 6½ inches; in 1862, 3 feet 5½ inches; in 1863, 3 feet 10½ inches; in 1864, 5 feet 7⅞ inches; in 1865, 7 feet; in 1866, 7 feet 4½ inches. The works advanced rather more slowly at Modane, and in 1865 the drills on that side struck into a refractory quartzite formation which has brought down the daily progress during the eighteen months which have elapsed since that rock appeared to an average of two feet and three or four inches.

The total length of the tunnel—which, in consequence of the great height of the ridge under which it passes, is without a single shaft—is seven miles and about three-fifths, or, more exactly, one thousand yards. Of this distance, four miles wanting 120 yards were completed on the 31st December, 1866, and there remained about three miles and three-quarters to be excavated.

The time of the completion of this important work, which will shorten the travelling time between the capitals of Italy and France by about eight hours, cannot be accurately computed, but it is more than probable that the tunnel will be finished before the beginning of the year 1871, even at the rate of progress at the Bardonnêche end for 1866. But there are many reasons for believing that this rate will be accelerated, and it does not seem too sanguine to calculate upon the passage of the tunnel by railway trains as soon as the 1st of July, 1870.

The length of the Mont Cenis tunnel is believed to be twice as great as that of any other subterranean gallery constructed for similar or analogous purposes, and the difficulty of the work has been much increased by the impossibility of sinking shafts through the superincumbent strata for the removal of excavated material, for aeration, and for the escape of gases disengaged by the respiration of the laborers and the combustion of powder and lights. Fresh air is forced into the tunnel by appropriate machinery, and a sufficient current is thus created for respiration and for carrying off the smoke of the lights and of the powder used in blasting. Many other ingenious contrivances are employed for the security, the health, and the comfort of the laborers, and it is not reported that they suffer, in any respect, more than the workmen engaged in excavating ordinary tunnels.

Many persons apprehend serious difficulty in the removal of the smoke and of noxious gases from the combustion of the fuel employed by the locomotives. Those who have passed through the forty-three tunnels on the railway between Bologna and Pistoja in hot weather will readily believe that this may prove a very formidable objection to the use of the great gallery under Mont Cenis. I have more than once felt myself, and seen other passengers over the Bologna road, apparently in real danger of suffocation, and have been convinced that an accident which should bring a train to a stop in one of the long tunnels on that road, when the accumulation of irrespirable gases is as large as I have sometimes witnessed it, would involve the speedy death of every person in the train. If the windows of the cars are kept closed, not much inconvenience is usually felt, even in summer; but the supply of air in the compartments of a railway car is small, and in a very few minutes of stoppage the stock would be exhausted. The careless, almost stolid, indifference with which abuses of all sorts are

regarded in Italy, has hitherto prevented the Government and the public from insisting on the adoption of any precautionary measures against the occurrence of fatal accidents from this cause upon the railways, but it is a danger which common prudence ought not to overlook.

The Mont Cenis tunnel is in a more northern latitude, and at a considerably higher elevation than the railways which cross the Apennines. Its temperature would therefore, under similar circumstances, be lower than in the galleries of more southern railways. But the line is at a great distance below the surface, and its temperature is that which is determined by its depth. There will, of course, be a certain movement of air through it, but in all probability the thermometer will always stand at summer heat through nearly its whole length.

The aeration of the tunnel is engaging the earnest attention of scientific and practical men, and it is much to be hoped that some method may be devised for the frequent renovation of its atmosphere before it and the similar enterprise at Mount Hoosac, in Massachusetts, are brought to completion.

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The Week.

THERE are rumors, which thicken as the fall elections approach, of Mr. Johnson's intention to use force against Congress on some pretext or other when it meets in November. One story is that he will simply resist impeachment, or, at all events, any attempt to suspend him during impeachment. Another is that he will arrest or disperse Congress as soon as it meets, and will use for this purpose the Maryland militia, 4,500 strong, which Governor Swann is now organizing and arming, and to which General Grant very properly refused artillery the other day. There is reason to believe that Mr. Johnson has some men about him who advise him to use force, others who wish he would use force, and that he himself thinks he would be justified in using it; but nevertheless the chances are all against his doing anything of the kind. There is a strong feeling prevalent at the North, no doubt, against impeachment; but then impeachment is a legal process, and the people, no matter what they may think of its expediency, will never sanction its being met in any but the legal way. So, also, as regards the question of suspension during trial, this must be decided by somebody. It may be unconstitutional, but who is to say whether it is or not—the accused or the court before which he is to be tried? Between the two evils—a stretch of power by the court of impeachment, or forcible resistance of the accused officer to its decisions—the people will certainly not have much difficulty in choosing. If the doctrine were once established that, the court once opened, the criminals cited before it might pass upon the extent of its powers or use force against it, of course the process itself would become a mere farce. In estimating the value of rumors like these, their chronological relations to the elections have always to be considered. They are, of course, useful in stirring up voters.

Sheridan's journey through the North is a more legitimate and far more effective way of rousing zeal. He has been received with hearty enthusiasm, which is all the more remarkable as it is now two years and more since his exploits in the field ceased to electrify the country. Like Grant, he is no orator, and therefore replies very briefly and sensibly to addresses of welcome. Invidious comparisons have, we see, been made between his oratory and that of Andrew Johnson; but this is hardly fair. Every man has his own style; Sheridan's is the dense and concise, and our Chief Magistrate's is the ornate and diffuse. Some like one, and some the other. Mr. Johnson prefers his own.

The effect of the President's talk on the Southern whites—which is, perhaps, what excites most indignation against him at the North—is, there is every reason to believe, very much less than is feared or imagined. Some effect it produces, no doubt. It prolongs the feeling of unrest, the belief that the end is not yet, and that something may yet turn up, which has been the curse of the South ever since the close of the war. But this is, after all, but a bagatelle. The social forces are working at the South with unbroken power, and will grind the President and his "policy" to powder, even if they were an hundredfold more powerful than they are. The conventions are sure to be elected. The negroes are disappointing friends and enemies. They are every day coming into possession of land in all the Gulf States; they are working steadily and faithfully; the Bureau banks are bursting with their savings; they are filling all the official positions in which they have been placed with modesty and efficiency; they are rapidly acquiring education and political insight, and it is safe to say that half the land of the South is passing under the sheriff's hammer, and will soon be in possession of new men, on whom the traditions of the olden time have no hold, and whose labors will soon bring the South into the rank of civilized, modernized communities, and get rid of the question which for thirty years has cursed American politics. We may then look for a period of great prosperity, and of revived attention to the study and practice of social science.

Elections are to be held on Tuesday next in Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. The Democrats of course give up Iowa; they can hope for nothing more in that State than perhaps to make some slight gain on their always light vote, and this, we dare say, they will vigorously endeavor to do, it being decidedly their policy just at present to show that "the reaction" has begun. In Indiana no officers are to be elected of more importance than county officers, and in such cases local issues being justly allowed weight, it will be, we suppose, hard to tell whether the Republicans or the Democrats have lost. In Ohio, General Hayes's election as governor is conceded by the Democratic press, which, however, is rather sanguine of its ability to defeat the proposed amendment to the State Constitution, under which, if adopted, negroes may vote. The Ohio courts already allow a man who has anything less than one-half negro blood in his veins to vote, but the minority of the Republican party is hardly educated up to this liberality of sentiment, and it is among the possibilities, though hardly probable, that the amendment may be defeated. The gubernatorial candidate, General Hayes, having resigned his seat in Congress, a successor is to be chosen, and undoubtedly will be chosen from the Republican party, as the Democrats have united with certain Republicans upon S. F. Cary, who runs as an independent candidate against Richard Smith, the regular, and probably successful, nominee. In Pennsylvania the contest is more interesting than in the other States. Although the election of a judge of the Supreme Court of the State is not generally exciting, and though there is little reason why a Republican might not be as willing to see Judge Sharswood on the bench as to see his Republican opponent, Mr. Williams, yet it is known that the President and the Democratic party are very desirous of a Democratic success in Pennsylvania, and that they pretty confidently expect to carry the State, which it seems to be very desirable that they should not. California is all Mr. Johnson's head will be able to stand for a while; if he should get Pennsylvania this month and New York next, we should tremble for his reason, and be concerned, perhaps, for his safety. But the prospects are good for the Republicans, who have made the most

of General Sheridan's and General Sickles's visits to Philadelphia, and who are reported as less apathetic in the country districts than they were thought to be a month ago. We expect a Republican success.

The three judges composing the entire bench of the Supreme Court of the State of Georgia, and all men of weight and influence, have written letters strongly urging acquiescence in the Congressional plan of reconstruction, and disavowing all claim to or expectation of anything better. They ground their submission on the doctrine that the ordinances of secession were valid and efficacious, and that Georgia has been brought back to the Union as a conquered country. The important thing is that they submit: if secession were likely to be a frequent occurrence, their reason for submitting would also be of importance. But secession is not likely to be of frequent occurrence; if it were, the Union would hardly pay for itself; therefore we are glad to see the Georgia judges back again, and care very little for the nature of their excuses. The theory of secession and of reconstruction is fast becoming a good subject for exercises in dialectics.

The municipal election at Nashville passed off peaceably on Saturday last, and was presided over by the registrars appointed according to the State law; but the trouble seems to be not yet over. The main complication grew out of the old conflict between the Unionists and the former rebels, but the muddle was made worse by contests between two factions among the Unionists themselves. So far as we can understand the matter, Unionists from the Northern States now settled in Tennessee are working hard to get the control of the Union party in Tennessee, and are in a great measure succeeding because of the influence which they have among the colored voters. This state of things the native Unionists resent; so when Major Alden, a man of Northern birth, was nominated for mayor (since elected), a part of the Unionists withdrew from the convention and nominated, first a Mr. Myers, next a Mr. Wetmore, and then a Mr. Scovel. This, however, is only one more drop of bitterness in the general bitterness of Tennessee politics, and people outside would hardly have heard of it but that with it was mixed something more important. The State constitution—for the franchise law enacted last spring is a part of the constitution—repeals all laws in conflict with it, and gives to negroes the right of voting. The city charter of Nashville is a law thus repealed, yet the Democrats of that city claimed the right to hold municipal elections under the charter, appoint their own registrars, and exclude colored voters from the polls. The city government appointed registrars; so did the Commissioner of Registration. Mayor Brown talked of a special police force to back his registrars; Governor Brownlow orders out the militia; the President is, of course, telegraphed to, but remains prudently silent, at least so far as is known to the public; General Thomas, in obedience to orders from General Grant, declines to interfere with the militia acting under orders from the governor of the State; and altogether Nashville is kept in hot water for many days. We hear now that the city authorities have petitioned for an injunction to restrain the newly elected officers from entering on their duties; the Commissioner of Registration, on the other hand, has informed the Recorder that if the Recorder will not, he will administer the oath of office to the new authorities; General Cooper holds his militia in readiness, and willingness, no doubt, for service. Governor Brownlow appears throughout the affair as a man doing the duty enjoined upon him by law, and the blame for the disturbances seems to belong properly to the Democrats of Nashville.

Some of the most astute leaders of the Democratic party have lately been holding conferences in this city, the Charleston *Mercury* says, and feel themselves justified in forecasting the future as follows: Pennsylvania is to be carried by a majority of 5,000, which will be a Democratic gain of 22,000; secondly, they expect that the Republican majority in Ohio will be reduced to 5,000, and the suffrage amendment to the Constitution defeated; thirdly, the November election in this State is to be carried by a Democratic majority of 10,000, and there is to be a Democratic majority in the House of Assembly; fourthly, the Republican majority in Massachusetts is to be cut down two-thirds, and the license party's success will much diminish Radical influence; fifthly, the Democrats will carry New Jersey by 7,000 majority and defeat the constitutional amendment relative to negro suffrage. And yet, says our informant, the astute leaders above-mentioned are really a little frightened at the golden prospect. "If the Democratic masses, flushed with victory, should insist, as thousands of them will, upon the nomination of pronounced men such as Pendleton, Vallandigham, Thomas F. Seymour, James W. Wall, or other well-known Democrats"—the leaders will really have to keep the correspondent of *The Mercury* out of their conferences.

General Canby in Louisiana had the good opinion of every loyal man there, and if he had none of the plaudits, he had the respect of all the disloyal. In all cases he appeared simply desirous of doing his duty without the least regard for party considerations, and rigidly obeying and executing the laws without in the least regarding party or personal considerations. He was as far as possible from being a politician or a speech-maker, and as it is right to give every man the credit of his "record," we were expecting nothing but good from his administration of affairs in the Carolinas, despite the manner of his appointment. We observe that his first act of any importance is the promulgation of an order which states that illegal and oppressive taxes have been imposed in North and South Carolina, and directing their suspension—as, for instance, whenever they are imposed otherwise than under the authority of the United States; whenever the levying of the tax impugns the power of Congress to regulate commerce between the States; whenever unjust discrimination is made between residents of the State and citizens of other States of the United States; and, finally, whenever any tax is imposed for the purpose of discharging any obligation in aid of the rebellion, or to reimburse the public treasury or any local or public officer or any person whatever for any expenditure on account of any such pretended obligation. This order is to the point, and General Canby says it is needed. Its promulgation will partly reassure such people as were afraid that loyalty had lost much in the removal of Sickles and the appointment of Canby to take his place. But the fear grew out of the fact that Mr. Johnson made the removal and appointment, and was justified by nothing in Canby's previous course as a commander.

There has been in the Boston *Advertiser* a very neat tilt between a correspondent, signing himself "G. H. G.," and Mr. Boutwell, the former assailing and the latter defending the claim of Congress to take from the President the duty of directly executing the laws. Mr. Boutwell's reply is very telling, except on one point, which he altogether overlooks, and in which "G. H. G." makes his most effective hit; and that is, if the President may not (as Mr. Boutwell shows) decide on the constitutionality of an act of Congress, and the making of a case for the Supreme Court be forbidden, military government being substituted for civil, how is the constitutionality of a law to be tested? If it cannot be tested at all, what is the value of the Constitution except as *advice* to Congress? There is probably no difficulty in the reconstruction process which troubles so many people as this one, and there is only one way of meeting it, as we have more than once pointed out in these columns—but it is one to which the Radical leaders, for reasons of policy, are reluctant to resort—and that is by frankly avowing that the crisis is so tremendous that the majority has taken upon itself to do whatever the occasion plainly calls for, constitutional or unconstitutional.

The Indians have condescended to hold a grand talk with General Sherman and the Peace Commissioners. Pawnee Killer came into North Platte and, as he remarked, "brought his prisoners with him," and the prisoners, three of whom were women, had the usual tale to tell. With him came other hostile chiefs, whose speeches made in council had much of the tone of his insolent saying above quoted. They all demanded that the Powder River and Smoky Hill road should be at once abandoned. "Now you whites," Big Mouth said, "I speak to you; stop that Powder River road;" and Turkey Foot, The-Man-that-walks-under-the-Ground, Pawnee Killer, and Spotted Tail were equally plain spoken. They also wanted presents of powder and ball. General Sherman made them a speech which seems to have

been to the point, and may be briefly summed up thus: that in November he should come to make a permanent peace, and should expect of the tribes represented in the council—namely, the Ogallalla and Brule Sioux and the Cheyennes—an answer to the question whether or not they would go to Bradley's Island and be fed till spring and then go to the White Earth and Arkansas Rivers. He told them they would do well to hurry about selecting their lands before the good land is all gone, and advised them in future to imitate the Cherokees, who have left off hunting and have flocks and herds, or the Yanktons and Poncas, who have corn-fields. It was at this juncture, we suppose, that Pawnee Killer rose and left the council, and, having painted his face a bright red, mounted his pony and disappeared. We should say that the prospect of General Sherman's bringing his negotiations to a successful issue is not a very good one. The Indians are very impudent and full of fight, and, indeed, have reason enough for elation in the events of the war this summer. Yet, as the gorgeous correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* says, "the greatest enterprise of the age cannot and will not be checked, but, like the rainbow in its crystalien beauty spanning the universe, it must brotherly link the Pacific strands to the granite shores of the Atlantic." This being so, General Sherman went, we suppose, to the root of the matter when he recommended the red man to turn his attention to agriculture; for it is plain that his nomadic life and the greatest enterprise of the age cannot coexist. We need not wonder that the fighting spirit is up, nor expect that it will soon be down. The Indians saw the nature of the struggle before Sherman invited them to revolutionize their lives as their only hope of continued existence as a people. Meantime we have a short truce with Brules, Ogallallas, and Cheyennes.

The New York *Times*, *à propos* of the recent reported triumph of the Rodman gun at Shoeburyness, raises a laugh at Captain Noble, whose figures, it says, "THE NATION copied with great satisfaction." Captain Noble's report was discussed a year ago in our scientific column by one of the ablest scientific men in this country, and it is quite true that he did speak approvingly of the report. But he nowhere said, nor does Captain Noble we believe say, what the Rodman gun could or could not do with a charge of one hundred pounds of powder. The gun is treated throughout on the hypothesis, furnished by its own friends, that it would not bear such a charge. At the same time we may mention, by way of caution, that the Cable newsman is no more to be depended on for reports of experiments in gunnery than for predictions of the price of stocks or accounts of "the state of feeling" throughout Europe. That our scientific contributor's feelings on the subject of projectiles were so intense as to cause him to copy Captain Noble's figures "with satisfaction," we think very doubtful. As far as we know, he always spoke and wrote of gunnery with the calmness and with the apparent indifference of a philosopher. It is true he may have been bribed with "British gold" to depreciate the Rodman gun. But we were not cognizant of any such arrangement. Had we been, we should certainly have either dispensed with his services or have insisted upon a fair share of the money.

Somebody connected with the press seems to consider the superintendentship of the Morris and Essex Railroad to be a proper retreat for military officers who have quarrelled with the Government or with whom the Government has quarrelled. When McClellan was dismissed, a report that he had been appointed to this post, with a salary nearly equal to the entire revenues of the road, was at once put in circulation. Now the same honor has been bestowed on Fitz-John Porter, who has reappeared before the public as an applicant for a new trial, on the ground that fresh evidence is now to be had which will put his conduct in a different light. What the new evidence would show, we presume, would be the impossibility of the general's executing his orders; but there was on the trial very strong evidence of his apparent unwillingness to try to execute them, which it will not be so easy to dispose of.

Paul Bagley, "missionary from China and Japan," is making desperate efforts to get Jefferson Davis pardoned, and reports in the Montreal papers a long conversation he has had with Mr. Johnson on the subject. He says it is Davis's troubles which keep the South embittered; but the South does not seem to appreciate Mr. Bagley's services, for it lets him go about slenderly provided as to money, so that he has sometimes, when on his errand of mercy, to sleep on the sidewalk, and was on one occasion denied board in a theological seminary when the character of the bee in his bonnet became known to the officials, and had to pay for his dinner on board a steamer with a ring, and has gone through divers other troubles strikingly resembling those of the once famous Stephen H. Branch of this city.

There is nothing new in the Turco-Greek complication, except that a commission has at last been sent to Candia to enquire into the state of the island and draw up a plan of reform. General Ignatief's advice to the Sultan has been rejected, and the general has reported the matter to the Czar—and there the matter rests. War between Turkey and Russia is no nearer now than it was before the advice was offered. There is not the least likelihood that Russia will attack Turkey till she has either the command of the Black Sea or is sure of not being molested in the Mediterranean. No Russian army could operate against Constantinople with the coast from the Danube down commanded by the Turkish fleet. A little reflection on the altered position of the two governments, both since the war of 1828 and the war of 1854, would have saved *The Tribune* from being so egregiously deceived as it was the other day by its Constantinople correspondent. In 1828, only a remnant of the invading army reached Adrianople, after the most frightful losses and hardships. In 1854, the Russian army was worn out even at Silistria, and had to retire as soon as the allied fleets passed the Bosphorus. Constantinople will be in danger whenever Russia feels strong enough to break the treaty of 1856; but this is not yet.

The controversy between the friends of Maximilian and those of Marshal Bazaine, or, rather, between the partisans of the Government and the Opposition, touching Maximilian's death, still rages in France with undiminished violence. The marshal has at last received, however, what appears to be a *coup de grace* from M. de Girardin, the editor of the *Liberté*, in the disinterment of a secret order—or, rather, an order which was not to appear in the order-book—directing the French troops not to take prisoners, but kill all they caught. After this—the authenticity of which does not appear to be questioned—it seems useless to enquire who was responsible for the published decree of October 3. Even if Maximilian issued it, his failure or refusal to issue it would not have saved the Imperialists from the guilt of making a barbarous contest more barbarous than ever, and depriving its leaders of all claim to mercy from their enemies and pity from men of other nations. The Mexican presidential election was to occur on the 22d of last month, and the manner in which the result is received will test the value of the Liberal victory over Maximilian pretty severely. Porfirio Diaz is in the field, it is said, against Juarez, and if successful, it is also said, Escobedo & Co. will "pronounce," and get up a secession movement; and if Juarez succeeds, something else will happen about as bad.

The Pan-Anglican Synod, composed of Anglican bishops from various parts of the world, is the subject of incessant ridicule from the English press, owing to the exceeding triviality of the subjects which the right reverend body propose to discuss, and the complete powerlessness of the English bishops who have called the synod. The American and other bishops could agree to some serious changes in doctrine and discipline, or, at all events, undertake to bring them about; but the English bishops cannot alter one jot or tittle of either, or get them altered. Moreover, the Church in England is laboring in the throes of disease which is organic and not functional, and the defects which the bishops seem disposed to deal with are mere defects of form and procedure. The probabilities are that the Irish Church Establishment will go by the board early in the reformed Parliament, and that its English sister will share its fate after a few years of struggle. The fall will be a great one, but will do much both for the Church and for religion.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. JOHN WILEY & SON have in press "Choice Selections from Ruskin," reprinted from an English edition, and the first volume of Dana's "Mineralogy," a new, and in all probability the last, edition, so far as the author's own labors are concerned. He has taken every pains to perfect what has long since been recognized as a standard work, and it will naturally now be stereotyped. There will be two volumes in all.——Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt announce an edition of Miss Yonge's "Landmarks of Modern History," a work which is the last of a series of three, the other two being the "Landmarks of Ancient History" and the "Landmarks of Mediæval History." The plan of the books is pretty well known. They give the pupil the skeleton of history, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and enable him to place in order knowledge afterwards acquired. The books are edited by Miss Edith L. Chase, a teacher of experience, who has revised and, to some small extent, rewritten them and added an index. Another book for the use of schools, announced for immediate republication by Leypoldt & Holt, is "La Littérature Française Contemporaine," which consists of a short biographical notice, written by Poitevin, Roche, Grangier, etc., of each well-known French author of this century, and a specimen of his style. The work has been prepared by a competent scholar, and, with the "Littérature Française Classique," gives the student in a very small compass an excellent compendium of French literature from the days of the troubadours to to-day. For higher schools than those in which the books above-mentioned will be used the same firm will soon offer "A Manual of Anglo-Saxon," by Professor Shute, of Columbian College; and Miss Ellen Frothingham's translation of Lessing's "Nathan the Wise" will also soon be issued.——Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have in press "The Story of Waldemar Krone's Youth," by H. F. Ewald; "A Practical Treatise on Shock after Surgical Operations and Injuries," by E. Morris, M.D., F.R.C.S.; and a second edition of Dr. D. H. Agnew's "Practical Anatomy."

—The Finnish national epic is almost entirely unknown in this country, but we are soon to have an English translation of a certain part of it—the third and fourth runes or cantos—which was made by the late Professor John A. Porter, of Yale College, during the tedious hours of his last illness. The Kalevala consists of poems which have long been handed down by tradition from one generation of Finns to another, but which had not, until 1835, been committed to print. In that year Dr. Elias Lönrott, who had travelled for months among the peasants and fishermen of Finland, listening to their songs, published the result of his labors in the form of forty-two cantos, containing about twelve thousand lines. In 1849 there was published a new and enlarged edition, the fruit of researches extended still further, which contained nearly twenty-three thousand verses. It is but a small part of this mass of matter that has been translated by Professor Porter. The poem is written in a trochaic metre, which in several respects so resembles the versification of Mr. Longfellow's "Hiawatha" as to seem certainly the original of the metrical system adopted in the American poem. As for example:

"On the plain of Kalevala,
On the prairies of Wainola,
Chanting ever wondrous legends
Full of old-time wit and wisdom.
Wainamoinen, ancient minstrel,
Passed his days in sweet contentment.
All the day long sang the minstrel,
Often into dusky evening—
Sang the tales of ancient heroes,
Legends of the long-forgotten," etc., etc.

We may as well append a few verses of the original, as its alliterative character hardly gets justice in Professor Porter's rendering. This may well enough be, for in the Finnish alphabet there are but nineteen letters, and even of these there are several which are not put at the beginning of words:

"Vaka vanha Wäinamöinen;
Sen varsin valehtelitki,
Ei sinna silloin nähty
Kan on merta kyanettihin,
Meren kolkot kuokittihin
Kala hanat kaivittihin," etc.

The story of the poem is the old one—the conflict between good and evil, light and darkness, and the heroes of the happy country of Kalevala, Wainamöinen and Ilmarinen and Lemminhainen vanquish Youkahainen and Tuoni and Kullervo and the rest who appear in behalf of the frozen land of Pohiola and of Tuonela, the realm of death. The poem, made up as it is of songs woven together, which have been passed from father to son for ages, is, of course, full of episodes and of gross inconsistencies. Magic plays a very prominent part in it. Lemminhainen we believe it is who, having been cut into small pieces by an enemy, and thrown into a whirlpool, is raked out by his mother, and put together again with enchanted salve; the moon and sun are stolen out of heaven, and copper ones of wizard workmanship are substituted; Youkahainen, by the powerful song of the minstrel and demigod, Wainamoinen, is sung off from the solid ground into a quagmire, his weapons are sung out of his hands and his steeds into the sea; a whole kingdom is lapped in sleep by incantation, and of course there is much brewing of magic storms and much charmed armor. The peculiar mythology of the Finns is to be found set forth in the Kalevala, and though, of course, after the Finns themselves, it will be foreign scholars who will be chiefly interested in the poem, it will entertain the general reader also.

—Our readers will recollect a letter written not very long since, by Mr. Thurlow Weed, which had reference to the late Mr. Joseph Parkes and the authorship of the "Letters of Junius." Mr. Weed had for a long time enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Parkes, who was what is called a "manager" of elections for Liberal candidates. He had been very much interested in the Junian controversy, and at the time of his death had partly written a life of Sir Philip Francis, based upon a large and carefully-made collection of all papers relating to the question, and, in part, upon a mass of original papers and correspondence of Sir Philip and members of his family. But his death left his book incomplete and his papers in disorder; and the work of which Mr. Weed spoke has been finished, the latter part on a much smaller scale than the first, by Mr. Herman Merivale, who has contented himself with completing the life and letting the Junian problem unravel itself, if it will, from the extracts which he gives from Sir Philip's correspondence. The work will be looked for with interest, and if Mr. Merivale lays before the public all that Mr. Parkes had collected, it is not likely that the death of the latter will have rendered the solution of the vexed question impossible. Mr. Parkes, by the way, was the father of a writer whose name is somewhat known on this side of the water by her volume entitled "Vignettes," Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes. Miss Parkes has written a good deal in various magazines on the woman question, and was at one time quite a leader among the female reformers, and in religious matters rather a rationalist than anything else, but she is said by the English correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* to have recently become a Roman Catholic. An *apologia* from the new convert might possibly tell a new story, but we imagine it would be the old one and not too profitable.

—Philadelphia has long had a monthly *Medical and Surgical Reporter*, but no city in the country had a weekly medical newspaper till *The Medical Gazette* appeared in New York last week, under the auspices of Messrs. A. Simpson & Co. It is patterned in shape and general appearance after THE NATION, but has at present only eight pages quarto. In short paragraphs "The Week" gives the medical news of the day. This is succeeded by reports of lectures delivered during the week at the medical colleges of the city; a page of editorial notes; abstracts of the proceedings of medical societies; accounts of interesting cases in the hospitals; the lecture bulletin of the colleges; and more medical news as "Miscellany." We believe the plan of this publication meets with the hearty approval of the profession, and that it will fill a sensible gap between the issues of the monthlies and the quarterlies. We see no reason why papers of this sort should not be as successful here as in France, where they are common. A good many hard-working doctors whose spare time is almost infinitesimal, and who are almost driven to read their *Braithwaite* in the gig, will be glad to get a medical journal that will keep them fresh at the expense of an hour in the week.

—"The Negro as a Soldier" is the title of an essay, originally written for the U. S. Sanitary Commission, which is published in the October number of *The Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence*. It is from the pen of Dr. Sanford B. Hunt. So far as regards the history of negro enlistments, the essay is neither very full nor very accurate, for it was written at a time and for a purpose which made the gathering of such facts not easily possible and not particularly necessary. But it is both valuable and interesting as an answer to the sceptics who, when the employment of negro troops was first proposed, doubted whether the negro had the physique to endure hardship; whether he had the necessary physical courage; whether, when his blood was up, he would not disgrace the cause by acts of savagery; even whether he had the brains required for mastering the manual of arms, and a dozen other doubts which we can all remember. These and other questions Dr. Hunt answers by statements of facts. These are, briefly, his conclusions: The negro possesses a natural aptitude for drill. As regards cleanliness, personal and of the camp, the negroes were found to need rigid discipline, and we may add that very many white regiments also were lamentably deficient in both these respects. His capacity

for marching was at first thought to be small, it being supposed that his large, inelastic foot would make him a bad walker; but experience has shown that he marches as well as any other soldier. "His large joints and projecting apophyses of bone give a strong leverage to the muscles attached to or inserted in them. . . . The colored soldier does not endure fatigue as well and as long as the white, but he can endure hunger for a much longer period." He is a heavy feeder and a good forager, and shows no peculiar tendency to diseases of the alimentary tract. He bears injuries and recovers from them as well as the white soldier; gangrene is of rare occurrence; pneumonia, pleuro-pneumonia, and measles are more frequent and fatal among negroes than among whites; and, contrary to a very prevalent opinion, the American negro is as liable as the white man to bilious, typhoid, and malarial fevers. "This corresponds also with the facts reported by African travellers, who speak of great mortality from intermittent and bilious fevers of the Africans in their native jungles." As to the negro's susceptibility to pulmonary disease, it is said that "great weight is due to the hypothesis that he has a tropical or smaller lung." Among negro troops nostalgia is unknown. As regards intellectual capacity, if we suppose that can be measured by measuring the cubic contents or by getting the weight of the cerebral mass, it seems to be shown, but by experiments which are by no means complete or to be taken as exhaustive, that in weight of brain the average white has an advantage over the negro of 2.74 ounces, the average weight of 141 negro brains being 46.96, which gives the white an advantage over the negro of 5¾ per cent. All this, however, Dr. Hunt offers as suggestion and not scientific fact. Summing up the question, Dr. Hunt says that the negro seems to have these disqualifications for service which the white man has not, namely, a greater liability to pulmonary and exanthematous diseases and a lack of education. He does not discover in him such natural intellectual inferiority as at all incapacitates him for military life, and thinks that in all wars hereafter this country may and will draw largely on its colored population.

—The bloody shade of Queretaro may be expected to stalk through poetry and fiction for half a century to come. At one of the suburban theatres of Hamburg the fate of the unfortunate archduke has been made the theme of a tragedy; at one of our low "opera-houses" on the Bowery we have had a melodramatic "Juarez and Maximilian;" and at the Stadt Theatre there is to be represented, in November, a tragedy in German entitled "Maximilian." In Vienna there is announced an historical novel sententiously entitled "Schicksal und Kaiser Krone" (Fate and Imperial Crown), and the author is curtly styled O. Mühlwasser (millwater). The history of the race has been so useful to Frau Mühlbach (millstream) that this new historical novelist may be excused if he thinks his *nom de plume* a help to him. It is true, though, that one of the lady's critics has been ungallant enough to whisper, "O Mühlbach! quit your splashing."

—One of the many signs of the corruption of French society is the success of the literature of the *demi-monde* of Paris. The *lorette* has for the moment retired from the stage that Sardou may show, in his photographs of the middle and higher classes of Paris, how small is the moral difference between *monde* and *demi-monde*. She has only sought another field for display; now we have her in novels and memoirs. Hardly had La Rigolboche published her recollections when Thérésa undertook to explain how without a real musical capacity it was possible to become the idol of "society," enter imperial circles, and be imitated in private theatricals by princesses and ambassadresses. And now, as if remembering that "tres faciunt collegium," we have the "Mémoires de Finette," native, according to her own story, of the Island of Bourbon, and a creole, who entered upon her life of *cancaneuse* by the way of Bordeaux, and was so unfortunate, after a sumptuous career in various parts of the Continent, as to have a promising lover at Dresden despoiled by the Prussians in the late war. Her book is written partly to defend her calling and partly to abuse the Prussians, and the obscure journalist who probably performed for her the literary composition exhibits considerable dexterity in presenting her case in both aspects. The library which preserves these memoirs may as well secure the "Lettres inédites" of the murderous Mme. Frigard. At least, we have seen these letters announced, and if only in jest, the jest lies in the satire on the fashionable reading of the French capital.

—An interesting contribution to the history of the great Napoleonic contest with which our century opened is Dr. K. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy's "Friedrich von Gentz" (Friedrich von Gentz; ein Beitrag zur Geschichte Oesterreichs im neunzehnten Jahrhundert. Leipzig. 1867. New York: L. W. Schmidt). The name is not well known; but it was a name of some consequence forty years since. Gentz, born at Breslau in 1764, was the son of a Prussian official. He went to Königsberg for his education, and there fell under the influence of Kant, from whom, however, he learned not his deeper philosophy, but dialectic adroitness and a habit of inexorably following reasoning to its logical conclusions; and, also, it was to the sage of Königsberg that he owed a general awakening and quickening of his mind. Young Gentz, at the age of twenty-two, was made a secretary in a Government office at Berlin, and soon was advanced to the dignity of a counsellor of war. The French Revolution coming, he at first welcomed it; but by-and-by his enthusiasm changed to vehement aversion, and he soon loudly denied the inferences to be drawn from his old instructor's doctrines of the equality and independence of the individual members of the human family. At about this time he founded a historical magazine, in which he set forth his political views, and in which, on the accession of Frederick II., he published a letter addressed to that monarch and advocating the freedom of the press. At this the King was incensed, and Gentz was given to understand that his chance of promotion in the Prussian civil service was a small one. Domestic troubles were added to his other misfortunes; his life was so notoriously bad that his wife petitioned for a divorce, and in 1802 he left Berlin. He had previously been in communication with Austria; and in September, 1802, became an Austrian counsellor. In his monthly magazine he had been the paid agent of the English Government, and, before entering on his new duties, Gentz visited England, had interviews with the British ministers, and made with Pitt whatever arrangements were desirable. As an Austrian, Gentz was no doubt zealous and useful. He did much to rouse Austria from the lethargy into which she had fallen after Marengo and Hohenlinden. No means that could be used against Napoleon seemed to him too violent or base. He was entirely in favor of assassination. He seems to have had a pretty clear conception of what he wanted and of how to get it. In 1805 he wrote warningly to Pitt: "You let the Continental war begin without the Austrian ministry (then anti-Prussian) and without the King of Prussia; you will shortly repent these two capital faults. The war cannot end happily." It ended with Pitt's dying of mortification and disgust after Ulm. Gentz's diaries of about this time are very interesting. In 1806 Prussia was anxious to set up a North German Confederation as against the Rhenish Confederation which Napoleon had established. But the Prussian negotiations to this end were without result, and she had to wait for Bismark. After Wagram, Gentz was Metternich's right hand, as reactionary as his master, and faithfully served him at Troppau, Laybach, Verona, and Vienna till his death in 1832. He was a clever, unprincipled man, who saw enough of Austrian and Prussian and English diplomacy to make the private memoranda of his life of value and interest.

—Mr. Aubrey de Vere's beautiful "May Carols" have, as we hope most of our readers know, been republished in this country by Mr. Lawrence Kehoe. The poet has just written to the publisher telling him that if a second edition should be called for he intends substituting for certain poems now in the volume others, since written, which are perhaps somewhat closer to the subject. Mr. Kehoe has had the good fortune to secure Mr. de Vere as a regular and, we hope, a frequent contributor to his magazine, *The Catholic World*. The series of poems entitled "Our Lady" in the last number of that periodical are, we believe, some of those which will have a place in the new volume. Formerly, by the way, it was the custom in *The Catholic World* to state whether its articles were original or selected, but a new rule, under which the reader gets no exact information on that head, renders it sometimes not possible to tell to which class a poem belongs. We were not sure last week when noticing the magazine whether the poems by Mr. de Vere had been borrowed or bought, which, let us say, was the only doubt we had on the subject.

DR. PARSONS'S TRANSLATION OF THE INFERNO OF DANTE.*

Dr. Parsons has completed at a good time the work on which he has been engaged for many years, and portions of which have been previously issued at long intervals. We say completed, although his translation embraces but the first of the three canticles of the "Divine Comedy," for he has never held out publicly the expectation that his labor would extend to the "Purgatorio" and the "Paradiso." We hope, however, that the reception of this volume may be such as to stimulate him to proceed with the translation of the remainder of the poem.

Appearing closely upon the steps of Mr. Longfellow's version, and differing widely from it in method and execution, Dr. Parsons's translation excites a peculiar interest and subjects itself to a severe test. The volume is accompanied by neither preface nor notes, and we are therefore left to gather from the text itself the principles which have directed the translator in his work. Neither zeal nor study nor genius has been wanting to its

* "The First Canticle of the Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. Translated by Thomas William Parsons." Boston: De Vries, Ibarra & Co. New York: G. P. Putnam

production. It is a gratifying fact that, while one American poet and scholar has produced what is universally acknowledged to be the most faithful realistic version of the "Divine Comedy," another has produced what we believe will hold the first place among the free versions of its opening portion. Had Mr. Longfellow's translation not been made we might even go farther, and declare Dr. Parsons's translation the best existing English version of the "Inferno." But great as the merits of his work are, it still leaves Mr. Longfellow's translation not merely incomparably the most true, but also the most poetic version of the poem. We do not propose, however, to do either Mr. Longfellow or Dr. Parsons the injustice of comparing their respective works. Each is admirable enough to deserve warm praise, and each does honor to our literature.

It has plainly been Dr. Parsons's design to make his translation a poem that should be agreeable to the mere English reader, and which should introduce him to a knowledge of the "Divine Comedy" by familiar paths. Wisely avoiding the insuperable difficulties attending the attempt to preserve in English the triple rhyme of the original, he has chosen a rhyme and rhythm to which our ears are accustomed and with which our associations are agreeable. The verse of Gray's "Elegy" has been his model; but his great skill in versification has enabled him so to vary its modulation as to prevent its regularly recurring cadences and somewhat formal measure from becoming wearisome or ineffective. His style is throughout elevated, and in passages has a largeness, stateliness, and grandeur which represent these essential qualities of his original. His diction is almost uniformly pure and choice. The finer portions of his work are of a very high quality, and where he has succeeded, as he sometimes has, in combining a considerable fidelity with fluency and force of rendering, his version is about as good as is likely to be made in rhyme. Take, for instance, the rendering of the address of Farinata to Dante and the following lines, in the tenth canto:

"'O Tuscan! thou who com'st with gentle speech,
Through hell's hot city, breathing from the earth;
Stop in this place one moment, I beseech;
Thy tongue betrays the country of thy birth.
Of that illustrious land I know thee sprung
Which in my day, perchance, I somewhat vexed;'
Forth from one vault these sudden accents rung,
So that I trembling stood with fear perplexed.
Then as I closer to my master drew,
'Turn back! what dost thou?' he exclaimed in haste;
'See! Farinata rises to thy view;
Now may'st behold him upward from his waist.'
Full in his face already I was gazing,
While his front lowered and his proud bosom swelled,
As though even there, amid his burial blazing,
The infernal realm in high disdain he held.
My leader, then, with ready hands and bold,
Forced me towards him, among the graves, to pace,
Saying, 'Thy thought in open words unfold.'
So by his tomb I stood, beside its base.
Glancing upon me with a scornful air,
'Who are thine ancestors?' he coldly asked;
Full free to answer, I would not forbear
My name or lineage, but the whole unmasked.
Slightly the spirit raised his haughty brows
And said, 'Thy sires to mine were aye adverse,
To me, and to the cause I did espouse;
Wherefore their legions twice did I disperse.'
'What though they banished were? they all returned,
Each time of their expulsion,' I replied;
'That is an art thy party never learned.'"

This is fine, vigorous poetry. We give another extract from the beginning of Canto XXI.:

"More vain laments here Malebolge breathes;
And dark it looked—yea, wondrously obscure,
Like sticky pitch, that during winter seethes
In the Venetians' arsenal, to cure
Their wounded ships—for, since the time prevents
Their navigation, in that leisure one
Rebuilds his bark, and her calks the rents
In some old hull that many a course hath run;
O'er bow, o'er stern, the busy hammerers bend,
Some fashion oars, and some huge cable twine,
And some the mizzen, some the mainsail mend—
So, not by force of fire, but art divine,
Down underneath a thick tar boiled and swelled,
Wherewith on either side the bark was smeared."

We would gladly cite more did our space permit. This is a fine passage, but even in such passages as these the admiring reader who is familiar with the original may detect here and there a tone which is not that of Dante, and which disturbs the harmony of the style. For instance, in reading this last extract, one who knows Dante's directness of expression would question (even if he did not recall the exact words of the original) the phrase, "Since the time prevents their navigation," as being too formal and slow. Dante simply says, "Che navicar non ponno"—"For sail they cannot." So, "*huge* cables" is suspicious, and one finds that Dante says "and one twists cordage." We do not regard these amplifications as necessarily faults or defects in Dr. Parsons's translation, viewed as an English poem; but if we consider it merely as a version of Dante, they indicate the danger to which his method of translating and the requirements of his rhyme and his stanza expose him. The free translator in rhyme cannot hope to be always true to his author. He must occasionally curtail or enlarge his original, and even if his taste and judgment be faultless, his omissions or additions can hardly be so perfect as not to break that *tone* which is the inimitable characteristic of the work of a consummate artist—that *tone* which refuses analysis, "qualem neques monstrare et sentis tantum."

A translator of an ancient or mediæval poem who seeks to make his translation attractive and easy to the common reader of modern poetry must give up the desire to reproduce the original in its simplicity. He inevitably, more or less consciously, adapts it to the modern taste, and, provided he does this skilfully and with a prevailing sense of fitness, we have no ground for fault-finding with his work. We may not admit that he has adopted the best mode of rendering the original, so far as its precise sense and exact form are concerned, but we judge his work on its own merits, with many of the same rules as we should apply to an original composition. Judged after this manner—judged, that is, as a reader would judge it who knew not a word of the "Divine Comedy" in Italian, Dr. Parsons's poem has a consistent tone of its own, and displays poetic gifts of a rare order.

But, judged as a translation, it errs on its own principle (which, we take it, was to follow the original as closely as might be consistent with the best effect in English verse of the pattern adopted) by too frequent divergence from exactness where nothing is gained by not following closely, and by too frequent intensifications of expression, by which the simplicity of the original is lost, with no compensatory gain of force in English by means of the added epithet or phrase.

For instance, in the first canto, Dr. Parsons has:

"A leopard *glistening* in a dappled hide;"

where Dante says:

"A leopard *covered* with a spotted hide."

Again, the translator says the she-wolf

"long hath been
The curse of millions dwelling in despair;"

while Dante says:

"She has made many folk to live forlorn."

In his address to Virgil, Dante says, according to Dr. Parsons:

"Let it avail me that with love extreme,
And zeal unwearied, I have searched thy book:
Thou my choice author art, my master thou;
Thou the sole fountain whence my genius took
The style whose grace gives laurel to my brow."

But Dante wrote simply:

"Thou art my master, and my author thou,
Thou art the one from whom alone I took
The beautiful style that brings me honor now."

And we think that this almost word-for-word version is more effective than a more labored one.

So, later in the same canto, l. 124, Dr. Parsons translates

"Chè quello imperador che lassù regna,"

by

"Because
He, the Great Potentate who reigns on high;"

thus losing the force and significance of *imperador*. The line might have been rendered:

"Because
He, that Emperor who doth reign on high."

In the next canto, l. 7:

"O Muse, o alto ingegno, or m'aiutate,"

is rendered

"O Muse! O soaring genius, help me here!"

A literal translation would have been much better:

"O Muses! O high genius, help me here!"

A little later we find the following lines:

"Thou tell'st of Silvius, how his Father went
Among the immortals, animated still
With sense, in flesh corruptible still pent—
Such was His grace who hateth every ill;
But gracious heaven weighed thee the high result."

In these lines Dr. Parsons has failed to give Dante's meaning, though it might be preserved with a very slight change in the words of the translation:

"Thou tell'st of Silvius, how his Father went
To the world immortal, animated still
With sense, in flesh corruptible still pent;
Yet if the adversary of every ill
Was courteous thinking on the high result," etc.

l. 25. "Per questa andata, onde gli dai tu vanto."
Parsons. "That visit famed by thee o'er all the globe."

"Globe" seems to be an anachronism.

l. 32. "Io non Enea, io non Paolo sono."
Parsons. "For no Æneas, no St. Paul am I."

It would be better to read, "For no Æneas and no Paul am I."

l. 36. "Se' savio, e intendi me' ch' io non ragiono."
Parsons. "Thou 'rt wise—more wise to hear than I to speak."

We suggest, "Thou 'rt wise, and knowest better than I speak."

l. 75. "Tacette allora, e poi comincia' io:
O donna di virtù, sola per cui
L'umana spezie eccede ogni contento
Da quel ciel, che ha minori i cerchi sui,
Tanto m'aggrada il tuo comandamento."

Parsons. "'The virgin ceased, and thus responded I,
'O soul of goodness! which alone mankind
Exalts above all beings of the sphere
Whose heavenly orbit is the most confined—
Lady! thy sweet commandment charms mine ear.'"

To translate *tacette allora* (*she then was silent*) by "the virgin ceased" seems to us peculiarly unfortunate, considering that the person referred to was Beatrice. *O donna di virtù* is not "O soul of goodness!" but is "*O lady of virtue!*" and we cannot but think that Dr. Parsons errs in referring the following relative to "goodness" instead of to the lady, who, in his conception, represented divine philosophy. The better Italian commentators agree in interpreting the passage thus: "O lady of virtue! through whom alone the human race exceedeth all contained by that heaven which hath the lesser circles, so grateful is thy command unto me," etc.

"Lady, thy sweet commandment charms mine ear," is entirely un-Dantesque in feeling, and so is the rendering of line 94,

"Donna è gentil nel ciel che si compiange,"

by

"In heaven one Gentle Mourner so laments;"

where it would be far better to translate more literally, "In heaven a gentle lady so laments."

But Dr. Parsons seems to dislike to call these heavenly existences by the term *ladies*, and in line 124 translates *tre donne benedette*, three blessed ladies, by the feeble euphemism of "three such beings beautiful and blessed."

There are other instances in these cantos of this tendency to translate Dante's simple phrase into one more conformed to the common modern poetic diction, but we have already cited enough to show how little the translator has cared to preserve the tone of the original, even in cases where he would have found little difficulty in so doing.

It is not unlikely that the mass of mere English readers will regard such changes as these and such deviations from the original as improvements upon it, and not as blemishes upon Dr. Parsons's work. But the critical student will regret that a translator of such real power as Dr. Parsons and of a genius that fitted him to appreciate the quality of his master's poem, should not have felt that his translation lost not only in truth but in real beauty by every needless substitution or alteration of the kind we have pointed out.

But it would seem that Dr. Parsons, though at times fully possessed with sympathy for the concise simplicity and directness of Dante's style, has been at other times led away by his own skill in the use of the conventional poetic diction, or by a liking for its familiar forms. Otherwise we can hardly account for his rendering of some crucial passages.

Thus, in the episode of Francesca da Rimini, where she says (Canto V., l. 100):

"Love that on gentle heart doth quickly seize,
Seized this one for the person beautiful,"

Dr. Parson changes "this one" or "this man" into "this fond being."

And just at the close of this same famous episode the whole spirit of the scene is changed, and, as it seems to us, a false conception of the character of Francesca suggested, by the mode in which lines 133–136 are rendered. Literally translated, they read as follows: "When we read of the longed-for smile being kissed by such a lover, this one, who never from me shall be parted, kissed my mouth all trembling." Dr. Parsons translates thus:

"At reading of the longed-for smile—to be
By such a lover's kissing *so much blest*,
This dearest,—never shalt thou part from me!
His lips to mine, to mine, all trembling pressed."

This is not Dante's manner; it is the manner of a much later date, it has the ring of the romanticism of the eighteenth century.

Our limits compel us to stop. We must repeat the expression of our strong sense of the great merit and general excellence of Dr. Parsons's version. Its very excellence is a temptation to criticism, and it deserves a minute examination, such as would be labor thrown away on an inferior production. In its kind it is one of the best translations of our time. It is the work of a genuine poet, and it bears the stamp of his individuality.

DR. HOLLAND'S KATHRINA.*

THE reading of this book is a serious, even a solemn labor. Kathrina's life and the poet's were full of questionings. Themes such as art, religion, love, the meaning and uses of life, form the staple of their conversation; their discussions are very grave, and the descriptions interspersed have a corresponding severity of tone. The story of the poem is, in brief, the saving of the soul of a sceptical and blaspheming poet. It extends from his boyhood to about his forty-fifth year, and ends with the death of Kathrina. She dies soon after saying in broken whispers to the poet, her husband (who is an imaginary character, not Dr. Holland himself):

"'Do you not hear them? they have caught the news;
And all the sky is ringing with their song
Of gladness and of welcome. *Paul is saved!*
Paul is redeemed and saved!'"

There is nothing in Paul's life, as he tells it, to justify the interest of the hosts of Heaven—to whom we suppose "them" and "they" refer—in his fate, or to make them particularly glad to welcome him. That a selfish man, a genius *manqué*, such as Paul was, should be "saved," is undoubtedly of great importance to his wife, and Kathrina very naturally, and in a very womanly way, attributes her own satisfaction to the angelic creations of her fancy. To be sure, Paul seems to have been a spiritualist, and to have been "saved" more by a sort of spiritualistic miracle than by natural means, and by "they" and "them" Kathrina may have meant not the mass of the angels, real or imaginary, but simply Paul's mother and her friends, who were at the time in spiritual attendance on her death-bed. Kathrina seems to have been a medium.

The poem is preceded by what Dr. Holland calls "A Tribute." And "A Tribute" begins with two lines which are an enigma to us:

"More human, more divine than we—
In truth, half human, half divine—
Is woman."

"We," of course, means men; but if the semi-divinity of women be admitted, still it is difficult to understand the composition of man. Woman being one-half human and one-half divine, and being more human and, at the same time, more divine than man, it follows that man must be less than half human and less than half divine, say one-third of each. But this leaves a third of his composition to be accounted for. It is hardly fair for a poet to begin with proposing such a puzzle to his readers.

A little later in the same "Tribute" to woman we come to the following lines:

"If God be in the sky and sea,
And live in light, and ride the storm,
Then God is God, although he be
Enshrined within a woman's form."

Another puzzle. Whether God be in the sky or not, why should he not be God although he be enshrined in a woman? Is there then, after all, something so shockingly *un*divine in woman that we cannot believe God to be God if he be found in her, unless he also rides the storm? But Paul was weak in logic throughout his life, and his reason was probably not strengthened by the mode of his salvation. At any rate, this is a very dubious tribute to woman.

Paul—he has no other name in the poem—was born at Northampton, Mass., "queen-village of the meads" on Connecticut River. His father, who was a rich man, committed suicide in Paul's infancy from fear of want. Paul grew up deeply attached to his mother. At the age of fourteen a pet lamb escaped from his grasp, cleared the garden wall at a bound, and flew away. Paul pursued; but the lamb, which was a very remarkable animal, sped away to the mountain (Mt. Holyoke) woods, scaling the shelvy cliffs, "where rocks and chasms were thick on either side," until he reached the very summit (near where the Summit House now stands), and here Paul, very much fatigued by the ascent, caught him. The climb seems to have heated his blood and brain, for suddenly he says:

"I felt the bud of being in me burst."

He knew that he was greater than the scene, and felt his soul

"Baptized and set apart to poetry."

After this bursting of the bud of being he went to school, where in "brain and brawn" every other boy was his inferior, their buds of being, we suppose, not having yet burst. Being duly fitted, he entered Amherst College. Some time during his college course his mother, whose health had failed, and whose mind had given way, died also by her own hand. This shock quite destroyed Paul's faith. He had been sceptical from an

* "Kathrina: Her Life and Mine. In a Poem." By J. G. Holland, author of "Bitter-Sweet." New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867.

early age; now he inconsistently blasphemed. After about a year his spirits began to recover their tone; and one Sunday morning in summer, passing the church in Hadley, just as the choir was singing a hymn, he was so much affected by one female voice that he himself began to sing, and then entered. The young lady whose voice so charmed him was that morning received formally into the church. She was beautiful, and Paul at once hoped to marry her. As he was going out of church he was accosted by an elderly lady, a former friend of his mother, and the aunt of the beautiful maiden, whose name was Kathrina. The aunt introduced him to her niece, and asked him to visit them. He does so. On first acquaintance Kathrina talks a little as if she had lately been reading "Aurora Leigh." Paul is offended at her preferring to pass the evening at a prayer-meeting rather than spend it in conversation with him:

"How my sore self-love
Burned with the hot affront!"

The next morning brought better thoughts. But

"What need to tell
Of the succeeding summer days, and all
Their deeds and incidents?"

In October Paul and Kathrina were married. His friends, he says,

"Assisted me to place upon her throne
My household queen. Right royally she sat
The new-born dignity."

Ten uneventful years pass. Paul is occupied with love of his wife and their one child, a daughter, and neglects to write poetry. His consciousness of power unused makes him miserable. He finally resolves to move to New York in order to see "life" and to write poetry. He says:

"I saw the waves of life roll up the steps
Of great cathedrals and retire; and break
In charioted grandeur at the feet
Of marble palaces, and toss their spray
Of feathered beauty through the open doors,
To pile the restless foam within; and burst
On crowded caravansaries," etc., etc.

And seeing this, he waited the predetermined time when he should close his study-door and "wrap his kindling brain in a poetic dream." The time comes; he writes poems:

"For ten long years
I poured my poems with redundancy
Upon the world."

He gained great reputation as a "brilliant" writer, but his character and self-respect were

"Eroded by the canker of conceit,
Poisoned by jealousy, and made the prey
Of meanest passions."

Meanwhile he neglected his wife and child. He finally repents of this bad course of life, and determines to set to work with a better motive than to win praise. Accordingly, after what he himself calls a "a tedious colloquy" with his wife, which, however, gave him "cleaner vision," he says:

"I can see
Before, around me, underneath, above,
The great unrealized."

"I find myself
Inspired supremely by the Possible
That calls for revelation."

On this Kathrina justly remarks that his "fantasy is vague." He gives his time, however, to his new passion,

"Till, half in terror, half in reverence,
I learned that I had broached the Infinite!"

On completing his work he puts it aside, in order that he may, after rest and diversion, judge it with a critic's cold eye. Then he says,

"I broached my feast,"

and to his great disappointment found it very poor, thus learning

"That the great Possible, which lies outside
The range of commerce, is identical
With the stupendous Infinite of God,"

from "the plucking of whose robes" the "most prehensile language shrinks."

Learning this, his "last resource was gone." Kathrina becomes ill, and on her death-bed, with the aid of the spirit of Paul's mother, converts Paul from scepticism—such that he had not prayed for twenty-five years—from selfishness, from pursuing art for the sake of praise or for the sake of mere art, converts him, indeed, from all the error of his ways to prayer and patience and the service of the Lord. "*Paul is saved,*" and lays this life of himself and of Kathrina as a tribute of love

"Upon the grave that holds her sacred dust."

BEYOND THE MISSISSIPPI.*

Mr. Richardson has in this book attempted, and we think he has attempted with very good success, to give to Eastern men a popular description of frontier life. Indeed, his success is so great that we regret that his ability should not have been better employed, for he is competent to draw an audience much more select and much better worth drawing than that agency-supplied public for which he has written. He has good powers of observation, quick perception, and an intelligent comprehension of men and things. He just misses telling a story excellently; one feels that he does not quite know when it has ended. His book, nevertheless, has many capital anecdotes of frontier character. For example, we may cite the story of the Californian burglar who, climbing cautiously up to a chamber window, found himself confronted by the occupant with two revolvers. "You get!" said the Californian who was not a burglar; "You bet!" said the housebreaker, and thereupon retired. The confidential relation existing between all classes of a frontier population seems to us admirably illustrated by this anecdote. And no one, we think, can help being amused, while many may be much instructed, by a story of Horace Greeley's being called on for a speech by a party of gamblers and drinkers. He replied to the invitation by a strong anti-liquor and anti-gambling speech, which was received with great good humor by tipplers sipping their grog on one side and gamblers who stopped for the moment their less silent occupation on the other. It may be imagined from these stories how little Mr. Richardson sentimentalizes over the pioneer, how desirous he is of representing things fairly. Although in Kansas when the land-fever raged and Edens and New Babylons were founded, he gives his readers an account of those schemes and the persons who managed them which ought to render effectual aid in deterring from rash enterprise and discouraging dishonest speculation. He as much discredits the ideal West as all travellers now do the ideal Indian, and certainly endeavors to give a correct picture of the habits of pioneers. Perhaps, so far as morality and not literature is concerned, the effect of such a picture may be better if done in a popular manner, so that it may reach the largest possible number of persons likely to be misled by land prospectuses and chances of rich claims in Eldorado, than if addressed to an audience more cultivated and therefore less in danger of deception.

The tone of Mr. Richardson's book is sometimes vulgar; but it is the hearty, manly vulgarity of a new and somewhat impudent country; we discover no snobbishness in it. It is undeniably the tone of the newspaper, but also of an independent and fair-minded man. The book is not to be indiscriminately praised; there is no sort of doubt about its author's occasional gross want of taste, or the frequent evidence of his want of cultivation. Nevertheless, we like the spirit of it better than that of such a book as Mr. Hepworth Dixon's, for instance. And as regards the information it contains on all matters relating to frontier life, there is no comparison between the two works. Mr. Dixon confuses; Mr. Richardson explains; Mr. Dixon fails to see the difference between what is characteristic in the society of the West and what is abnormal; Mr. Richardson almost instinctively distinguishes the two. It is very unfortunate, as we said before, that one so able to describe the West faithfully and intelligently should choose an audience which, from its want of cultivation and greed for sensationalism, necessarily throws discredit upon any author to whom it willingly listens. The burden of proof is upon every writer who circulates his book among the great American public by means of agents to show that his writing is worth anything.

"Beyond the Mississippi" is fortunately not filled with columns of statistics, which would almost certainly be of little value in a new and migratory country like that which it describes; it gives an account of the state of society, it gives pictures of manners, it gives local anecdotes worth far more. To know that there are so many, or so many, physicians in Dacotah does not advance our comprehension of Dacotah much; but if we happen to hear of the same man figuring as lawyer in Nebraska, gambler in Missouri, physician in Dacotah, and, finally, judge somewhere else, we begin to understand the Western country better. And so if a man appeals from a village alcalde to the "Supreme Court," and when, from curiosity, his neighbors have assembled, tells them that they are the Supreme Court, and so argues his appeal, the traveller who tells the story gives a much clearer idea of the place than if he had given the recognized judicial statistics.

* "Beyond the Mississippi; from the great River to the great Ocean. Life and Adventures on the Prairies, Mountains, and Pacific Coast. With more than two hundred illustrations, from photographs and original sketches, of the prairies, deserts, mountains, rivers, mines, cities, Indians, trappers, pioneers, and great natural curiosities of the new States and Territories. 1857-1867. By Albert D. Richardson, author of 'Field, Dungeon, and Escape.'" (Issued on subscription.) New York: Bliss & Co. 1867.

CHOLERA PREVENTION.*

So far as we are aware, no method has been discovered by which cholera may be treated with any degree of certainty or the slightest assurance of success. If there is any drug, or combination of drugs, throughout the entire range of the materia medica which will stop the flux of the life-blood of the cholera patient, it does not form a part of the present state of medical knowledge. We have heard physicians boast of cures, and some have publicly stated that they had never lost a patient from this cause; but when the matter came to be sifted and the facts fully known, the remedies said to have been so successful were found utterly untrustworthy. All recorded evidence thus far proves that some get well under all kinds of treatment, and that many recover with no treatment. Behind the disease, and in spite of the doctors, there seems to be the fixed law that one-half of all who are attacked will die, and the other moiety convalesce rather by reason of a vitality that successfully resists the operation of the poison than of an exhibition of drugs. It was this utter failure of remedial measures to save the collapsed victims of cholera in each recurring epidemic that first turned the attention of thoughtful physicians to the problem of preventing what they were compelled to confess they could not cure. Experience proves that this latter problem has been solved. In 1849, Dr. William Budd, of Bristol, England, conceived the notion of destroying the discharges of the cholera sick, as soon as they were voided from either the stomach or bowels, by means of disinfectants and antiseptics. In 1854 he published the results of his experiments in a series of letters. In 1855 his method was introduced into this country, at the Quarantine establishment in New York harbor, by Dr. Elisha Harris, now Registrar of Vital Statistics and Corresponding Secretary to the New York Metropolitan Board of Health. In 1866 this body, mainly through his influence and the untiring energy of Jackson S. Shultz, Esq., President of the Board, adopted the same means for controlling the epidemic of that year. The last-named gentleman established a depot of disinfectants, and organized a corps of men whose duty it was to proceed at once, as soon as a case of cholera was reported, with a wagon-load of the proper materials to the house, and to disinfect all places into which the choleraic discharges had been thrown, all articles that had been soiled, and, in case of the death of the patient, to place disinfectants in the coffin in such a manner that they could instantly receive any subsequent discharges of the dead. This was the first effort upon an exact scientific basis to prevent the spread of an epidemic of cholera. Glasgow, Bristol, and other towns of Europe quickly followed, and finally the Weimar Cholera Conference added the immense weight of its testimony to the same method of destroying this fearfully destructive exotic infection. No one doubts that the discovery of Jenner is a sure preventive of small-pox; the discovery of Budd is an equally sure preventive of cholera; and these two names are already written high among those whom humanity must honor.

In a communication to the New York Board of Health, entitled "Cholera Prevention," Dr. Harris sets forth the present aspects of the epidemic in America, and the principles upon which the practice of "Cholera Prevention" is founded. A copy of this valuable but unpretending little work is now before us. The memorandum on disinfection is complete and thorough, and contains a description of only such disinfectants as experience has proved to be necessary for success in the warfare against cholera. What has been proved and is regarded as absolutely known is set forth in homely terms, while a list of authorities is given in a note containing the names of Pettenkofer, Griesinger, John Simon, William Budd, Dr. Angus Smith, William Crookes, M. A. Chevallier, Dr. Thiersch, and others, whom the scientific reader may consult for the evidence and history of sanitary disinfection. The fact that cholera still exists upon this continent, and travels with equal facility in all directions, endangering every city on the routes of travel while it is present in any one of them, renders this publication exceedingly timely. Every place to which cholera can come needs to be constantly guarded by the sanitary regulations described in this pamphlet, and every family should know and practise the rules of safety given therein, just so long as this Asiatic plague lingers and lurks in any part of the country. Many of the towns and cities of the West, and nearly every military post between the Mississippi River and Fort Harker, a distance of nearly seven hundred miles, have suffered during the present season from the lack of such sanitary knowledge as is contained in these pages. But success in the application of the methods and means described depends entirely on precision and promptitude. For this reason the writer has presented such examples of success as seem fully adapted to enforce the instruction contained in the memorandum on disinfection. The recommendations of the Weimar Cholera Conference, which was composed of more than fifty of the ablest physicians of Europe, many of whom had made cholera prevention the subject of years of patient toil and untiring devotion, are added, and form a part of the evidence in favor of disinfection as a means of preventing and controlling the spread of the poison. The pamphlet closes with a series of rules for the care of the sick and the treatment of their discharges which seem likely, if faithfully carried out in every family in which cholera may occur, to effect a kind of mutual insurance against the disease. The great merits of the book are its exact statements of facts in preventive regulations relating to cholera, its full and precise practical information, its evidence of comprehensive scientific knowledge and actual experience on the part of the writer, as shown in his style of imparting instruction, and its freedom from technical language and merely scientific phraseology. It cannot fail to be productive of great good wherever the rules it contains are carefully studied and faithfully executed. We take great pleasure in praising it.

* "Cholera Prevention: Examples and Practice, and a Note on the Present Aspects of the Epidemic. By Elisha Harris, M.D." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Recent Republications.—Dr. Francis's "New York Physicians" is a book that one would suppose could interest only the medical profession. It is, however, a pleasant book for the mere layman. We, for instance, like this very well: "Dr. Hammond travelled extensively, visiting London, Paris, Rome, Florence, and neighboring places of resort, where the study of disease may be combined with beauty of scenery." It is possible, too, for the unprofessional man to sympathize to quite an extent with Dr. Horace Green, of whom we are told that as he advanced in years "his principal difficulty was wearisome days and nights." "Since deceased," he is, Dr. Francis tells us. The little book is a very free-spoken, kind-hearted one, with a courageous preface; and so—not redolent but—suggestive of Dr. Francis's personality that though we know next to nothing of his commemorated physicians, we have found his book by no means bad reading. We are much inclined to say of him, as he says of Dr. John H. Griscom, that "as a writer he is full, bold, statistical, and at times facetious."

The "Knickerbocker Edition" of Irving is exceedingly good looking, and at two dollars and a quarter a volume is, no doubt, to be called cheap. When the issue of a set of books like this extends over twenty-eight months, even readers of moderate means who—without having offered it—have had the prayer of Agur very well answered, may easily be beguiled into becoming owners of authors like Irving. The "Knickerbocker Edition," by the way, is to be sold only to persons who subscribe for the whole set; and its binding, type, illustrations, and paper are such that one may very well be content to own his Irving, which the publishers say "no intelligent family should be without," in this handsome and durable form.

Bulwer and Thackeray and Irving and Dickens, in a dozen different dresses, are presented to us in cheap editions. It is no more than fair that the master of them all should have his claim to popularity recognized by the publishers. Messrs. Ticknor & Fields are issuing in a cheap form their well-known household edition of the "Waverley Novels," of which there will be twenty-five volumes, to be issued, two a month, at the rate of a dollar and a half a volume.

In point of popularity in America we believe Mr. Whittier ranks third among poets. He has a clear claim, then, to a place in the Diamond Edition, which is, we suppose, sold so cheap because it is expected that a great number of copies will be sold. The more the better in this case. Mr. Whittier's poetry has been in a certain high sense a civilizing agent, and will continue to be so. We have now of this edition Tennyson, Longfellow, and Whittier, all the volumes very pretty outwardly, and all in a type that is quite readable by persons with good eyes. People do not, however, read poetry—we suppose they do not—by the bookful, so the type need frighten no one, and certainly it is a good thing to be able to pack away so much in so small a space of shelf.

Woodward's Record of Horticulture for 1866. Edited by Andrew S. Fuller. (New York: Geo. E. & F. W. Woodward. 1867.)—This little volume is the first issue of a year-book of facts in relation to the horticultural art. It is proposed to publish annually in the month of January a volume showing the true state of horticulture down to that time, and containing everything known in regard to new varieties of fruits and flowers, their merits or demerits, and whatever else is deemed of general interest to fruit culturists and florists. Such a book, if continued and conducted with the knowledge and experience of its present editor, will be found very useful and convenient, too, as a book of reference. It will also include a list of new books and periodicals on the subject of horticulture.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of The Nation *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE CONSTITUTION MENDERS.

The proceedings of the Constitutional Convention of this State, which has just adjourned until November, furnish a remarkable illustration of the injurious effects upon the work of local reform of the agitation now raging in Federal politics. Everybody is more or less disappointed, both with what the Convention has accomplished and with what it promises. It has not dealt boldly with any of the abuses it was expected to remedy. The committees, as a general rule, have done their work pretty well, and have got tolerably near the changes which intelligent men feel to be necessary, but the Convention itself has touched everything with a timid and hesitating hand, as if either it had no mind of its own or knew little of the mind of the people behind it. The confusing influence upon it of Federal politics has been well illustrated in its action on the suffrage question. There is no question on which it has expended so much time and attention as this, and none which is likely to affect the decision of all other questions so seriously, and yet there is not one of all those which the Convention has to consider which is of less importance as a question of constitutional reform. We must not be misunderstood in saying this. Our opinions as to the national importance of equality of suffrage are well known. But the Convention has not been called together to help in the diffusion through the Union of equal rights. It has been called to remedy the defects in the government of the State of New York; and the imposition of a property qualification on colored persons, though an important defect, was by no means the most important of these defects. It has been put in the first place, and taken up most time, simply because of its bearing on the course of reconstruction at the South. The Democrats oppose it not because they anticipate any mischief from the removal of an odious discrimination against a few hundred citizens, but because they fear the influence of the change on the conflict between privilege and democracy at the South. The Republicans support it not because they fear the property qualification to be a grievous burden to the negroes, or because they feel that its removal will be any sensible benefit to the State, but because its maintenance would tell against their cause at Washington. Both parties know perfectly well, as we remarked the other day, that no arrangement of the suffrage will save the country or make it any better or happier unless we have an upright judiciary and pure Legislature, and yet both the judiciary and the Legislature have hitherto received a very small share of their attention, and in all they have done about them the most marked characteristic has been the fear of doing anything whatever.

Take, again, the matter of city government. The growth of the cities of this State is so rapid and their condition so peculiar that there is probably no feature of our polity likely to affect so seriously the future of the government. The vote of New York city is every year exercising a more powerful influence on State legislation. But inasmuch as it is from this city that the Democrats of the State draw most of their strength, and as it is to their majority in this city that they may be said to owe their ability to exercise any influence in national politics, and as the majority here are not only not dissatisfied with the prevailing corruption, but, on the other hand, would like very well to have the means of working more of it, there is the greatest reluctance on all sides to touch the municipal sores. The judiciary in the city has nearly reached the lowest pitch of degradation. "The people," as *The Evening Post* calls them, persistently, year after year, put bad men on the judgment seats, knowing them to be bad. The country districts have, on the other hand, had a different experience, and nobody doubts, or can give any good reason for doubting, that, if the intelligence and virtue of the whole community were brought to bear on the election of its judges, New York city would have as good judges as other places; but the fear of the local majority has been such that, in the proposed plan of reform, the separation of the city from the rest of the State as a distinct judicial district is actually preserved.

The Convention would have been more than human if, meeting at such a crisis as this, it had discussed State interests without being affected by the consideration of the possible effect of their action on the tremendous ordeal through which the National Government is passing. The failure of the Convention—if failure there is to be—will be due mainly to the time of its meeting. We say *mainly*, not wholly. The reports of its proceedings have revealed some other and rather grave causes of apprehension. They have revealed, in the first place, some marked indications of the paralyzing effect, even on very good minds, of that blind worship of "the people," not as a great body of sensible and intelligent men, but as voters, which is becoming far too common. It is not so very long ago since able politicians thought that the very best proof they could give of their devotion to "the people" was to bring to its service all the knowledge, eloquence, experience, judgment, foresight at their command; that when they were sent by the people to a convention or to the legislature, it was for the purpose of counselling their constituents, of telling them what reflection led them to believe best for the popular interests; not simply of guessing at the people's vague desires, but of telling it what it ought to desire and to do if it were wise. They were not ashamed, in short, to confess that they considered government a science, the secrets of which have to be got at by labor and study, and that, while it is the business of the country to trace out great lines of policy, to indicate the principles on which the political system is to rest, it is the business of statesmen to devise the machinery through which that policy is to be carried out and those principles to work. Look at the way the United States Constitution was framed. The very ablest men in the nation met to do it, and they brought to their task not simply zeal for the public welfare—that is one of the commonest and cheapest of political virtues—but the fruits of much study, much observation, much experience, and, above all, rigid intellectual independence. They drew up the constitution they thought the United States *ought* to have, and they trusted to the popular good sense and intelligence to secure its adoption. There was no shrinking or timidity of self-distrust, or blind worship of the unknown popular will, in their action. Then take up the "Federalist," and see what the means were by which they sought to secure the popular approval—a series of essays written by men who were not ashamed to speak as men who knew what they were talking about, who had mastered their subject, who were competent to give advice, and were bound to give it; who owed their countrymen the benefit of their superior wisdom, and who knew that it was such counsels, and not the Oriental homage, that their countrymen sought at their hands.

We wish we could say there had been much of this spirit of the founders of the National Government displayed by the members of our Constitutional Convention, and that the indications of a strong desire to shirk all responsibility and to disclaim all pretensions to any more knowledge of legislative science than any man one might meet in the street, had not been painfully numerous. There was a singular outburst of this repulsive humility in the discussion on the mode of appointing the attorney-general. One gentleman could hardly find words to express his horror of the notion that "the people" would not know a good attorney-general when they saw him; and we feel bound to say that one of the most gratifying incidents in the proceedings was the burst of manly and indignant eloquence in which Mr. G. W. Curtis rebuked this absurdity.

Another discouraging feature in the history of the Convention is the indifference of the public to all its doings. This is partly due also, no doubt, to the absorbing interest of national politics, but it is also due in a great measure to the difficulty of persuading people that the machinery of government really can be improved. It being a fixed principle of our system that responsibility to the people is necessary to good government, the greater portion of the public will not hear of responsibility being enforced in any way but one. An inferior man rarely makes his way into the United States Senate, and yet United States senators are the zealous servants of the people, in the best sense of the word; a superior man cannot now get into the New York Common Council or on its judicial bench; but when anybody proposes to appoint judges or police commissioners as United States senators are

appointed, he is denounced as an enemy of democracy. This contempt for facts and blind worship of theories, this certainty that we have hit on the best and only mode of making democracy do its appointed work, will probably last a little longer, but we are satisfied that it will give way before many years to a more candid and rational frame of mind.

PURITANISM IN POLITICS.

The few remarks we made two weeks ago touching the danger of infusing too much of a Puritan spirit into legislation have elicited from Dr. Cotton Smith, in a late sermon on municipal government, some expressions of dissent which—although the report we have seen is probably neither full nor accurate—seem to us to call for a more explicit statement of what we mean when we object to attempts to make men moral by law. We are quite as ready as anybody can be to acknowledge the indirect effect that legislation in support of good morals may exercise, even in cases in which it may seem to trespass on personal freedom, in strengthening and purifying the conscience of the community. We do not deny, for instance, that the Puritan legislation of colonial New England, hard, cold, stern, destructive as it was of taste and sentiment, and hostile as it was in many respects to individual freedom, nevertheless strengthened the moral fibre of the community as nothing else would have done. But there are, we think, reasons for believing that Puritanical legislation, always of doubtful expediency, is every day becoming, owing to the changes in modern society, more and more dangerous.

In the first place, the *laisser-faire* doctrine, which was in such favor thirty years ago, has gradually fallen out of favor. In fact, we see in nearly every civilized country a sort of reaction against it. The only thing in which the doctrine of non-interference makes progress is with regard to trade. In almost every other direction, as the Duke of Argyll has pointed out in his excellent little work on the "Reign of Law," the tendency is to extend the limits of the province of government, to make it regulate and direct or assist or restrain people; and this tendency is contemporaneous with a great change in the composition of the governing body. Power is nearly everywhere passing into the hands of the many, and is generally exercised—in intention, at least—for the benefit of the many; it consequently acts with a force which in the hands of the few it never had. More than this, the new possessors of power, the classes who are rising into importance, are intensely eager for social improvements, but have little or no training in or knowledge of the science of government, and are impatient of opposition, and ready to sacrifice individuals to what seems to be the general welfare. When one sees the sort of code which the trades-unionists enforce, and the sort of labor legislation which the working classes ask for here, and remember what a tremendous political force the working classes are everywhere becoming, one feels that it is high time to consider whither we are driving and what amount of space there would be left for the play of that greatest and most fruitful of all the sources of civilization, the free individual taste and will, if society should be organized on a cut-and-dry theory, sketched out by any set of ideologues or moralists who happen to get the majority on their side.

No careful reader of history can fail to see that all social and religious systems have helped civilization, in the highest sense of the term, just in proportion to the amount of freedom they allowed to the individual man. Systems in which the individual will and taste were pruned and trimmed and made to grow in the direction prescribed by the possessors of power, have never been successful. They have flourished for a little while and seemed to promise great things, but they have not permanently helped the race. Men have always written better, thought better, painted better, and traded better in countries where the government did very little, than where it did very much; and, in fact, the testimony of experience on this point is so strong and is so fortified by our observation and knowledge of human nature, that we may feel satisfied that God intended the work of progress to be accomplished rather by individual minds working freely and separately than masses of minds working under a uniform rule imposed by "authority." Progress, of course, includes moral as well as mechanical and intellectual growth. We believe that men's morals also improve more rapidly under the action of general influences than under the action of special regulations. The religion which has done most for humanity is the first and only one which addressed itself to individual reason, and it has accomplished most in those countries in which it has relied most on persuasion and least on coercion. Contrast the religious condition of Spain and Italy and France with that of Prussia or Holland or England or America—and by religious condition we do not mean so much outward attention to religious ordinances as susceptibility to religious influences and interest in religious questions and perception of the connection between religion and life. State churches and legal intolerance are simply attempts on the part of the holders of power (whether one or many) to improve the character of the minority by force—to make it behave in the manner which they think must conduce to moral growth. Religious intolerance is dying out, not simply from the spread of the conviction that it is wrong, but from practical experience of its uselessness. The world sees either that men cannot be dragooned into uniformity, or that, if they are dragooned into it, it does not improve them.

But the conviction that men cannot be dragooned into morality; that, to make men more moral, you must not legislate, but *teach*, is not yet by any means general. There is a strong tendency amongst those who are most shocked by the imperfections of our social condition—and are, therefore, most eager for its improvement—to get out of patience with God's processes, to feel that they are too slow; that iniquity ought not to last so long in the world when we have such well-digested criminal codes, such magnificent penitentiaries, and such well-organized and well-disciplined police. What is the use, they ask us, of the power of legislation if we have still to endure the presence in our streets of drunkards and fornicators and Sabbath-breakers? God surely cannot have intended, when we have it in our power to put vice out of sight under lock and key, that we should bear with its flaunting presence in our thoroughfares.

We are not among the number of those who pretend to be able to fix the exact limits of the province of government. We do not believe it is possible to draw the line exactly between what it ought to do and what it cannot do; but we are firmly convinced that God intended the extirpation of what may be called the self-regarding vices, the vices which, while debasing the individual character, only give scandal to others, to be accomplished by voluntary effort and general influences, and not by law. Of course the shutting up of public houses on certain days, in great cities, is a police regulation which can be justified on half-a-dozen grounds beside a regard for morality; but when you forbid any man to sell or any other man to buy liquor on any day, what you really undertake to do is to force people by law to set a good example. Wine-drinking is not in itself immoral. It is objectionable because it often leads to drunkenness, and leads persons who see it to become wine-drinkers themselves. It may be, therefore, that it is the duty, as social beings, even of those who are themselves secure against the commission of excess, to give it up altogether. But this is a moral duty, for the performance of which men are accountable to God and not to society. Society cannot, without opening up an immense field for the most odious and mischievous tyranny, take legal precautions against my refraining from acts in themselves harmless, simply because there is a possibility that the influence of my example on others whom I do not know and have never seen may be injurious. The real reason why there is this strong tendency towards moral legislation seems to us, we confess, to be the great ease with which it enables social reformers to perform what they feel to be their duty toward their fellow-men. There are few persons of intelligence and education who are not troubled every day they rise by the feeling that they do too little for the promotion of human happiness and virtue, that in the great war against vice and misery, on which the elevation of the species depends, their arms are seldom or never raised to strike. Even the most besotted votary of fashion feels now and then little twinges of remorse when he sees how much drunkenness and poverty and ignorance and vice there is about him, and thinks how little he does to lessen it. Of course, the more highly cultivated a person's moral nature, the acuter will these pangs be. The Republican party, like every other party the great aim of which is the embodiment of a great moral idea in the national polity, contains great numbers of people to whom the evils of society are a constant source of self-reproach, and who feel that

they cannot wait for what is called "progress" to remove them, that something must be done at once. Now, the simplest thing to do is to get an act passed forbidding this and that, and send the policemen to execute it. A more convenient mode of making society what it ought to be can hardly be imagined. The reformer in this way stays at home or attends to his business, and does his share in the work by drawing his check when the tax-gatherer comes round.

We make bold to say, however, that this is not the way in which God intended the work to be done, and that it is not the best way either for the enemies of vice or for its victims. Of nothing are we more firmly persuaded than that those vices which do not involve direct injury to person or property or public decency, such as can be proved in a court of justice, are to be put down by the voluntary efforts of those who hate them working through pure living, pure literature, pure teaching, through the constant practice of humanity, through care in the education of children—the abundant supply for the poor and weak of refining and civilizing influences. We believe that those rich men who have invested their money in the lodging-house for working-women which was opened the other day in New York, have done more for the suppression of vice in this city than the most stringent and effectively executed act they could get passed against houses of prostitution; and the Christian philanthropists who will provide the married poor with decent abodes will strike a heavier blow against drunkenness than all the liquor laws in existence. It is through agencies of this sort that the race has been raised from barbarism into civilization, and it is through these that it must be raised from material civilization into light. The mills of God grind slowly, no doubt; but they grind better, we may rely upon it, than any of the patent machines which are prepared by State legislatures.

WOMEN VS. WOMEN.

It is unfortunate for the cause of reform that its peculiar devotees will misjudge and repudiate their own best friends. But they always will. The anti-slavery people did. Multitudes of honest men and women had their cause warmly at heart, felt deeply the iniquity they were trying to remove, and threw such influence as they had in their scale; but they could not agree with the abolitionists in their details of theory or policy. These people were summarily classed among the opponents of the reform. Privately they were criticised; publicly they were rebuked. The consequence was that they became alienated from the "movement," and by their lukewarmness and embarrassment, if not by their hostility, injured the philanthropy because they could not follow the party that had taken it under patronage. Now the women are making the same mistake. By sweeping assertions respecting the incapacity, the indifference, or the evil-mindedness of men; by charging the miserable estate of women wholly to man's stupidity or ill-will; by accusing men of contempt or jealousy or selfishness, the advocates of the social and civil rights of women quietly put the whole male sex in the opposition, more than intimating that nothing is to be hoped from that quarter, and that women must take their own cause into their own hands. In some instances the best friends of their enterprise have been brought to judgment and condemned because on some incidental point they differed from the managers of the movement. The cause of woman's rights never had a more cordial or powerful champion than Mr. Wendell Phillips; but because he declined mixing it up with the cause of the negro, which he held to be of primary and all-engrossing moment, he was publicly handled as if he had been an avowed enemy to the reform in behalf of which he had spoken some of his noblest words. Another gentleman, in a series of lectures on women's work, education, domestic, social, and public life, claimed for them all that their warmest friends could claim—opportunity, recognition, wages, culture, social respect, civil honor, political privilege; but because he intimated that the entrance into political life, as politics were in this country, might tend at first to roughen and demoralize them, he was made a mark for adverse criticism and was represented as a covert foe to the cause he maintained. Is this wise? Can women afford to lose—say nothing of throwing away—any sincere fellow-workers? Is the cause advanced by reducing the ranks of its adherents to the small number of zealots? Are they friends of women who take pains to alienate instead of conciliating those whose relations to them are of the most immediate kind, and whose support must, first or last, be indispensable? If men, as a class, did oppose the personal and social elevation of women, as assuredly they do not; if women, as a class, did favor and press it, as no one can pretend they do, the blunder would be intelligible, though still not excusable. But, in the actual state of the case, when women are their own severest critics and hardest judges, the mistake is as unaccountable as it is disastrous.

But this, though no small matter, might be allowed to pass as a question of temper or of taste. It is in ways more direct, and by methods more specific, that women, we are persuaded, weaken the cause they are trying to advance. With real pain we see them using arguments which, to say the least, are ill considered, and which, in some instances, can be turned with fatal effect against their own positions. Take an example or two. A public lecturer, wishing to show what fields of influence were open to women in social life, attempted to do justice to their æsthetic capacities, their power of beauty, their talent for conversation, their sway over the sentiments of the world—an undertaking for which it would seem women ought to thank him. Instead of that, he is described as having pictured "an ideal woman, delicately suspended in the air, with no visible means of support." The chief platform orator that now pleads for the rights of women—a woman herself, claiming privilege of work for her sex—insists on woman's title to cope with men on the coarsest plane of labor. She would be delighted to see women driving stages or patrolling the streets as policemen do. Is it a friend of women who demands this? Was it not the opprobrium of the older civilizations that the most brutal drudgery of existence was assigned to women? Is it not the praise of the new civilization that it wishes to relieve her of it? Yes; to relieve men of it, and put it upon iron, steam, wood, and india-rubber! Have not men been accused of degrading women to this very servitude, and are women desirous of perpetuating it? It may be a sad necessity, with women as with men, to do dirty work for a living; but it is no privilege to do it. Privilege is in the opposite direction. Men think that women are in the way of elevation when they are entering on careers that call for their feminine attributes, or, if that be too fine a phrase, their intellectual and moral qualities. Do they insult women in thinking so? What would be said of them if they pressed the peculiar fitness of the female sex for forging iron or making shoes? There are rights which, if granted, would speedily have the effect of wrongs. To remove humanity from a brute condition is the task at which its friends are laboring. We can hardly deem him a wise friend who would put it back. Yet this must be the effect of much of the writing and speaking that is done in vindication of their title to employment and wages. Even Mrs. Dall's book, useful and admirable as it is in many respects, is saddening in this respect, that it hopes for women, and promises to them, what it is heart-rending to think of them as doing. Her purpose is earnest; her motives are the best in the world; her suggestions are practical, her counsels wise. But it seems to be made the glory of women to do what their best friends are anxious they should escape from. No work should be despised; but it is not much work that is glorious. Even politics is not work for the angels; and while no true friend of woman will deny her right to engage in such labor as she can or must perform, her truest friends will remember that there is a vast deal of fine work waiting for workwomen, and will do all they can to make them ambitious of doing it.

We are trying to say that women, even in the act of asserting the claims of their sex to a position in society equal if not superior to that of men, are sometimes chargeable with the fault of undoing their own purposes. The late Mrs. Farnham proclaimed the absolute superiority of woman over man; arguing, asserting, and to her own satisfaction proving, that to her belonged the finer, to him the coarser, work of the world. She abandoned the company of those who advocated the rights of woman as ordinarily understood—the right of doing hard and disagreeable work; the right of competing with men at large in the labor market; the right to the gymnasium and the platform; the right to the ballot; and contended that her sphere infinitely transcended all this vulgar occupation. And yet no argument in behalf of women was ever put forth that left a sadder impression on the mind than her main and most trusted one. What was it? Why, neither more nor less than

that woman was the most elaborate and complicated animal. The line of reasoning ran for scores of pages among muscles and membranes, bones and blood-vessels, and frequently so grazed the edge of the precipice of indecency that the traveller instinctively shut his eyes and murmured a prayer for deliverance. The purpose of the book was no doubt good; but the effect of it was to make men think of women sensuously rather than intellectually or morally. We have seen very few women who did not dislike the argument and its tendency. When men say that women ought to stay at home and mind their babies, they are indignantly rebuked as scorners of the sex. But Mrs. Farnham's doctrine comes to very much the same thing.

It would be pleasant if we could stop here; but unhappily we are not permitted. A writer in the last number of *The Radical*, urging the claims of her sex to honor, pens the following sentence: "Shut out from the world of work, woman lives on the bounty of man; hence to please him is the first law of her being. As her power is in most cases purely physical, she appeals to his senses. She goes to balls and parties with bare neck and arms for a deeper reason than because fashion says so. Through her charms of person she holds man." Angels and ministers of grace defend us! Who says that? Some woman-hater, of course; some low-minded jester; some victim of feminine wiles; some bitter critic of the world's folly. Not a bit of it. It is Mrs. E. Cady Stanton! No man would dare to say it. No pure-minded man believes it to be true, or ever has the thought of it cross his mind. If women say such things of each other, what are we to think of women's title to social elevation? If the friends of woman's elevation say this, we must abandon either their advocacy or their cause. Extravagant statements in regard to the wishes or the wants of women, rhetorical exaggerations of their need of emancipation or their efforts to accomplish it, fervent predictions that the ballot in their hands would exalt government, purify politics, eradicate vice, suppress crime, and regenerate society; wild intimations that women without teaching, education, experience, training, can perform what man has not done with training, experience, and education on his side; confident declarations that women will walk immaculate in places where good men fall every day, cannot but beget mistrust in the minds of thoughtful people. We do not say that the cause of womanhood would, on the whole, be more fortunate in the hands of men than in the hands of women; but it is true that woman's firmest and wisest champions have been men. It is true, as a general thing, that the kindest judges of woman's strength and infirmity have been men. The best men are coming to be of one mind on the question of woman's position, needs, and claims, and that mind is one of earnest desire that she may have every right and privilege that her Creator designs she should possess. These men feel keenly the injustice that women do each other. For, as no cause needs devotion, so no cause demands judgment more than this does. We hate to say it; but, in our opinion, the cause of female suffrage would be more advanced than it is now if a different style of argument had been used to commend it, and women had been more the expectants and less the challengers of their own emancipation. At the very beginning of the movement to alter the personal and social condition of woman, that wise and deep-hearted woman, Lucretia Mott, prophesied that the most stubborn opposition the reformers would meet with would come from women. She understood her sex, its love of ease, its servitude to custom and fashion, its fastidiousness, its clinging dependence on precedent, its sentimentalism, its want of ambition made inveterate by the experience of past history, women's jealousy one of another, their mental and moral inertia, their imperviousness to new ideas. The prophecy comes true. We wish that an examination of the arguments pressed by some of those who "are not as other women are" did not suggest other obstacles which Mrs. Mott did not perceive.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

LONDON, Sept. 13, 1867.

AMONGST the questions which the progress of opinion and the action of a reformed Parliament will rapidly force upon the attention of the country, few are more pressing than those which concern the Church of England. Is that institution doing its duty as well as can be expected? Does it satisfy the spiritual wants of the nation? If not, can it be reformed so as to harmonize with an altered state of society, or is the only conceivable reform one which would amount to a radical revolution? Such questions are being asked on all sides, not merely by men of advanced opinions or persons who aim at a philosophical forecasting of the cause of human affairs. I heard a very quiet little High-Church lady in the country remark the other day that in twenty years there would be no Church of England left. When anticipations of trouble have penetrated so deeply, it is because the forces are already gathering for the conflict below the surface of politics, and, though in partial obscurity, are seriously stirring and agitating the minds of a very numerous class. In short, all the omens indicate that there is trouble ahead, and perhaps not very far ahead either. I will notice in this letter one or two symptoms of the approaching struggle.

The Times published, the other day, certain statistics of the Church of England, showing how far it has lately set its house in order and what difficulties remain in the way of a satisfactory settlement. The Ecclesiastical Commission has been carrying out its operations for the last thirty years, and has made considerable changes in the distribution of revenue. The incomes of the bishops have been equalized; every one of those Right Reverend Fathers in God receiving about £5,000 sterling a year—a respectable sum, but, of course, not too much for a successor of the Apostles. The two archbishops naturally get more, he of Canterbury receiving a treble share of temporal blessings, or £15,000 a year. The incomes of the poorer parochial clergy have been raised, so as never to fall below a certain minimum. Thus, 5,000,000 people live in parishes of 8,000 inhabitants and upwards, with a clergyman to every 4,300 people; 5,000,000 more in parishes from 4,000 to 8,000, with a clergyman to every 2,750 people; 3,500,000 in parishes from 2,000 to 4,000, with a clergyman to every 2,000; and 7,500,000 in smaller parishes, with a clergyman to every 600 persons. Of course this excludes Dissenting clergymen. By the end of next year every clergyman with a parish of 4,500 people will have an income of at least £300 a year; and as the funds at the disposal of the Commissioners increase (these funds arise chiefly from an improved administration of the Episcopal and Cathedral revenues, and from the limitation of the incomes paid to bishops and chapters), it is hoped that the clergy in smaller parishes—perhaps down to those of 2,000 population—may be gradually raised to the same limit. The practice of pluralities has been abolished, so that now every parish has its parson; and, if the population is considerable, a parson with at least £300 a year. In some parishes the income much exceeds this, as in the case of a certain living in the Fens, which reaches, if I remember rightly, some £12,000 a year. At the death of the present incumbent that fat morsel will be divided into two or three, but each fragment will still be enough to make a poor curate lick his lips. Many, however, of the parishes have very small endowments, sinking down to £60 a year or less, which, after making allowance for necessary expenses in charity and otherwise, is considerably less than nothing. Even out of the magical limit of £300 a year the incumbent has generally to keep a curate, and as the price of curates has lately risen, owing, in part, to the growing unwillingness of young men to enter the Church, the income is barely sufficient to keep a man who must wear a black coat and white tie and live cleanly like a gentleman. Were it not for the heavy prizes in the shape of bishoprics and deaneries, the pecuniary inducements to holy orders would be small indeed; and, indeed, it must be said, to the credit of the clergy, that very many of them spend much more out of their private incomes than they ever receive from their offices. The patronage is, moreover, still in a state which considerably limits the efficacy of the pecuniary prizes. Thus, the rich living just mentioned is simply a piece of private property; it may be bought and sold almost as freely as a landed estate—not quite as freely, for there still survive some queer limitations upon this right, produced by a fanciful theory that there was a sin called simony, but they can be evaded by any one who wishes. About half of all the livings in the country are private property—many of them are very poor, and for the most part they are small rural parishes, where the squire has something of the old feudal character. If the living is worth anything and has not been sold, it is kept for the younger son, who is forced to take orders accordingly. The remaining half of the patronage belongs in part to the Queen (the royal name is, in this instance, a mask for the Lord Chancellor for the time being), partly to the bishops and chapters, partly to the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, and some few to different bodies of trustees. There are, I believe, one or two cases in which even the parishioners are allowed to have some influence upon the appointment of their spiritual pastors; but these are regarded as almost monstrous exceptions. Now, the Chancellor and the bishops use their patronage according to their consciences, which are of varying elasticity. On the whole, their sense of responsibility has, doubtless, grown rapidly within a few years, and it is no longer so desirable as formerly for a

young clergyman to marry a bishop's daughter or niece or first cousin once removed. As for colleges and chapters, they simply distribute their patronage to members of their own body in rotation, which, as a rule, implies that the preferred persons are gentlemen and scholars, but not necessarily hard-working.

It would seem to result from these statistics that the Church has been relieved of some of its grosser scandals, and that something has been done towards levelling incomes and applying the revenue somewhat more fairly. The patronage system is still almost intact; if a man considers that he has the exclusive privilege of providing my spiritual guide at the expense of the parish—a monopoly in the supply of Christianity, as men used to have monopolies in salt or tobacco—my English respect for vested interests still prevents even a grumble. However, the inducement to independent men of any intellect to take orders is certainly not great; they have to swear to the Thirty-nine Articles, and they do n't even get well paid or quickly promoted, except by a lucky chance. True, some of them become bishops or deans; but to do that they must swear so very strongly to the Thirty-nine Articles! Well, I shall be glad to assume that they are all men with souls above pay or promotion.

The existing anomalies might last for a long time; we like anomalies in England, and are content with patching and tinkering instead of a sweeping reform. When our shoes do n't fit us, it is said, we simply cut a hole in them where they pinch, and scorn to get a new pair; and under other circumstances a little cobbling might make the poor old Church endurable for years or centuries. But there comes a time, even to us, when we begin to ask whether we want shoes at all; whether it would n't be better to go unrestricted by any artificial fetters of Church endowment; and then the pinching and the clumsy fit become matters of more importance; when you are resolved to live in an old house, you learn to put up with the smoky chimney; but when you think about leaving, the smoke becomes intolerable, and you ask, "How could I ever have borne it?" The Church of England is suffering from a disease far more serious than that of the anomalies I have noticed, but which makes these anomalies of more importance, as a sick man can bear less than one in strong health. I need not say that we are at present suffering from an eruption of Ritualism. We have been trying that universal panacea—a Royal Commission—and *The Times* has lately announced its preliminary report with a great flourish of trumpets. I confess that I see little cause for songs of triumph. The report—a very short one—comes to this, that as the excessive indulgence in ecclesiastical millinery has given rational offence to some of the congregations, it ought to be restrained. Now, let us look at some of the logical results of this. In the first place, I have always thought that the pleasure taken in a sumptuous ritual was very childish, and I am as much opposed to the whole ritualist theory as a man can be. But is not the triumph over these mere external trappings as childish as the delight in them? Suppose that the report is carried out to the full: that chasubles and stoles are not to be worn, or are to be of soberer coloring; that incense is to be quenched and lighted candles extinguished—what then? Will the mere paring down of these externals check the movement in its essence? Surely not. A few absurdities may be cut down; but the meaning of ritualism, as every one begins to feel, lies deeper. It is a reassertion of the claim of the priesthood to supernatural powers, and an attempt to restore the discipline of confession and absolution. Can such claims be checked, or in the slightest degree affected, even if every ritualist clergyman were ordered to preach in a black gown and whitewash the interior of his church? Obviously not; but then what good will the proposed legislation effect? or, to go a little deeper, what is the good of legislation at all? The report proceeds upon the theory—and it is the only one upon which a state church can proceed—that the clergy are bound to provide that kind of teaching which the congregations approve, and that if the English people are Protestants the funds of the Church must not be devoted to spread Roman Catholic doctrines.

It is quite unnecessary to say a word upon the opposite showing, that the Church is a divine institution with power to settle its own doctrines and observances, for the simple reason that, whether true or false, it will never be acted upon in England. Parliament is supreme, and there is not a chance that it will give up a jot or a tittle of its powers. The Church of England, so long as it has any existence, will be in fact the religious department of the state, and as much under the thumb of Parliament as the education department or the home department or any other department. But how is it to be administered? It is admitted that the clergy are, on the whole, to teach the faith which is held by the mass of the people. If the state were to select one shade of existing opinion and say, This shall be taught by every clergyman, the existence of the Church would not be safe for a couple of sessions. For every particular shade is in a minority, as indeed the Church itself scarcely includes a majority of the English people. It would be simply intolerable that the Church should be narrowed so as to contain only High-Church or only Evangelical or only Broad-Church opinions, or indeed that it should be narrowed by the exclusion of one of those shades. It would at once become the Church of a palpable minority, and be destroyed in a year or two. We are driven, then, upon the opposite track, and attempt to make the Church as wide as possible. Let it include every variety of opinion! By all means; but is it possible to drive such a team of distracted and divergent teachers? Will not the coach upset? A very able writer in *The Pall Mall Gazette* indulges in a dream of this kind. He repudiates the theory that the state should give up all functions of teaching the people, and decline into a mere machine for police and taxation. He thinks that it is just possible that, by opening wide the doors of the Church and allowing the utmost freedom of opinion within it, the clergy might gradually rise to their natural position of teachers and leaders of the people. It is a pretty dream; but is it more than a dream? Would not the conflicts within a church which included the whole stretch of doctrine from Colenso to Pusey inevitably ruin it, and make it after a time impracticable? The opposite sections are every day diverging instead of approximating, and how can we hope to make them work harmoniously? The first difficulty that would occur shows, as I think, the fallacy of the whole scheme. A parish which believes in Colenso has Dr. Pusey set over them, or *vice versa*. They must either become Dissenters, and then the Church becomes an absurdity, or they must exercise a power over the selection of their own teacher; but that is merely to introduce the voluntary system. Once allow the congregations to interfere, and every congregation will insist, and quite rightly, on having its share of that which will be acknowledged to be simply a state endowment in aid of the religious teaching of the community, each section judging for itself how to apply its share. To this, in my opinion, we must come sooner or later; some such plan has already been suggested as the natural remedy to the ritualist difficulty; let it be permitted, it is said, for any congregation which disagrees with its parson to start a separate chapel; of course, if this were done, it would also ask for a share of the endowment, and we should be soon landed in the voluntary system pure and simple. In short, I fully agree with what the writer in *The Pall Mall Gazette* himself candidly admits, that "it looks like a mere dream to suppose that Parliament will not, before very long, excuse itself from considering these difficulties by adopting the voluntary system, and declining altogether to attempt to exercise any direct influence over the moral and religious beliefs of the population at large."

I differ from him in thinking, for my part, that this change would be a vast improvement. Unity of belief is a great thing; but it will be reached when the truth has forced its way to acceptance through free discussion—not by binding together incongruous elements by an act of Parliament any more than by reviving the obsolete pretensions of a priesthood to dominion over men's minds and consciences. Till it is reached, I conceive that the state must refrain from interfering in the conflict of opposing sects.

Correspondence.

CODMAN'S BRAZIL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

In your issue of Sept. 5, while discussing "The Future of Brazil," you referred to a small volume lately published by me entitled "Ten Months in Brazil." I am aware that my view of the African race is a just subject of criticism, and that it detracts very much from what the reviewers are generally pleased to consider a "readable book," etc., notwithstanding this blemish.

Had I been disposed to adapt my notions to those just now in vogue, doubtless more favorable notices would have appeared. But I am quite content with the general verdict, and, if this were the time and place, should be glad of the opportunity to defend the position forced upon me by observation; which is, that amalgamation will prove the ruin of Brazil, this vice being the natural instinct of the Portuguese race, whereas in this country there is no such danger, the Anglo-Saxon race generally abhorring such a crime. Nor am I alone in the opinion that in these United States emancipation, whatever may have been its necessity, will decrease and ultimately annihilate the negro race, because, not mixing as in Brazil, but striving separately for livelihood, the inferior race must succumb to the superior. While I fully admit the right of any one to criticise these views, and the possibility that they may be erroneous, you will excuse me for asking you if there is anything in the expression of them which warrants your speak-

ing of me as one "who is touched with pity by a raw-backed mule that, converted into a well-flogged slave, would only receive from him an additional stripe"? Will you not do me the justice to quote from pp. 201, 202? I beg to assure you that the phrase "misguided brethren" is not at all "too harsh" for those whom I have always considered rebels, and I am glad to take advantage of this occasion to warn them still more emphatically against emigrating to Brazil. Their presence there may be a good thing for that country, but it would be a misery for themselves. If they go and remain there, it will only be because they cannot get away. The laws, habits, religion, climate of the country—all things are opposed to them. In regard to Rev. Mr. Fletcher's book, I should be sorry that an inadvertent expression (which will be corrected in my next edition) should impair the belief of any one in that gentleman's sincerity or in the value of his work. While I cannot see objects with his spectacles, and doubt not that they appear to him as he describes them, and while I claim the merit of conciseness for my own book, I commend his as greatly its superior in many other respects.

You observe very correctly that neither of the works under your consideration "has analyzed the movement of Brazil towards the south which is fast culminating." As this war is comparatively an ephemeral affair, a very extended discussion of it would scarcely have been expected in books relating to the general character of Brazil and the Brazilians. With the different views and prejudices of the authors—for no man can write a book without prejudice—Mr. Fletcher would probably have favored the Brazilian side of the question, whereas the impression of the writer is that Brazil deliberately "picked the quarrel" by sending a steamer to be fired upon in Paraguayan waters, under the delusion that Paraguay would be an easy conquest, and that, by obtaining possession of her rivers, the rich province of Matto Grosso would be always accessible to her commerce. Although the fortune of war is uncertain, and she may yet be successful, things have thus far gone sadly against her. Ten thousand times better would it have been to have constructed a railroad from the capital into the heart of this province. It could have been built for a small fraction of the money which this war, even if successful, will have cost. The resources of the country would have been developed and innumerable lives would have been saved. Even beyond the general interests of humanity, life is too valuable a commodity in Brazil to be squandered as it has been. The country is begging for emigrants, without knowing how to encourage immigration, at the same time that she is depleting herself by the useless sacrifice of her people. Mr. Sturz is hardly fair in attributing to Brazil "the encouragement of sedition and rebellion in Uruguay so to disturb the country as to render it unfit for immigration;" while he is perfectly correct in saying that "she established the filibuster Flores as the autocrat of Montevideo, and its own faithful accomplice and servant." This is true, and she did this as a justifiable "military necessity." In order to carry on the war with Paraguay, it was necessary that she should hold as allies those who held the keys of the Rio de la Plata. Flores was the defeated candidate for the presidency of Montevideo, the successful party being opposed to Brazil and unwilling to engage in a war against Paraguay. Brazil, therefore, naturally availed herself of the party which Flores had at his command, and established him in power. Had Montevideo refused to accept him and to become an ally of Brazil, the fleet moored abreast of the city were ready to bombard it. This being a war of aggression on the part of Brazil, and the Uruguay and the Argentine republics having been worried in times past by Paraguay, they are in the position of the woman witnessing the fight between her husband and the bear, "without caring much which whipped." In the meantime, although they break out with occasional mutinies, they are generally kept in good humor by being obliged to furnish only small contingents of men, while Brazil furnishes the bulk of the army and all the money. This money, moreover, is lavishly spent in Montevideo and Buenos Ayres, so that, upon the whole, these republics are rather the gainers by the quarrel. It is certain that when the war is over, all parties will call loudly for immigration; but let it be remembered by our people that, although the climate of these southern republics is better than that of Brazil, there is the same objection to many of their customs and habits; and, moreover, life and property are much more insecure, as their governments are less stable. *Americans cannot do much better than to stay at home.*

The plan of "pouring Africa into tropical Brazil" may or may not be philanthropic; but Africa is sure to be poured there nevertheless. The increasing demand for labor must be supplied either from thence or from China. The near neighborhood of Africa, and especially of the Minas, the best tribes of the race, makes it unmistakable that the supply will come from thence. I repeat the assertion on page 196: "Black labor from the nearest market is, therefore, a necessity for Brazil, even if the result of its importation should eventually be a black empire." I have not the slightest doubt that this necessity for labor, and the decadence of the Portuguese race consequent upon amalgamation, will produce this result. Then, if the theory be correct that the African race can hold its own independently of the whites, the future people of Brazil, by means of missionaries and trade, may regenerate the land from which they spring. That will be a problem for future generations.

JOHN CODMAN.

BOSTON, Sept. 13, 1867.

[We have not room to print the extracts indicated above, but our readers, knowing where to find them, may examine for themselves.—ED. NATION.]

BISHOP PERCY'S FOLIO, AND THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the name of my fellow-editor of the Percy Folio, Mr. Hales, and for myself, I thank you heartily for the friendly notice of our work that appeared in your number of August 29. It is the most appreciative and the best review we have had, evidently written by a man who knows his subject better than any one who has noticed in print our work here; and coming as it does from your side of the water, from a writer who evidently knows our old literature so well, it has been a double pleasure to us to read it. Some cheering is not out of place, I can assure you, for my prospect now is the being liable for about £900 or £1,000 on the conclusion of the work.

My second object in writing to you is to answer one of your remarks about the Early English Text Society. You advise us to publish our texts in classes: first finish the Arthur Romances, then give the other Romances, and so on. We have considered the plan, and to some extent tried it; but we found it would not attract enough subscribers. On these very Arthur Romances we were attacked by objectors: "What is the good of these things? What historical value have they? We might stand one now and then, but not two or three a year, etc., especially when MSS. more closely touching the life and deeper feelings of our forefathers are lying neglected," and so on. There was strength in these remonstrances; we ourselves cared much for language as well as social history, and in canvassing for subscribers we became convinced that the only way to catch a fair number of them was to offer them a large variety of subjects at once, so that the man who cared for an Arthur Romance might, in consideration of getting that, help to produce a semi-Saxon homily; while the man who cared for that early work might, for it, help the later romance man, whom he looked at as a trifling person. It is this effort to represent the early English thoughts and life on as many sides as our friends would allow that has brought us to our present position—ahead of all our contemporaries. But still our pace is disgracefully slow; our editors and their fine old texts are hindered and kept back for want of money. There is, for instance, Langlande, and his "Vision of Piers Plowman"—an author whom it quite refreshes one to see you standing up for so manfully, and boldly setting up above Spenser and next to Chaucer (where most certainly he ought to be). We have just published the earliest MS. of his great poem—the first draft of it most carefully edited by Mr. Skeat—but our want of funds will oblige us to keep the second version back till 1869, and the third till 1870; the notes and glossary, probably, till 1871. We have five books just ready now, but no money to pay for them this year. At every turn we are hampered for want of subscribers. English indifference and English ignorance are to blame for this in the first instance; and we tell our countrymen so plainly. But we want to ask the American public, too, why they are not backing us better. They are the inheritors of Layamon's tongue as well as ourselves. They, too, spring from the ancestors whose Guild laws we publish, and whose homes and lives and thoughts our texts illustrate. What help do they give us in our labor of love? Not fifty pounds a year; a little over thirty when I last heard. Is n't it too bad? Your people, sir, are bound to come out of their shells and help us more. Do give them a rouse and keep them up to their work.

Yours faithfully,

F. J. FURNIVALL.

3 OLD SQUARE, LONDON, W.C., Sept. 17, 1867.

CONTRACTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

DEAR SIR: I trust you will not allow the communication on contraction by J. S. R., in the last number of THE NATION, to pass without comment, as the apparent compactness of his arguments and the complacency with which he regards his conclusions may convey the impression that he has made

out a clear case in favor of contraction, and has pointed out the exact way of doing it. A very slight examination will show that he is in fault in his conclusions and his premises.

His "simple and only safe way of restoring the currency" reminds one of "the simple and only safe way of restoring the country" which a large party proposed three years ago, viz., "Withdraw your armies."

Legislate all national and State banks out of existence by "compelling them to meet all demands against them in specie," and, at the same time, destroy the greenbacks, and you will find the currency *safe* surely (because buried); but what will be the condition of the country? Such a Democratic millennium I am not anxious to see. J. S. R.'s idea that the greenbacks are depreciated because the Government *cannot* pay them in gold, is a very gross error. The Government *can* do it, but it is not at present proper or expedient.

The depreciation has been, and is, the result of several causes, not the least of which are the continual "I told you so" croaking of a large portion of *one* political party and the faith that is put in said croaking by a large part of *another*.

Now, the proposition sometimes asserted, oftener assumed, that contraction is necessary or desirable, is itself a falsity. The decline in values since the close of the war has been fully as rapid as has been desirable. The people have *not* "suffered damage" "during the last two years" by reason of too much currency. The present "stagnation" in the West is occasioned, to a great extent, by its scarcity. Interest is ten per cent. in Ohio, and farther West higher still. "The last two years" have *not* been noted for "*expansion* of credit," but the reverse. The "*advance* of prices" has been a regular and almost uniform *decline*. "Speculation," fortunately, has been effectually tied up. Instead of "extravagance," the people have practised a commendable frugality. Ask dealers in fine clothing, wines, jewelry, and carriages what *they* think of the extravagance of these last two years. In conclusion, allow me to add that, though the principles involved may be somewhat complicated, their application is most easy. The greenbacks can be eliminated by any of the methods suggested in your article of August 22. This can be done without damage to any interests, and the entire debt can be paid without exorbitant taxation or any violent means. Much more than half the national debt will not fall due for fifteen years yet. Let the Government and the people remember that there is such a thing as national honor and be governed by its dictates, and all will work smoothly. Let the national promises be payable (and paid) at some fixed time, and *as* purchasers of such promises expect, and long before the 5 20s mature they can be replaced by bonds at a much lower rate of interest, the premium on gold having, in the meantime, become a thing of the past.

Yours, etc., A. LAMB.

GENEVA, Ohio, Sept. 23, 1867.

CULTURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent number of this paper a fellow-countryman of mine uttered a protest against the arrogance of the learned. As a daughter of the Philistines, who would fain turn to the light, I may hope for a more patient hearing than he would accord to a disciple of culture, when I offer an objection to a part of his argument.

My compatriot asks for scientific definitions, exact statements; it seems to me that he has given, or at least implied, incorrect definitions of the most important terms in the discussion. He has taken culture to be synonymous with learning—Philistinism with the lack of learning.

Learning is not culture, as the sowing of seeds is not agriculture. A man may know much Greek and Latin, much Hebrew and Sanscrit to boot, yet be none the less a Philistine.

For Philistinism, surely, is less an intellectual than a moral defect—less an accident of education than a tendency of character. It is that mental stiff-neckedness, that blindness of heart, which clings to the darkness and calls the light a delusion; its very essence is contempt for all that is not "practical."- Alas for us! if nothing but philology can save us; but this I deny. The man who reveres and believes in the culture to which he cannot attain—though it may not help him to turn his mill—is no Philistine.

We cannot all stand on the heights and teach mankind; but at least we can be teachable, we can acknowledge a good beyond "barley-feeding and material ease." And, so doing, though we are not the prophets of culture, we yet show ourselves not to be "the people sitting in darkness."

ASHTAROTH.

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The Week.

As we write, we are in possession of meagre returns from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Iowa, but enough is known to make it certain that in all these States the total vote is a comparatively light one and that the Democrats have made gains in them all except, possibly, in Indiana, where it is said that the Republican majorities are increased. The election there was, however, of county officers only. In Pennsylvania, Judge Sharswood beats Judge Williams by seven thousand majority, the Democratic accounts say; by a majority of two or three thousand, the Republicans say; and the Republican State Committee report this morning that the result is still in doubt. Philadelphia cast nearly her full vote, and the Democrats gain heavily. Judge Sharswood, the present incumbent, has the respect of the bar, is an able and learned judge, and there seems to be no good reason why, having done his duty, he should be turned out of office to make way for a gentleman apparently his inferior in attainments and ability. The Pennsylvania Legislature may or may not be Republican. In the twelfth Congressional District, where a vacancy was to be filled, and where the Republicans had an adverse majority of 2,000 to overcome, the Democratic papers concede that the result of the election is doubtful. Their candidate was Judge Woodward, very well known during the war for his anti-draft decision. Ohio has elected a Republican governor by a majority perhaps half as large as their last gubernatorial majority. In the Second Congressional District, in which General Hayes's nomination for governor made a vacancy, the Democrats have succeeded in electing Mr. Cary, an "Independent" Republican, who got some Republican votes. The negro-suffrage amendment is defeated. In Iowa also there is a falling off in the Republican vote. Of the probability of these losses we have already more than once spoken. That they are irretrievable we are very far from believing, and that the Republican party will be benefited by the more careful course it will find advisable and will pursue, we are very well convinced. The consequences of the "reaction" upon Mr. Johnson's mind will doubtless be bad enough, and they are, we think, the only bad consequences likely to ensue. And we suppose Republican civilian candidates for the next Presidential nomination may justly consider their fortunes unfavorably affected by the proof these elections afford that a military candidate in 1868 may be needed in rousing popular enthusiasm.

The rumors of resistance on the part of Mr. Johnson, in case an attempt is made to suspend him during impeachment, still prevail; but we venture to predict that they will die out before Congress meets. The prospect of dispersing Congress with the aid of the Maryland militia, 4,500 strong, and its "three brass batteries of Napoleon guns," cannot be a cheering one even to a man of Mr. Johnson's limited military experience; and if Governor Swann expects this doughty force to be called upon for any such duty, he must be a much simpler person than we take him to be or than his history would indicate. It is now eight years since the idea was prevalent that the United States Government could be overturned with three battalions of valiant Southern infantry. We remember Governor Wise proposing, during the John Brown crisis, to cut his way through to Canada at the head of "ten men." If he were asked now what he thought of a military operation of this nature, we fear he would shake his head, and perhaps drop a silent Southern tear on his manly bosom. When common sense has made its way into such a valorous military cranium as we know his to be, we may rely upon it that the rest of the Southern population are occupied with other thoughts than those of a renewal of civil war. We suspect the only fighting men at the South at this moment are the women and the clergy. It is true that the great war-drum is occasionally heard from Kentucky; but we have no doubt that it will be found, if Congress should attempt to suspend the President, there will be one hundred Kentuckians ready to join an expedition to "clean out niggers," for the one who will be found ready to come to Washington to fight the North.

Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, is the gentleman of whom the newspaper correspondents have said that he is to be Grant's Secretary of State when Grant is elected President. No remembrance of this prediction was at the bottom of Mr. Washburne's late speech at Galena, for he said, at the end of it, that he was not presenting Grant's claims to the Presidency to the attention of his audience. However, Mr. Washburne has long been an intimate friend of Grant, and a warm believer in him, and a speech from such a source relating to such a man is no doubt a political event of some consequence. The general, Mr. Washburne said, occupies the place of Secretary of War not because his superior officer ordered him to that post, but "from a stern sense of duty to his country," and to keep out of that important office "a copperhead and a Johnson man who would hinder reconstruction, who would demoralize the army, who would sanction fraudulent and bogus claims of rebels," etc., etc., and Mr. Washburne added that Grant had taken no step in the whole affair till after full consultation with Mr. Stanton. The general favors the reconstruction policy of Congress, was an earnest advocate of the extra session, believes that the negroes must be allowed to vote, is in favor of upholding the honor and credit of the National Government, thinks there should be a more rigid economy practised in all branches of the public expenditure, and, in short, is made by Mr. Washburne to talk very much like a candidate defining his position. Briefly, Mr. Washburne proclaims Grant as a Radical.

The Hon. Joseph Segar, of Virginia, remonstrating with his neighbors on their apathy in regard to registration and their eagerness to hear the election returns from the North, tells them that, if they like, he will concede that the times foretold are going to come, and the Democracy in the next Presidential election are going to carry the three great States of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York, and, besides these, California, Connecticut, Maryland, Kentucky, Delaware, and New Jersey; but still there is in all this no reason for their keeping away from the polls. For, in the first place, the Republicans have Congress

in full possession for two years from December next, and will carry out their plan of reconstruction; and secondly, in the Presidential contest of next year, in case the South is not in the Union, even if the Democracy should sweep everything before them in the three great States, the Republicans will have a majority of 33 votes in the Electoral College. Those, therefore, who would postpone reconstruction till Northern sentiment changes, put off the day of reunion and recuperation indefinitely. There seems to be not much comfort for Mr. Segar's constituents, whether they turn their eyes North or South. In Virginia the result of registration as last reported sets the number of those delegates to the convention who will be elected by a colored majority at 59, to 46 who will be elected by the whites. In Louisiana the convention has been legally called, and of the registered voters about two-thirds are colored. As Mr. Segar points out in the case of Virginia, it will be easy for the convention, elected by registered voters, to enact that persons not registered shall be disfranchised. In Florida the majority of voters are colored, the figures standing 15,234 to 10,804. In Alabama, at the recent election, about two *per cent.* of the votes cast were given against a convention, five *per cent.* for anti-Radical candidates, and the rest for the Republicans. In Mississippi the colored majority is 17,865; in South Carolina, 24,845; in Texas it is estimated at 10,000. In North Carolina the registered whites are, to be sure, in a majority of 4,000, but of the whites many more than 4,000 are Radical. In Virginia the whites are in a majority of 13,000 or 14,000; but, by the arrangement of the electoral districts, the colored majorities, as we have said, elect a majority of delegates if they are so disposed. In Georgia and Arkansas alone the whites are in a clear majority so far as can be told at present.

The Democratic Convention of this State closed its labors on Saturday last with the adoption of a very fine string of resolutions containing, all except one, the usual platitudes, "endorsing," "stigmatizing," "denouncing," and "pledging." The one exception was directed against the Excise law as enforced in this city, and its peculiarity consisted in its condemning the law for interfering with social and "religious customs." The members of the convention were all, no doubt, familiar enough with Irish customs, and cannot have referred to them, but to those of the Germans. They are evidently under the impression that the German custom of drinking beer in gardens and saloons on Sundays is some kind of religious rite, with the practice of which the law interferes. It may be as well to say that this is a mistake, and that the Sunday consumption of lager-bier is purely a piece of secular enjoyment, with no spiritual significance whatever. Governor Seymour closed the Convention with a pathetic address, in which he predicted years of triumph for the party, and took a last farewell, as well as one could understand it, of the older men of the convention. The day after the close of the Convention we heard three burly Democrats in a street-car commenting on its proceedings with considerable bitterness, and all agreed that it was "this d—d expediency that was ruining the party—that what they wanted was principle"—a criticism which, though looking at the matter from a different standpoint, we consider in the main just.

Señor Romero, the Mexican minister who has won golden opinions during his stay in this country, was entertained last week at a farewell dinner by a large number of his friends and admirers in this city. He made a graceful speech, in which he sketched Maximilian's career with both delicacy and dexterity, and while acknowledging Mexican defects in a very frank and manly way, asserted very strongly their capacity for self-government; but, launching into political philosophy, he gave abundant reason for attaching but little importance to his opinions in this field. He laid down the doctrine, if he is correctly reported, that "nature has not made different sets of rules for each people, and for each family of peoples;" and "that Providence controls mankind by the same code of rules, which are equally applicable to the Anglo-Saxon as to the Latin races, to the Indians and to the Africans." To this it would, of course, be folly to attempt any reply, any more than to an assertion, if anybody were to make it, that God had made all races of the same character and temperament, and that they had all reached the same stage of mental and moral development. Discussion on matters of this sort would be about as fruitful as the famous discussion on the existence or non-existence of matter. We are not surprised after this to be informed by Señor Romero that the English Revolution of 1640 was a rising of the people against the aristocracy, and was similar in character "to the French Revolution, and the late civil war in the United States, and the civil wars in Mexico and the Spanish-American republics." He accounted for the political failure of Mexico by the badness of the priesthood, whom he painted in dark colors. But the fact is that there are in all countries large bodies of bad men, who do not want good government and who have to be put down or held down before it can be secured, and the capacity of a people for self-government has to be measured by their skill in doing this very thing, just as we measure a man's capacity by his skill in overcoming the obstacles which all men have to encounter in life. Telling us that a people cannot establish a good police and raise a revenue because the knaves are too powerful for them, is like telling us that the reason why a person is not strong is that he is weak. It may seem ungracious to comment thus on the parting words of an honest and patriotic man, to whom, absurd as we think his political philosophy, we heartily wish success; but the rage for wild generalizing which has been begotten by our own agitation for universal suffrage, has now reached such a pitch that it is time for the friends of common sense and human experience to raise their voices even at the risk of seeming uncivil. There are, no doubt, in Mexico a body of excellent men, of whom Señor Romero is one, who are trying hard to rescue their country from its present degradation, but their existence proves nothing as to its fitness for republican government. That has to be tested by the amount of support such men receive from the masses.

General Butler has this week received his quietus as a "financier." After capering about for some weeks, and helping to damage the national credit abroad, he received a terrible left-hander from somebody signing himself "W. E." in the Boston *Advertiser*, in a letter which shows, in contradiction to the general, that nearly every statement in his recent letter to *The Tribune* regarding the history of the United States loans was incorrect; that the Government has expressly promised payments of its bonds in coin; that its agents have in their advertisements promised payment in coin, and concluding very soundly that if the general's construction of the national obligations were adopted by the people he would have the new loan with which he proposes to pay off the five-twenties "pretty much to himself." We may add that it is not unlikely that he would enjoy this immensely, as he could then get the Government, without injury to anybody else, to practise all kinds of amusing little tricks on him as to the terms of payment, and, in fact, by a series of experiments in morbid psychology, reduce "financiering," as he understands it, to a system.

The attempt by Mrs. Lincoln to sell off a certain quantity of shawls and other finery during the past week is, of course, a very repulsive scandal, but we are bound to say we think both *The Times* and *Commercial Advertiser* have made it worse in trying to make it better. If the Republican party cannot bear Mrs. Lincoln's aspersions in silence, it must have a very poor reputation; and we may say the same thing of Messrs. Seward and Thurlow Weed. *The Commercial Advertiser* has illustrated its reply with an anecdote the publication of which nothing will excuse. Everybody owes it to the country and to Mr. Lincoln's memory, no matter what Mrs. Lincoln's faults or follies may be, to pass them over as nearly as possible without notice. *The Tribune* is the only New York paper which has mentioned this matter at all which has treated it with delicacy or even decency. It urges with reason the propriety of putting an end to this loathsome gossip by paying Mr. Lincoln's widow his salary for the full term of office on which he had entered. The sum would not be a very large one. There is as much lost every month in a single "whiskey fraud."

Personal controversies between *The Times* and *Tribune* are not very exciting or even interesting, owing to the extreme decorum with

which they are conducted, and their tendency to end with a cordial recommendation of his opponent by each disputant for a first-class foreign mission. They resemble a bout with foils before a friendly dinner rather than the wild and glorious cudgel-play which ensues when *The Tribune* and *Commercial Advertiser* come into collision. We therefore cannot help regretting that so much space is devoted to them. The one at present in progress touches the relations of Mr. Raymond to the Prohibitionist party in 1854, and the fiercest thing said is a challenge from Mr. Greeley to *The Times* "to publish the Davis bail-bond entire." Should *The Times* respond to this invitation we admit it will take a pretty serious step, but still we do not anticipate as much social or political disturbance from it as many timid people seem to fear.

The Germans in this city have split on the question of the Excise law—one set, under the leadership of Dr. Schutz, making up their minds to stand by the Republican party whether they have their beer on Sundays or no, and the other having appointed a committee to find out whether the Republican candidates will promise to introduce and support an act to amend the "so-called Excise law" to conform to the resolution adopted by the Republican State Convention at Syracuse in regard to said Excise law. We think "the said Excise law" might be very properly dealt with by taking note of the fact that habitual drinkers of lager beer remain orderly, sober, and respectable citizens, and that habitual drinkers of rum, whiskey, and brandy are, as a rule, ruffians of the worst type. Legislation which recognizes the facts of life is likely to stand in a free country, but we doubt if any other ever will. The cry of "infidel" which is raised against the Germans for their disregard of the "Christian Sabbath" is not resorted to by any honest man who knows what he is talking about. In the countries from which Germans come, pious Protestant ministers of high standing do, without scruple or scandal, the very thing the New York Germans want to be allowed to do—go to beer-gardens on Sunday afternoon and pass it in drinking and smoking. The practice in their case proves nothing whatever either as to a man's life or doctrine.

Just previous to his decease the well-known Mr. Banting endowed a hospital for "the obese poor," where those unfortunates may receive properly nutritious food and get the attention and care which their condition demands. This apparent superfluity of soft-heartedness seems to find a parallel in *The World* of this city. That paper is really very much concerned about the wretched condition in which the Southern white man, if he has the least regard for his wife and daughters, now finds himself. He sits on a volcano, the subterranean fires of which are represented by the brutal passions of the emancipated negro, who still further to inflame him has been invested by a Radical Congress with the right of suffrage. The Southern journals, *The World* says, relate fearful instances of outrage and horror, giving the mere facts, restraining themselves from offering comments because they feel that the duty of silence and self-control is imposed by dreadful necessity upon the Southern journalist, if he would not precipitate a bloody war between the mutely suffering gentlemen of the South and the plantation fiend. But *The World* need be under no uneasiness of mind. Advices from Kentucky are of the most encouraging character. The official records of the Freedmen's Bureau, in one small sub-district of that State, show that within the past year the white man has defended his household gods in the most effective manner, having carried the war into Africa to the extent of murdering, beating, or otherwise outraging more than five hundred blacks and about the same number of the unchivalrous sort of white men. "In Boyle County, Kentucky, there is a mob that has shot, outraged, or hung nearly fifty persons." And Boone, Clark, Morgan, Mason, Jessamin, and other counties of Kentucky seem to be equally well prepared for the volcano.

Mr. Kinney, a member of the special Indian Commission sent to visit the tribes about Fort Kearney, has made a report which leaves us about as much in the dark as ever. It appears the commission was divided in opinion. Some were in favor of distributing powder and ball to the Indians after the council west of Omaha, and, being in a majority, the powder and ball were given, and were afterwards, as Judge Kinney believed, used against himself and others round Fort Kearney. Judge Kinney's accounts are, on the whole, both disheartening and perplexing. He says the Indians have been victorious in nearly every fight and feel that they have had the upper hand, and that unless some better protection is afforded to settlers than at present they will be driven from their homes; but he nevertheless does not offer any suggestion as to how the protection is to be afforded. The Government cannot furnish every traveller or settler with a cavalry escort.

From France and England there is nothing new or exciting. The most prominent subject of attention in England is the Fenian rescue at Manchester, and the excitement which in consequence of it pervades the Irish population of all the great manufacturing towns of the North. If the Fenians were to persist in committing petty outrages, like the recent one at Manchester, they might make English society terribly uncomfortable. We see, by the way, that General Sweeny, who left the United States army for the purpose of taking the command of the Fenian force against Canada last summer, and who was restored to his position with shameful ease when the "war" was over, has just been tried and convicted in Augusta, Ga., for "beastliness," dishonesty, and insubordination, but has escaped with a very light sentence. He has, it appears, been in the habit of levying contributions on private citizens for his own use, besides being guilty of viler practices. If anybody wants melancholy yet amusing reading, let him turn to the reports published in sympathizing newspapers in this city last summer of this personage's progress northward on his way to rob and murder the Canadians, and see how he was dressed up as a hero, what a genealogy he had, what a military genius he was, and what lofty communings he had at dead midnight on the deck of the North River steamer with his faithful aid-de-camp, and what porings over maps he did in his state-room, and what mince-meat he was going to make of the British Empire.

The news from Europe is more exciting than it has been since the Seven Weeks' War. Garibaldi's patience has apparently been worn out, and he has made two ineffectual attempts to take the field, in both of which he has been foiled, and at the latest accounts was a prisoner. But volunteers have crossed the Papal frontier, and an engagement has taken place in which the Papal troops, which seem to be for military purposes almost worthless, have been worsted, the result being of course to give a great stimulus to the popular excitement in Italy, and we have little doubt that it will be found impossible for the Government to make head against the filibusters. How this will affect its relations with France remains to be seen; but the chances are that Prussia will support Italy if it chooses to disregard its engagements touching the Pope, and in any event Italy is not responsible for the doings of Roman insurgents. We have discussed elsewhere the probability of a general war.

The news of yesterday morning would seem to indicate that France will leave the Roman question to be solved by the "march of events," which in this instance means the march of the Garibaldian volunteers, and that the Italian Government will have to interfere for the Pope's protection. The plan of allowing Pius IX. to retain the government of the city during his lifetime, even if agreed to, would be certain not to work, and it is probably only talked of as a means of letting his Holiness down easy. The Roman population could never be kept in order or the Italians deprived of their capital by a potentate of this sort. The Papacy will probably be enabled before many months to boast that it—the Vicegerent of Christ on earth—was the last power in Christendom to employ mercenary troops, and that its troops were, individually and collectively, the most worthless vagabonds that ever stood in line. If St. Peter were to see them in time of peace, we may perhaps imagine his disgust; but we doubt very much whether we can form any adequate conception of what his feelings would be if he were to see them coming out of action with victorious heretics and infidels in their rear.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. A. SIMPSON & Co. are to publish the experiences of a United States officer, now residing in Utah, among the Mormons. The title is not yet announced——A. Roman & Co. will publish on the 15th inst., through the New York branch of their house, a work entitled "Confucius and the Chinese Classics, or Readings in Chinese Literature," a work by the Rev. A. W. Loomis, who has been a missionary among the Chinese in China and is now at work among the California Chinese. This work is the first book ever stereotyped in California. The same firm announce a "Chinese Phrase-Book," by B. Lanctot, who is the teacher of a public school for Chinese children in San Francisco. Other books by Roman & Co. are: "In Bonds," a novel by Laura Preston, a Californian; "Fairy Tales from Gold Land," an illustrated juvenile; and a book of poems by Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard. ——Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., in conjunction with Macmillan & Co., are, as we have already said in these columns, going to put forth a "Sunday Library for Household Reading," and announce as forming a part of it some very good books. Among the authors represented in the list are Thomas Hughes ("Alfred the Great"), C. Kingsley ("The Hermits"), Guizot ("St. Louis, St. Francis de Sales," etc.), George Macdonald ("England's Antiphones"), Isaac Taylor ("Xavier and the Jesuit Missionaries"), F. D. Maurice, and other writers as able. Sunday-school libraries need not hereafter be dull and worthless, as very many of them have been hitherto. The same house have in press Sir Samuel Baker's "Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia and The Sword Hunters of the Hamran Arabs," and "The Trial of John H. Surratt."——To Charles Scribner & Co.'s list we have to add only a book of sermons, entitled "Thanksgivings," the work of Dr. Wm. Adams, of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church. Of books previously announced by this firm, we may say that Ik Marvel's photographically illustrated "My Farm of Edgewood" will very probably not appear. "Beecher's Prayers" is nearly ready. It will be published with his consent, though the prayers were taken from his lips by a stenographer who was hired and did his work without Mr. Beecher's knowledge. Prof. Whitney's promised work on "Language and the Study of Language" consists, we learn, of lectures delivered before the Smithsonian Institute in 1864, afterwards in part embodied in the Institute's report for that year, and delivered again in the form of twelve lectures before the Lowell Institute. Articles contributed by Professor Whitney to several periodicals—*The North American Review* for one, we presume—have also been used in the volume, or, rather, parts of the volume were used in the periodicals. The work may be expected very soon. ——Messrs. Hurd & Houghton will soon publish a new edition, which has been two years in preparation, of their "Artist's Sketch-Book." The printing was done at the Riverside Press, and this will be a handsomer edition than any yet published.——Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt announce as ready for delivery in this country the Tauchnitz edition of Dr. Anster's metrical translation of "Faust;" the tales of De la Motte Fouqué, including "Undine," "Sintram and his Companions," "Aslauga's Knight," and "The Two Captains," translated by Miss F. E. Bunnett—a very cheap seventy-five cents' worth as books go now, or however they go; Paul Heyse's "L'Arrabiata," and H. Zschokke's "Princess of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel."——T. B. Peterson & Brothers announce Mr. J. W. Forney's "Letters from Europe," which have been appearing in the Philadelphia *Press*.——Of Messrs. Sheldon & Co.'s list we have already announced the collected poetical works of Mr. Theodore Tilton, of *The Independent*, which will be issued in a volume with the title, "The Sexton's Tale, and Other Poems." Besides this, Sheldon & Co. announce that they will publish Mrs. Harding Davis's "Waiting for the Verdict," "The Life and Letters of Dr. Geo. W. Bethune," by Dr. Abraham Van Nest, and "The Life and Labors of Francis Wayland, D.D., LL.D.," by his sons, the Hon. Francis Wayland and the Rev. H. L. Wayland.

—It is to us, no doubt, that the blame belongs of keeping the international copyright law in such a state that stealing by American and English publishers is possible and, to speak from the point of view of business men, all but necessary. But while we have to admit this, we may be glad that, as Mr. Parton shows us, our publishers are far in advance of their English brethren in the matter of remunerating, to some small extent, the pillaged author. Every American writer of eminence has been reprinted in England, and it is believed that no American writer has ever had any money from any English publisher for the unpermitted reprint of his works. That many an English author has been paid liberally by his American publishers is perfectly well known. It is true that in some instances this payment has been made purely as a matter of business—to keep away others from the quarry; but it is true, too, that in many instances publishers have been moved by a sense of honor and duty to recompense foreign authors for property which, had they chosen, they might have stolen with impunity. It is a pleasure to be able to add to the record of such actions. The London *Chemical News and Journal of Physical Science* is published weekly in England, and has some few subscribers in this country. In July last Messrs. W. A. Townsend & Adams, of this city, began issuing a reprint of *The News*, four numbers bound together, as a monthly, and have, of course, obtained for it a very much larger American circulation than otherwise it could have had, and, indeed, might have calculated on certainly driving the English edition entirely out of this market. They however preferred to make with the English publisher a permanent arrangement, of which, in a recent letter, he speaks as in the following extract:

"I assure you I highly appreciate the honorable motives which have led you to offer *spontaneously* what the law gives us no claim to. If all publishers acted as you do, there would be less need of an international copyright. If you can suggest any way in which I can assist you in forwarding the interests of your edition, I hope you will do so, and I will meet your views as far as I can."

The Chemical News, by the way, is interesting chiefly to scientific men; but the November number will contain a full report of the late meeting of the British Association at Dundee, and of Prof. Tyndall's lecture on "Matter and Force" to the Dundee working-men, and a voluminous obituary notice of Faraday.

—A letter in our last week's paper spoke of the need felt by the Early English Text Society of increased patronage by Englishmen and Americans interested in the sources of the literature common to both nations. It is very much to be wished, if there is not a sufficient number of American individuals at once able and willing to assist in popularizing the works which the society, so much to its honor, is editing with care and learning, that at least the managers of our public libraries should lend their assistance. We might name libraries of considerable pretensions, and considerable desert, whose book-purchasing committees are what may be called culpably ignorant or careless in regard to this matter. So far as concerns individuals, we fear that there will be rather a falling off than an increase in the number of subscribers. We are informed of an intention on the part of Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt—and there is no doubt that the other agents of the society will adopt or have adopted the same course—to raise the figure at which, in the case of these subscriptions, a shilling in coin is estimated. They have hitherto counted a shilling as forty-five cents in paper; hereafter, fifty cents in paper will be required as an equivalent for it. This, of course, covers all the charges of importation; for $10 50 the subscriber gets, without further trouble, the texts of the whole year. But it is a pity that the additional charge should have to be made. As we understand the matter, Trübner & Co., publishers for the society, get from the society a shilling in the guinea as commission. They then charge the American dealer another commission, as if when he ordered a year's books Trübner & Co. had to purchase them of another English dealer. Thus an addition—not a great one, and, perhaps, a necessary one, but still an addition unfavorable to the society's success here—is made to the cost of a year's subscription.

—A self-betraying error occurred in our notice of *The Medical Gazette* last week: the Philadelphia *Medical and Surgical Reporter*—contrary to our own knowledge and our purpose in mentioning it—was styled a *monthly* journal, whereas it is published weekly, and has been for eight years; but it is not a *newspaper*, like *La France Médicale* and the other Parisian weeklies, nor is the Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal* a newspaper, as the Boston *Transcript* asserts in correcting our statement of last week. Of course we were not discussing the merits of other medical publications compared with those of the new *Gazette*, or claiming any especial honor for this city over others.

—Apparently *The Pall Mall Gazette* keeps a literary detective, whose knowledge of worthless novels is most extensive. Within a little while he has run down four or five literary thieves and venders of stolen goods, but never any one of them with more skill or with greater zest than he has shown in his recent capture and conviction of Miss M. E. Braddon. He seems to have worked up the case with enthusiasm, and taken a real delight in his success. First he showed very conclusively that a novel lately published in *Belgravia* under the title of "Circe" was stolen bodily from Octave Feuillet, whose drama of "Dalila" had been almost literally translated by the "Mr. Babington White" who, *Belgravia* said, wrote "Circe." This exposure was made on the 16th of September. He pursues the subject on the 17th, setting a trap into which, on the 20th, Miss Braddon unsuspect-

ingly falls—that is to say, after the theft is exposed on the 16th, the detective writes a letter purporting to come from Miss Braddon, in which that lady is made to offer to return to her subscribers the money paid for those numbers of *Belgravia* in which "Circe" had appeared. The letter is amusingly like what a person of Miss Braddon's sort might write when resolved on doing a magnanimous thing regardless of attendant expenses. It called out a note really written by her, and which reads as follows:

"Miss Braddon presents her compliments to the editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, and begs to inform him that the letter purporting to be written by her, which appears in his paper of the 17th instant, is a forgery."

Which was all the forger wanted, for in an editorial comment on the lady's note she gets a stroke from a rod which evidently had been two or three days in pickle for her:

"The forged letter was one in which Miss Braddon was made to express an honorable regret that the readers of *Belgravia* should have been imposed upon by a novel stolen from the French."

Miss Braddon, it is to be observed, says nothing in this note of Mr. "Babington White," whom Mr. "Chesterton Smith" (our detective again) guesses in another letter to the editor to be a mythical character—non-existent, like Mrs. Gamp's Mrs. Harris. It is to be concluded, as is said by *The Gazette* correspondent, "T. T.," whom we suppose to be our detective in still another disguise, that Mr. Babington White is no other than Miss M. E. Braddon, who, as "T. T." points out, has already stolen M. Feydeau's "Madame Bovary" and passed it off as her own under the name of "The Doctor's Wife." Unfortunately, Miss Braddon's audience is such that she is hardly injured by a conviction for larceny. But her fate may warn others. If it does not, our novelists will get to be as bad as our dramatists have long been, who no longer think it in the least disgraceful to steal French plays. And we hope, doubtingly, that this exposure may possibly damage the fortunes of Miss Braddon's *Belgravia*. It is as much the fashion nowadays for a celebrated or notorious novelist to set up a magazine as for a successful pugilist to set up a sporting house, where he gathers around him a profitable circle of the friends whom his arduous professional labors have pleased. So we have magazines which are mainly filled with trash from unknown writers, because they contain as the taking part of their contents some chapters of a novel by some favorite story-teller, or, as we feel inclined to say, because they contain some trash by too well-known authors. It is a comfort to think that against this rage for magazine reading there must soon be a reaction. We have really almost a plague of magazines. But there are people who will not read books.

—The remarkable literary forgeries which recently have been occupying the attention of the scientific men of England and of the geometrical section of the French Academy of Sciences, would, if successful, have not only taken from Newton the credit of having discovered the law of gravitation, but branded him as one of the meanest of men—a man who, owing to Pascal's suggestion nearly all his scientific methods and discoveries, repaid his friend by the worst ingratitude; who availed himself of Pascal's early death to appropriate to himself his discoveries, afterwards demanding from Pascal's family, in order to remove all evidence of these appropriations, the letters he had in his youth written to Pascal. It would almost seem as if animosity against Newton, rather than a desire to transfer to France the honor which Newton won for England, had been the motive actuating the forger. His boldness cannot be denied, for he must have known that he could hardly have hit upon an eminent English name whose reputation would be more vigorously defended than his on whose fame is founded England's claim to scientific pre-eminence. He was as thorough in executing as bold in conceiving his plan. The documents which he fabricated are very numerous, of very various character, and very voluminous. Where he got all the old paper necessary for his purpose it is not easy to say, unless, as the London *Chronicle* guesses, the seventeenth-century volumes in the Bibliothèque Impériale paid a wholesale contribution of fly-leaves. But the latest accounts seem to show that the age of the paper is not indubitable, and the ink used has been pronounced modern. But to judge certainly of the age of ink—a fluid made in various ways, and consequently affected very variously by long keeping—by the appearance of the writing, would seem to be not as yet wholly in the power of experts. The documents consist—1st, of letters by Pascal to the youthful Newton, and besides him to the most distinguished literary and scientific men of that time, to his sisters, to Queen Christina, and others; of scientific notes in Pascal's handwriting, of hundreds of "Pensées," a life of St. Catherine of Siena, etc., etc. 2d, There are very many letters written to Pascal by Newton, and others written to Pascal by Newton's mother, by Hobbes, Aubrey, etc., etc. 3d, There are letters of Newton to many eminent Frenchmen; and 4th, there are letters of third parties addressed to Newton, and referring to his relations with Pascal. As to the proofs of forgery, M. Faugère, editor of Pascal's "Thoughts," a student for fifteen months of his manuscripts, and well qualified to pronounce judgment on the genuineness of the handwriting, says that the handwriting alleged to be his is not his at all, and that the letters attributed to Pascal's sisters are in the same hand as those attributed to Pascal himself. In the second place, one of the letters written in 1654, when Newton was eleven years old, makes Pascal ask Boyle for information about a young English student named Isaac Newton, from whom he has received a letter, accompanied by three essays—one on the calculus of the infinite, one on the system of vortices, and one on the equilibrium of fluids and gravity. Newton, probably, was not a precocious boy; at any rate, such precocity as that above indicated would almost certainly have been in some way recorded and handed down to us. Be that as it may, however, we have Newton's statement that late in life he could not read French without a dictionary, and here we have him writing good French when he was but eleven years old. Thirdly, Newton's mother is made to sign her name as "Miss Anne Ascough Newton." Her name, by the way, was Smith at the time when the letter is alleged to have been written. These proofs are absolutely conclusive. The papers will no doubt get a very complete examination before the Academy is done with them, and no doubt the effect of investigation will be to multiply the proofs of their spuriousness. The gentleman by whom they were presented to the world, M. Michael Chasles, a geometrician of great distinction, is a man who may be presumed far above the meanness and dishonesty of a forgery of this sort. He declines to say how the papers came into his possession, and it is proper to add that some of the members of the investigating commission, among others M. Leverrier, thereupon said that they could see no use in going further with the enquiry. Still, it is true that the question of their authenticity can be determined without M. Chasles giving up the name of a person who doubtless has imposed on him, and to whom he may for a good reason have given pledges of secrecy.

—A daily paper, entitled *The Situation*, of anti-Prussian opinions, is published at Paris, supported mainly by the money of the ex-king of Hanover, who still fondly hopes to gain his lost position. M. Alexandre Dumas, *père*, is engaged in writing for it a novel (*ad usum delphini*) entitled "La Terreur Prussienne à Francfort," which will extend over 60 *feuilletons*, each of 400 lines. The scene of the opening chapter is laid at Berlin, Unter den Linden, and in it the second King William of Prussia holds a conversation with his premier, Edmond von Boesewerk, a pseudonyme meaning "mischief-maker," by which is meant the world-famed minister. The reader is at once initiated into the diplomatic mysteries of 1866. The king favors no war with Austria, and reproaches his Hotspur of a minister with being influenced too much by the *renommages* of the young men, such as the Crown Prince and Prince Friedrich Karl. To this Von Boesewerk replies, Prince Friedrich Karl does not belong *quite* to the *young* people, he having first seen the light on the 29th of June, 1801. The king appears not to have known it; he is surprised, etc. In this tone the following chapters continue. M. Dumas, we observe, makes the mistake of letting the Berliners in his novel count in *kreutzers* and *guldens* instead of in *silbergroschens* and *thalers*. But genius soars. On the whole, it is not likely that *The Situation* will make much political capital out of its novel.——Another anti-Prussian newspaper, advocating a South-German confederation under Bavaria, was lately set up by the Bavarian Government and edited by an Austrian publicist, but met with such disapproval in Germany that after the first six numbers the King of Bavaria "authorized it," as the farewell notice goes, "to announce its cessation with the present number." This would seem to be another evidence of the failure to which Napoleon's plans in Germany are surely doomed.

—The much-abused Richard Wagner is, after all, to have his resurrection at Paris. The managers of the Théâtre Lyrique have had the text of "Lohengrin" translated into French, and will bring this opera on the stage during the current season.

—Dr. Véron, who died lately in Paris at the age of sixty-nine years, had been a conspicuous member of the literary and artistic world of the French capital. The most of his notoriety he gained by his administration of the grand opera under Louis Philippe, a position which brought him in contact with the greatest art celebrities of his time. It was he who "discovered" Rachel at a performance in the Théâtre Français, when, by a fortunate incident, she, till then only a *choriste*, got the *rôle*, we believe, of *Phèdre* to play, the first actress having become ill. The next day a fulminant panegyric of her appeared in the *Constitutionnel*, belonging to Véron, which the other papers did not try to oppose. He then became her guide, and, in fact, even more. In politics he was a devoted Bonapartist, and zealously defended the

coup d'état, though at a later period his relations to the Second Empire became very cool. He was the possessor of a large fortune, which he acquired partly by medical practice, partly by the opera, partly in journalism, and partly by the fabrication of "Paté Regnault," a patent medicine against coughs. His "Mémoires," published fifteen years ago, created an immense sensation, stirring up, as they did, the whole *monde* of Paris by his sarcastic revelations. The last volume, published two years ago, showed however a great falling off. Dr. Véron, in figure a Falstaff, inspired by the best humor and an excellent talker, was, till 1850, one of the most popular men of Paris. His headquarters were in the Café de Paris, where he gave audience to his friends and visitors. His dinners were the best in Paris, and an invitation to them was regarded as an extremely desirable distinction. Later, he dined his friends in his private house—Rue de Rivoli—and his cook, Mlle. Sophie, sometimes prepared the dishes under the doctor's own superintendence. In the later part of his life Dr. Véron lived very retired, showed himself seldom publicly, and was said even to have become pious and to abhor the sinful bustle of the world.

—On the 25th of September the Prison Association of the State of New York passed resolutions commemorative of the merits and deploring the death of Charles Joseph Anton Mittermaier, doctor of law, professor in the University of Heidelberg, knight of many orders, an honorary member of many learned societies, and a corresponding member of our New York Prison Association. Dr. Mittermaier labored untiringly during a long and most active life for the perfection of penal law, the improvement of the criminal trial, and the development of a charitable as well as efficient prison discipline. His interest in the work of the Prison Association of this State was shown in many ways, and the association acknowledges itself signally benefited by his unvarying energy. He labored hard in the performance of his duties at Heidelberg, but he carried on a very extensive correspondence with humanitarians in all parts of the world, he travelled as much as his official duties permitted for the purpose of visiting jails, lunatic asylums, and charitable institutions in various countries, lectured, attended public discussions, and in every way showed his interest in philanthropic efforts for ameliorating the condition of the unfortunate and criminal. He fully deserved the great name of philanthropist. The list of his works is extensive, and includes many contributions to periodicals, works upon the trial by jury, the improvement of the criminal law, and the abolition of capital punishment. Born in 1787, he studied law at the University of Landshut, practised as an advocate at Munich, where he aided Feuerbach in preparing the Bavarian criminal code, became, at the age of thirty-two, a lecturer at the University of Landshut, in 1819 was made a professor at Bonn—where, however, he stayed but two or three years, liberal professors being no favorites of the Prussian Government, and in 1821 he accepted a chair in the University of Heidelberg, which he continued to fill till his death on the 28th of August last.

A BOOK OF CATHOLIC ESSAYS.*

We have reached a new era in the Catholic controversy. If this book may be accepted as a sign of the times—and that is precisely what it is—the days of wilful misconception, cunning casuistry, and bitter denouncing are to be succeeded by a period of argument on the fundamental points at issue between the anti-Catholic and the Catholic Church. The essays in this volume are expository and polemical, but their spirit is singularly candid in the main, and their temper is sweet, though grave. The statement is careful; there is considerable purpose to get at the essential matters at issue; and if the tone is now and then higher than Protestants find agreeable, it is due less to the old arrogance than to the new confidence that has succeeded to it. Like the celebrated "Essays and Reviews," the volume under notice is the work of several authors, and embraces a great variety of subject and of treatment. Archbishop Manning contributes an inaugural address which treats of the present attitude of the Romish Church in England, and also an expository tractate on the inspiration of the Scriptures; Dr. W. G. Ward prints two able papers, on "Intellectual Power as an Element in the Perfection of Man" and on "The Dangers of Uncontrolled Intellect;" Mr. F. Oakeley writes on "The Mission and Prospects of the Catholic Church in England;" Mr. Edward Lucas treats of "Christianity in Relation to Civil Society;" Mr. Albany J. Christie takes for his theme "The Philosophy of Christianity;" Mr. H. W. Wilberforce discusses "Some Events preparatory to the English Reformation;" Mr. Edmund Sheridan Purcell moves the old question of "Church and State;" Mr. Monsignor Patterson explains "Certain Sacrificial Words used by St. Paul." It will, of course, be impossible here to notice each of these papers separately, or to touch, however slightly, on all the great points raised. We must content ourselves with describing in the main the position taken by the authors, and the aspect in which the book sets the ancient controversy.

The Catholic Church is visibly raising its head both in England and in America. But the mien it assumes on the two sides of the Atlantic is very different. Here the Church is trying to plant itself for the first time among a new people, restive under constraint, jealous of their independence, impatient of dogmatism, and, though fanciful and impressible, exceedingly tenacious of their religious liberty. In dealing with such a people, the ministers of the Church have felt the necessity of being very cautious, lest they give unwitting offence or start an uncomfortable suspicion. Their policy has been to accommodate the Church to the popular mind, and commend it to the average feeling of the community. It has been represented as being friendly to republican institutions and favorable to civil and social progress. The forbidding features are veiled. The austere characteristics are kept out of sight. The sentimental side of the religion is held perpetually in view of men. Its pictorial ceremonies, its impressive pomp, its architecture and music, its Sisters of Mercy and other ministrations of charity, are found to be the best material for producing an effect. Of papal supremacy, transubstantiation, auricular confession, absolution, indulgences, we hear little or nothing. It is not time yet to bring these forward. In England, the case is altered. There the Church once existed; there religion has always been synonymous with a Church; there all the first-mentioned points have been over and over again discussed by eminent divines; there the issue is well understood; the time is recognized as being critical; and there, too, the Church is aware of its power. Of this our essayists affect no concealment. They are convinced that they have the future; they are sure that audacity will not be a mistake in the present. Archbishop Manning announces the gains of Catholicism in England with a quiet assurance which has no need to boast: "In families where a Catholic priest has never entered, Catholic books find their way; in others where Catholic books have never entered, Catholic engravings precede the faith. Even the newspapers have taken the infection. Eldad and Medad prophesy in the camp; Saul also is among the prophets. The air is full of it. Call it a plague of frogs, of flies, or of boils. It is upon man and beast. Throw ashes into the air, it comes down Popery." Facts are adduced to support this rhetoric. Believing the facts to be authentic and the rhetoric justifiable, the Church does not hesitate to take high ground and use great plainness of speech. It brings out its most offensive phrases—"mass, priest, monk, and Jesuit"—and declares that "the habitual substitution of palliative synonyms for them is hardly less injurious to the cause of truth than the prejudice which they were intended to obviate." Its very gentleness of tone is due to the consciousness of power. "Let us be hopeful and kind," it says; "thousands around us are in a crisis of life and death. If anything on our part ruffle or disturb the calmness of heart on which candor depends, we should have much to answer for."

The writers of this book are, therefore, as might be expected, veritable Ultramontanists; herein differing from Father Newman and the Englishmen who have left the Establishment for the Papacy. Only in the way of incidental remark is this want of agreement betrayed in the pages before us, but it is indicated with sufficient definiteness to be understood. The word Papacy is still disagreeable to English Catholics, but the English Catholics are greatly in the minority. Archbishop Manning concedes that "in England the Church counts but one million in twenty, and that million for the most part not of English blood." It is Ultramontanism, then, that throws the gauntlet down and chides its over-cautious brother for his "palliative synonyms." Whoever would know what Ultramontanism is may read these papers with full confidence that before he gets through he will have his question answered. There is no disguise here, no equivocation, no apology, no concession. The principle that faith is meritorious in proportion as its object is unintelligible is frankly avowed. The doctrine of indulgences and of transubstantiation are ingenuously entertained, and the Protestant difficulties in the way of accepting them are blandly characterized as "imaginary." "Truth only needs to be stated, but it demands to be stated in full." "If England is ever to be reunited to Christendom, it is by submission to the living authority of the vicar of Jesus Christ." "The attempt to distinguish between the declarations of the Holy See and the mind of the Church is the animus of heresy." "It is no longer a question of fragmentary doctrines or isolated truths, of a little more or a little less of this devotion or that opinion, but of the whole Catholic faith upon the principle of divine certainty and of divine authority through the Church and its head." "The royal supremacy has perished by the law of mortality

* "Essays on Religion and Literature. Edited by Archbishop Manning." Second Series. London: Longmans.

which consumes all earthly things. And at this period of our history the supremacy of the vicar of Jesus Christ re-enters as full of life as when Henry VIII. resisted Clement VII." "If the Church's principles are true in the morning, they are true through the day; if they are true to us, they are true to others; and those who have habitually and deliberately adjusted their conduct by different principles are no fit objects for our admiration, but, on the contrary (to say nothing else of them), have been blunderers and fools." This last passage is aimed not at Protestants who have repudiated the Church, but at those half-way, temporizing Catholics who, like the Anglicans, have thought they could be at the same time Papists and Englishmen. Leaving generalities for details, we find that no point of dogma is evaded. We have a cordial eulogy of poverty as a holy estate, an honest defence of asceticism, a distinct affirmation of the worthlessness of culture as an element of human perfection. The resurrection of the body is declared to be inseparable from the belief in the immortality of the soul. Colenso's criticisms on the Old Testament history are scouted as foolish and impertinent. They make little impression on Archbishop Manning, but only serve to remind him of an Athenian who showed in his olive garden the well out of which his forefathers used to drink. "What long necks they must have had!" said his admiring friend.

Such are the principles of these essayists. Their policy conforms to their principles. To present the strongest contrasts between Romanism and Protestantism is their plan. It is a plan that evinces their shrewdness as well as their courage, for it allows them to ascribe to Protestantism traits which do not belong to it, which it is not responsible for, which it repudiates as eagerly as Romanism itself does. To describe a few of these contrasts is to show the weakness of the essayists in the assault they make.

Protestantism, say the essayists, teaches that perfection consists in the co-ordination of the various parts of our nature. Catholicism teaches that it consists in the subordination of all the rest to the moral and spiritual part.

Protestantism makes temporal ends supreme. Catholicism gives supremacy to spiritual ends.

Protestantism worships the principle of "honor." Catholicism reveres "devotion." Protestantism begins and ends in the natural order. Catholicism embraces the supernatural.

Protestantism bows down to wealth. Catholicism honors poverty.

Protestantism reckons intellect an element in human perfection. Catholicism makes it of no account whatever.

It is easy to see that on every one of these points a false issue is made. There was probably never a Protestant alive, of any school from Calvin's to Theodore Parker's, who believed that human perfection consists in the strict co-ordination of the various faculties—physical, mental, and moral. They have a hierarchy of attributes as well-defined as Archbishop Manning's. Even the "muscular Christians" believe in something higher than muscle. Does not Tom Hughes? Does not Charles Kingsley? The question they raise is whether the lower attributes shall serve through their vigor or through their attenuation.

What Protestant sect makes "temporal ends" supreme? In what pulpit, orthodox or heterodox, is that doctrine preached? What man calling himself religious at all, whether he be Pagan, Jew, or Christian, ever entertained such a notion? Dr. Ward classes together Kingsley, Maurice, Jowett, Stanley, Goldwin Smith, Martineau, Carlyle, Buckle, Grote, and Mill. Can he quote a page from a single one of them all that countenances his assertion? Dr. Ward quotes—whom? Father Newman in his "Loss and Gain"! Whom? Heinrich Heine, in his "Religion and Philosophy in Germany"! The one a Catholic; the other confessedly unreligious. True, Dr. Ward hopes that Mr. Kingsley does not applaud Heine's sentiments, but he intimates very clearly his belief that he does. If by "temporal things" be meant material or visible things, such as money, place, power, worldly goods and emoluments, there is hardly a materialist who would feel himself included in Dr. Ward's accusation. If by "temporal things" be meant all things intellectual, social, moral on this side of the grave, none of the men named, except perhaps Buckle, and Grote possibly, possibly Carlyle, would be touched by it; for the rest believe in immortality and treasure up immense interests there. And some even who do not believe in immortality hold to a distinction between temporal and eternal things that is much too palpable to be overlooked so majestically.

Do Protestants worship the principle of honor? Who have more vehemently assailed it, not in its coarser forms merely, but also in its most refined and fascinating aspects? The most liberal school has been as forward as the straitest in asserting that self-respect is very well to begin with, but that self-abnegation is the only consummate virtue.

No less unfair is it to say that Protestantism dwells wholly within the natural order of thought and experience, while Catholicism finds its life in the supernatural. The great battle of Protestantism with the rationalism of the time is on this very border-land that lies between the natural and the supernatural; and it is a fight for the possession of that sphere of spirit which the modern sceptics and scientists would destroy. Protestantism holds to the supernatural as its very essence; feels that it would lose everything in losing it. Even the Unitarians and Universalists cleave to it as to their life. The difference between the Protestant and the Catholic here lies in a nutshell. The Catholic says that the supernatural has its seat in his hierarchy, is embodied in his establishment, is incarnated in his popes and councils, is dispensed through his sacraments. The Protestant declares that it is elsewhere, and is to be otherwise apprehended. The Catholic avers that it can be received only through the priest; the Protestant has full faith that it may be imparted to the souls of individuals.

As against Protestants, therefore, this polemic is unavailing. The essayists are not, in fact, writing against Protestantism, but against rationalism, naturalism, positivism, sensualism, or whatever else it is that Protestantism and Catholicism alike dread and oppose. Against these their definitions are valid, and their distinctions tell; against these their doctrine stands in severe contrast, and with these the real issue lies. The battle, when both hosts are fairly drawn up each under its banner, will be confessedly joined between the mediæval spirit and the spirit of the nineteenth century. The essayists are aware of this, and they probably make Protestantism their special mark because it presents a better front, is an old enemy, and is a convenient stump for flagellating the genuine devil round. The editors of *The Catholic World* understand the situation, and, without so openly assailing Protestantism, they throw out a sturdy defiance against rationalism, unreligion, and irreligion, by which they understand liberty of thought, conscience, and worship, liberty of development, "progress" in science, culture, knowledge, and "the humanities." The ancient modes of warfare between the churches, the skirmishing and guerilla warfare, are about ended. There is no longer to be furious debate over interpretations of doctrine or methods of devotion or modifications of belief. These essayists take the subjects they deal with—whether theological, moral, social, or political—straight out of the old controversial limits, and array them in face of other than the old controversial lines, as if challenging from a new quarter their assault. Between reason and Rome, spiritual authority and ecclesiastical, education and prescription, mental freedom and mental bondage, civilization and "faith," democracy and theocracy, development and arrest of development, the perfection of man on the planet and the salvation of man off the planet, the belief that human nature is abundantly supplied with means for its own growth, laws for its own guidance, motives and impulses to its own ends, and the belief that such doctrine as this is worse than any pestilence, and that the only security from its infection "is to sit ever at the Church's feet, and listen to her voice, and make her utterances our one test and measure of human morality"—this is the issue.

As helping to make it a plain one, this book of essays, not particularly remarkable in itself, deserves notice.

THEOLOGY OF THE GREEK POETS.*

We took up Professor Tyler's "Theology of the Greek Poets" with a feeling of gratification that so fruitful and attractive a subject had been selected by an American scholar, and with a hope that we should find fresh light thrown by original investigation upon perhaps the most important question connected with classical antiquity—the mode in which this nation of rare genius developed and formulated its religious thought. In this hope we have been disappointed. The subject is a fruitful one, it is true, but in enquiries of this nature the explorer is very likely to bring back only what he carried with him: if all his researches are directed in the interests of a preconceived theory, that theory will be the more strongly confirmed; if he carries with him an open, teachable mind, he will learn some new truth at every step. Mr. Tyler's aim throughout is to find confirmation by analogy for the special form of Christian theology which he happens to hold. This he has a perfect right to do, only his work should appear distinctly as a denominational publication, not as a treatise of general scholarship.

In fact, it is not a treatise at all, but a collection of six review articles, only four of which have anything to do with the ostensible subject of the book. These four, on the Homeric doctrine of the gods, the Homeric doctrine of sin, the theology of Æschylus, and the theology of Sophocles, were, to be sure, written at about the same time and have a sort of connection with each other; but even this leaves the discussion incomplete. Eu-

* "The Theology of the Greek Poets. By W. S. Tyler, Williston Professor of Greek in Amherst College." Boston: Draper & Halliday. 1867.

ripides is wholly overlooked, because "it would have swelled the volume beyond the size desired; and other engagements have interfered with the writing of it within the time contemplated." Moreover, we are told that on the whole it was unessential—that Euripides would contribute very little of value to the discussion. This means that Euripides would have contributed very little which would have supported the author's theory. Even this is hardly correct, for it would be as easy to consider the career of Dionysus in the "Bacchæ" as prefiguring the incarnation of Christ (with which it has some very striking points of resemblance) as to find the doctrine of the Trinity in the Homeric invocation to Zeus, Athene, and Apollo—"the all-father, the wisdom that is born of him, and the son who is his voice or word" (p. 136)—or the whole "scheme" of salvation dimly hinted in the various tragedies of Æschylus. But to the philosophic enquirer, Euripides is interesting chiefly from the information we glean from him of the Greek theology. It is true "we find in him more philosophy but less faith, more of speculation, subtlety, and refinement, but more also of scepticism in religion and scoffing at the gods." For this very reason, because he is freer in his treatment of the popular faith, he contains material for reconstructing that faith which the more devout minds of his predecessors passed silently over.

Even Sophocles does not satisfy our author. He contains fewer of "those sublime utterances touching the retributive providence and government of God" than the stern Æschylus—less, that is, of the temper of Calvinistic theology. This is true. Nevertheless, devout spirits of every generation find in Sophocles rather than Æschylus the fitting expression of a devotional sentiment answering to their own. This is the one mind of all antiquity which one would say would find in Fénélon, Montgomery, and Channing sympathetic and congenial fellowship. "No other poets," says Matthew Arnold of Sophocles in especial, "who have so well satisfied the thinking, have so well satisfied the religious sense."

The essay on Æschylus is much the ablest and most satisfactory of the four, for the reason that the writings of Æschylus contain most which can be used in support of the theory of the volume. It is rather odd, in view of the vast superiority of the religion of Æschylus over that of Homer, that Prof. Tyler should make the alleged inferiority of Sophocles an argument for an increasing degeneracy from the pure theology of an original revelation, traces of which he sees here and there, especially in the trinity of Zeus, Athene, and Apollo, mentioned above, and the scheme traced out in Æschylus. It does not seem to have occurred to him to ask how it happened on this theory that Æschylus retained a larger share than Homer of these "wrecks of primitive truth that have floated to our shores across the sea of ages." He points out the rude and imperfect notions entertained by Homer of the divine government, then shows the great advance made by Æschylus, and what many might esteem a still further advance in Sophocles, and asks us to accept a portion of this sequence, arbitrarily selected from the whole—and that portion the least certain in its nature—as a testimony in favor of his theory.

In fact, the title chosen for the book—"Theology"—should have led us to anticipate a dry and formal discussion. It is with the forms of Greek religion that he concerns himself, not with its spirit; and although he aptly speaks of this discussion as "Natural Theology in its historical aspect," he quite fails to see that as a branch of natural theology it must have its root in the inborn religious spirit of humanity. Indeed, from his point of view—that the human element in religion works solely in corrupting and confusing a primitive revelation—we do not see how he could help failing. The very fundamental principle of the religion of the Greeks and Romans was their recognition of a special living spirit causing and controlling each action, giving life to each creature, and even residing in each inanimate thing. The Greeks with their more philosophical mind passed earlier than the Romans into the stage of generalization, developing these transient spirits into living gods and endowing them with human form; but even with the Greeks this personal pantheism, if it may be so called, is the basis of all their theology. Unfortunately, most writers in treating of this subject set out not with the primitive religious idea underlying all myths and forms, but with the system of theology developed out of it, and hence the endless confusion and absurdities in discussing ancient mythology.

If the philosophy of the work before us is unsatisfactory, equally so is its scholarship. Mr. Tyler is an excellent Greek scholar, and writes well and appreciatively upon Greek literature. But beyond that he does not seem to have extended his studies. One would think that nobody would be hardy enough at this day to write upon the religion of the Greeks without making himself acquainted with established facts of comparative mythology. We are not ready to accept all that Max Müller and his co-laborers would have us believe. We think they have often committed a similar mistake to that of other investigators in ignoring the religious sentiment, and treating the whole thing as a question of etymology. But certain facts, as, for instance, the identification of Zeus (Jupiter) with the Sanscrit djâus (heaven), making him primarily the spirit (δαίμων) of the open sky (thus explaining many expressions of the classic writers), are, we suppose, universally accepted. But even of the comparative mythology of the Greeks and Romans Mr. Tyler shows such ignorance as to say (p. 142) that "the only Olympic deities whose names are common to the Greek and Latin languages are Jupiter, Apollo, Vesta, Latona, Proserpina, and Mars." This is much as if one should enumerate as names common to the French and English languages Charles, Pierre, Alfred, Emile, and Guillaume. Jupiter (*Zeus pater*), Juno (Διώνη), and Vesta (Ἑστία)—the god and goddess of heaven and the goddess of the hearth—are perhaps the only deities, great or small, common to the two nations. The worship of Apollo was introduced early among the Romans, but was not native to them; Latona and Proserpina are merely Latinized forms of Leto and Persephone, while Mars is a thoroughly Italian god, the equivalent of the Greek Ares.

We read (p. 238), "If there were any room to doubt the genuineness and authenticity of the Pentateuch," etc. What is meant by these words? Nobody living doubts that the Pentateuch is a genuine and authentic portion of Hebrew literature—a most precious witness as to the thoughts and institutions of a very early age—"that the same subjects which constitute the staple of the epic and tragic mythology of the Greeks are also among the earliest and most prominent subjects of Mosaic history and legislation." All this can be used as an argument on one side as well as another. But the meaning that these words are meant to convey is that this fact may serve somehow as an argument that Moses was the author of the Pentateuch, on which question it has no bearing at all. An argument like this is, to speak plainly, nothing but an attempt to throw dust in the eyes of readers.

The first article in the book, being purely theological, does not concern us in this connection. The second, on the Homeric question, is a very good statement of the argument for the unity of the poems of Homer, chiefly taken from Mure, and well arranged and forcibly put. The last article, too, on the theology of Sophocles, contains an excellent analysis of each of the plays of Sophocles, with a not very obtrusive statement of their bearing upon the theological question.

Such essays as this are a welcome contribution to our literature upon classical subjects. Still more that upon Æschylus, which, with all its fallacious and overstrained argument, is a real aid to the understanding of this great but obscure writer.

THE BULLS AND THE JONATHANS.*

"The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan" will not be found diverting in the extreme. On the contrary, it may be said to join to a good deal of the dulness of an aged political pamphlet all of the dulness proper to a bad imitation. Our grandfathers liked it, to be sure. But our grandfathers were not descendants, at two removes, of themselves. We have that inestimable advantage, and it is altogether probable that the editor of this republication of Paulding will find the reading public of to-day very cool admirers of his works. The lapse of time, softening bitter prejudices, bringing new knowledge, new and greater interests, and wider culture, has, to a very great extent, removed that provincialism of thought and feeling which were characteristics, and naturally and unavoidably were characteristics, of the Americans of fifty or sixty years ago. So Paulding, who was the not very clever and rather splenetic representative of the American culture of 1800, and who, distinctively as a literary man, was rather less than more than this, has become to us of 1867 a name merely, and no longer interests any one but the student of our early literature.

In his "John Bull and Brother Jonathan" Arbuthnot's "History of John Bull" was Mr. Paulding's model, and the object he had in view in writing the satire was to justify the United States for entering on the last war with Great Britain, and incidentally to administer a few raps on the knuckles to Captain Thomas Hamilton, Captain Basil Hall, F. F. De Roos, Charles William Janson, Esq., the Rev. Isaac Fiddler, Mr. Parkinson, William Cobbett, Mrs. Frances Trollope, and other true British tourists, whom he hated with so fierce a hatred that one quite regrets the deal of spiritual energy that was let run to waste in such a channel. How robust was his idea of a rap on the knuckles the reader may see by reading these remarks of his upon Mrs. Trollope—remarks which, by the way, seem to have

* "The Bulls and the Jonathans; comprising John Bull and Brother Jonathan and John Bull in America. By James K. Paulding. Edited by William I. Paulding." New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867. 8vo, pp. 378.

been added to the book on revising it for some of the later editions, for it was long after 1812 that Mrs. Trollope visited this country:

"But what capped the climax, they one and all resolutely declined making love to the old creature, who, now that she was dressed out so fine, had a notion that she was a beauty. She fell into a roaring fury, and all but swore the tenants of Jonathan had no more sensibility to female charms or female society than so many raccoons; and all this because they would not go fiddle, about philandering with an old woman whose voice squeaked like a and whose face was, they say, not much unlike that of the fish called a sole."

This passage no doubt shows the best satirical intentions. So does that other one where the author charges some female companion of Mrs. Trollope with having had many husbands without ever being married, and that other one where he accuses Captain Hamilton of being unfamiliar with clean shirts. But the praise of good intentions is pretty much all the praise that can be given to Paulding as a satirist. "Sæva indignatio" makes more versifiers than verses, and except Paulding's patriotic wrath, he had slender qualifications for the task of lashing the travelling enemies of his country.

It should be said that Paulding, as he himself said, had one immense difficulty in his way both when he wrote "John Bull and Brother Jonathan," and afterwards when, returning to the charge, he devoted his "John Bull in America" entirely to a showing up of the whole tribe of tourists—it was impossible by any burlesque to make these people more odious or ridiculous than they had made themselves. We in this generation—unless it has happened to us to turn over the wonderful volumes of the English travellers who honored us with their visits during the first twenty or thirty years of this century—have no adequate notion of the trials to which our grandfathers' tempers were subjected by the impudence, the ludicrous ignorance, the zeal for religion, the deep pity, the scorn of republican institutions and "the turbulent spirit of democracy," the willingness to believe evil of us, the blindness to good—in short, the stupidity and injustice displayed by most of the British tourists who put us in books for the home market. Think what the British tourist must have been when the late Honorable Edward Everett was so moved by his turpitude as to call him—moreover, he did it in *The North American Review*—"an itinerant miscreant"! Mr. W. Faux's "Memorable Days in America," published in London in 1823, was the book which thus perturbed Mr. Everett, and the outburst is not much to be wondered at. Says Farmer Faux in one of his "plain delineations":

"Navigators up the Mississippi River frequently steal from ten to twenty sheep at once from the farmers, and think it no crime, it being more convenient to steal than to buy."

And again he says in others of his plain delineations and "pictures from life":

"Two selfish gods—Pleasure and Gain—enslave the Americans. The scum of all the earth is drifted here. . . . The traveller who must often mix with the dregs of society in this country should be prepared with plain clothes or the dress of a mechanic, a gentlemanly appearance only exciting unfriendly or curious feelings, which defeat his object and make his superiority painful. . . . The soil here is unfit for man, and for an Englishman especially. Both mind and body barbarize and degenerate. . . . It was by mere accident that they ever had a constitution; it came not from wise choice or preference. In England only exists such a preference and real love of liberty. . . . Gouging still flourishes. His Excellency Mr. Monroe, while a young man, constantly kept his hair closely shorn, in order that his head might be less exposed to this brutal practice. . . . Cold, selfish, gloomy, inert, and with but little or no feeling. . . . Law, justice, equity, liberty, are things unknown amongst them. . . . Almost all Americans are boys in everything but vice and folly. . . . Here all is rottenness."

Honest Faux was not singular in holding these sentiments. Like him were most of his brethren, as any one would guess by looking over Mr. W. I. Paulding's preface to "John Bull in America," and as any one may learn fully from Mr. Tuckerman's "America and her Commentators," or almost any of the poor old "Travels" themselves. We can think at this moment of no class of writers whose condition, if they could be resuscitated, would be so pitiable as that of these old-time tourists in America and quarterly reviewers of tourists' books. Imagine Gifford, for instance, sitting in Chicago or Cincinnati to-day and reading this prediction: "Long ages must pass away before the population now thinly spread over the immense vale of the Mississippi will become sufficiently dense to render any part of it a desirable habitation for civilized beings." Their prophecies have fallen to the ground; their statements of facts have turned out erroneous; their philosophizings on democracy have been disproved; events have proved them fools; nothing remains of all their labors but a bitterness of feeling against the name of England which in some parts of the country does still exist.

Paulding's presentation of the typical Englishman on his travels "among the bundling, gouging, drinking, chewing, spitting, radical fry of democracy," as *The Quarterly* used to say, is, then, coarsely done, but is perfectly recognizable; indeed, it is really so truthful, absurd a caricature as it appears, that we do not know if our readers who wish to understand the nature of the Halls and Fauxes and the sort of influence they must have had in this country and in England, could do better than run through the pages of Paulding's satire. There is almost nothing in it so extravagantly false and foolish that a parallel passage might not be taken from the works of some traveller or other whose books lie at the root of a certain portion of British opinion of America. We dare say the man who, a few days since, prepared the subjoined extract from a letter to *The Scotsman*, learned his method of depicting the United States and got his animus by reading and firmly believing the obsolescent travels of his fellow-countrymen:

"A New York letter in *The Scotsman* gives the following record of a week's crime: At Welby, Kentucky, a duel is fought between two young gentlemen, rivals for the hand of the same maiden, and one of them is killed and the other mortally wounded. A party of young men ride into the village of Stanford, Kentucky, and, dismounting from their horses, walk to a shop where one Bridgewater, an ex-officer of the United States army, is sitting, shoot him, remount their horses, and escape. A young woman in Augusta, Georgia, having quarrelled with her lover, swallows a dose of morphine, and jumps into the river; she is rescued from drowning, but dies of the poison. At Water Valley, a negro assaults a young lady, is chased for seven miles, is shot, and killed. At Jeffersonville, Indiana, three negroes assault two white girls, and are killed. Eight inquests upon persons who were killed or who committed suicide are held in Chicago. A German boy, only sixteen years old, pleads guilty to the charge of murder in St. Louis. In Cassville, Missouri, a little girl, eight years old, shoots her brother with her father's revolver, 'because he pulled her flowers,' and drags his dead body from the house into the garden. In Utica, New York, the Rev. W. H. Green is arrested upon the charge of having poisoned his wife, and drawing his knife cuts his own throat. In Greenville, Ohio, Dr. Fellens insults the sister of a Mr. Cameron; the two men meet, draw their revolvers, and Fellens is shot. In Buffalo, New York, a cooper cuts his wife's throat with an axe. At Frankfort, Kentucky, Allen Bridgeford and John Nichols shoot each other, Nichols dying instantly, and Bridgeford expiring after suffering amputation of his leg. At Chillicothe, Ohio, a young man kills his mother, who has come to coax him away from 'a rum mill.' At Union City, Tennessee, a negro breaks into the residence of and assaults a widow; he is pursued by her sons, captured, carried before her, identified, and killed by having his head cut off. At a political meeting in Tennessee, a white man and a black man are killed, seven men are mortally wounded, and thirty are slightly wounded. At Norfolk, George Martin was killed by George Smith for the seduction of the latter's wife. In Cincinnati two concert singers, recently from England, quarrel with each other, when one shoots the other through the breast. And in Quincy, Illinois, a gang of colored men break up a prayer-meeting held by some other colored people, and in the fight that ensues one man is killed and seven others are stabbed." —*Pall Mall Gazette*, Sept. 18, 1867.

That is to say, these crimes occurred in a section of the country extending from Georgia to Michigan and from Missouri to New York, and containing nearly four times the total area of England and Scotland. Granting the week's record to be a true one, we suppose a true record equally lamentable of a week's crime in Great Britain might be made up by some American with a turn for figures and a style of painting "pictures from life" formed on that of old masters like Faux.

Hints to Young Men on the True Relation of the Sexes. By John Ware, M.D. (Boston: A. Williams & Co.)—We share the satisfaction of the highly respectable committee at whose suggestion the late Dr. Ware prepared this little work, that a second edition has been called for, though after an interval of some sixteen years. It is a wise and kindly statement of the nature, use, and abuse of the sexual instinct, the temptations and corruption to which the young are prematurely exposed, and of some of the dreadful consequences of licentiousness. No young person could read this argument without being drawn towards the author, and after reading it every one would be in a proper mood to receive enlightenment and counsel from his parents or nearest friends. Unhappily, few young men arrive at the age to which these sympathizing words are addressed that have not at least their recollection charged with indecency and filth encountered amid their early associations; and the only safeguard then against pollution lay not in books but in the family discipline. Hence, the parents, and not the sons, have most to profit by the warnings of Dr. Ware, and the opening paragraphs convey a healing rebuke to those who, while freely instructing their children in all other branches of morality, leave that on which human happiness and human progress are most dependent to the profane traditions of the playground and the street. It is safe to say that where shame can arise between parents and children in discussing any of the duties of life, there the former have much to learn and the latter have much to fear. The intimacy between mothers and daughters is none too great, but let any one compare it with that between fathers and sons, in a sexual point of view.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE CRISIS IN EUROPE.

THE news from Europe seems to indicate pretty clearly that we are on the verge of what diplomatists call "grave events." There has been, as the world knows, sufficient feeling of chagrin on the part of France, and sufficient suspicion on the part of Germany, ever since the battle of Sadowa, to put the peace of the Continent in danger, and it was only saved in the early part of summer by the unreadiness of the French. Since then nothing has occurred to restore a good understanding. The Germans are convinced that the French are bent on fighting, in order to recover their lost ascendancy in European councils, and the French have done nothing to dissipate this belief beyond writing ambiguous despatches and making ambiguous speeches. The Emperor has a trick in which he seems to delight, and which he has on several occasions during this crisis practised to perfection, of neutralizing the effect of warm protestations of a love of peace by throwing one or two dark and doubtful words into the body of his discourse. His passionate little outburst of detestation for "the treaties of 1815," for instance, uttered a year ago, led men to look on an attempt to "rectify" the French frontier on the German side as only a question of weeks; and the speeches he recently delivered on his return from Salzburg, and which were ostensibly intended to restore confidence, were deprived of all pacifying effect by an allusion to certain "dark spots on the horizon." Moveover, the continued activity in arming the French troops with the Chassepot rifles, and the avowed determination of the Government to bring the bill raising the French military force to 800,000 men before the Corps Législatif as soon as it meets, combined with the discredit with which the Government has been covered by its recent diplomatic failures, satisfy the French people that war is inevitable and even imminent. The result has been a complete paralysis of business all over France, an enormous accumulation of unemployed capital in the banks, and this, coming on the top of taxation now tremendous, particularly in the great towns which, like Paris, have gone mad over "improvements," makes "the situation" unendurable. Actual war would be preferable, people feel, to suspense of this kind.

The diplomatic circular which Count Bismark has issued, however, combined with the Garibaldian outbreak in Italy, seems likely to precipitate the crisis. This circular, divested of formalities, is a simple intimation to the French that it is just as well that the Emperor's visit to Salzburg was only a visit of condolence; that, had it been anything else, Prussia would have had something to say about it. This is language to which French ears have not been accustomed since the melancholy days of Guizot and Nicholas of Russia, and it naturally is causing a good deal of hard swearing in the cafés and barrack-rooms, and makes it still easier for the Emperor to come to blows. The signs of the times are in fact so bad that there are already apprehensions of a winter campaign.

How soon the outburst will come seems just now to depend on the course of events in Italy. The King's Government seems determined to keep faith with France if it can; but whether it can or not is still in doubt. If the reported successes of the Roman insurgents are true, and should continue, we doubt very much whether it would be possible to prevent an immense rush of volunteers over the frontier; whether, in fact, the radical branch of the army, of which Cialdini may be called the chief and type, could, under such circumstances, be held in check. It is hard to say whether, in such a storm of excitement as is now rising, any of the troops, except the Piedmontese proper, could be depended on, and they are but a handful, although the flower of the army. It is amongst the chances of the future, therefore, that we may see Victor Emanuel swept into the field in defiance of the French, as his father was against the Austrians. This, of course, would mean bankruptcy—immediate bankruptcy—and perhaps a social convulsion of extraordinary violence in the southern provinces; but it is well to remember that for most of the radical leaders these things have no terrors. In fact, many of them believe that it is through some such tempest that Italy must seek permanent repose and independence. They say that France was not saved in 1792 till everybody was ruined and every man was in the field.

That France would be quiet before the spectacle of the Pope's dethronement by an Italian rising seems improbable. The Emperor's course with regard to Rome, wise and philanthropic as it has been, has not strengthened his dynasty. It has alienated the clergy and, what is more surprising, has infuriated the opposition. M. Dupanloup and M. Thiers are almost equally outraged by it, the one because it leaves the Pope in danger, the other because it diminishes French influence. If it were to do over again, it is almost certain it would not be done. Therefore a march back to Rome would not be an unpopular step, nor would war with Italy, for Italy is now to Frenchmen the minion of Prussia, and that Prussia would look calmly on and see Italy wasted it is difficult to believe. The despatch of French troops to Rome would, in all likelihood, put Prussian troops in motion on the Rhine.

What then? It would be, of course, absurd to attempt anything like a confident prediction of the course that such a struggle as this would take with any such data as are within our reach, but we venture to say that Russia would be engaged in it before many months, and that her object would be the dismemberment, in conjunction with Prussia, of the Austrian Empire, and not, as most people here are disposed to believe, the absorption of Turkey. Russia's naval resources are not equal to the capture of Constantinople in the teeth of France and England. She has learned lessons on this point which in the time of Nicholas she did not possess, and it is now rumored, and we believe with a good deal of foundation, that the real aim of the recent negotiations between the Czar and the Sultan is to secure the neutrality of Turkey in any coming conflict, leaving the former free to pursue her policy in the Carpathians unchecked. There are signs which we have not space to enumerate here, but to which we hope to return before long, that Russia is bent on seizing the Slave provinces of the Austrian Empire and Prussia on driving the Hapsburgs out of Germany; and as Russia would have the lion's share of the plunder, she is willing to do the lion's share of the work. Nothing can be easier for her than to seize the Danubian principalities. Nicholas would have been content with these before the Turkish war, if the allies and Turkey had let him alone; and if his son were once established in them again he would unquestionably never quit them, and there is no power on earth could drive him out. Once here, he would hold Austria in his hand and could, with Prussia pressing her on the German frontier, devour her at his leisure. He would still have Servia and Bulgaria under his thumb; he would have Croatia at the first blow, and would be over the worst of the road to Constantinople. A railroad pushed down through Bucharest to the Danube would bring him within three marches of the sea at Varna, or even make the passage of the Balkan a promenade, though these operations would, of course, be reserved for the indefinite future. In short, should things go on as we anticipate, the result would be an enormous extension of Russian and Prussian power, the reduction of France for the present to a second-rate position, the disappearance of the Austrian monarchy, the consolidation of the Italian kingdom, and the complete and final overthrow of the Papacy as a political influence.

REPUDIATION AGAIN.

THE act of Congress known as the Legal-Tender act, because it authorized the issue of $150,000,000 of paper money, declared to be *a legal tender* in payment of all debts, also authorized the issue of $500,000,000 of six per cent. bonds, redeemable after five years at the pleasure of the United States, and absolutely payable after twenty years from their date. These are the bonds which are now well known all over the civilized world as United States Five-Twenty bonds, which are sold at all the principal European exchanges, and are almost exclusively owned by European capitalists. The interest on them has heretofore been paid in gold, and everybody believes that it is due in gold. Even Mr. B. F. Butler admits that it is due in gold. Concerning the interest no serious question has ever been raised. But the five years after

which the United States may at their pleasure pay off the capital of these bonds have expired, and Mr. Butler and his friends, in their deep anxiety to diminish the taxation of the people and increase their own political reputation, propose that the United States shall avail themselves of this option and pay off these bonds. Now, the safest and simplest way of diminishing the interest charge upon a debt undoubtedly is to pay the debt itself, and we belong to that class of taxpayers who would be very glad to see this or any other portion of the debt paid off as soon as possible and taxation correspondingly reduced. The question is not as to the propriety of paying it, but as to the money in which it shall be paid. Mr. Butler says that it should be paid off in legal-tender notes, claiming that the law allows this mode of payment and that the public welfare requires it.

Does the law allow it? The very fact that the question can be asked and seriously discussed proves that the law is not clear. In fact, the *letter* of the law leaves an opening for doubt. The *spirit* of the law removes all doubt. The letter of the law makes it possible for reckless demagogues, and for a thoughtless people oppressed by a burden wilfully and knowingly assumed, to claim the right to redeem the bonds in currency. The spirit of the law imposes a far different obligation.

In July, 1861, a law was passed authorizing the issue of $50,000,000 of paper money and $50,000,000 of bonds bearing 6 per cent. interest, redeemable at the pleasure of the United States after twenty years from their date. At the time this law was passed there was no question as to the currency of the United States. It was a gold-coin currency, and both the $50,000,000 of paper money and the $50,000,000 of bonds were and are payable in coin without any stipulation to that effect, for the simple reason that at that time no other mode of payment had yet been discussed or thought of. The paper money issued under this act became known as demand notes, and has been gradually redeemed in coin or its equivalent. The bonds became known as the "Sixes of 1881." The interest on them has so far been paid in coin, and it seems difficult to imagine the slightest ground upon which either interest or capital can be paid in anything else. Nor, as far as we are aware, has any one asserted that it can be paid in anything but coin.

In February, 1862, the law was passed authorizing the issue of the Five-Twenty bonds. Nothing was said in the act of the currency in which the principal should be paid, nothing was said of the currency in which the interest should be paid. But it was provided that the receipts from customs should be specifically pledged to the payment of the interest, and it was specifically enacted that all customs should be paid in coin. The bonds were 6 per cent. bonds, precisely like those issued six months before. There was no distinction in the acts providing that capital or interest of either should be paid in coin. Only in the act authorizing the issue of the Five-Twenties, to make the interest payment all the more sure, specific revenues were *in another part of the act* pledged to the payment of that interest. And now, because additional security was given for the payment of the interest in coin, it is urged that it could not have been intended to pay the principal in coin, or else the additional security would have been given for the principal likewise. The fact is that the same security actually was given. The same paragraph of the act which pledges the customs receipts for the payment in coin of the interest on these bonds provides that a part of the coin so received shall be set aside as a sinking fund *for the payment of the principal* of the debt. Yet in face of this the letter of the law is appealed to, showing that in the paragraph authorizing the bonds nothing was said of the currency in which principal or interest should be payable.

It is true that the same act under which these bonds were issued also authorized the making of $150,000,000 of greenback paper money thenceforth the legal-tender currency of the United States, and herein lies the strong point of the repudiator's argument. It is first proved that the law does not declare in what currency the bond shall be paid; it is then shown that the bond was sold for legal-tender currency; and it is next alleged that, as the law does not specify in what currency the bond shall be paid, equity demands that it shall be paid in the same currency that the United States received for it. The argument is plausible, but it is, after all, but special pleading.

Granted that the law does not specify the currency in which the bond is payable; granted that the strong inference drawn above in favor of the bond being payable in coin is unwarranted; granted that the bond is payable in the same currency that the United States received for it—granted all this, and we must still deny that the bond is payable in legal-tender currency.

In the first place, the legal-tender currency issued under the act of 1862 is no longer the legal tender of to-day. The old legal tender which was paid back into the United States Treasury for these Five-Twenty bonds had attached to it the privilege that it could be exchanged at par, at the option of the holder, for the very bonds in question. The present legal-tender notes have no such privilege, and the old notes have been withdrawn. In the present legal tender the bonds are worth 12 per cent. premium, whereas against the old legal tender they were, by the strict letter of the law, obtainable at par. Surely on this ground alone it would scarcely be equitable to pay the bonds in the present legal tender.

In the second place, the old legal-tender issue under the act of Feb. 25, 1862, was limited to $150,000,000, and stood for a long time at par with gold, or at a merely nominal premium. At that time no one yet dreamt of "the price of gold." At that time two or three Israelites and a few Christians of kindred spirit met furtively at the corner of William Street and Exchange Place, or in the dim basements of a few professional money-changers, and, to the scandal of a loyal community, tried to persuade one another that gold would be at a premium one of these days. But for months and months gold did not go there, and the legal-tender notes, for which the Five-Twenty bonds were sold, were, to all intents and purposes, as good as gold. Is this the legal-tender currency in which Mr. Butler would redeem the bonds? On the 25th of May, three months after the passage of the Legal-Tender act, gold was at a premium of only three per cent. On July 11, Congress authorized the issue of $150,000,000 of additional legal-tender notes, and in less than three months gold was at a premium of 30 per cent. On Jan. 17, 1863, Congress authorized the issue of further $100,000,000 of legal-tender notes, and in thirty days gold was at a premium of 72 per cent. In which of these legal-tender currencies would Mr. Butler redeem the bonds?

It is useless to go further in this direction. The facts are simply these: The United States has borrowed from its own citizens and from foreigners money on a bond. The letter of the *bond* does not specify how the money or what money shall be paid. The strict letter of the *law* cannot be appealed to. Equity alone can decide by establishing the intention of the parties to the bond and their interpretation of it at the time of making the agreement. At the time the contract was made not one person out of a hundred in the United States believed that we should have any other currency but a specie currency long before the five years' option matured, and all who thought so must have thought that these bonds were payable in coin.

On the 1st of March, 1862, seven days after the passage of the Legal-Tender act, an act was passed authorizing the issue of certificates of indebtedness drawing 6 per cent. annual interest, without stating whether the interest was payable in coin or currency. By an act of March 3, 1863, the interest on these certificates was declared to be payable *in coin* on all those issued to that date, and on all subsequently issued to be payable in currency; a striking argument against the assumption that in the absence of an express stipulation payment is to be made in currency.

On March 3, 1864, the act was passed authorizing the issue of $200,000,000 of so-called Ten-Forty bonds, bearing 5 per cent. interest, *principal and interest payable in coin.* These 10-40 bonds are the strongest card of the repudiators, and their argument is this: the fact that the Ten-Forty bonds are made specifically payable principal and interest in coin, proves that it could not have been the intention of the Government to make the Five-Twenties payable principal and interest in coin, or it would have so stated with equal precision. The very reverse is the case. The Five-Twenty bonds early became popular in Europe and here, and it was thought that money could be raised almost equally well on a 5 per cent. bond, and thus 1 per cent. of annual interest be saved. Just at that time the question first began to be raised, especially abroad, whether the Five-Twenties might not perhaps be paid off in currency, and in order to avoid lest any such doubt might attach to the new

loan, it was specifically stated that it should be payable principal and interest in coin. But, strange to tell, of all the loans issued during the war, the only unpopular and unsuccessful one was this very Ten-Forty loan. If any serious doubt had prevailed anywhere about the Five-Twenties, who would have hesitated to exchange a doubtful bond for one which admitted of no question, although the interest were slightly lower? But far from this, these undoubted bonds were *not* taken, and in less than three months the Secretary was compelled to seek authority for a further issue of the very Five-Twenty bonds which it is now claimed were purchased with a knowledge of the doubt adhering to them. And from that time to this the Ten-Forty bonds have stood in the market at almost precisely the same figure as the Five-Twenty bonds, taking into account the difference in the rate of interest. Is it possible to adduce a stronger proof of the conviction of *bona-fide* buyers that the Five-Twenties were payable, like the Ten-Forties, principal and interest in gold?

We pass by, as not of binding force, the various letters from different Secretaries of the Treasury giving their interpretation of the law, all of them in favor of our view. We waive all claim to our version of the law, but we lay the facts fairly before the people, and ask them what was the interpretation put upon the bond by borrower and lender alike *when the loan was made?* We take it there can be but one answer to our query, and that answer the people of the United States will have to honestly abide by. It may require an effort to shake off the temptation, but the people of the United States have scarcely sunk so low as to yield up their consciences to the guidance of such spiritual directors as Messrs. Butler, Pendleton, Vallandigham.

We have no space left to show how petty would be the advantages gained by so gross a breach of faith, and how enormous the loss, how incalculable the evil. Nor can we now enter into the absurdity and impossibility of the different means suggested for the actual execution of this nefarious scheme. The fuss and flurry which it has excited here and abroad are only another warning illustration of the extreme ease with which the influence acquired for one purpose may by some men be applied to another. The best plan, indeed, of meeting Mr. Butler's sophistries is to remember that three-fourths of the difficult science of finance is made up of honesty which all men can understand. Whatever cannot be understood by honest men is apt to be "financiering," and something usually called by a worse name. The specific allegations as to the representations made by the Government and its agents in this matter, by which Mr. Butler has sought to bolster up his plan, in his last letter to *The Tribune*, have been admirably met by a correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser*, signing himself "W. E.," and we do not see anything better for Mr. Butler to do than to let the subject drop. His share in this discussion furnishes strong support to the prediction we have more than once ventured to utter, that a good many gentlemen, whose "opinions on public affairs" are now supposed to be of considerable importance, will, whenever the reconstruction problem is settled, have either to provide themselves with a new and complete mental outfit or let the unfortunate country go to the dogs for want of their advice.

CIVIL DISCIPLINE.

On the continent of Europe, as well as in all countries in which the paternal system is established, a large part of the time and attention of the government is devoted to the regulation of matters which in America and England are left to individual taste or inclination. It makes itself the earthly providence of the people, and one of the things against which it guards with most care is the display of excessive good nature. People are not allowed to let themselves be imposed upon. They are not allowed to decline being exacting or particular. The police in Paris does not wait till somebody comes to complain of a milk-dealer before punishing him for watering his milk. It examines the milk itself, and it makes no difference whether his customers like their milk watered or are ready to forgive him for watering it or not, he is punished all the same. In like manner, the readiness of a passenger to stand up in an omnibus, and of the other passengers to permit him, is no excuse for the conductor. He is forbidden to allow any such manifestations of good nature under heavy penalties, and the police does not wait for somebody to complain of him; it watches him itself. You may, too, be ever so willing to endure anything in the way of unpunctuality that railroad directors may inflict upon you. In France and Germany the government will see that they start by their time-tables You may not care whether or not your letters are delivered regularly or how long they take on the road. The government will see that post-office officials act as if you did care.

We might multiply these illustrations indefinitely. What we mean to say is simply that in what we consider the excessively policed countries there is comparatively very little liberty of waiving their strict rights allowed to individual citizens, or, in other words, comparatively few things are treated as matters of strictly private contract.

In England, the law which regulates the dealing between buyers and sellers, between the public and the railroad managers and owners of public vehicles, and so forth, is very much what it is here, and yet in practice, owing to the different constitution of society, they are subject to a régime not unlike that of the Continent. The presence, even in a free country in which individualism reigns in a high degree, of a powerful aristocracy produces some effects very much resembling those of a strict and meddlesome governmental police. Aristocrats are almost always exacting; seldom or never good-natured. Either they have been used from their youth up to insist on punctual service, to close attention on the part of those around them to their comfort and convenience, or else a strong sense of their own personal dignity and importance leads them in public to assert their claims to consideration with great energy. The result is that, although in England the *laisser-faire* doctrine is almost as much as here the basis of legislation, the absence of a rigid police is made up for, to a very great extent, by the *exigeance* of the upper classes, and the spirit of grumbling and self-assertion which the example of the upper classes diffuses through the rest of the population. Even if an Englishman does not really feel outraged or inconvenienced by misconduct on the part of an official, he thinks it will add to his personal importance if he affects to be so, and the result is in either case the same. The public conveyances, the railroads, the post-office, consequently, work under a surveillance really far more minute than that exercised by the continental governments. Whenever anything goes wrong in a crowd, there are plenty ready to "write to the papers" about it, and at least a few ready to prosecute the offender in the proper quarter. If a railroad falls off in punctuality, it is not very long before a shower of letters appears in *The Times*, and very soon after an indignant Briton is found ready to sue for damages for detention and keep the company in hot water as long as may be necessary to bring about reform. If an omnibus driver or conductor misconducts himself, there is almost always sure to be amongst the passengers somebody willing to spend a day or two in bringing him to justice, and he may count with certainty on the sympathy of his fellow-passengers and of the public in doing so. But it is right to add that this zeal against abuses is very apt to be confined to abuses which affect the comfort and convenience of the well-to-do classes. Bad management of cheap third-class trains, or of the "casual" wards of workhouses, are apt to last for a long time before they find redress.

Here we have neither government meddling nor aristocratic *exigeance* to help to repress that constant tendency to run down, to become slatternly and out at elbows, which society always and in every country exhibits. Only a small portion of the progressive force of any community is really available for making things better than they are. The rest is absorbed in keeping things from getting worse; and in America a considerable portion of this power is neutralized by what, for want of a better name, we shall call excessive good nature—meaning by this, a feeling partly of dislike to giving pain or annoyance, or causing inconvenience to anybody else, and partly a fear of being considered a troublesome or exacting person. We are satisfied that it would be difficult to over-estimate the hindrance that it is to improvement in the minor social arrangements. We have, in fact, neither the surveillance of the Continental police nor the surveillance of the well-to-do citizens, and the result is that there is probably no civilized public so preyed upon and so maltreated by railroad and other corporations and by government officials. One or two illustrations of this will suffice. The discomfort—the easily remediable discomfort—of American railroads, and the badness, the barbarous badness, of American railroad refreshment rooms, are well known and loudly lamented. On the railroads, seats are uncomfortable, the ventilation is bad, the officials are uncivil, punctuality is almost unknown, preventible accidents are shockingly frequent; in the refreshment rooms the fare is worthy of the dark ages, and is as dear as it is bad; but grumbling on the spot by a passenger or passengers is almost unknown. There are few men in the country who can say that they have looked a conductor or a superintendent in the eye and told him that this or that could not be endured; that, for instance (to cite a case we have ourselves witnessed), he had no business to move off from a station with a large number of pas-

sengers standing up for want of seats, and leaving empty cars on the side-track. There are, we venture to say, not ten men who have prosecuted a railroad corporation or brought a ruffianly omnibus driver or car conductor to justice for misconduct from which they had not themselves suffered loss and damage, and out of a simple regard for the public good. On the contrary, some of the worst and most discreditable abuses, such as the piggish overcrowding of the street-cars in our great cities, from which corporations derive such a large profit, are not only winked at, but encouraged by the public themselves. It seems unkind to leave a man behind if he is willing to accept such accommodation as can be had. So that, no matter how crowded a car or omnibus in this city may be, each new applicant for admission is apt to be received with acclamation, and urged to add one more to the seething mass, of course to the delight and profit of the corporation. This is now so well understood that the spectacle of a car densely crowded, followed by one nearly empty, may be frequently witnessed in the streets, so completely has the habit of waiting till there is room been lost. Moreover, grumbling or complaint on the part of an individual is, in such cases, frowned down by the majority, whose sympathy is apt to run with the conductor, and the grumbler to be looked upon as simply a sour, discontented, troublesome fellow.

The conduct of the post-office furnishes another illustration of this abuse of good nature. Nothing in the shape of a post-office in any country except Turkey or Brazil is worse administered. On paper it is managed with the most beautiful regularity. In this city there are ever so many deliveries a day. All over the country the attention of the postmasters to their official duties, the care they exercise in the selection of their subordinates, and the machinery for the prevention of fraud, neglect, and irregularity is unexceptionable. In practice nothing can well be worse. There is no civilized public served so badly in the transmission of its letters; but although only a few thousand adventurers are interested in having it managed as it is, of the many millions who are interested in having it as perfect as possible, it is very rare, indeed, to see any one step forward and persistently complain of delays or losses. In like manner, although there are in this city excellent ordinances for the government of hackmen and omnibus drivers, and although the marshal is ready and willing to enforce them, and although the hackmen and omnibus drivers are guilty daily of all possible violations of them, the marshal declares that they remain almost a dead letter through the apparently invincible repugnance of the public to complain. We might run in this way through nearly every field of activity in the country, and we should find the greatest reluctance to hold anybody to the responsibility due to the indeterminate body called the people, or to assert any right which an individual possesses simply as one of the people and not as a creditor or employer, as long as no bodily or pecuniary injury capable of estimation in figures has been inflicted upon him.

The causes of this forbearance and patience, like the causes of all social phenomena, are various. Colonial life in a new country is pretty sure to leave traces of it in the national character. The chief lesson of this life is the necessity of mutual helpfulness, in order to secure comfort or even safety, as we see on the Western frontier every day, and the necessity of being satisfied with imperfection, with want of finish, with a half-performance of duties and undertakings. Where every man has to do so many things under so many difficulties, his neighbors have to bear with a great deal of poor work from him. If he carries the mail or drives a stage, allowance has to be made for bad roads, swollen creeks, and snow-drifts; if he acts as sheriff, allowance must be made for the badness of the jail, the wildness of the country, and the greatness of the distances; if he is a lawyer, he can always excuse his loosely-drawn papers by alleging the defects of his education, and asking his clients whether they could expect a Mansfield or a Story to settle in the wilderness and practice in a log cabin, and so on. The influence of democracy, too, in promoting an unwillingness to bear hard on anybody, or to assume or appear to assume authority over anybody, except in virtue of an express contract, is as well known and has been often remarked; so that in this more than in any other form of political organization is voluntary effort needed to maintain what may be called the discipline of society—that is, the sacrifice of the present convenience of individuals to secure the future good of the whole. Discipline has to be maintained largely in a democratic army by the cheerful and intelligent submission to authority, as a means of securing the end which each man has in view, and yet to secure discipline the present ease and comfort of individuals has to be constantly sacrificed. In civil life, too, the social machine in such a community as this can hardly be made to work well as long as the general result rather than the particular case is not the thing looked to by everybody. To recur to the horse-railroads and omnibuses as an illustration—as long as the good nature of the public will not allow them to see an individual left standing on the side-walk to take his chance of finding a seat in another car, overcrowding will never cease. It is the interest of the companies that it should not cease, for as long as it lasts they are able with two horses and two men to do the work of four horses and four men, and we are not likely to have a police which could put down the practice without strong public support.

Another cause of the abuse of good nature is the training which most American boys receive in making their way up in the world. To make it at all with so few helps as most of them receive from fortune, the quality of self-reliance has, of course, to be developed in an unusual degree. In fact, it is developed in excess, and beyond all question exercises an injurious influence on the whole work of political and social co-operation. In a community where nobody likes to do anything for himself that he can get others to do, which is the condition of slaveholding and many aristocratic states, there will be general industrial languor and decay. But, on the other hand, in a community in which everybody is too ready to do everything for himself, though industry may flourish and the individual character acquire great robustness, the sense of duty and responsibility in men's relations to each other is apt to be weakened. Every right, jurists say, has a correlative duty; but the duty is apt to be neglected unless there is somebody to assert the right. Amongst us social rights are but feebly asserted, and the result is that there is an enormous amount of slovenly performance of duty. We teach our children that the finest thing in the world is to do everything for themselves, and they learn the lesson so well that when they grow up they have an almost invincible repugnance to exacting from others even services which they have agreed to render. The great mass of men would sooner black their own boots than blow up a hotel boot-black for not doing his work well, and would sooner stand in a railroad car than ask a conductor to provide the seat the company had taken money for and agreed to furnish, and would sooner eat a bad dinner at a hotel than tell the landlord that he was a caitiff, and would sooner lose twenty letters a month than give an hour a week to agitation for a reform in the civil service.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, Sept. 20, 1867.

THE suspension of the wonderful Zouave's *séances* in the Rue de la Roquette was brought about, as recorded in my last, partly by the uproarious confusion got up by a party of medical students who succeeded in getting into the reception-room disguised as laborers, and with their heads or arms bound up as though suffering from disease, and partly by the refusal of the police authorities to continue to furnish policemen for keeping order about the entrance of the place of meeting. The Rue de la Roquette is a narrow street in the very heart of the working-men's district, and the blocking up day after day of that busy thoroughfare by the crowds of sick people and their friends was regarded with very natural displeasure by the dwellers in its vicinity. On the other hand, the officers of the Guards, seriously inconvenienced by the deluge of letters of enquiry and entreaty reaching them by every post from every point of the compass, were furious at the fuss and trouble thus occasioned, and at the sight, not less objectionable from a disciplinary point of view, of the crowd of two or three hundred people that was being perpetually driven away from the gates of the barracks of the Zouaves at Versailles, only to form again an hour or two afterward. The colonel of Jacob's regiment, angry and irritated at the whole affair, wrote to Marshal St. Jean d'Angély, commander of the division, requesting that a furlough of thirty days might be granted to Jacob, in order that he and the regiment might be delivered from the nuisance occasioned by his presence. To this request the marshal replied by a refusal, remarking that the fuss being made by the public and the press about a private in the ranks was a shame and a scandal by no means to be tolerated; that this scandal would be greatly increased by giving the Zouave a furlough which would enable him to organize his doings on a more extensive scale; that as long as Jacob should remain in the army every possible obstacle should be placed in the way of his pretended "mission;" and that for the future the permission to remain out of the barracks at night should be rigorously refused him.

The colonel accordingly sent to the barracks an order forbidding Jacob to absent himself at night from its precincts. Jacob's friends assert that he never received this order; and as all the musicians of the third class, to which Jacob belongs, are considered as having a sort of prescriptive right to sleep where they please—the permission to do so being given as a matter of course by the band-master—Jacob, next day, after discharging his duties as usual, went off to Paris with the band-master's permit in his pocket, and

spent the night with his father. On returning next morning to his barracks at Versailles he was at once arrested for disobedience to orders and thrown into prison for a week. The most extravagant stories were circulated meantime in this city to account for his disappearance. He was dangerously ill of some malady that he had caught from some of the sick people he had treated; he had broken his leg; he was at death's door with a sabre-thrust received in a duel; some one had insulted him, he had refused to fight, his comrades had insulted him for this refusal, and his officers had thrown him into prison. Then came Marshal Forey's letter, and the public, setting him down as a charlatan, suddenly turned its attention to other matters.

At present, his friends are trying to procure his release from the seven months of service he still has to perform, and are busily searching for a suitable locality for the exercise of the powers which they believe Jacob to possess. The Marquis de Châteauvillard, who openly declares that Jacob has completely cured him of a paralysis that had defied all the medical skill of Europe, and who carried him off to his splendid château near Melun to spend there the three days' furlough granted to him on the expiration of his week of prison, wishes him to use the rooms he has placed at his disposal in his mansion in the Rue St. Lazare, but these are not considered by Jacob and his friends as sufficiently large to accommodate the crowds who will certainly flock to the *séances* as soon as they can be resumed. Another wealthy believer in the "healing power" of this man has offered him the free use of a vast hall, capable of holding 2,000 people, in an out-of-the-way street behind the Bastille; and other offers of localities will no doubt be made. But the Zouave's poverty and his aversion to the receiving of pecuniary aid in any form render the choice of any locality difficult, on account of the want of funds for providing seats, attendance, fuel, etc.

That portion of the world which disbelieves in the curative action of animal magnetism will, of course, feel only contemptuous pity for that other portion which admits the possibility of such action in certain cases; but even they can hardly deny that the appearance of a man claiming to effect the cure of disease in certain cases by the mere effect of his presence and will, and the admission of such a possibility by many thousands of persons, is a phenomenon not unworthy of the attention of the social philosopher.

In regard to the cures said to have been effected by Jacob, I have talked with several seemingly intelligent persons who positively declare themselves to have been given over as incurable by physicians whose name and address they cite, and to have been cured by the "fluidic" action of this man, sometimes in a single *séance*, sometimes after having been treated by him several times at intervals of a few days or a week; while all who could see the enormous piles of letters addressed to the Zouave from every part of Europe, many of them containing enthusiastic expressions of gratitude for relief from maladies "declared incurable by the doctors," the rest begging to know when the writers can be received for treatment, would fain admit that such a correspondence—containing, as it does, letters from physicians anxious to try, in their own persons, the power of the Zouave against maladies which they declare themselves unable to combat—proves, at all events, how frequently powerless is the medical science of the schools against the many-headed hydra of disease.

The attempt of M. Chasles to prove, on the strength of letters declared by competent judges to be forgeries, that Pascal was the discoverer of the law of attraction, having excited for a fortnight the curiosity of the *savans* of Europe, is now generally admitted to have been a failure. These letters, which M. Chasles declines to state how he came by, would prove that Newton, at the age of eleven, opened a correspondence with Blaise Pascal, twenty years his senior, showing himself even at that early age to be so profound a mathematician and natural philosopher that Pascal, amazed and enchanted with the powers of his youthful correspondent, assumed the task of guiding the "infant phenomenon," and first turned the attention of the latter to the discovery of the great law whose enunciation has covered the memory of the latter with a glory not his own. The chirography of these letters is declared by M. Faugère, who prepared from Pascal's original manuscripts the fullest edition ever published of the works of the greatest of French thinkers and writers, to be utterly unlike that of the authentic manuscripts; it is known that Newton possessed but a very superficial reading knowledge of the French tongue, and could never write it at all, whereas the Chasles letters are written throughout in fluent and elegant French; Sir David Brewster, Newton's most distinguished biographer, states that he has never found in any letter or paper of Newton the slightest hint of his ever having any personal acquaintance or communication with Pascal, and unhesitatingly declares these letters to be absolute forgeries. Besides the evidences of fraud just recapitulated, the letters contain awkward references to coffee and other matters now familiar to Europe, but which were certainly not known to Europe for many years after the alleged date of these letters. Who can have been the author of these letters, and by what inexplicable circumstances it has come to pass that a writer of the respectability of M. Chasles can have been led to compromise his literary reputation by assuming the championship of so unpromising a venture, it is impossible to imagine; but it is tolerably certain that the judgment pronounced by M. Faugère and Sir David Brewster, and confirmed by Professor De Morgan and other authorities of equal weight, will be accepted as final by the reading public.

It appears to result from a technical examination of the paper exhibited in the Industrial Palace of the Champ de Mars that the quality of that substance, in point of durability, is on the decline. The largest quantity of paper is made by England, the average quality of whose production is also superior to that of other countries, with the exception of the commoner makes used for newspapers and cheap books, in which others take the lead. Next after England comes France, which employs 34,000 work-people (of whom one-third are women), and turns out 130,000 tons yearly. Spain, Holland, and Venice, formerly at the head of the paper-trade, are now at a very low point; twelve of the twenty-one exhibitors in the Spanish section sending only cigarette paper. The German paper is ugly; the United States show only dingy specimens obtained from straw and hemp, which substances, in the dearth of linen rags, are coming into extensive use by paper-mills, together with wood-shavings, cotton, esparto-rushes, the fibres of the palm and cactus, and seaweed! Unfortunately, the paper made from these substances is so brittle that posterity will hardly stand a chance of being able to study the wit and wisdom consigned to such treacherous custody; and it is seriously proposed to guard against this source of loss to future generations by resuming the manufacture of paper from leather, as was done by England during the Continental blockade, such paper having all the durability of parchment.

Correspondence.

JUDGE FARRER'S BOOK.

To the Editor of The Nation:

As I understand Judge Farrer's book, he takes the ground that the Constitution as it existed before the rebellion was of itself sufficient to abolish slavery, and that slavery ought to have been abolished under it. In this position Judge Farrer is sustained by a great many who believe that the growth of slavery in the United States was forced upon the masses, in spite of the Constitution, by intimidation, cajolery, and imposition.

In your issue of September 26, it is stated that Judge Farrer's "*line of argument cannot be supported by judicial authorities, for it is in direct opposition to the views of every tribunal that has administered justice in this country since* 1787." This statement reminds us of the declaration made by Sir Matthew Hale, that there must be witches in England, else why should there be acts of parliament against them? There must be slavery in the Constitution, else why should there be judicial decisions in favor of it?

The great mistake made by our war administration was that it did not assume the ground which is maintained by Judge Farrer, viz., that the slave States, by becoming parties to the Constitution, were bound by that act to abolish slavery. This was the true issue before the country and the world, and it was due to the character of our government as well as to the heroic efforts of the people that it should have been maintained at all hazards. Our present difficulties have arisen from the failure to assert and maintain this ground, and it may well be inferred that they are only the beginning of the ill consequences that we may still suffer therefrom.

J. W. Phelps.

Brattleboro', Vermont, October 1, 1867.

[Judge Farrer's book is an attempt at the interpretation of a legal document. When he gives his interpretation, and it is found that he construes the document in a sense the precise opposite of that which is given to the document by every authoritative interpreter of it, the belief of a great many persons as to how the growth of slavery was forced upon the masses in this country is quite beside the question. General Phelps's illustration, as illustrations are apt to do, has led

him far astray. The fallacy inherent in it is obvious. General Phelps would say, we suppose, that Sir Matthew Hale tried to prove the impossible and false by citing evidence of a general belief in its possibility and truth. What point of likeness there is between his saying this, and our saying that we are bound to take the words of the only admitted expounders of a legal instrument as conclusive of its meaning, we are not able to see. Opinions vary greatly as to "the great mistake made by our war administration."—Ed. Nation.]

AMERICAN NEGLECT OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Dear Sir: It is not a little singular that one so keenly appreciating the value of politico-economic studies as your correspondent, "Philistine," should be so pertinacious in considering classical pursuits as a cause of their neglect. But his letters have been of service, inasmuch as they moved you to explain why the science has not been cultivated among us—and your explanation is perfect *as far as it goes*. Permit me, however, to suggest that you have omitted one very important cause of our neglect of political economy—at least it seems important to me who, in my quality of free trader, am continually coming in contact with it. It is often expressed, oftener perhaps implied, and may be formulated somehow thus: *We are a new experiment; we have outgrown old-world rules.* The other obstacles which you mention have mostly disappeared, for good as well as for evil; slavery is gone and taxes are come, but this one endures, and is particularly awkward, because it has a certain basis of truth. We *are* a new experiment; we *have* outgrown some old-world rules and disproved others. Hence the popular mind, quick in its movements and apt to jump to conclusions, infers that none of the old governmental maxims are binding on us. We have *tabula rasa*, a "clean slate;" and then, by a still greater but not unnatural confusion, it concludes that political economy is part of the old-world governmental rubbish to be dispensed with. This notion is continually cropping up in all sorts of places, and is by no means confined to uneducated or semi-educated men. There is the "Veteran Observer," for instance. If I understand his letters to *The Times* (which I am not always sure of doing), he considers that all European lessons, if regarded at all, should be read in a contrary sense.

There is another obstacle to the study of political economy—a minor one, yet sufficiently important to mention. You and I and "Philistine" agree that political economy ought to enter largely into a liberal education. But some of the questions connected with it are rapidly assuming the proportions of party issues, and we cannot teach party politics in our colleges. Perhaps, however, this difficulty might be obviated by studying political economy as ethics and metaphysics are studied in some foreign institutions—historically.

Carl Benson.

"THE NATION" ON "SOUTHERN ARISTOCRACY."

"Nine men in ten of the persons who were members of the ruling order in the South, who were masters of the true poor whites, and nine women in ten of the white women of their households, were so destitute of every quality which we familiarly attribute to aristocratic people, that to call the body of them an aristocracy, without explaining that it was an aristocracy of which most of the ladies were apt to 'dip snuff' and a majority of the gentlemen were far more ignorant and unpolished than an average Northern farm-hand, is to call it by a misleading name."—The Nation of Sept. 26.

To the Editor of The Nation:

I have read The Nation regularly for two years and have enjoyed its many excellent articles very much. Its high tone, just criticisms, and scholarly reviews have afforded me real pleasure; and, notwithstanding occasional blemishes in its political articles when the people of the South were the subject, I have continued to enjoy it. I have been accustomed to *respect* it as a journal of a much higher order than almost any in the United States—as one which circulated in an atmosphere *above* the foul stratum in which demagogues breathe, and which in the discussion of social and literary questions was *just* and courteous.

Therefore, when I read the foregoing extract in the number of the 26th ult., I was very naturally shocked. The assertion is absurdly false, and would not deserve a serious denial but for the fact that Europeans hear of us, since the war, almost exclusively through Northern papers, and The Nation probably circulates among the better class of foreigners. Is the armory of The Nation becoming exhausted that it is reduced to the use of such weapons as these? What a superior race of beings Northern men must be if an "average farm-hand" amongst them is far more intelligent and polished than the men who have controlled the destinies of the United States for more than two-thirds of its existence! and that, too, while the inferior creatures were only a "compact minority," as Judge Kelley says! And as to "the women"—if the reputation of The Nation can stand under the repetition of a charge that nine out of ten of the best of them are addicted to a vulgar and disgusting habit, nothing which could be said in their behalf would be worth the saying. After all, however, it is a question of taste for The Nation to determine whether, after feeding its readers on "the best the market affords," it thinks spoiled fish and garlic would be acceptable. Its readers will have no difficulty in deciding the question.

Respectfully, A Subscriber.

Wilmington, N. C., Oct. 1.

[We hope never to maintain a proposition merely because we have once laid it down as true, if, on after consideration, it appears to be in any way incorrect. But the statement above quoted by "A Subscriber" was not made carelessly, and seems to us perfectly true. Our belief is based partly upon a pretty extensive observation of Southern society, and partly upon some reading of reports made by other observers. We have seen many refined Southern families; and, if we are not mistaken, for every one such family we have seen about six or seven slaveholding families of whom it is right to say what is said by Mr. F. L. Olmsted: "*The Irish gentleman and the Irish peasant are not more unlike in their habits and manners than some of these large planters and the great multitude of slave-owners*" ("A Journey Through the Back Country," p. 120). This is not very different from what we said, and the testimony of the same traveller, as given in his "Seaboard Slave States," is not more favorable to the claim of the slaveholding class of Southerners to be designated an aristocracy in any sense of that word which is common. The "Northern farm-hand," as we know him—we mean, of course, the farm-hand of American birth—is a very long way above the Irish peasant as regards his bed, his food, his house, his intelligence, his knowledge, his manners—to speak briefly, as regards his stage of civilization. A majority of the negro-owning Southern gentlemen, as we have seen them in half-a-dozen Southern States—and not the newest Southern States either—would, we are sure, lose in a comparison with the farm-hands and mechanics of Vermont, say, or New York, or Ohio, or Massachusetts.

As for the practice of snuff-dipping, we may say that we found in the South women of the lowest and women of the highest classes addicted to it. To give a particular instance, it would to-day be possible for us to direct "A Subscriber" to the residence of a young gentleman of his own State who is in the habit, when walking with certain young ladies also of North Carolina and also of excellent families, of saying to them in a playful way, as he breaks a twig from a neighboring bush, "Sha'n't I chew you a brush?"—for some of the dips are of elaborate workmanship, even with handles inlaid with silver, and some are of very rude manufacture. However, we have not said, and, no matter what we have seen and heard, are not going to say, that "most Southern women" do actually dip snuff. "Wheat on moist land," as "A Subscriber" may see by looking into his "Webster's Unabridged," "is *apt* to blast or be winterkilled." The italics are not ours. Not that it all *is* blasted or winterkilled. But we may, we suppose, say that the Southern aristocracy "was an aristocracy of which most of the ladies were apt to 'dip snuff.'" We observed a tendency of that kind among them.

As to the government of the Union by the South during so many years preceding the war, we hope "A Subscriber" does not really think that it was the manners or ability or polish or chivalry of any class of Southern gentlemen or ladies that elected Mr. Buchanan, for instance, by several hundred thousand popular majority. It is an excellent proof of the folly of Southern politicians that they are not ruling the Union to-day; but that they did rule it ten or twenty years ago is no proof of their great ability, as almost any one possessed of leisure will demonstrate to "A Subscriber's" satisfaction.—Ed. Nation.]

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The Week.

THE "lesson of the elections" has, of course, been a prominent topic of discussion during the past week, and it is curious to see how many different conclusions have been drawn from them. Mr. Johnson is reported to believe, as everybody expected he would, that they simply indicate that the people are "swinging round the circle" and have nearly reached the platform of the Philadelphia Convention, on which Andrew Johnson sits proudly waiting for them. The New York *Tribune* maintains that the cause of the disaster in Philadelphia was want of skill in making up the ticket, and in Ohio want of devotion on the part of the Republicans to their own principles. It has, however, come round to the doctrine which THE NATION has long maintained, that judicious "scratching" of the names of unworthy candidates is not simply a sacrifice to abstract right, but the best service which can be rendered to the party in the long run. It accordingly last Monday recommended Republicans in this State to "scratch" the names of any "legislative jobbers," who may chance to get on the Republican ticket at the next election, in a very good article, which, however, has an amusing effect when placed side by side with the piece of characteristic abuse which it poured out on THE NATION last spring for tendering similar advice to the Connecticut electors. The "Veteran Observer" of the New York *Times* is not a very wise or a very learned man, though oftentimes very funny, as when he describes himself as having looked into Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, and a few other writers of the same stamp, to see if they contained anything worth the consideration of a mind like his, and found absolutely nothing; but on such a topic as the Ohio election he is worth listening to. He says: "The State ticket and Legislature was borne down by the attempt to enfranchise the negro and disfranchise deserters," and adds that "the people of Ohio will not vote for negro suffrage till they change their minds about it, and that there is no use in talking about 'logical sequences' and the 'rights of suffrage' to people who do not know what a 'logical sequence' is and do not care about suffrage for others." This, we think, is an excellent statement of the case as it stands, and it suggests forcibly the enquiry what is the use of risking even the appearance of an adverse verdict in the controversy between Congress and Mr. Johnson by raising a point in each State which, for the present, has no practical importance? The work of reconstruction is going on, and will go on no matter what course any Northern State may adopt with regard to negro suffrage. Why then do anything likely to retard it? Why not, in short, settle this whole question of impartial suffrage at the North either by a constitutional amendment or a general law, whichever be deemed most advisable? The cause has certainly not been helped by the isolated attempts "to set a good example" which have been made in Ohio and Connecticut.

There are rumors from Washington that Mr. Johnson is determined to declare the tenure-of-office bill unconstitutional and dismiss Mr. Stanton absolutely, leaving him to find his remedy by mandamus or otherwise. This is substantially the ground taken by Fernando Wood in resisting the police law in 1857, and would, if generally taken, lead to anarchy. The presumption is that every law is constitutional till the courts have declared it otherwise, and the burden of testing it falls on the person who questions its validity. If anybody could refuse obedience to an act of the Legislature till he had obtained a decision of the courts upon it, probably no acts, except private ones, would take effect for years after their passage. Mr. Johnson, in the matter of obeying the law, stands where any other man stands, and we trust Congress will do its duty by him.

The Congressional Committee appointed to enquire whether Maryland has or has not a republican form of government is about to commence its enquiries, though we submit that the ground is not well prepared for it. There is no need of sending a committee to Maryland to clear up a matter of this kind. What is wanted is simply a definition of "a republican form of government." If Congress wishes to get at the sense in which the framers of the Constitution used the phrase, they cannot do better than submit the question to the judges of the Supreme Court, or any other body of respectable jurists. If it wishes to decide simply what the phrase *ought* to mean, it can do it by joint resolution, without any advice whatever. The facts in the Maryland case are known to everybody, and call neither for proof nor enquiry. There has been a good deal of beating about the bush with regard to this phrase by men who ought to know better. No definition of a "republican form of government" has ever been given by competent authority that will exactly meet the requirements of the Republican party. All that can be gathered from the text-books on this subject is that in a republic the government must be lodged in the hands of a number of persons, but how large a number of persons has never been settled. There is nothing now to prevent Congress settling it, at least on the negative side, without more ado, by deciding that no government is republican in which men are prevented from sharing on account of race, color, or religion. The report of the committee will probably be two-thirds platitude and the other third sophistry.

Beyond a reasonable doubt Judge Sharswood is elected in Pennsylvania, but by a majority so small that it may be said that Philadelphia elected him. In the rest of the State, as the *Inquirer* points out, Republican gains did not badly balance Democratic gains; but in Philadelphia there was a dead loss to the Republicans, and it seems certain that the care with which the Democrats selected the names for their local ticket, and the carelessness, or something worse, which filled the Republican ticket in the city with inferior names, may be set down as

causing the loss of the State. Judge Woodward goes to Congress from the Twelfth District, but by a trifling majority, and there is talk of Democratic corruption and intimidation which, if made good in a contest, may yet give the seat to his opponent. The Legislature is Republican, and the total vote is less by a hundred thousand than that of last year. In Ohio the Republican majority is wonderfully reduced from its strength in the last gubernatorial election. General Hayes beats Mr. Thurman by no more than 3,000 or 3,500 votes. The legislative districts are so laid out in Ohio that a gubernatorial majority no heavier than that is sure to be accompanied by an adverse Legislature. Mr. Wade may therefore count on retiring from the Senate; and another Congressional loss sustained by the Ohio Republicans is the transfer of the vacant seat belonging to the Second District from General Hayes to Mr. Cary. A Republican correspondent who writes to us from Northern Ohio is very clear as to the causes which have produced the surprising result in that State. He divides them into two classes. And first, he says, the trade of the country is nearly at a stand-still; the "laborer is abroad" in search of employment; taxes and the cost of living are enormously high; the profits of labor are almost unprecedentedly small; yet Congress has been possessed by a mania for appropriations, has increased the pay and perquisites of its members; during three sessions since the war closed has provided no method of retrenchment, of economizing the collection of the revenue, of lopping off useless and devouring offices, of checking the thousand official cheats by which the national Treasury is drained. Secondly, he says, the Ohio Republicans have put in nomination, in very many instances, the worst men of the party, "Government plunderers," men of generally bad reputation; the soldiers have been alienated by a species of proscription which kept their names off the local tickets, and forced them, if they wished to vote for a comrade, to look for him on the tickets of the Democracy; the negro suffrage question was inopportunely proposed—inopportunely, for two reasons: 1st, because the scarcity of employment made laborers oppose a measure which they thought would help to attract colored laborers into Ohio from the neighboring States; and, 2dly, because many Republicans who believed that the party had grown corrupt from fancied security had no wish to see the chains of cliques and primary meetings riveted more firmly on it by the aid of a class of voters peculiarly liable to be used by demagogues. Mainly to these two last-named causes—the negro suffrage amendment and the defection of the soldiers on county issues—our correspondent ascribes the Republican defeat this fall, and he illustrates his meaning in regard to the defection of the soldiers by speaking of his own county, in which he says a quartermaster who had been convicted by court-martial and dishonorably dismissed the service procured a place on the Republican ticket. These views and opinions may be mistaken ones, though it is our belief that they are, in the main, correct. At all events, it is very well to know what is being said among men who, like our correspondent, have been for years voting with the Republican party. As for Iowa, it seems to have hardly heard of the "reaction." In Indiana there are not, as at first was reported, any Republican gains.

The inference drawn by many journals from the result of the late elections, that the Republicans will be forced to nominate a soldier for the Presidency in 1868 in order to win, and that therefore Grant will be the man, has driven *The Tribune*, which may, we presume, be considered the mouthpiece of Judge Chase's friends, into making a more outspoken declaration in his favor than they have yet ventured upon. There can be no question of Mr. Chase's fitness and merits, but he is, fortunately or unfortunately, as it may turn out, Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, and if the political activity which he has displayed during the last two years be crowned by the party nomination, we have no hesitation in saying that it will be one of the worst precedents ever established. A judge of the Supreme Court who means to run for the Presidency is bound by every consideration to come down off the bench, and take off his gown, before he takes his place either openly or covertly in the arena. We confess we are in favor of having some post in the service of the United States in which a man's sole business will be to do his duty, and his sole reward the approval of his countrymen and of his own conscience.

One of the earliest and most striking consequences of the defeat in Ohio will doubtless be Mr. Wade's retirement from the Senate. As things have turned out, his retirement will be a great misfortune, as he will probably be succeeded by Mr. Pendleton, who is as little of a statesman as Mr. Wade, and wants what Mr. Wade has in a very high degree, and that is honesty. We were in hopes that whenever Mr. Wade quitted the scene, it would be to make way for a Republican of as good a character and of a better intellectual type. The substitution for him of "the perfect gentleman" is a jump to the other extreme, and a most unfortunate one for the country. Mr. Wade had nothing but heart; but Mr. Pendleton has nothing but head.

General Butler has positively refused, in a letter to a friend, to become a candidate for the next Presidency, and he does so for reasons which, as the reporters say, "do equal credit to his head and heart." But we greatly fear that his refusal will not lighten the labors of the nominating convention to any appreciable extent. There are few people, we hope, in spite of his financial aberrations, who do not remember with gratitude his courage and constancy in the trying days of the war; and the spectacle of his government of New Orleans was one of those intensely gratifying displays of poetic justice for which there rarely is in the modern world any place or opportunity. But he is not the stuff of which presidents are made. Not one of the "old hands" would, we venture to say, put him up for the office, except as an empty compliment or over a good dinner, for any reasonable consideration.

We have received from "J. J. P.," of Westchester, Pa., a letter which, we are very sorry to say, has arrived too late for insertion this week, calling our attention to an error in our last number, which, however, we had already discovered ourselves. We were mistaken in saying that Judge Sharswood was already on the bench of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. He was judge of the District Court of the City and County of Philadelphia, and had still five or six years to serve, so that he would not have lost his place in the judiciary even if he had been defeated at the late election. In rating him more highly as a lawyer than Judge Williams, we simply followed the estimate put on him by persons in whose judgment and knowledge we place confidence. It is, of course, impossible to determine with perfect accuracy the relative merits of any two lawyers. We admit, however, that under these circumstances the Republicans had just as good a right to nominate Judge Williams as Judge Sharswood, and elect him, if they could, provided always that they did not make Judge Sharswood's opinions on a point of law the main ground of objection to him during the canvass. "J. J. P." dwells strongly on this point himself. The election of judges is the worst possible mode of appointing them, but to extract from it the full measure of its evil, the practice of voting for and against candidates according as you like or dislike their politics, is what is needed. This is what forces judges, no matter what their inclination or their conscience may dictate, to become politicians. Judge Sharswood's opinions about the constitutionality of legal tenders, if they were honest opinions, were, to us, of absolutely no consequence, and those who on that ground opposed him, in our opinion, were worse enemies of the black man than the Democrats, inasmuch as they helped to destroy the very thing on which the black man, even more than the white, must ever rely for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—the independence of the judiciary. If we have seemed to treat the Republican defeat in Philadelphia lightly, it is simply because we consider it a "blessing in disguise," and because we believe with our whole hearts that no party can permanently serve any good cause except through pure means and honest leaders. If the Republican leaders in Pennsylvania are all that they ought to be, they are foully belied.

We have received a very unmannerly and not particularly lucid letter from "E. M. D.," in reply to our article last week on "Repudiation," and which, because of its unmannerliness, we decline to publish. We should be strongly inclined to refuse it insertion, however, even if

"E. M. D." could manage to make it polite, because we can find a better use for our space than devoting it to the spread of lessons in the art of cheating the public creditor without violating "the letter of the law." We think the patience of all honest men with these new financial lights and their quiddits and quirks is, or ought to be, nearly exhausted, and we beg to refer "E. M. D." to the reply made by the New York *Tribune* to another of his epistles published in that journal on Friday last for an exact though exceedingly strong expression of our own feelings about his arguments. We should be sorry to speak of him in the terms used by *The Tribune*, but his disquisitions will clearly meet with a more fitting reception in its columns than in ours.

Mr. John Quincy Adams says that questions of national politics do not enter into the contest in Massachusetts this fall. When he "turns to the practical and immediate questions of that policy" which do enter into the contest, he can observe, he says, but little difference in the two parties. There seem to be better reasons for a Republican's declining than accepting a Democratic nomination; and it would not be right to say that they are the reasons which have moved Mr. Adams to become the Democratic candidate for the governorship. He has observed in the Republican party of late a want of frankness which we suppose we do not do wrong to call ungentlemanly. The Convention did not speak out plainly about certain local issues, as regards which, however, Mr. Adams has private information that his own opinions and those of the Republican leaders are quite alike. On the whole, there seems to be no reason why Mr. Adams should not have kept to his resolve to remain quiet for two years and form his political opinions.

There is a peculiar form of jocularity—which is not found, we imagine, in any other country—which breaks out among us Americans immediately after the freemen have deposited their ballots and it begins to appear which party has "gone up Salt River." The necessity of submitting to jokes when the majorities foot up strongly against you is a plain one, and the fact that the submission, which is obviously accompanied with poignant grief, must be disguised under the semblance of a cheerful smile, greatly enhances the pleasure of the joker and the pain of his victim. We are convinced that it is to the prevalence of this custom that we owe it that so many of our most gentlemanly Americans, persons presumed to have every qualification for public life, have been compelled to abjure our politics and reside in Europe. There is an outbreak of this sort of fun just now in the Democratic papers, which were always quite good at it, and we believe the press of that party has not been so cheerful since some years before the late unpleasantness. Perhaps when the Democracy swept Pennsylvania in October, 1856, was the last time when there was such an "era of good feeling" as we observe now. Many of the jokes are of the sort that need to be pointed by the insertion of an elbow into the side of one of the parties to them, or driven home by a slap on the back, and when they are of a better class, if there is a better joke than a very bad one, there is apt to be a spice more of malice in them; but they will do very well for election.

If "Mr. William H. Brady, commercial broker," lived in France and wrote to the papers as he has done here, announcing that he is "authorized to receive subscriptions for Mrs. Abraham Lincoln," he would certainly pass a portion of the coming winter in one of the prisons, and we regret exceedingly that the nature of our institutions prevents his being driven in the same way into some more reputable occupation here. It is difficult to speak too strongly of the conduct of the men who help to keep this detestable scandal afloat.

The Fenians are still the great subject of talk and anxiety in England. The arrest and conviction of the principal leaders, although it has put an end to all danger of an organized insurrection, clearly has not put an end to isolated outrages such as the Manchester rescue. The Irish are so numerous in all the large towns in England that a series of small onslaughts on policemen and jails, and of threatenings against arsenals, "castles," and barracks, might and may be kept up almost with impunity in spite of the plentiful supply of informers; and there is no doubt that the comfort of English society would be more seriously interfered with, and a more powerful pressure in favor of Irish reform would be brought to bear on English opinion, in this way than by an organized insurrection, no matter of what magnitude, in Ireland. Of insurrection the Fenian leaders are clearly not capable; their talents seem to be those of the smuggler and poacher, and to find their legitimate field in escapes from jail, dodging the police, disguises, assaults, and midnight alarms. One effect this peculiar mode of agitation has had already—and we cannot help calling it a good effect—is, that the interest on loans raised on mortgage on Irish real estate has risen more than one per cent. higher than that on similar encumbrances in England. The great obstacle hitherto to a fair consideration of the Irish land question in the House of Commons has been the determined opposition of the Irish landlords. Should they find the continuance of the Fenian agitation seriously affecting the value of their property, they will probably soon come to consider the subject worth serious debate.

The Ratazzi plan for relieving the Italian treasury from its difficulties—the sale of Church lands—is being carried out with unexpected success. The Pope has declared that everybody concerned in the transaction incurs, *ipso facto*, all Church censures of whatsoever kind or degree; but this does not seem to produce the smallest effect. M. Ratazzi has always maintained that there is plenty of money hoarded in Italy which proper temptation would bring out, and the progress of the sales so far seems to confirm his opinion. In Genoa alone purchasers of lots have been found to the amount of $600,000 in gold, which is not bad for one place, and if the other towns do equally well in proportion to their means, the whole of the anticipated amount, about $100,000,000, will be realized without much difficulty.

The only news of importance touching the relations of France and Germany is that of an expression of confidence from Prussia in the peaceful intentions of France. We shall probably witness a continuance of this little game through the whole winter. France will say something, and Prussia will demand an explanation, and on hearing that France meant nothing in particular, will inform the world it is just as well that France did not mean anything; for if she had—. This will bring the Emperor to his feet, and he will in his turn ask for explanation, and will be informed that Germany desires peace, but fears that France wants war. France will then express horror of the thought of war, but if Prussia wants to fight—. Of course Prussia does not want to fight, and so on. It is easy to bring on a deadlock in this process whenever desired.

The Roman insurrection, or Garibaldian invasion, whichever it may be, seems by yesterday's telegrams to make rapid progress, and of the ability of the Roman junta to overturn the Pope's Government there is no question, as its organization, whether for attack or defence, is much more perfect than his. Its operations will probably be timed so as to suit the convenience of the Italian Government if it should appear, as now seems not unlikely, that the only thing which makes Ratazzi so energetic in his measures against Garibaldi is the fear of French interference. If it be well ascertained that Louis Napoleon will content himself with protesting, or will say nothing at all, "horrible disorders" will probably last in the Papal territory, though the Pope may try to suppress them, first by the arm of flesh and then by the spiritual arm, until it is quite convenient for Victor Emanuel to put them down and occupy the Roman territory. The Cable newsman has taken to announcing "much financial depression and uneasiness in London and Paris" in consequence of the movements in Italy, but a marked fall in the funds of either country would be worth a whole column of his hints and rumors—and this has not taken place. Menotti Garibaldi's successes will probably soon bring things to a crisis.

Notes.

LITERARY.

THE publishers have this fall generally acted upon the plan—not very old in this country—of announcing at the beginning of the season what they intend to do in the course of it, so that we have almost nothing to add to our previous announcements, and until Christmas approaches with its load of illustrated works and gift-books of one kind and another we shall have as little.——The American News Company publish to day "Modern Palmistry, or the Book of the Hand," by A. R. Craik, M.A.——Leypoldt & Holt have in preparation an illustrated edition of "The Huguenot Galley-Slave."——Mr. Widdleton announces an edition of Lamb which deserves a word, it being new in this respect, that it is the handsomest library edition of that author which has yet been offered to the American public. The paper is heavy, and of what is called the rose-tint, and there is, we believe, nothing of Lamb's ever printed in book-form which may not be found in these five volumes. The additional matter of Moxon & Co.'s edition is contained in this one.

—A writer in the Buffalo *Medical and Surgical Journal*, treating of "Written Prescriptions," seems inclined to find fault, so far as he can without offending the druggists of Buffalo and other persons interested, with the practice, now almost universal among physicians, of sending their patients to the apothecaries for medicines. "At the present time," he says, "we have an immensely expensive way of making up our remedies, which was not common formerly, when physicians supplied their patients generally without extra charge." And again, he says: "If we give iron, our patients pay its weight in gold;" and much more to the same effect. The results of this system of sending people to druggists, who dispose of nicely labelled and nicely put up packages of manufactured remedies, are, as the writer thinks, very bad, for, first, the physician hardly knows what he gives, it is so sugar-coated, mixed, "compounded, confounded, and combined;" secondly, the medicine, besides being made less reliable, is made indefinitely more expensive. And he remarks incidentally that "the custom of charging the same for fluid medicines by the ounce is manifestly unfair," and, with what seems perfect justice, he adds that water being very cheap in Buffalo and other cities situated upon navigable lakes and rivers, if it is put up in bottles to any great extent at fifteen cents an ounce, the profit, unless the label on the bottle is very expensive, must be something handsome. In the third place, the writer thinks that, under the system now in vogue, the people who object to paying heavily for medical advice, and equally heavily for the medicines prescribed, are very often led to go to some medicine-monger who will carry what he prescribes, or rather prescribe what he carries. The remedy for the evil, which is already considerable, lies in the hands of physicians rather than druggists; but except in country towns, where perhaps the physician may have time to put up his own medicines, a division of labor between the doctor and the druggist seems absolutely necessary, and the way for physicians to become simpler, safer, more sensible, and less expensive in their modes of cure—it is one of the profession, and not we, who is responsible for this language—is for physicians to be more careful in prescribing; briefly speaking, and still using the language of our writer, a common-sense view of the situation and a common-sense mode of action will bring *necessary medication* within reach of all.

—The American Association for the Promotion of Social Science will meet in this city on the 19th, 20th, and 21st of November. It held its third annual meeting in Boston on Wednesday week, and listened to able addresses and papers on the present state of social science (Dr. Samuel Eliot); its prospects and achievements in this country (Mr. F. B. Sanborn); on the population of Massachusetts, and changes in the physical organization of women in relation to the laws of human increase (Dr. Nathan Allen, of Lowell); on the effects of the condensation of population on human life (Dr. Edward Jarvis), etc. Appropriate mention was made of the high character and public services of the late Hon. Charles G. Loring, and resolutions adopted deploring his loss. It ought not long to be true, as was openly stated by Dr. Eliot, that this most useful association has neither the membership nor the pecuniary support which it deserves. It has not even funds with which to publish its transactions, and is dependent upon the newspapers for reports of its proceedings. We hope it will command an interested audience at its sessions in this city. Papers are expected from Dr. Lieber, Prof. Dwight, and others. Mrs. Dall will speak on the very important subject of lodging-houses for women.

—Late English books of interest are Mr. John De Liefde's "Romance of Charity," which is a popularized form of the same author's "Charities of Europe;" English editions of Ross Browne's "Land of Thor"—which is, on the whole, received with favor abroad—and of Dr. Hoppin's "Old England," which is generally commended by English journals for the kindness of its criticisms; and "Carolina Sports by Land and Water," a work by W. Elliott, of Beaufort, South Carolina. P. G. Cumming writes "The Great Stanley: a Narrative of the Rule of James, Seventh Earl of Derby," etc. The book is said to contain, besides a history of the last "King of Man," full notices of Manx manners, customs, laws, legends, and fairy tales, and as there are many of them very curious, the book ought to be as entertaining as it doubtless is instructive. Even an ordinary guide-book to the isle contains romantic matter enough to make it an exhaustless mine for any two or three of the smaller and more weakly sort of poets. English books not so lately published as these, and which may be found at Scribner, Welford & Co.'s store, are the following: "Handicraftsmen and Capitalists," a republication in the form of a pamphlet of letters written to *The Times* by H. Herries and Walter Williams, which treats mainly of the iron manufacture in Belgium and England; "A Scientific and General Vindication of the Mosaic Account of the Creation," which is said by the author, the Rev. Charles Frederick Watkins, to be "adapted to all capacities"; "The Memoirs of Edmondstoune Aytoun" is by Mr. Theodore Martin, who did much work jointly with that *ultimus Scotorum*, and consequently, or for some other reason, puts on him an estimate to which the world at large declines to assent; "A Collection of Seventy-nine Black-Letter Ballads and Broadsides," printed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, between 1559 and 1597, is a very curious work, with an introduction and notes, supplied by an editor whose name we do not know. The original collection, of a portion of which this is a reprint, was made by the late George Daniel. The volume contains literary and political ballads, the latter, says the London *Chronicle*, being only such as were written on the side of the Government, the Opposition making no show at all. "Three English Statesmen," by Prof. Goldwin Smith, is that writer's recent essays on Pym, Cromwell, and Pitt. "Letters on England," by Louis Blanc, is a work in two volumes containing some matter of interest to Americans, as M. Blanc was in England watching English opinion and philosophizing upon it for a Parisian journal during the late war. It is translated by James Hutton and L. J. Trotter.

—"May respect and length of days and comfortable repose attend the brave, honest, kindly, pure-minded artist, humorist, moralist! It was he first who brought English pictorial humor and children acquainted. Our young people and their fathers and mothers owe him many a pleasant hour and harmless laugh. Is there no way in which the country could acknowledge the long services and brave career of such a friend and benefactor?" Thackeray wrote these words of Cruikshank not very long before his own death, and they are so full of earnest cordiality that one feels as if to aid in fulfilling the wish might give pleasure to the dead friend as well as the living one. "Before the century was actually in its teens, we believe that George Cruikshank was amusing the public." And we, too, on this side of the water got some of the amusement, for at least we can all remember when we first made Dickens's acquaintance, and in the memories of all those who first read Dickens—too long ago—the creations of the pencil of Cruikshank are all but inseparable from the creations of the magical pen. Dickens would not be Dickens—not our Dickens, at any rate—without the artist. Thackeray, Dickens, and Cruikshank—it seems as if these names might be powerful enough to make our American contribution to the Cruikshank testimonial an honorably large one. Once before we have referred to the efforts making in England to ensure the old artist a comfortable support in these last years of his life; Mr. Charles Eliot Norton now informs us that he will gladly take charge of the American subscriptions to the fund. Other Americans whose names we see upon the committee are Mr. Lowell and Mr. Longfellow, and among the English names are those of Ruskin, Robert Browning, H. K. Browne, Sir John Bowring, Disraeli, Huxley, Lever, Charles Landseer, Masson, Palgrave, Charles Reade, Rossetti, Tennyson, and many more equally distinguished. Thackeray's kind wish is sure, then, not to fall to the ground; but it would be well if we also were to have some share in its fulfilment.

—M. Ernest Renan has been "whitewashing" Faustina, the wife of Marcus Aurelius, before the French Institute. He dwells strongly on the worthlessness of the records which we possess of what M. Leon Renier calls "the finest age of history"—the age of the Antonines—heaps contempt on Xiphilinus and the later compilers of anecdotes, and prefers to take the character of the empress from Marcus Aurelius's own account of her in his "Meditations" and his correspondence with Fronto, and from the monuments and inscriptions. He adopts the alternative put by Capitolinus, that Marcus Aurelius either did not know of his wife's disorders or

pretended he did not, but pronounces the last hypothesis inadmissible, inasmuch as a man does not feign ignorance before God, and because the solemn review of the blessings of his life contained in that touching passage which the Emperor wrote while in Hungary in one of his last campaigns, and which clearly was intended for his own eye alone, his wife is set down amongst the chief. M. Renan ascribes the stories of her debauchery, which were undoubtedly current at Rome, partly to the gossip of the theatre-goers, who were disgusted by the puritanical spirit which Marcus Aurelius brought to the direction of the sports in the arena, and who avenged themselves by traducing Faustina, and partly to the dislike which she, elegant and aristocratic and gay, excited amongst the crowd of grave and sedate philosophers with whom her husband filled the palace, and to whom she, a woman of fashion, was simply a frivolous creature at best, and probably worse. They survived Marcus Aurelius and told the story of his life, and his wife accordingly figures in it as a kind of monster. This explanation, if not satisfactory, is at least ingenious.

—The Scotch have long and deservedly borne the reputation of being one of the most intelligent of nations, and, so far as we know, they may justly claim the distinction which has long been popularly allowed them of being, taken as a whole, the best educated of the nations inhabiting the British Islands. Just what is the absolute value of this superiority we may in part learn from a report recently made by the Scottish Education Commission. They divided their investigation of the condition of elementary schools in Scotland into three branches. Assistant commissioners were appointed to report upon the state of education: 1st, in the Western Islands; 2d, in Glasgow, which was considered a fair sample of the large towns; 3d, in the country districts throughout the kingdom. They found in existence, speaking briefly, an organized system and a supplementary system. In the organized system are included parochial schools, which educate the country children and the children of the Western Islands; burgh schools, which are found in the small towns; and thirdly, sessional schools, which are found in the larger towns. In the supplementary system, we have Denominational schools supported by the zeal of the Established Church of Scotland, the Free Church, and the Episcopal and Roman Catholic Churches; "schools of private adventure," and schools which may be classed under the head of Miscellaneous, including, as they do, all founded by religious societies, as that For Promoting Christian Knowledge, etc., etc. Of the Miscellaneous schools few are pronounced good by the commission; still they are better, on the whole, than the private-adventure schools, which are so bad that it is said of them that "they are almost invariably detrimental to the health and education of the children who attend them." And the commission say of one of the latter which they visited—"by no means the worst"—that it was kept in a dark, foul-smelling cellar; that contact with any of the furniture was pollution; that a drunken seaman, a friend of the master, for whom some abandoned women were waiting at the door, lay stretched upon one of the benches; and that the instruction given to the children was such that the idea of examination was too absurd to be entertained. The Denominational schools seem to be bad because they want organization and because they are dependent for efficiency upon the individual attention of ministers who may at any time leave the parish. Of those schools of the supplementary system which are called Miscellaneous the commission, as we have said, give a bad account. Many of them were established to provide situations for superannuated ladies' maids and other pensioners. On the whole, the schools of the supplementary system are defective and produce very unsatisfactory results. "It is impossible," say the commissioners, "to return from their examination without a strong feeling of the desirableness of a national system that would effectually and efficiently relieve many of them of their labors." The effective relief thus wished for is not given by the national system as at present organized. "Totally inadequate" is the verdict passed upon it. "In three populations of 2,000 souls each," as appears from the report on the Western Islands, "there are respectively only 26, 4, and 18 women able to write their own names." To show, by a striking example, the state of things which this condition of education causes or effects, we may say that we are told—on other authority than that of the commission—that a confirmed old bachelor of the Isle of Lewis being asked why he had stultified himself by marrying a wife—who, by the way, was too ugly—replied by asking in his turn, "Did ye no hear I lost my horse?" for the wives are, to a very great extent, used as beasts of burden in that part of Scotland, though, as the crow flies, it is but two hundred miles from Glasgow, the metropolis of the west. The male of the Isle of Lewis waits on the banks of a stream till his wife has carried the creel across, then she returns, and, taking him on her shoulders, fords the brook a second time. Let us, however, say, on the other hand, that the people of Lewis are very honest; they steal nothing but turnips, it is said; and they do not steal turnips all the time. On the mainland education is in a state so little better that in 133 parishes selected from all parts of Scotland, so as to afford an average specimen of the working of the present system, it was found that there was school accommodation for 14,657 scholars, while there were in these parishes 60,124 children of school age. Of the burgh and sessional schools (schools under the management of the minister and kirk-sessions, and therefore not national in the same sense as are the parochial schools) the report speaks, so far as it speaks at all, not more favorably, and we are told that the three classes of organized and the three classes of supplementary schools are altogether insufficient to educate the youthful members of the humbler classes in Scotland. However, we may very reasonably expect that the enquiry will be followed at no long interval by a change for the better.

—The Brehon laws, which may be properly called the common law of Ireland—though the old common-law lawyers would have been very much disgusted at hearing them so designated—have, until very recently, been unintelligible even to the best Irish scholars. The MacEgans, who "kept their law-school in Tipperary" in the reign of Charles I., that is to say, who instructed youth in the reading of the Brehon law and explained its principles, undoubtedly understood the Berla Fiene or Fenian dialect, in which the original laws are written; and it is said that Duald MacFirbis, who got part of his education in the school of the MacEgans, also possessed the key, and that he compiled an explanatory dictionary of the code. He, however, was murdered, his dictionary utterly lost, and for about two hundred years the hope that the laws would ever be translated had been abandoned. No scholar who understands merely the ordinary Irish can read the law or the gloss. But the late Professor Eugene O'Curry, having obtained an appointment in 1835 on the Ordnance Survey, was enabled to devote his attention to the study of Irish manuscripts, the duty allotted to him having been the examination of all manuscripts in that language in the various Irish libraries, in order that he might transcribe and translate whatever passages relate to the topography and local and family history of Ireland. For six years this work engaged him, and in 1842 there was no Irish manuscript of any consequence in Dublin with which he had not made himself familiar. It was at this time that he began to turn his attention to the Brehon laws, which for so many generations had lain awaiting a reader and interpreter. These he found to consist of three portions: the maxim or law, an interlined gloss, and a commentary in which the maxim is explained and applied to a special case—the law written in the Berla Fiene—

> "Writ in a language that has long gone by.
>
> And every margin scribbled, crossed, and crammed
> With comment, densest condensation, hard
> To mind and eye."

The commentary is in an obsolete phraseology, but this he mastered without great difficulty, and then he attacked the law and the gloss. Here his laborious studies of the ancient MSS. were of the greatest use to him. Briefly speaking, he made a collection of words, glosses, explanations, and examples such as had never before been made, and which, says *The Chronicle*, makes it unnecessary to deplore the lost dictionary of MacFirbis. *The Chronicle*, however, charges the commission which has had in charge the transcription and translation of these ancient laws of Ireland with having done injustice to Professor O'Curry by withholding from him his share in the honor of effecting the translation which is now made and published, and the same journal further says that "a volume which might and should have attained to a correctness almost perfect, has been made, in parts, untrustworthy and inaccurate" because Dr. O'Donovan, associate editor with Professor O'Curry, let himself be persuaded into editing a volume separately, in conjunction with Dr. Hancock—an arrangement which, of course, made the use of Professor O'Curry's materials impossible. However, the means now exist for a perfect solution of an interesting problem long considered insoluble.

DANTE'S VITA NUOVA.*

"In that part of the book of my memory before which little can be read is found a rubric which sayeth, *Incipit Vita Nova*. Under which rubric I find the words written which it is my intention to copy into this little book—and if not all of them, at least their meaning."

After this manner begins one of the most remarkable records of personal feeling to be found in all literature. In this wise Dante begins the narrative of that new life into which he was ushered as he first beheld the little Beatrice, "clothed in a most noble color, a modest and becoming crimson,

*"The New Life of Dante Alighieri. Translated by Charles Eliot Norton." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.

garlanded and adorned in such wise as befitted her very youthful age." The new era of emotional and intellectual existence then beginning and revealed to us in its varied phases through Dante's grand confession—grand with all the grandeur of simplicity and truth—might well be called the "New Life," for it is by virtue of having entered upon and lived that life of the soul that Dante's name has acquired most of its significance in the eyes of posterity. Whatever the "Divine Comedy" might have been without Beatrice, whatever sweet and holy ideal might have taken the place now filled by her sacred figure, it cannot but be felt that in that case the human interest of the poem would have been lost. Beatrice is the one earthly influence in that unearthly phantasmagoria whose presence, anticipated at first but ultimately realized, assuages the horrors of hell, makes hopeful the ascent through purgatory, and renders comprehensible the somewhat abstract glories of Paradise. It is at her command that Dante sets out upon his unexampled journey. It is her name that, whispered in his ear by Virgil, gives him courage to pass through "the fire that is hotter than molten glass." It is under her guidance that he penetrates to the uttermost mysteries of the upper realms. It is her smile which—sweeter than the eloquence of Buonaventura, more convincing than the logic of Aquinas—persuades us that even in the midst of the quaint Ptolemaic heaven we have yet to deal with an element of human hope, aspiration, and delight.

As an introduction, therefore, explanatory and illustrative of the "Divine Comedy"—tracing the origin and course of that passion which determined Dante to say of Beatrice that which had never before and has never since been said of woman, and revealing the primitive workings of Dante's imperial and irresistible imagination—the "Vita Nuova" must ever be deemed worthy of serious and careful perusal. Leigh Hunt, it is true, sees fit to sneer at this beautiful narrative, representing it as the record of Dante's youthful and weakly sentimental silliness in pining for the hand of a wayward girl who knew no better than to laugh at him and marry another. Now, a man criticising does not half so surely tell us of the man he criticises as he tells us what he himself is. Mr. Hunt himself, with his large heart and warm, kindly nature, was intellectually narrow, and had in him, moreover, not a little of that injudicious sentimentality wherewith he wrongfully charges Dante. Knowing what would have been his own feelings for Beatrice, he imagined Dante to have felt likewise. And out of the very ardor of his generous spirit—tolerant of everything else, yet not sufficiently tolerant to bear with intolerance—he found himself unable to forgive the poet who consigned pagan, heretic, and schismatic alike to perdition, and disposed to put upon each of his acts and feelings a mean or trifling interpretation. But the "Vita Nuova" of Dante is by no means an effusion of boyish sentimentality. Though love-penetrated, it is yet in no wise love-sick. Terrible as was the power with which his passion ruled him, unexampled as was the strength and vividness with which his imagination compelled him to realize it, Dante was nevertheless no moping dreamer, but a stalwart and sternly practical citizen and statesman. Morbid sentimentalism may have produced the sonnets of Petrarch. It was no such feeling that inspired the "Divine Comedy," or that dictated the manly narrative of the "Vita Nuova," grand in its antique simplicity as well as in the depth and intensity of the passion which pervades it.

In the "Vita Nuova" we have the Beatrice of the "Divine Comedy" before her transfigurement. Not yet a glorified saint, descending amid flowers from heaven to reprove, encourage, and with superior wisdom guide her lover; but a "most gentle" and "most admirable" lady, whom we behold walking "clothed in purest white" between other ladies "of greater age," and again at her devotions in church, or rejoicing at a marriage festival, or bewailing the death of her father. Yet we get no detailed account. Our curiosity is far from gratified; nor was the "Vita Nuova" written to gratify it. With quite dramatic precision, Dante, Beatrice, and their friends step before us, act their brief parts, say their brief say, then all is blankness and silence. There is no elaborate description, none of the acts by which modern romanticism strives to awaken sympathy, but keen, remorseless narration, utterly true, utterly simple, as unadorned as an ancient statue. We here notice especially, as well as in the "Divine Comedy," that wonderful faculty of Dante whereby with two or three intense and rapid strokes he causes in the mind an image destined to remain there graven, as with fire, for ever. In the "Inferno," what more supremely graphic than the story of Francesca or the talk with Cavalcanti? Yet very little is actually told us in either of these episodes. So the "Vita Nuova," signalizing only the cardinal points in Dante's mental experience, and "passing over many things which might be drawn from the original where these lie hidden," gives us of Dante and Beatrice most distinct and characteristic images, but leaves us in the dark concerning many circumstances which we would fain have seen mentioned.

The "Vita Nuova" is so intimate a revelation of certain parts of Dante's mind that without it our understanding of the "Divine Comedy" cannot be complete. It should be read by every one whose study of that great poem has awakened in him an interest in Dante. And it is both pleasant and appropriate that Mr. Longfellow's translation of the "Divine Comedy" should be followed by Mr. Norton's translation of the "Vita Nuova" as a companion volume. And the execution of the latter work is worthy to be compared to that of the former. If the former, in its calm and severe beauty, resembles an antique statue, the latter may be compared to a clear and brilliant gem, undefaced by any trickery of setting. In its complete elegance and accuracy Mr. Norton's translation is so excellent that a criticism of it may well be dispensed with. In his prose he has preserved far better than any previous translator the simple and pathetic dignity of the original, while in his rendering of the poetical portions the following sonnet will show that, in spite of the extreme difficulty of such translation, his success has been most signal:

"Discourteous Death, of clemency the foe,
Mother from old of woe,
O judgment irresistible, severe,
Since thou hast burdened this sad heart with care,
Therefore in grief I go,
And blaming thee my very tongue outwear.
And if of every grace I'd strip thee bare,
It needs that I declare
The wrong of wrongs in this thy guilty blow;
Not that the folk do not already know,
But to make each thy foe,
Who henceforth shall be nurtured with Love's care.
From out the world thou courtesy hast ta'en,
And virtue which in woman is to praise;
And in youth's gayest days
The charm of love thou hast untimely slain.
Who is this lady I will not declare,
Save as her qualities be known by this:
Whoso deserves not bliss
Let him not hope her company to share."

GARDENING AND DRAINING.*

THESE volumes are timely additions to our agricultural literature, and are equally valuable as proving the worth of patient hard work and the importance of what is called book-farming and scientific agricultural research. The books differ widely in one respect—that one author, Mr. Waring, carries into his work his previous education, and uses the light of science and accumulated experience to show him where to begin and how to give shape to the facts which are furnished by his practical experience; the other, Mr. Henderson, sneers at the outset at all knowledge which he cannot pull out of the stilts of his plough, rub off his hoe-handle, or dig out of his ditches.

A few years ago these books would have found a small number of readers, but latterly farmers are becoming more awake to the improvements which are possible in agriculture. Farmers have long been condemned as stupid and over-conservative because they are reluctant to spend their few and hard-earned dollars in new experiments and machines. But the injustice of this judgment is shown by comparing the farming of 1847 and 1867 in one respect alone, hay-making. If we had predicted in 1847 that in a few years the farmer could dispense with the aid of a band of mowers, and cut with a machine in three hours in the morning, after the dew was off, all the grass that his men and teams could take care of in a day, we should have been scouted. The possibility of a many-armed hay-tedder which should seize and toss the hay in all directions, to be collected into heaps by a hay-rake, on which a man could ride as easily as in a trotting-gig, would have been treated with a sneer. Now no good farmer pretends to secure his crop by hand. No other occupation can show a greater change than this in the same time, and it demonstrates that farmers are ready to progress if they can clearly understand that it is for their interest to do so. The changes and improvements in securing the hay crop are of very little consequence when compared with the increased crops which the farms of the United States would yield if Mr. Waring's teachings about drainage could be generally applied. If farmers can be satisfied that by burying a portion of their money in their land in pipe-tile drains they can more than double the yield of crop without increasing the cost, Mr. Waring will be surrounded by a host of pupils.

Mr. Waring would have secured a larger number of eager and attentive readers if he had dwelt earlier in his book, and more fully, on the question, Will underdraining pay? Farmers are too busy and too small readers to spend their time in worrying through technical details and methods, unless they can be sure that the information they are to get will be immediately and obviously applicable to their work. In this respect Mr. Waring's

* "Draining for Profit and Health." By G. E. Waring, Jr. "Gardening for Profit." By Peter Henderson. New York: Orange Judd & Co.

book is at fault. For instance, the chapter on how to lay out a system of drains is of the utmost value to young engineers and draining amateurs, but tiresome to farmers, who, when they are fully persuaded that it is profitable to drain, will see the wisdom of employing engineers to lay out the work. It is of more consequence to awaken the people to the importance of drainage than to teach a few how to make drains, and it is with some regret that we find the technical details so largely expanded. The importance of general underdraining of lands cannot be overestimated. There can be no doubt the average crops of the United States might be doubled, the season lengthened at both ends, and new varieties of plants be successfully grown by a general lowering of the water-level of our cultivated lands. The two evils which have affected the different sections of our country this year—excessive rain at the East and drought at the West—can both be controlled and rendered of little consequence by underdrainage, which, strangely enough, dries and warms wet, and cools and moistens dry, lands. It will take a great deal of hammering to drive these facts into farmers' heads, and until we do, it is of comparatively little use to teach a few persons how to lay out and make drains. If Mr. Waring had not made the profitableness of draining his text, this fault would be of less importance, because he might properly claim that he preferred to teach a few how to do work well rather than to awaken general interest in the subject.

This same indifference to the agricultural value of the subject is shown in the closing chapter, house drainage and town sewage, in which he presents in a most admirable manner the best way of removing the waste of cities, but takes no pains to point out how that most valuable waste may be utilized. It has long been known that men and animals retain but one-tenth of the food they consume in their bodies, the nine-tenths returning as waste to the earth. If that nine-tenths is carefully saved and applied, it will return in the crops a bulk of food sufficient to nine-tenths support the living beings from whom it proceeds.

In the country this waste is generally saved and used as manure; but the great city engineering problem is how to get rid of it. It is poured into the sea, renders rivers unfit for use, and fills many places with malarial disease. The enormous amount of food annually consumed by New York and Boston is worth millions of dollars, and at the cost of other millions of dollars is annually sent into the sea. If applied to the land, it would pay back a profit more than equal to the loss, or $2 per acre. The experience of Holland, China, Japan, Edinburgh, Croydon, Milan, all prove this, we believe, and yet an agricultural engineer publishes a book in which he treats the subject only in relation to how we can still more perfectly throw away this great source of agricultural wealth. The profits which will follow underdrainage, when carefully systematized over the country, are small in proportion to those which will result from the wise use of city sewage. Mr. Henderson, on the other hand, without, perhaps, having half the knowledge about the value of sewage which Mr. Waring possesses, and without directly referring to it, incidentally shows its great value in market-gardening.

Mr. Henderson's "Manual for the Kitchen Garden" is most attractive reading, his practical enthusiasm is delightful, and his example and teachings fill one with instant desire to go and do likewise, but we cannot help regretting that his prejudices are so strongly in favor of what he calls practical experience. Having followed market-gardening for many years, he has learned the value of hard work, and knows what manure and labor will produce when applied to land, but he has no faith in the aid of men of science in agriculture. But some of his experiments, or rather shifts, to increase his crops are striking proofs of the value of the scientific thought which he condemns, and corroborate the important discoveries made by Mons. Viele at Vincennes.

In relation to the use of manures he says: "The quantity, quality, and proper application of manure is of the utmost importance in all gardening operations, and few have any conception of the immense quantity necessary to produce the heavy crops seen in our market-gardens." After giving descriptions of the way to make manure and of the different varieties, he says, "But we have long ago discovered the great importance of an alternation of kinds," and he gives experiments of his own where large applications of barnyard manure were followed at first by heavy crops and then failed to stimulate growth. To restore the fertility he then used night-soil compost, then brewery waste, guano, etc., each in turn paying largely for their use at first and then gradually failing to be effective. These practical experiments cost Mr. Henderson a great deal of money, for manure is costly and heavy to handle. He might have been saved the expense if he had believed in science.

Many analyzers have observed that different plants consume different amounts of carbon, nitrogen, potash, lime, soda, phosphoric acid, etc., and that the waste of vegetation can restore to the land, whether it is returned as crude vegetable matter or as manure, only the same substances in proportion and amount which were removed by the plants in their growth. Following these facts through a series of experiments, Liebig found that all plants consumed the elements necessary for their support in certain definite proportions, and that, although the amount of each element consumed by one plant might differ from that required by another, the proportion between them all was constant for each species of plant. All these elements must therefore be present in the earth in due proportion for successful growth, and no excess of some of them will give an excessive crop if any one is wanting in its proper proportion. If we increase one substance, unless the others are already present in the earth in sufficient amount, we must increase them at the same time, or the crop will be inferior.

If lime, soda, potash, nitrogen, and carbon are in sufficient quantity for a maximum, and only sufficient phosphoric acid for a minimum crop, the result will be a minimum yield. Mons. Viele has proved this theory of Liebig beyond a doubt by a series of practical experiments at the Imperial Farm at Vincennes, in which he used the crops themselves as analyses of the soil. He compounded, according to a theory of proportions, what he called a perfect manure; laid out a tract of land of uniformly good quality into many plots, one to be unmanured, one dressed with the perfect manure, and the remainder with the perfect manure minus one element, taking a different element out each time. All the land was cultivated in the same way with the same crops for three years, and the result proved that the perfect manure gave a perfect crop and a great increase over no manure, whilst each of the other plots gave less, the amount differing with the kind of crop—wheat and beet-roots requiring more nitrogen, vegetables more phosphoric acid, etc. Here is, in a nutshell, the value of Mr. Henderson's costly experience reduced and tabulated in such a way that any common reader can understand it.

Mr. Henderson has blundered along in the right direction, but mole-like and without being able to give any light or specific guidance to others. His barnyard compost contained nearly all the elements plants require. Some were in excess; some in small amounts. When the latter were reduced below their proportionate value, the addition of more compost failed to give the expected response, and some other manure, which had the minus element in large quantity, applied to the land enabled the following crops to consume the accumulations remaining behind from the compost manure. If Mr. Henderson had understood the *rationale* of manuring, he could have added just what the compost required to make it a perfect manure at small cost, and with no loss in crop—which, after all, is the serious loss to the market-gardener. To him the cost of his manure is nothing; it is how it answers in the yield of vegetation. These abstract and scientific faults in Mr. Henderson's book are more damaging to the book and the man's reputation in the eyes of scientific thinkers than with the general reader. Yet if Mr. Henderson could have applied his manure aided by the light of reason, his results would be immensely more valuable to all classes of readers, and would have made his book more economically valuable to every one. When Mr. Henderson stepped out of his practical market-gardening into authorship he became a book-farmer, and subjected his book and its advice to the same tests to which all other agricultural books and theories must submit. He can no longer sneer at book-farmers and theorists; he has become one of the class; and to those who have no personal acquaintance with him he is no more reliable, or to be believed, than Liebig or Bousingault. All suffer from the general incredulity of the agricultural world as to the value of that farming which can be taught in books. Whilst we point out the shortcomings of such books as these of Waring and Henderson, we ought to welcome them as very valuable additions to the most important literature which we have.

THORWALDSEN.*

When Thorwaldsen, on his triumphal tour through Germany, had, in 1841, arrived at Munich, the Art Society celebrated his visit by the performance of a little comedy, "Das Endurtheil" ("the final judgment"), in which different cities contended for the right to possess the artist. Schiller conducted Stuttgart's cause, Gutenberg spoke for Mayence, Munich was represented by Maximilian I., Christian IV. broke his lance for Copenhagen's good right, Warsaw, Rome, and many more cities took part in the squabble, which even seemed to increase in bitterness, when suddenly the gods interfered. Juno ardently claimed the exclusive right of Olympus, when just at the right moment the ruler of gods and men raised his voice and proclaimed, "Thorwaldsen belongs to the whole world!" The world has approved this Olym-

* "Thorwaldsen, sa Vie et ses Œuvres. Par E. Plon." Paris. 1867.

pian sentence. Born on the 19th November, 1770, on the high seas, he could be called a cosmopolitan, not a Dane. Thorwaldsen used to say: "I was born on the 8th March, 1797 (the day of his arrival at Rome); till then I did not live." Though the learned Zoëga, the Winckelmann of the Danes, completed Thorwaldsen's academical education, Thorwaldsen mostly associated with and joined German artists; he was, as his biographer says, "with regard to sculpture, the most perfect and true expression of Winckelmann's doctrine; it is therefore impossible to separate his work from the doctrine which, as it were, has called it forth." M. Plon's biography is an important addition to art literature, being founded not only on already known sources, but on the result of personal researches and of a journey to Copenhagen.

Thorwaldsen's artistical development is traced by M. Plon from the time when he as a boy exercised himself, in company with his poor father, in wood-carvings, until the end, when old age paralyzed the arm which had wielded the chisel for half a century. In Thorwaldsen, as in many other artists, we see, too, a marked contrast between the character of the first and of the later works; the scholastic traditions are at first carefully followed, till a decisive success encourages genius to trust to the strength of its own wings. This difference is manifested mostly in the works in which the artist has treated the same subject; "Priamus asking from Achilles the corpse of Hector," for instance, offers to M. Plon very remarkable comparisons. The transformative process effected in the artist by his stay at Rome and his contemplation of the antique we can follow in its single degrees; we see how Thorwaldsen gradually frees himself from the shackles of mere imitation and rises to the independence of his own original creations. He was not very productive during the early part of his stay at Rome; "in Rome doubt takes possession of his mind, and this is just the first progressive step; he has seen so many masterworks that he has more than ever the consciousness of his own weakness. When he now intends creating an original work, he first meditates upon the subject, and only when he has found an adequate embodiment of his idea he resolves to take the clay—but, from his hands being unoccupied, it must not be concluded that his mind was at rest."

Thorwaldsen in his youth possessed an eminent facility of production, to which he then trusted without deliberation, but of which when in the ripeness of his years he became suspicious, altering and improving the first design often so much that hardly anything remained of it, and not ceasing in this severe self-criticism till his work seemed to him worthy of its antique predecessors. As he in many cases confined himself to executing his works in stucco, and habitually left to employees of his studio the execution in marble, which he however continually watched, the erroneous belief had spread that he knew well enough to model, but the handling of marble he did not understand. But then the Adonis, now at the Glyptothek at Munich, which Thorwaldsen himself entirely executed, is a most eloquent proof that this assertion is not true. Of this Adonis M. Plon says: "Thorwaldsen has borrowed from the Greeks the perfect outline of the head, the arrangement of the hair, the repose of attitude, the well-calculated equilibrium of the model, but the thoughtful physiognomy of the young shepherd and the eager study of nature give to the marble the artist's personal stamp." A comparison of Thorwaldsen with Canova is very instructive. Canova looked at nature as on something more graceful and coquettish than great and powerful, and he is connected with antiquity by imitating the artists of the third Greek art-period, who are in the same relation to Phidias as Guido to Raphael. Canova is attracted by the graceful character of that epoch, and he succeeds better in tender compositions than in vigorous figures. The forms of the beautiful bodies he groups have something undulating, pleasing, and flattering to the eyes. Thorwaldsen's works show nothing similar, and therefore those drawing a parallel between them usually find Thorwaldsen cold by the side of Canova. The Danish sculptor is more severe, more philosophical, in striving for the beautiful.

For the earnestness with which he aimed at the expression of verity an incident which Andersen relates in his "Story of My Life," in Thorwaldsen's own words, is very characteristic: "At Rome I had to make the statue of Lord Byron. When he came to my atelier I bade him sit down, and he at once assumed a strange mien, totally different from his ordinary physiognomy. 'My lord,' I said to him, 'please be quietly seated, but pray do n't put on such an inconsolable look.' 'This is the expression which characterizes my face,' Byron replied. 'Indeed!' I replied, and without caring for his assertion I worked after my own idea. When the bust was ready, everybody found it a speaking likeness, but his lordship was very little satisfied with it. 'This is not my face,' he said, 'I look much more unhappy.' For he wanted to have an unhappy look at any price."

The religious works of Thorwaldsen have more of a philosophical expression than of a Christian character. The objection that his lack of religious feeling must be an obstacle to him in this branch, the artist answered with the words: "Even if I were quite an infidel, how could that hinder me? Have I not well represented the gods of paganism? and still I do not believe in them." He was led here less by his feeling than by his fine understanding, and here, too, the austere beauty, learned from the Greeks, was his only guiding rule.

With not less carefulness than he has shown in depicting Thorwaldsen's artistic development, M. Plon has collected the material of the artist's biography. A valuable addition to the work is a complete list of all of Thorwaldsen's works. The book is well printed, and magnificently illustrated with two fine engravings by Gaillard, Venus and Mercury by Thorwaldsen, and with thirty-five wood engravings after Gaillard's designs.

Curious Myths of the Middle Ages. By S. Baring-Gould, M.A. (Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1867.)—The use of the word "myth" in the title of the book is to be excepted to. We are not unaware of the latitude which late English writers, and even authors of dictionaries, have allowed themselves in the use of this word; but we doubt whether the most virulent anti-purist among them would have ventured to apply it to a history of divining-rods or of fatal numbers. The exact and consistent use of the word in the Greek mythology from which we derive it should have secured it immunity from a loose application in our own language. In the Greek mythology it is always used of a *personal* narrative; of a story or series of stories relating to a given person or group of persons. Such a story, when told of a saint, is called by the Church a legend. The distinction is certainly worth preserving, and the author's carelessness in this respect is the more remarkable as the book seems, for the most part, to have been written in a scholarly spirit.

The first and most interesting of the twelve subjects treated of in the book is the myth of the Wandering Jew—a myth which, based on familiar texts of Scripture, and from its intimate connection with the mysteries of the future life appealing directly to the superstitious tendency existing in almost every human heart, has had a more extended circulation and attracted a more general belief than any other since the Christian era. In fact, even our author, who elsewhere treats his subject simply from the historical standpoint, seems to be somewhat affected by the strength of the testimony in favor of this tradition. The remaining subjects treated of are "Prester John," "The Divining-Rod," "The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus," "William Tell," "The Dog Gellert," "Tailed Men," "Antichrist and Pope Joan," "The Man in the Moon," "The Mountain of Venus," "Fatality of Numbers," and "The Terrestrial Paradise." Of these we cannot speak in detail. In the chapter on the "Fatality of Numbers," a subject which afforded a better field than any of the others for a display of curious learning, the author has fallen below his usual standard and has given but a meagre collection of familiar facts. One of the most entertaining passages in the book, though somewhat foreign to the narrative in which it occurs, is in the sketch of William Tell, where an account is given of the theory of a French ecclesiastic of the myth of Napoleon Bonaparte. He regards Napoleon as an impersonification of the sun, and, in fact, identical with the Greek Apollo. He shows this by an ingenious etymological argument from the names of the two divinities, and a not less ingenious comparison of events in the history of each. A single instance will suffice to show the nature of the argument, which is quite as original and convincing as the more familiar one of Archbishop Whately on the same subject: "Apollo was born in Delos, a Mediterranean island; Napoleon in Corsica, an island in the same sea. According to Pausanias, Apollo was an Egyptian deity; and in the mythological history of the fabulous Napoleon we find the hero in Egypt regarded by the inhabitants with veneration and receiving their homage," etc., etc. We believe that it is usually thought essential, in proving the identity of deities in different systems of mythology, to show a reasonable similarity of characteristics, but the abbé fails to tell us whether the hero of Lodi would have been flattered by a comparison with this graceful *habitué* of the best Olympic society. On the whole, the book may be recommended as being amusing, and something better than merely amusing.

The Tree of Life; or, Human Degeneracy; its Nature and Remedy as based on the Elevating Principle of Orthopathy. By Isaac Jennings, M.D. (New York: Miller, Wood & Co. 1867.)—Dr. Jennings informs us in the preface to his book that, disgusted with human nature as manifested in his neighbors and in mankind generally, he, several years ago, went to Oberlin, intending to become a member of the body of reformers who make that

place their headquarters. Finding, however, that the members of the community were too degenerate for him, he set out for himself, and now publishes his system in the "Tree of Life." In this book he has endeavored to give a faithful delineation of human degeneracy, spiritual and physical, together with the remedy. Whatever opinions we may have formed in regard to the success of his undertaking and the merits of his book, there is one fatal defect which he seems not to have perceived. He does not make it all clear that mankind has degenerated—that human nature is any more depraved now than it was at the beginning. Many wise and good men think that human nature is better now than it ever has been before, and that it is constantly becoming more perfect.

But admitting the total depravity of the whole human race, books like the one before us can never exercise the least jot or tittle of influence in eradicating its wickedness. This is by no means the first attempt of the kind. They are all alike impractical, verbose, sciolistic, enthusiastic productions; based upon one idea or a very limited series of ideas, and utterly devoid of sound common-sense. According to Dr. Jennings, spiritual degeneracy is to be treated by "trusting in God," and physical degeneracy by bread pills, patience, and flannel. To what condition a firm persistence in those therapeutic measures, to the exclusion of more active means, would lead the human race, we leave our readers to conclude for themselves. We imagine they will not have much difficulty in arriving at the truth. Dr. Jennings writes like a sincere and well-meaning man. Few, however, who require to be lifted from spiritual or physical degeneracy are likely to read his book, and, if they did, we are sorry to say we scarcely think they would be raised by its perusal into a state of spiritual or physical perfection.

Caste: a Novel. By the author of "Mr. Arle." (New York: Harper & Brothers.)—This book, with its suggestive and bellicose title, and its mildly inoffensive contents, reminds us of a blank cartridge. It is the history of a young woman of great beauty, pride, and erudition (the latter not quite so profound as that of Miss Augusta Evans's heroines), the daughter of a hosier in a little English town. The beauty and learning of Miss Isabel Wold evidently fit her to grace the higher ranks of aristocracy, but her pride, which is at once gigantic and delightfully absurd, causes her to renounce the idea of love—marriage with one of her own order being a thing too dreadful to contemplate. However, when she loves and is beloved by a man of the best social position, she rejects him for no reason except pride, and for the same cogent reason afterwards marries a man whom she neither loves nor respects. In the course of her married life her pride is much chastened by the misconduct of her husband, who spends her money and his own, commits forgeries, and threatens to leave her, carrying one of her children with him. To avert the latter catastrophe she runs away herself, taking the children along, to a village in Wales, where she supports herself by keeping a shop, in which she sells cotton, tape, needles, and classical music. The remainder of her life is marked by no especial incidents save the sudden whitening of her hair through fright, the death of her husband, and the final subjugation of her pride. The style in which all this is told is, for the most part, quite tame and colorless, though the monotony is occasionally varied by an amusing burst of "fine writing." In short, it is a very stupid novel, the perusal of which gives no hint of any reason for its republication, the fact of its being a reprint affording, on the other hand, the only excuse for noticing it at all. We confess to feeling that our publishers move in a mysterious way in the matter of reprints and translations. We get Auerbach and Turgenef and Ruffini from them, it is true, but are we not also favored with English versions of the voluminous novels of Louisa Mühlbach, an author whose writings bear about the same relation to the best German literature that those of Sylvanus Cobb do to our own?

Geyelin's Poultry Breeding in a Commercial Point of View, etc. With a preface by Charles L. Flint. (Boston: A. Williams & Co.)—While the trade of "poulterer" is as yet unknown in this country, the increased interest in poultry-breeding during the last few years has rendered welcome the many books upon this subject which have been published. These books being mainly useful to amateurs, there has been a want felt of some work which should present the subject in its commercial aspects. This want Mr. Geyelin's little book tolerably well supplies, its value being enhanced by the preface supplied to the American edition by Mr. Charles L. Flint. Mr. Geyelin is evidently an enthusiast as to his special method of poultry-breeding, which, while presenting many valuable features (such, for instance, as the process of preserving eggs, the movable coop, and the "vermin nursery"), we should hesitate wholly to endorse. Especially do we doubt the feasibility, in so variable a climate as ours, of profitable artificial hatching, though the French plan of incubation by turkeys, mentioned by Mr. Geyelin, seems practicable, if cruel. We think, too, he gives too high an estimate of the number of eggs per annum a hen will lay. While the business of poultry-raising on a commercial scale has yet to be tried in this country, we see no reason to doubt its practicability, if judiciously conducted. To such as design trying the experiment, Mr. Geyelin's book will be of great service, as it will also be to amateurs, for, notwithstanding the disclaimer of the preface, that it does not pretend to treat of diseases, breeds, etc., the book is full of valuable hints. The questions whether large numbers of fowls can healthily be kept together, whether it is most profitable to raise poultry for the meat or the eggs, or both, and whether vegetable-gardening and poultry-raising can be profitably combined, are judiciously discussed, while the book is embellished with numerous plans of poultry-houses, fattening-pens, etc. The interest awakened among practical poultry-breeders by the recent formation of the American Poultry Association and by the wide circulation of such books as this, will, no doubt, soon lead to something which will rival the establishment at Bromley (England).

Recent Republications.—Mr. William A. Wheeler, whose lexicographic labors began, we believe, with "Worcester's Dictionary," has edited for the Merriams a "National Pictorial Dictionary" of Webster, which in respect of plan is similar to the octavo "University Edition," but which borrows from the new quarto some of its best features, and adds one or two which are found in no other edition, the quarto not excepted. Being intended for a working dictionary, it omits from its vocabulary obsolete and rare words and self-explaining compounds, but retains most of the terms employed in the various departments of science and the arts. With each word it gives the etymologies and pronunciation of the quarto, and in disputed cases both the Websterian and the English or Worcesterian spelling. Synonyms also are given. Of the appendix the peculiarities are: a Vocabulary of Perfect and Allowable Rhymes, and a Glossary of Scottish Words and Phrases contributed by Mr. William Russell. The illustrations are partly interspersed with the text and partly classified at the end of the volume. It is curious to observe that we owe the idea of using illustrations to a "pirated" Edinburgh edition of Webster called the "Imperial Dictionary," which was imitated, so far as regards this feature, first by the new Worcester and then by the old Webster's "Unabridged." But the latter could not insert them in their proper places. The new quarto, of course, was composed with reference to them. On the whole, we consider the "National Pictorial" a very successful adaptation to the intellectual wants and pecuniary circumstances of the people. It is clearly printed on thick, untransparent paper, and is easily held in the hand while being consulted.

A truly excellent "Boswell's Life of Johnson" would contain, in addition to the "Life" proper, the "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," which is really only so many additional chapters of our great biography. Johnson's prejudices, sense, eloquence, wit, and learning are as brightly displayed, and displayed in just the same way, in the "Journal" as in the "Life," and it is to be regretted, we think, that a handy edition of the "Life," which contains in a fair-sized octavo all else of Johnson that this generation much cares to preserve, should not have contained, at the expense of a few more pages, the record of his conversations in Scotland. For the rest, we can say of the edition before us—Messrs. George Routledge & Sons'—that the book is divided into chapters with very good head-notes, that the index—and on account of the multiplicity of topics treated there is hardly a book in the English language that needs an index more—is a tolerably full one, that the notes are sufficient, that the illustrations are good, and that the paper is good. The type is very small indeed. But then in type of this size the whole work occupies no more than fifty or sixty cubic inches of space on the shelf, and "Boswell's Life of Johnson" is eminently a book in which to read—after we have once read it through—four or five pages at a time, say when we feel ourselves given over to vapidness, stupidity, and emptiness. Then, half an hour with Johnson makes us men of sense again.

Mr. Doolady's "Diamond Thackeray" has got as far as the second volume, which contains "The Newcomes," the most popular of all the works of the author of "Vanity Fair." This volume of this edition was edited by Mr. W. L. Alden, who has worked with care, and has given us a text free from blemish. The illustrations, Thackeray's own, were engraved by Richardson, and are twelve in number. Altogether the book is a very good specimen of the Diamond edition style of books—and that is a style of which the good and bad points are known to all our readers. The good points are so many that we shall be heartily glad if Mr. Doolady pushes his enterprise to speedy completion.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of The Nation *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE REPUBLICAN TROUBLES.

It is now, we believe, pretty generally agreed that Pennsylvania has been lost to the Republican party for the same reason that California was, and that many people fear New York will be lost—the corruption of the Republican politicians and the inferiority in point of character and standing of the Republican candidates. We are glad to see, also, that most even of the party papers acknowledge this to be the melancholy truth, and are not, as after the Connecticut election, of opinion that the disaster was due to want of sufficiently strong advocacy of negro suffrage. *The Tribune* meets the reverse in the only manly and sensible way, by acknowledging its extent and showing that, though great, it is not irretrievable; that misfortunes as great have overtaken the party before, and yet have not destroyed it.

We feel bound to say, however, that this is, under the circumstances, but very imperfect consolation. The Republican party has the greatest work to do, and has had it to do for the last seven years, which has ever fallen to the lot of a political party, and it is necessary to the successful performance of the work that it should not be interrupted. But the people have now twice attempted to take it out of Republican hands—once in 1862, perhaps in great part because they were not yet ready for the emancipation policy; and now, because they are disgusted by its corruption and fondness for over-legislation. But no matter what the cause may be, as long as it is a preventible cause, the interruption is not only unfortunate for the country but discreditable to the Republican managers. As regards the corruption, nobody expects any change for the better from the Democrats. The Republicans are driven out rather by way of punishing them than in the hope of inaugurating a reform. If we are ever to have any improvement in political morality, it is from the action of the Republican party it must come, for it contains most of the principle as well as most of the intelligence of the country. The Democratic party has, and will have as long as it lasts, to rely so largely on the worst elements in the American population, that its best men, let them be ever so well inclined, will find themselves powerless. It is not likely that it will ever do anything towards banishing corruption beyond "denouncing" and "stigmatizing" it in its platforms. The diminution of political corruption, the extinction of the practice of selling acts of the Legislature to the highest bidder, of dividing the public offices as plunder amongst thieves, the general raising of the tone of public men, and the recognition of character as the greatest and most valuable of political forces, and, in fact, the only one to which the nation can in the last extremity look for salvation, is the great question of our time. It is greater than the suffrage, greater than reconstruction; for if no means could be devised of infusing more morality into politics, it would make little difference who voted or on what terms the North and South were reunited. What are the chances that the Republican party will, while doing other things, not leave this undone? To judge from some indications, they are poor enough; but to judge from others—the late elections, we take leave to say, amongst the number—they are tolerably good.

The curse of our politics is, as everybody—when there is no election in progress—now acknowledges, the yoke of party discipline. It has always been enforced and upheld, even by some rigid moralists, that it was necessary to success, and that, even if it were an evil, it was an evil through which a still greater evil was prevented. For instance, it might be wrong to send a bad man to Congress, but by sending him you helped to prevent the perpetuation at the South of the degradation and oppression of millions. Everybody is familiar with this mode of justifying doubtful political manœuvres just before the elections. People who preach morality at that period are generally pronounced by "practical politicians" either fools or traitors, and are urged, as we have been ourselves, to stop sermonizing till the election is over; then, indeed, it is impossible to be too pious, and a good moralizer on the rascality of politicians may expect to have a fine audience even of the successful party, with the most hardened wire-pullers and jobbers seated in tears on the front benches. The theory of the "practical men" is that you cannot before elections too completely drown your scruples, and cannot too blindly swallow the ticket if the election is an important one, but when all is over it is your duty as a good citizen to "testify" against the nominating convention, and expose the weakness and wickedness of the candidates it imposed on you, so that next time it will do better.

But, as we pointed out when discussing the subject last spring, nominating conventions cannot be got to do better in this way. The plan has been tried for years and has utterly failed. If preaching down corruption and knavery and time-serving, and preaching up the duty of nominating good men to office, *between elections*, were of any use, the Government of the country would be monopolized by the wise and just, and the rascals would be calling out for "personal representation." The pulpits have resounded with this sort of thing ever since nominating conventions first began; the press has teemed with it; and it has formed the standing excuse of all the young and old prigs who "have nothing to do with politics," and devote themselves to money-making and light literature and tuft-hunting in Europe. The managers are always willing to let you preach till the crack of doom provided you keep your place in the ranks and vote the regular ticket on election day, and they can always provide you with a dozen fine reasons for your doing so—and so long as you do so, there is absolutely no chance of any improvement in the nominating conventions. This is as certain as anything in politics can be. The reform must come from the readiness of voters to desert the party standard. The only thing that will incline the leaders to better ways is the fear that if they do not nominate good men and keep out of jobbing, their labors will be thrown away and their nominees defeated at the polls.

This may sound very wild doctrine to practical politicians, but we maintain that it is we who are practical and they who are visionaries. They constantly flatter themselves and try to persuade the public that each election is the most critical one that has ever occurred, and that if it can be carried all will go well ever after. But no one election, except the election of Mr. Lincoln in 1864, has ever settled any great question. The work of forming public opinion is slow; the work of carrying it into action is slower still. It took the anti-slavery party nearly twenty years of agitation and dozens of elections and four years of bloody war to get the Government of the country into their hands; it will take the Republican party, in our opinion, eight or ten years more of power to carry out their policy to its legitimate results, and settle society at the South upon a sure and lasting foundation; and we hold it to be of the highest importance to the country that they should succeed in retaining it for this period. No such transformation as we are now attempting can be effected in a year or two.

But no party can hope to retain power any longer than the Republican party has retained it, or long enough for the proper execution of any such work as the latter has in hand, unless it can manage to keep *pure* and to confine its attention to one object. All parties which remain long in office naturally attract the knaves to them, and naturally grow over-confident in their own strength; and the longer they remain in office, the bolder the knaves grow, and the more disposition there is to lend the party strength—just as manufacturers let out their surplus steam-power—to any little set of enthusiasts who apply for it and offer to pay for it in noisy support. Now, no party in America can count on remaining in office long after it gets into this condition. A party, as we have more than once pointed out, is not an army. It is a collection of free agents, influenced in a greater or less degree by one idea, and party organization can only be strong in proportion to the ignorance of the members. No party at the North can ever be as strong and compact as the pro-slavery party has been at the South; the Republican organization can never be as perfect as that of the Democrats; and although it is quite true that the more you spread newspapers and books, the more Republicans you make, it is also true that the more highly educated the Republican

party becomes, the more care will the management of it require, if the leaders do not wish to be left high and dry, as they are to-day in California, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. Intelligent and educated men can only be led through their reason and through their conscience. They will not go into battle for any cause under the leadership of knaves, hypocrites, and thieves, and it is well for the country, and well for the negro, and well for everybody whose destiny is bound up in that of the nation, that they should not. The loss of even one election at such a crisis as this is, of course, a great loss. We are sorry for it, but if it helps to disabuse party managers of the idea under which *The Tribune* says they acted in Pennsylvania, that "anything that is put on the Republican ticket can be elected;" if it convince them that to be sure of a long tenure of power they must respect the popular conscience, we hold that the lesson, though bitter, will prove invaluable.

We are no more afraid of the tide turning in the United States in favor of restriction and political inequality than we are afraid of the rivers beginning to flow backwards. All the forces of the age fight against privilege. But we are afraid of having the popular faith in honesty and integrity destroyed, and all the traditions of virtue and decency wiped out, by that most dangerous of all kinds of corruption, the corruption of men who profess to be serving great moral ideas.

The theory which some Western papers are propounding, that the elections have gone wrong because the country is disgusted with the delays of Congress, is doubtless a pleasant one, but we do not know where any support is to be found for it in the history of the past two years. The extreme Radicals have, no doubt, started a good many alarming schemes, but Congress has not adopted any of them. All that the Thirty-ninth Congress did was to claim for itself exclusive jurisdiction in the matter of reconstruction. The first terms it offered the South were as mild as any terms could be, and it had, of course, to give the South a reasonable time to consider and adopt them. Even the Philadelphia Convention could not say they were hard; what it did say was that it was humiliating for the South to have to accept any terms at all. The present plan was not resolved upon till after the South had had a year for consideration, and it contains nothing but negro suffrage to make it objectionable to any Northerner who supported the war; and as to negro suffrage, it has not been sprung suddenly on the party. It is a cry two years old, which every Republican journal or statesman has been steadily repeating ever since the South produced its Black Codes in the fall of 1865. The question of negro suffrage at the North is comparatively a novel question, and has probably not come home to the great majority of Northern voters, and the way in which the Ohio Republicans have treated it is certainly most discreditable to them; but the way in which the party has been managed everywhere has not been such as to fix people's attention on the principles of equal rights underlying negro suffrage at the South, and to make them sensible that this was—as the Springfield *Republican* well pointed out the other day—the only basis of the party, the great reason for its existence. It has been, on the contrary, managed or talked of by many of its leaders for the last year or two as if it was a gigantic factotum for the suppression of free-traders, drunkards, fornicators, Sabbath-breakers, for the spread of universal freedom, the better distribution of landed property at the South, and the production of a general rise in wages combined with a general shortening of the hours of labor, and, finally, for the cheating of the public creditors. Some of the most extraordinary doctrines in jurisprudence and political economy ever heard of, in our day at least, have been produced under the shadow of its standard by men claiming to lead it; and though the party as a party has not given them any formal countenance, it has done enough to share in the discredit of them, and it has at last fallen into carelessness, or worse, in making its nominations. But defeat at elections does not mean its death. The party is not to be found at conventions or in platforms. Its strength lies in the ideas and aspirations of the best men and women in America, and in these there is no change. The late losses, so far from showing a decline in the sentiment to which the party owed its origin, in our opinion shows that it is stronger than ever, for he is no true lover of equal political rights who does not love truth and honesty better still.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

The losses which the Republican party has sustained in every election that has occurred during this year, amounting to positive defeats in Connecticut, California, and Pennsylvania, and a loss equivalent to a defeat in Ohio, make it necessary to survey the whole field, and consider dispassionately what political course the country is likely to take, what probability there is of the restoration of the Democrats to power, and what effect such an event may have upon the country.

The actual losses of the Republicans are a governor in each of the States of Connecticut and California, seven members of the House of Representatives, and two United States Senators. The diminution of the Republican majority in the States which have thus far voted, as compared with last year, is in round numbers 107,000, viz.: 16,000 in Maine, 1,500 in New Hampshire, 2,700 in Vermont, 1,000 in Rhode Island, 1,500 in Connecticut, 19,000 in Pennsylvania, 40,000 in Ohio, 10,000 in Iowa, and 15,000 in California. There is every reason to suppose that the States which hold elections in November will increase this figure to 200,000, or about one-half of the entire Republican majority in the Northern States.

The result of the election in New York may easily be foreseen. The Democratic majorities in New York and Brooklyn will be reduced nearly 10,000 by the light vote, but the Republican majorities in the interior (amounting last year to 70,000) will be reduced by 30,000 or 40,000. In each of the counties of Albany, Rensselaer, and St. Lawrence there will be a Republican loss of some 2,000 votes, in each of a dozen strong Republican counties, such as Allegany, Cayuga, Chautauqua, Onondaga, etc., there will be a loss of 1,000 votes or more, and a smaller loss in almost every other county. This leaves the Democratic ticket a majority in the State of from 7,000 to 15,000, which, unless some unexpected change occurs before the election, it is tolerably certain to have.

These unfavorable results, however, are by no means conclusive indications of the prospect for 1868. The Democrats have made no actual gain in votes, except in Connecticut. Their victories have been won in consequence of the apathy or temporary disgust of Republicans. Of course it is possible for the Republican party to act so unwisely as to drive into the opposite ranks those who have this year simply stayed at home. But, unless great follies are committed, New York and Indiana are the only large States which can be doubtful in 1868; and the Republican candidate is sure to carry 150 of the 247 electoral votes now recognized. If the South is reconstructed on the Congressional plan (and its vote upon any other basis will not be counted), the Republican majority will be increased. Supposing, however, that by the defection of Pennsylvania and Illinois, as well as New York and Indiana, a Democratic President should be elected, with a House of Representatives in sympathy with him, the Republicans have 34 of the 54 senators until 1871 beyond doubt, with a moral certainty of retaining 30 until 1873, and a certainty that may fairly be called absolute of retaining 27 senators until that time.

Sixteen Republican senators hold over until 1873, thirteen until 1871, and of those who retire in 1869 six are from the States of Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Rhode Island, and Vermont, which no one can pretend to consider doubtful, and one from Tennessee, who will be chosen by the present Legislature within a few days. Of the senators retiring in 1871 seven are from Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota (a Johnson man), and Rhode Island, which are not doubtful States, besides two from New Hampshire and Tennessee. Our figures are therefore inside the bounds of reasonable certainty. If the Southern States are restored, it will be with at least ten Republican senators (from Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina) out of the twenty to which they will be entitled, and probably more.

Thus it appears certain that the policy of Congress cannot be reversed for six years to come, except by a change of views within the lines of the Republican party or by some act of revolutionary violence. Against the latter danger we are protected for at least another year by the fortunate circumstance that the governors of all the great central States, having at their command all the available militia force of the country, are thoroughly in sympathy with Congress, and would bring

a powerful and well-organized body of troops to its aid in case of any outbreak. This consideration has made the result in Ohio, where alone a governor was elected this month, one of great importance. If the Democratic candidate had been elected there, Mr. Johnson might have felt much more disposed to try issues with Congress than he will feel now.

The moral effect of defeat this fall is, upon the whole, likely to be healthy to the Republican party. Its leaders will surely see the necessity of greater discretion, of using wiser means to attain the desired end, of abandoning schemes of local and private advantage, and of concentrating all the power of the party upon the main issues. The last point has become plain to them, and it is clear that some minor issues are to be abandoned. Whether Pennsylvanians can reconcile themselves to the obvious determination of the West to resist any further increase of the tariff, and whether the West can refrain from tampering with the currency to the ruin of the East, are questions yet undetermined. A wise forbearance upon all questions unconnected with reconstruction, and a vigorous enforcement of the policy of reconstruction already inaugurated, will yet give the Republicans a victory in 1868.

If, as we hear is the general wish of the party in the West, and of a large portion of it in the East, Mr. Pendleton is to be the Democratic candidate in 1868, the national credit will be at stake in the contest, even more than the questions of reconstruction. Mr. Pendleton's financial theories are undoubtedly popular within his own party, and may please some thoughtless Republicans in the West, where comparatively little of the national debt is held. The managers of the late Democratic Convention in this State had great difficulty in preventing it from committing itself to the support of Mr. Pendleton's views, which they were shrewd enough to know would be fatal to the party in this State, where so vast an amount is invested in national securities. Mr. Hoffman deserves great credit for his emphatic assertion of the duty of good faith on the part of the nation; and we should be glad to hope that the counsels of such men would prevail in the party at large. But the nomination of Mr. Pendleton would be an act of open war upon the national debt, and would, we think, secure a Republican victory on the Atlantic shore.

The completion of reconstruction will remove one of the embarrassments of the Republican party, though it may also deprive it of a popular issue. The work, when accomplished, cannot be easily undone, whereas the process keeps the country in a disturbed state. The efforts of Mr. Johnson to hinder its completion do not help his party; but so long as its success remains doubtful, there will be a good deal of natural vacillation in the mindsof well-meaning men. Success is the final test of all such experiments in government; and until its success has been demonstrated, many supporters of the Congressional policy will hesitate at each new step that may be required. It seems probable that the recent elections will make Southern Republicans at once more prompt and more moderate than they might otherwise have been. They will see the necessity of maintaining harmony among themselves, and of finishing the work of restoration without delay. The colored voters will not reject the aid of white Southerners when offered in good faith; and by 1868 the Republican party may be assured of a real and lasting majority in several of the Southern States. Unlimited success in the Northern elections might easily mislead our Southern allies into a ruinous intolerance, of which there have already been some indications. We believe that the late seemingly untoward events may thus be fruitful of good to the whole country.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

Dr. Nathan Allen has given a fresh impetus to the discussion of the "woman question" by an able and interesting paper read before the Social Science Association at Boston; but it was valuable rather for its account of the existing evils and for its general suggestiveness than for any assistance it supplies in finding a remedy. He declared the decline of productiveness amongst native New Englanders to be an undoubted fact, showed that the average size of families had decreased generation after generation ever since the settlement of the country, and ascribed the falling off partly to the bad health of the women and partly to the growth and prevalence of the practice of abortion, and to the over-development of the brain and over-devotion to intellectual pursuits.

Unless some light is thrown before long, from some unexpected quarter, on this problem of woman's condition, we fear it will vex mankind more than any other by which the race has ever been perplexed. Every attempt to solve it seems to render it more insoluble. Even discussion about it, instead of clearing anything up, seems to add to the confusion. Woman's mind, body, social and political condition are now the subject of constant debate; and when we consider the part which women play in the world, it is appalling to read the accounts we get of them even from those most interested in them. The complaint which reaches us most frequently from Europe is of their increasing coarseness, particularly those of the upper classes, their growing "fastness," "horsiness," and slanginess; their growing distaste for intellectual or artistic pursuits, and for any of the old delights of hearth and home. From what they are reported to go through by way of amusement, it is fair to conclude that there are no symptoms of very great or unusual decline in their health; and that their productiveness has not diminished it is fair to infer from the absence of any marked change in the census returns. On turning to America for some relief, after looking on this repulsive picture, we are assured by social philosophers that the condition of women here is not much more encouraging. They cultivate their minds, it is said, but at the expense of their health and legitimate physical functions. According to Dr. Allen, they make poor wives and poor mothers, and they are seeking to escape their lawful responsibilities by a practice which differs from the heathen practice of infanticide only as General Butler's scheme for lightening the national burdens differs from repudiation. The women of the present generation, he assures us, are physically very inferior in every way to their grandmothers.

There are, however, three sides to every social phenomenon, and woman is no exception to the rule. If we look at her from Dr. Holland's side, she is an angel sent on earth to recall scatterbrained male infidels to religion and common sense; if we look at her from Dr. Allen's, she is an animal whose chief function is to breed and educate men, and she does it so badly as hardly to justify her existence. But we may look at her from still another side, and get a much better idea of her real condition and capacity. As regards her physical health, we suspect, although bad, its decline is grossly exaggerated. We doubt very much whether the grandmothers of the women of our day were much healthier than their granddaughters. Certainly the male contemporaries of the former talked about them just as we talk about their descendants. Dr. Dwight, of New Haven, who was assuredly not inclined to represent the people of New England in unfavorable light, claims for the women of New England in his day the highest charms both of mind and body, but mourns over their fragility, their sedentary habits, their bad teeth, their poor health, very much as the professors of "hygiene" and "light gymnastics" do over the women of our day—and he wrote half a century ago.

And yet the women of that day enjoyed many advantages which the women of our day do not possess, and were exempt from many responsibilities which press on their granddaughters with terrible force. In the first place, hardly any social duties were expected of them, and hardly any literary "culture," if we may apply that term to the wild race after popular novelists, popular divines, popular essayists, and popular periodicals which unhappy women are now forced to keep up in order to be able to make a decent figure in polite society. In the second place, they stayed at home and made the care of their houses their chief, in fact we might say their only, business. They visited little, they took no exercise for sanitary purposes, and were not called upon for those displays of philanthropic and social activity to which our women owe so much of their nervous wear and tear. To be sure, they had the education of their children to attend to, but in a less degree than at present; the father and the Church took more interest and a greater part in it than now. Moreover, the education of children fifty years ago was a very different task from what it is to-day. It was then not uncommonly believed that, with the aid of the "Assembly's Catechism" and a good birch rod, a boy or girl might be fitted to fill almost any sphere in life with credit. There was little of the anxious care about children's health, the anxious study of their individual

temperament and character, the anxious desire to bring to bear on each case not only good influences, but the influences best suited to it, by which a conscientious parent's life is now haunted. The government of families was that clumsiest, rudest, and most barbarous of all kinds of government—government by fear. Moreover, the children of that day might have been and were flung on the world to do for themselves with a confidence which fathers and mothers are now far from feeling. Success is now more difficult, all walks and callings are more crowded, and temptations are tenfold more numerous than they were then. The parents of the last century in New England experienced but little of the trembling solicitude with which parents now see their sons and daughters, let them be ever so carefully trained and well-armed, stand on the threshold of life and bid a last farewell to childhood.

It must not be forgotten, also, that the women of our day are passing through a transition state. They are, with the education of a hundred years ago, trying to play their part in a society vastly more complex, exacting, and wearing than any of which their grandmothers ever dreamed. The training of men for the parts they are to act in life becomes every day more and more careful and elaborate. There is hardly a contingency of their career for which some attempt is not made to provide at school or college. All the resources of the ablest masters of the educational art are exhausted in preparing them for their duties. But women, whose chief business it is to bear children and govern their families, and who to these primary and fundamental duties have now added that of entertaining well, of making their houses agreeable, in the best sense of the word, to all who enter them—in other words, to be skilful in the most delicate and difficult of all the arts—are thrown into life without any special training whatever. What girls are taught is to amuse young men at the age when young men are silliest and most unformed; but then the amusement of young men of this kind is not a business in which a married woman is ever expected to engage. For the care of her own health or the care of her children's health; for the diffusion through her home of an atmosphere of refinement, of cheerfulness, of hospitality; for making her parlor a place in which wise people and good people, happy people and miserable people, will equally love to linger and will find enjoyment or consolation, who thinks of preparing her? Why should she feel a strong sense of responsibility about child-bearing? Who ever speaks of it to her as a solemn responsibility at the age when the notions of duty take root? Why should she be troubled about the relations of her physical condition to the physical condition of her own children and of future generations? Who tells her in her youth that her health is of any great importance, except in so far as it affects her complexion and keeps her at home from parties? Yet much as the world has changed since the days of their grandmothers, enormously as the demands on woman's knowledge and nerves and energy and strength have increased, she has to face them all with just the same, perhaps, in fact, not quite so good an education, as that with which the woman of the last century faced the dull routine of her indoor life—her washing and baking and mending and sweeping.

Dr. Allen's denunciations of the growing dislike amongst women to having a large number of children, or, in fact, to having any children at all, are of course timely, and so are the recent fulminations of medical men against the atrocious modes of prevention now so frequently, and every day more frequently, we fear, resorted to. But no discussion of the matter we have yet seen touches the root of the evil. The feeling which prompts these atrocities is not peculiar to New England or to the United States, and is not of very recent origin. It appears to be one of the characteristics—vices, if you will—of the form of civilization on which the world entered with the discovery of the steam engine, and the ultimate development of which no man has yet ventured to forecast, and in which material comfort is the goal of nearly everybody's striving. In this civilization it would seem that large families of children were to have no recognized, and certainly no honored, place; and anybody who watches carefully the progress of opinion in the leading countries of the Western world cannot help seeing that in literature and in society a large family is ceasing to be treated as a cause of congratulation, and getting to be looked on as an indication of recklessness or barbarism. Either, too, the facts justify the opinion, or the opinion produces the facts, for the full quivers in which the Psalmist saw so much cause for rejoicing are now generally found only amongst the races which lag in the march of civilization. The Irish never multiplied so rapidly as when in the lowest stage of their misery, and there are plenty of social philosophers who would tell Dr. Allen that their superiority to the natives in productiveness in this country simply proved their greater improvidence and lower standard of living. When Malthus first proclaimed, or rather insinuated, the doctrine that the great cause of human misery was the multiplicity of human beings, the efforts of two men to live where there was only room for one, he excited a prodigious outcry against him; but the doctrine, whether good or evil, is taking possession of nearly every civilized country. John Stuart Mill's emphatic endorsement of it perhaps did more to make a portion of the moral and religious public in England afraid of him than any other sentiment he has ever uttered; but he was not the first to give it place in a formal treatise on political economy. The curious reader may find it set out in plain terms and with very cordial approval in the work of a philosopher differing so widely on nearly all points from Mr. Mill as M. Sismondi. The latter lays it down distinctly, and it is, in fact, the basis of his sociology, that "where the number of marriages is proportionably the greatest, where the greatest number of persons participate in the duties and the virtues and the happiness of marriage, the smaller number of children does each marriage produce." It is a fact that in Switzerland and France, the two countries of Europe in which the mass of the people unite most material comfort with most intelligence and social independence, population is nearly stationary. In the Canton de Vaud, for instance, the average number of children to a marriage is below three.

It is impossible in view of these facts to avoid the conclusion that the old idea that it is a duty to have as many children as nature will permit having been shaken or passed away, the doctrine that the size of families may or ought to be regulated by economical or social considerations having taken its place, the most highly cultivated portion of the race will gradually lose their expansive power while raising in every generation their standard of comfort and civilization, and the less cultivated only will continue to breed on with animal fertility and animal indifference to the future. If we are not greatly mistaken, too, it is to the spread of these ideas in New England—and the consequent loosening of the conscience from the grasp of the old code of morals—which is producing the crimes which Dr. Allen deplores, and we fear these crimes will last until the public mind has been stimulated by the spectacle of their hideous results into a proper sense of their real magnitude and danger. The old code which made fertility a woman's greatest glory had also unquestionably, with much that was attractive and ennobling, vices of its own. It produced that perhaps greatest of vices and curses of society, the indifference of parents to the education and fate of the children they had brought into the world, the feeling so widely spread that when a father had provided them with tolerable food and clothing he had discharged his whole duty to them. It provided, too, that other doctrine which has, we think, fairer claims to be called a "doctrine of the devils" than any other we know of, which has condemned more human beings to misery than any other error—the doctrine that it is allowable and even praiseworthy for people to become parents simply and solely for their own gratification or enjoyment, for the amusement of their youth or the solace of their old age.

"THE FAMILY PAPER."

It was long ago remarked that when men are collected in crowds they are willing to laugh at ancient and feeble jokes, that for a few minutes they are considerably affected by oratory, and, to speak briefly, show in many ways that they are intellectually inferior to themselves when alone. As regards morals, on the other hand, it is universally admitted, we suppose, that a crowd of men is rather better than the average individuals composing it. The orator, for example, is certain to assume in his audience collectively greater moral worth and more stupidity than he would venture to attribute to its constituent individuals, and this assumption is not merely

a fiction of the platform but, we should say, is founded upon a fact of human nature. With rare exceptions it is singly or all but singly that men go to crime, and singly, too, that they attain to wisdom, but how multitudes together fall into folly is the subject-matter of most histories hitherto written. We may say, then that intellectually men are better than man; and morally, man is better than men. In which truth, by the way, a cynic might discern the reason why whenever we speak to crowds we felicitate them upon their intelligence and ability, while in private conversation we compliment our interlocutor's character, perhaps directly, perhaps indirectly, by allusion to the well-known characters of our common acquaintances and friends.

This general truth that we have stated is doubtless of some service to any one desirous of philosophizing upon the nature of the "family paper" as it exists among us at present. To speak not disrespectfully but descriptively, and as regards only the purposes of this enquiry, the family may be called a crowd. For, when being instructed or entertained, all crowds are addressed in a manner intelligible to the intellect of the least intelligent members and not offensive to the moral sense, which always, and luckily, if we may say so, becomes admirably acute whenever we are thrown into close contact with our fellow-creatures. This characteristic, common to the whole genus of crowds, and the only one essential to our comparison, the family possesses in fulness. And as it is the design of the family paper to furnish mental food digestible not only by the head of the house but by his younger sons, and not only by the mother but by the two or three young ladies of the family, it is not surprising if, as a rule, one is not very much struck by its wisdom and ability. As a matter of fact, it certainly is not generally an able journal. Usually it is to be placed under one of four heads: it combines with a limited amount of instruction and entertainment for the various members of the family the inculcation of some religious creed, or it devotes itself chiefly to the spread of agricultural information, or it is a "local" paper with a family department, or it is what is called "a paper for the tea-table." But the last-named variety includes but very few members, and is confined to two or three of the great cities. Being issued daily, its news alone is enough to save it from producing quite the impression produced by the family paper proper, and, so far as we have observed, its literary character is considerably higher than is to be expected of the true family paper, or, in fact, of the average American newspaper. It goes among people of urban polish and of more than the ordinary degree of information and culture. Its principal sin of commission is truly a sin of the tea-table; it is an indefatigable and extremely impertinent gossip, habitually talking in this way, for instance: "Mrs. T—— is a beautiful lady, with light hair and large blue eyes, bearing a remarkable resemblance to Julia Deane, the actress;" "Mr. L——, the poet, habitually wears a bobtailed coat," etc., etc. But—for human nature is weakly—the "paper for the tea-table" is not uninteresting, and, as has been said of the Boston correspondence of the Springfield *Republican*—which, by the way, is the ideal family paper that other family papers do not as yet equal—one reads not unwillingly what several teams of wild horses harnessed to one's person would hardly persuade one to write. There are, of course, other sorts of family papers besides those which we have mentioned, as, family papers whose main business is the dissemination of novelettes; family papers chiefly devoted to the cause of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, and so on. But all family papers, as such, do some labor in both these last specified fields of human activity.

We remember, for example, a little story that figured in a family paper not, strictly speaking, a temperance paper, which we feel inclined to offer as a fair enough sample of a mode of treating important questions which is not uncommon in the columns of all the family papers. The story relates how a young lady, the wife of a clergyman, was one day intending to have at dinner a certain pudding, of what particular kind we cannot now recollect. She happened to speak of her intention in the hearing of her brother, a student who was at the time boarding with his brother-in-law and sister. The brother, a thoughtless young man, is represented as having asked his sister to serve the pudding with wine sauce. At first she refused, for her husband held high rank amongst total abstainers and was very earnest in his devotion to the cause; but her sisterly affection and the expostulations of her mother-in-law, who, perhaps for her own ends, advised her to gratify her brother, at last induced her to consent, and, though not without misgivings and self-reproaches, she ordered the desired sauce to be made. Dinner was served. The future is, as they say, mercifully hidden from human ken, though this particular story does not insist on that truth, and the husband, it is presumed, enjoyed the soup and the other early courses. The pudding is brought in—a favorite pudding, by the way—and as the sauce took its place on the table the wife looks anxiously at her husband. He for a moment returns her glance, then rises from the table and hastily leaves the room. What the brother's feelings must have been we are not told, but the wife's and mother-in-law's may, we should say, better be imagined than described. The wife having followed her husband into his study found him with his head resting on his desk, weeping freely, and, some conversation having ensued between them, there was no more wine-sauce served in that house. The brother, we have no hesitation in saying, went to a drunkard's grave at an early age. Of course, it is only the family paper that would ever think of telling the story in that way; evidently the character of the audience affects the story-teller's mode of treating his subject, or rather affects the pleader's mode of putting his argument, for the facts we suspect to be apocryphal and invented in the interests of the friends of total abstinence.

The typical family which the editors of these papers seem to have in mind when using the scissors and pen is composed, we should imagine, something in this way. There are evidently several small boys and girls with an unappeasable appetite for that piece of information in regard to the Hanoverian rat, and how in a certain year he came over to England and succeeded in entirely displacing the common British variety; who like to know that the nutmeg is the kernel of a large handsome nut like the walnut; that cinnamon is the dried bark of a tree; that Japanese porcelain is very various, and, like the lacquer-work, much inferior to what it was, and who, we hope, read and profit by the stories which begin thus: "Oh! Herbert, I am so thirsty; do get me that apple. Mamma would not care, I'm sure. It is only one. No, Willy, mamma told us," etc. And, for their parents' sake, we hope sincerely that they decline to read those too numerous immoral tales in which are portrayed models of superhumanly excellent youthful character. A specimen of these, not so many days old either, we remember quite well as being one of the most nauseating aids to virtue which we ever happened to come upon. It asks us to believe that a boy of nine or ten years old, after reciting to his teacher the fifth commandment, is requested to illustrate its meaning by an example, whereupon, in a voice almost choked with emotion, he relates that on the previous day a gentleman having seen his bleeding feet gave him a pair of new shoes, but that, after a moment of internal struggle, he decided on going barefooted and giving the shoes to his mother, who was no better off in the matter of foot-gear than himself. This he tells with tears rolling down his countenance, evidently suppressing the fact that the shoes were several sizes too large for him and that he expected a good fit as a reward of merit. A few such tales *per annum* would drive the fifth commandment into orphan asylums; which is why we would fain hope that their contaminating effect is not widespread.

As for the older son of the house, it seems to be supposed by the conductors of the family paper that he has in a great measure withdrawn himself from the good influences of those journals, and we fear this is true. Still, they do not wholly abandon him, and they give him, if it were only possible for him to read them, many words of advice by which he might certainly profit; and some words they give him which we are bound to say adequately account for his general disregard of the rest of the good reading. One would suppose, to read family papers, that the young man of the family is fond of preaching; that he will be sure to recognize the fashionable beverages of the day under the designation of "the poisoned bowl"; that he will not "wink his one eye" when he reads, on the authority of H. B. Majesty's consul at Lisbon, that all exported port is made of elderberries; that he takes a lively pleasure in perusing statistical returns of the distinguished men who have been notorious as early risers, and of wealthy men who began life with patched clothes and twenty-five cents, and left it with, or without, many hundreds of thousands of dollars. But such youths being, so far as we know, vain figments of the imagination, it is impossible to congratulate the family papers on any marked success in dealing with the young men of our day; in fact, we fancy that the number of unmarried males who subscribe to a paper of the family kind is almost inappreciable.

About the editorial notion of the young ladies who read these journals it is so much easier to say too much that one feels inclined to say nothing. Their mothers, we suppose, are concerned with them in devouring the columns of fashionable news, of which more or less creeps into even the strictest family papers, and of which the effect has been thus described by what is customarily and we suppose properly called "a brilliant pen":

"At the genteel breakfast-tables of Murray Hill there is a flutter and commotion, a laying together of glossy heads, a mysterious telegraphing of beaming eyes, a whispered felicitation of smiling lips that send through paterfamilias a vague premonitory shiver, a shadowy foreboding of ill even before he sees that in his morning paper which makes him drop it with a groan, clutch involuntarily at his pocket-book, and then, with an unsettled glare around the startled board, rush abruptly from the room, leaving untouched the savory muffin, untasted the fragrant coffee."

Nor, as we suppose, is it the young ladies who are alone responsible for

the consumption of all the verse which is purveyed by the family paper. Some of it is of a religious character, and though as poetry—except as very bad poetry—it is not to be praised, still it is true of much of it what the Moravians say of their hymns, "These also have their friends who would not without pain see them perish." And it is not doubtful that daughters and mothers alike, and perhaps sometimes fathers, enjoy the religious verses. But it can be no one but the pensive young lady whose education has been too much attended to for whom the editors provide the selection which begins thus:

"River, sparkling river, I have fault to find with thee;
River, thou dost never give a word of peace to me!
Dimpling to each touch of sunshine, wimpling to each air that blows,
Thou dost make no sweet replying to my sighing for repose."

And it seems to be supposed that after the "Kathrinas" and little things like this extracted from the works of a well-known poetess—

"There 's a luxury rare in the carpet of Brussels,
And splendor in pictures that hang on the wall,
And grace in the curtains with rainbow-hued tassels,
And brilliance in gaslight," etc., etc.—

the young lady is ready to listen to criticisms of which this sentence may serve as a sample. It is upon "Saint Brandan": "A frightful ghost-story invented by Judas Iscariot many centuries ago has been lately versified by Mr. Matthew Arnold, who might undoubtedly have been better employed." And when poems and criticisms and intelligence of the fashions fail, there are stories which set forth how Aunt Margaret and the rest having engaged in lives of self-sacrifice for the sake of their relatives till the silver threads came into their brown bands, laid aside their work one afternoon and related their histories, and revealed the fact that the mysterious chains worn always around their necks were really attached to lockets containing hair. It has been mentioned that in some of these tastes of her daughter the mother is editorially supposed to share. They both have also a common liking for other things which are to be found in the family paper, as, for example, for the "eloquent" passages of lyceum lectures, and especially for those premeditated elegant extracts which shrewd novelists elaborate carefully and put into their books with an eye to gratuitous advertising in family papers of all varieties, which all love to copy them, and to say, "The following beautiful image is to be found;" "This striking thought is from the brilliant pen," etc. The mother is, of course, particularly interested in recipes and household words of that sort, which, generally, are abundantly supplied her. We may as well remark here that we have long noted with more or less grief that the family paper, although apt to be very loud—or doubled-leaded, which is the same thing—for woman's rights, and never tired of showing us how powerful and elevating is the influence of woman on man, is yet constantly by its practice giving the lie to its magnificent theory. Its advocacy of woman's claims to reverence is excellent—so far, at any rate, as its apparent intentions are concerned—but in catering for the tastes of its female readers it treats them precisely as if they were the women of ordinary life; as if they were rather foolish men; persons who knew nothing with accuracy; persons who, when driven out in buggies, never are so sure of the road that the unsworn testimony of a small boy would not throw them into much dubiety; persons that are not sure that the day is fair unless some male relative assures them it is not going to rain before eight o'clock in the evening; persons whom a very juvenile member of a base-ball club can outface on a sum in simple-addition performed on a Saturday afternoon; persons who admit that Mr. Johnson is dreadful, but on the other hand suggest that they once had a black table-girl who Really was *so* careless down stairs; persons who believe that true love is—Oh! true love! but the other gentleman has such nice hair; persons who think Booth is splendid in Hamlet, he has such a complexion; persons, in short, who are not too bright, nor at all too good, for human nature's daily food, and, like the males of our species, would be much improved by growing better. This, we do not mind saying, is not our own ideal of women who may command the reverence of realists; but the editors of family papers seem to conceive of women so, and to edit their journals according to the supposition above set forth, which we suspect, though as a theory it is not encouraging, may as a practice be profitable. And yet we are in doubt about that even, for we do not find that the family paper commands high respect from the best women, to say nothing of men, whom we have seen; and when a paper or a book of essays or a painting or a man or a poem is in that condition, we confess—for as yet we are an undiscouraged student of human nature—that we have fears of its attaining to its utmost possible height even of pecuniary success.

The father of the family paper seems to be, on the whole, considerably superior to the other members of the household. They expect him to be avid of things of this nature:

"The saw-mills at Parker's Head, Phippsburg, Me., were destroyed by fire on Thursday evening, 26th ult., with a considerable amount of lumber The loss on the mills is about $10,000; ensured."

"The depot at North Thetford, on the line of the Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers Railroad, was burnt at an early hour Thursday morning 26th. Loss about $1,600; fully ensured."

"The house of Grant Rockwell, at Alburgh City, Vt., was destroyed by fire on Saturday night, 21st, with the out-buildings. Loss, $10,000; insurance, $3,500."

But the daily papers expect of him no less—or no more. And he is furnished by the family paper with some of the more striking facts of politics and with reasonably well selected comments upon them, and, in case he is a farmer and takes an agricultural journal, he gets much information of practical value; and if he is a member of the church, and his family paper is a religious paper, he may be supposed to get a good deal of instruction and edification from its editorials and denominational news; and, generally, he is treated by his editor with more respect by far than any other member of the household gets.

On the whole, we cannot profess ourselves greatly the better for anything whatever—whether provided for father, mother, or children—that we find in the family papers of our acquaintance; but we can imagine journals of that sort which might command the entire respect of any man familiar with journalistic literature. They might, for instance, argue with knowledge and ability great moral questions; they might employ writers who would not think all done in scientific disputation when the audience is requested to laugh at Darwin; they might take an enlarged view of political questions and support their opinions by argumentation; they might go elsewhere than to tenth-rate poets for poetry and to abnormally stupid men for criticism—they might, in short, write for the next generation, which is the surest way of benefiting the present, instead of writing for the last generation, which is a sure way of doing no good to anybody and much harm to many.

Correspondence.

THE IMPERFECTION OF GENERAL BUTLER'S SCHEME OF REPUDIATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your article this week on repudiation you omitted one point which many persons expected The Nation would make against "the new way to pay old debts."

There was a time in this country when a difference was observed between *a dollar* and *a promise to pay a dollar*. The new school of political economy has ignored this distinction, and proposes to *pay* Government bonds with Government notes.

When this transformation is accomplished, perhaps Gen. Butler will condescend to tell us in what way he proposes to pay the notes. One of the jest-books has a story about a spendthrift—Sheridan, probably—who, being urged to pay his debts, replied, "Very well! show me where I can borrow the money and I'll do it." Gen. Butler would say to this, "You do n't want any money; give your note."

When any one considers what a five-twenty bond is and what a Treasury note is, it is simple nonsense to talk about *paying* one with the other.

The facts are, that the Government being sorely pressed for money, it was provided in the same act of Congress that bonds should be issued payable in five or twenty years at its option, with interest at six per cent. per annum, and also promissory notes payable on demand without interest; and these last were made a legal tender in payment of debts as a means of inducing the public to take and use them. The Government obtained its means from both of these sources.

The man who took the bond had the promise of the Government to pay him one hundred dollars with interest in coin at the rate of six per cent. per annum. The man who took the greenback had the promise of the Government to pay him one hundred dollars whenever he demanded it. The Government has already failed or suspended, and can't or won't pay the holder of the greenback anything. Taking advantage of this unfortunate condition of affairs, which it is supposed has familiarized the public mind with practical repudiation, General Butler has discovered that it is wise statesmanship to use this suspended paper, which is cheap on the market merely because the United States does n't meet its obligations, to pay off the bonded debt.

The Government has given its citizen an obligation to pay him one hundred dollars with interest, and it now proposes to take from him that agreement and give him another to pay one hundred dollars on demand,

and then refuse or neglect to redeem the last obligation. Is this repudiation or is it not? It may be said that the greenbacks do not show the words "on demand;" but that makes no difference—they are now due, the legal effect is the same.

I have not written this for publication, but to ask you to expose the fact that this plan of paying the public debt is based either upon the absurdity that one debt can be *paid* by another, or upon the idea that repudiation (suspension of payment would be more correct) of the greenbacks furnishes a justifiable precedent for repudiating the bonded debt.

If it is intended to pay the greenbacks, why not pay the bonds? If it is intended to repudiate the greenbacks, it is more economical to repudiate the bonds at once and save the expense of transfer.

If it is intended to suspend the payment of the greenbacks indefinitely, as is being done with those now in circulation, is it not more straightforward and no more discreditable to suspend paying interest on the bonds indefinitely? This last course would have the merit of distinctly presenting the issue whether the subscribers to five-twenties tacitly agreed that the Government could at any time cease paying them interest until it should be convenient to pay the principal. Yours very truly, C. F. P.

October 12, 1867.

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The Week.

THE pause at Washington is generally understood to be due to Mr. Johnson's waiting for the New York elections. The rumor is that if these should prove favorable, or seem to prove favorable, he is to do something dreadful. Governor Swann has in the meantime, we presume in order to be ready for all emergencies, reviewed the Maryland militia, nearly five thousand strong, with its three batteries of brass Napoleons. With this body at his back, of course Mr. Johnson need set no bounds to his guilty ambition, but nevertheless we think he will. He seems to delight in little surprises, and one of them consists in not doing any of the awful things he threatens to do. It is somewhat curious, in view of his shockingly bad reputation and the opinion the country entertains of his designs, to consider that he has *done* but little to earn it. His offence has consisted mainly in talk—threatenings, revilings, and predictions—for his removals from office, bad as they were, did not sink him much lower in the popular estimation than he had stood previously. The worst incident in his career even—his approval of the New Orleans massacre—was talk. No doubt the talk of a man in his position may be, and often is, as mischievous as the deeds of a man more lowly placed, but then talk is a thing which is mischievous in the inverse ratio of its quantity, and Mr. Johnson has talked so much that his talk is getting daily more harmless. The question which just now seems to receive most attention in connection with him is whether he will resist suspension from office during impeachment, in case Congress should attempt it, and there are plenty of men, generally moderate, who maintain that he would be bound to do so if he believed such a proceeding to be unconstitutional. But the fact is, and it cannot be too widely known or deeply pondered, that to allow anybody to judge of the constitutionality of laws except the courts, and act on his judgment, would produce anarchy and reduce Congress to a nonentity. If the President may refuse obedience to a law because he believes Congress had no right to pass it, so may anybody else. His authority is no more sacred, and not nearly so much so as the property of any other citizen; and suppose each citizen were to take on himself to decide whether a tax law were constitutional, render judgment in his own favor, and resist the collector by force of arms. The rule that every law is presumptively constitutional till a court of law has pronounced it otherwise, is, of course, as binding on the President as anybody else. The argument drawn from the inconvenience of having the President unlawfully stripped of his authority by the Legislature is worth nothing unless it could be shown that the inconvenience would be greater than that of allowing each President to decide what laws he would obey. No political arrangement which the art of man can devise will prevent a people from sometimes having to choose between two evils; and between the evil of having the power of the President or the power of the Supreme Court sometimes encroached on by the Legislature, and the evil of having the laws nullified by any President who chooses to declare them unconstitutional, there is really no room for hesitating. The one means temporary inconvenience, which can always be removed by an appeal to the people, the other means permanent anarchy.

Chief-Justice Chase has given the death-blow to the apprenticeship system in Maryland and everywhere else by pronouncing it a violation of the Civil Rights bill, and discharging persons held to service under it. The master of the apprentice who sued out the writ of *habeas corpus*, however, made no attempt to defend his claim, refused to employ counsel, and, in fact, let the matter go by default—so that he perhaps cared as little for his privileges as he believed in their validity. This is probably the last attempt we shall witness to turn the negroes to the account of other people without their consent; to Judge Chase fairly belongs the honor of having been in at the death of the "peculiar institution." A defence of him as a candidate for the Presidency appears in the Cincinnati *Commercial*, from which it appears that he is "in temperament and convictions one of the most conservative men in the country"; that his basis of reconstruction is, and has always been, "universal suffrage and universal amnesty", that he has been from the first opposed to confiscation and impeachment; and that he has never urged the presentation of the negro suffrage question during the last campaign in Ohio. Moreover, he is not in favor of paying off the bonds in greenbacks now, but of going to work to make the greenbacks as good as gold, and then paying off the debt in greenbacks, which, we presume, would satisfy even General Butler. In fact, we do not remember to have met with a more satisfactory "record." We have much pleasure in laying the leading heads of it before the public. Men who have always favored the right things and always opposed the wrong ones are rare, and when they appear ought to be carefully noted.

A certain sort of people are proverbially able to propound queries which wise men find impossible to answer, and Mr. Secretary Welles's letter reprimanding Engineer Sawyer suggests two or three questions of extreme nicety. As, for instance: when two officers dispute, and one says Congress is an unconstitutional body and the other that the President ought to be impeached, why should a Secretary of the Navy severely punish the one and not the other? Will the fact that the President is nominally the commander-in-chief of the navy divert people's attention from the rather unpleasing exhibition of toadyism which has been made by the Secretary and the officers who sat on the court-martial, and who had it in the evidence that one officer was as disrespectful to the Government as the other? When a public officer unites in his own person two widely different offices, of which we may say that his conduct in one is of some small interest to an officer

as an officer, and in the other of which it is of very great interest to an officer as a man and a patriot, would it not be well for an American Secretary of the Navy to be a little blind to the free speaking of an American citizen? And would it not be well, if courts-martial are not able to depart from the strict letter of the law, for the Secretaries of the navy to take advantage of their position and temper the spirit of a law which we have inherited from countries where rulers are masters and not servants?

The New York *Tribune*, in commenting on our recent attempt to forecast the political future, imputes our prediction that the Republican party in this State will be defeated to a wish that it may be defeated. All we have to say on this point is, that there is nothing in the course of THE NATION to warrant any such assumption. We have never professed to be a thick-and-thin supporter of the party, and have criticised it very freely; but we make bold to say that if anybody thinks it worth his while to run over our utterances on the leading public questions during the last two years, he will come to the conclusion that, had the Republican party always been of our way of thinking, it would have done all the good it has succeeded in doing and would now be in no danger of defeat. We remember with great satisfaction that we denounced a good many "bold measures" when many politicians who, since the Ohio election, have been protesting that they always thought them foolish, were loud in their advocacy of them, and when anybody who sought to remind the public of the experience of mankind and the lessons of science ran the risk of being denounced as "weak-kneed," "weak-backed," or a "dilettante," if not a Copperhead. We recall with peculiar pleasure just now our course on impeachment, confiscation, excessive tariffs, vengeful legislation, Barnum, and the Fenians, and divers other schemes and questions of which the public is now witnessing the repudiation by their downcast authors. The whole thing only satisfies us more firmly than ever that the work of government here, as elsewhere, has to be done by reason and not by bellowing and hallooing. With regard to our unpleasant predictions as to the elections, we may explain—though for our own readers no explanation is necessary—that we never on any subject play the part of the Roman soothsayers. We do not put forward one thing in print and say another thing in private. We profess to supply opinions exactly as we have formed them, and not in the shape in which they will be likely to please or encourage or console. If they damage the Republican party or any other good party, we are sorry for it; but we cannot, for the benefit of that party, either say what we do not believe or suppress what we do believe while professing to supply our readers with honest comments on public affairs. Moreover, we shall regret the defeat of the party as much as anybody; but the American nation is to live after the next State election and after the next Presidential election, and after every party now in existence; and it is because we believe it cannot live in any way that will be of any service to mankind unless politics can be made and kept purer than they are now, that we say our say without regard to immediate consequences. We do not place any extraordinary value on our influence; but, as far as it goes, we are determined it shall only be exercised in a way that moralists—not party politicians—will approve. We treat our readers as grown-up men and women who can bear to hear the truth, and know how to reason from it with regard to their own duty, and not as children who have to have pretty stories told to them and fine promises made to them to keep their courage up.

The Civil Rights act has been pronounced constitutional in Kentucky, on appeal, by Assistant-Justice Swayne, before the United States Circuit Court, and four men were sentenced under it to ten years' imprisonment and hard labor for brutal outrages on colored people, committed fifteen months ago. This is the first decision under the act in that State, and there is none where it is more needed.

The present Washington correspondent of the Boston *Post* has earned a high reputation as a sensational correspondent; perhaps because his relations with Mr. Johnson are really as confidential as they have been said to be. But the President has been compelled to deny recently that he ever said certain things which the correspondent had said he said, and which, for that matter, denial and all, it is possible that he did say. It should be remembered, however, that Mr. Johnson is just now in a peculiarly difficult position. To satisfy the newspaper man, and at the same time not incur the reproofs of the gentlemen who have it in hand to carry the New York election and to save the country, is a task of a sort for which the President is not fitted by nature or education. The particular stories which he has just authorized somebody to "brand as a fabrication" are to the effect that General Sherman "will be on hand" in November—he will return from the Plains for that purpose—and that Mr. Johnson will use force if Congress attempts to suspend him from office while he is on trial. Other tales with which, and the like of which, Washington is just now full, are, that General Sherman is to be Secretary of War; that General F. P. Blair is certainly to be Secretary of War; that General Grant is delighted with the result of the late elections, and that there is not a word of truth in the story which represented him as having said that he was delighted with the result of the late elections; that General Grant will not get out of the way for Judge Chase; that General McClellan has been sent for to come home and head the Democratic ticket, and has taken passage in the *Persia*; that Jefferson Davis will and will not be tried in November; that all the members of the Judiciary Committee are in favor of Mr. Johnson's impeachment, and that the committee are divided just as before. In short, the correspondents are reflecting an unusual amount of credit on the "enterprise" of the journals which employ them.

General Butler has written another long letter in defence of his plan of paying off the five-twenty bonds. The only portion of his position which possesses the slightest interest for any honest man is, of course, the moral portion, and this the general strengthens in his last effusion by the following apt quotation from the most "philosophical of modern historians":

> "What is called the 'public conscience' is not, like the conscience of the individual, an introspective faculty, the source of self-approval or self-condemnation, and is therefore never awakened by crimes from which the public itself expects to reap some advantage."

This is a very just observation, but it is not a discovery, and it did not need a philosophical historian to make it. The greater rascality of men in masses than of men as individuals is one of the best known and saddest facts of history. The work of reform in modern times is, however, mainly an attempt to bring the acts of men in masses under the control of the same moral sense which directs the conduct of individuals, and this General Butler evidently thinks neither desirable nor practicable. The great misfortune of our politics is that so many politicians calculate on popular baseness with the same certainty that the general does. But we trust the American people will show him and his confederates this time that they have made advances in other things than machinery and hog-raising, and that the code of morality which was good enough for England at the close of her Continental war is not good enough for the United States at the close of its great war. Why should the world not get honester as it gets older and richer?

Mr. Bancroft seems to be the recipient of very remarkable attentions at the Prussian Court. We learned by the Cable that shortly after his arrival he dined in a familiar way with the King in the country, and was brought home by his Majesty himself in his family coach. This would have been enough to satisfy any man of moderate expectations, but it appears blessings of this kind do not come as single spies, for we now learn that the Crown Princess has been so anxious to see him that she could not wait for him to be presented first to the Crown Prince, according to etiquette, but sent for him herself, or, to use the elegant language of *The Herald* correspondent, asked him "to accept a personal audience with herself," which Mr. Bancroft did. "The remarks of the Crown Princess," we are pleased to learn, "were most flattering to Mr. Bancroft;" and—though this seems hardly so well authenticated—in the course of the interview "she mentioned the name of Mr. Motley, and said she had read his works with the greatest pleasure."

The fashion of finding out points of resemblance between this country and others as a basis for fraternization reached, we think, its last limits when Mr. Johnson fraternized the other day with the Turkish ambassador, and informed him "that he was gratified to learn that in Turkey, as in this country, no matter how humble may be a man's position, he may aspire to the higher positions of the Government." This is by far the most foolish thing of the kind that has been said, although the old grounds of fraternization with Russia—common bigness and common newness—were very foolish. Men of humble rank rise in Turkey, no matter what their mental or moral qualities may be, by the favor of a despot, and the baser they are, the more rapidly they rise. The nearest approach to the course of official promotion in Turkey which we have had in this country has been afforded by the rise of Binckley from a small clerkship unto the legal advisorship of the Executive of the United States. Mr. Johnson's own extraordinary political success resembles that of most Turkish officials, also, in all but the mode of appointment, but the parallel will not hold good generally. Turkish public functionaries are almost always of humble origin, it is true; but, low or high, they are apt to be the scum of the population, always excepting the foreign representatives, who have generally been men of other races, and men of both culture and ability.

It will be remembered that last spring two women made application to be admitted as students into the Medical Department of Harvard University, and that they were refused admission; the faculty had no wish, President Hill diplomatically said, to express an opinion on the right or expediency of the medical education of women, but simply to state the fact that no provision for that purpose had been made at Cambridge or was then contemplated. Mrs. Dall now writes to the Boston *Advertiser* that the same two women shortly afterwards made application at the Massachusetts General Hospital for leave to become students in the wards, and that the permission was at once granted. In this fact Mrs. Dall, of course, rejoices, and justly considers it very much more than a set-off for the sort of reception which the same application met with from the authorities of Harvard. And President Hill's reply, which was considerably censured at the time, she thinks was open to no objection save that of being unwisely curt. For Mrs. Dall has learned that the methods of study at Harvard are such that, if the medical school were thrown open at once to female pupils, she would be unwilling to send such pupils into it. It is perfectly true that there is no provision for the reception of such pupils. Mrs. Dall warns the friends of the new movement that they have before them some considerable pecuniary outlays. Separate lodging-halls will be required for the young women; there will be need, as there is in the family, of some sort of surveillance over the sexes when together; new class-rooms or operating-rooms must be built, and a good deal of other such work done before wise parents will be willing to see the experiment tried. The appointment of a female "Plummer Professor," which Mrs. Dall seems to think would be necessary, would not, we should say, be followed by all the good effects which she anticipates. The Plummer Professor, let us say, is the "Plummer Professor of Christian morals." If Mrs. Dall would have the female professor keep anything like a close and effective watch and ward over the young women, the powers of that official will have to be rather greater than those usually exercised by the male Plummer professors, who are simply clergymen, and, as regards the quelling of youthful disorders, are of hardly more than one proctor power. The letter is sensible and worth reading.

Juarez has been re-elected President of the Mexican Republic, which is an excellent sign, and it is made all the better by the fact that there has been no disturbance and no appearance of disturbance. This proves that the war has taught the people at least one valuable lesson. If Juarez can now secure even one term of peace and order, we shall begin to hope that Mexico is on the road of progress.

There is no abatement in the Fenian agitation in England, and the change in the Fenian tactics which now evidently has been made promises a winter of extraordinary turbulence and anxiety. The Irish are to be found in great numbers in all the large towns, and should the policy of committing isolated outrages be persevered in there is little question that the cost to the Government will be nearly as great as that of a campaign in Ireland, and the anxiety to English society immeasurably greater. The Manchester rescue really revealed to the Fenians where their strength lay, and it is this which is giving the affair such immense importance, and has led to such scandals as the examination of prisoners in court with handcuffs on. Parliament will probably be summoned early, and it is not by any means unlikely that it will have to debate Irish grievances, and even redress them, under the most humiliating stimulus ever applied to a civilized government, that of murder and arson and mayhem.

Affairs in France do not look more hopeful than in England. The breakdown of the two great financial enterprises, the Crédit Mobilier and Crédit Immobilier, combined with incessant fear of war, is continuing and deepening the depression in business circles, and throwing large numbers of men in Paris out of employment. In what state of mind these men are, and are likely to be, may be gathered from a recent incident. A large body went to a village seven or eight miles from Paris to get employment in the vintage. A few obtained it; the remainder bivouacked in the streets, tore down the fences for their fires, and in the morning marched towards Paris, plundering as they went, and feebly pursued by the gensdarmerie and a few volunteers. The embarrassment of the Emperor's position increases, and there are rumors of increasing activity on the part of the Orleanistic agents.

The late telegrams from Italy make confusion worse confounded. It was announced on Sunday that Italy had pledged herself to enforce the September Convention, and that therefore the French expedition was abandoned, and the insurgents had abandoned the Pontifical territory; but on Monday forenoon we were told that no answer had been received at Paris from Victor Emanuel to Louis Napoleon's ultimatum. On Monday, also, Ratazzi addressed a large Garibaldian crowd, assuring them that the honor of the country would be upheld in the crisis through which it was passing, and Garibaldi issued another proclamation; but then that same day Ratazzi resigned, and his place was taken by General Menabréa; and we are told all the insurgents had not left the Papal territory. Moreover, by night Menabréa had disappeared from the scene, and Cialdini—a radical of the "radicals," perhaps of all the generals in the army the most hostile to French influence—was entrusted with the formation of a new ministry; while on the top of this the funds rose in Paris, and the sailing of the fleet from Toulon for the relief of Rome was countermanded. It is not very easy to extract from this jumble of contradictions, which is about as discreditable to the Associated Press as to its agents, anything that can be called trustworthy; but it is safe to conclude that the King's Government has promised, and is trying to carry out, the convention, and that, unless the popular feeling should prove too strong, which is not impossible or improbable, the Italian army will be used to postpone the crisis. This, too, has been positively confirmed in Paris by the *Moniteur*, and Napoleon is the winner of a bloodless victory.

M. de Kèratry continues to defend Marshal Bazaine's cause in the *Revue Contemporaine*, but he defends him at the expense of the Government, as he throws most of the blame on General Castelnau, who went out as a special envoy, and, according to M. de Kèratry, instigated Maximilian to all kinds of bad tricks. The Government, it is said, is waiting till the defence is concluded, and is then to attempt a rejoinder, but this is somewhat doubtful. There is probably nothing now the French Government desires so much as that the Mexican affair should be forgotten, as no distribution of the blame will get rid of the damning fact that the French army was not successful in establishing the empire, and that after it came away the Emperor was taken prisoner and shot.

Notes.

LITERARY.

We last week spoke incidentally of Messrs. Moxon & Co.'s edition of Lamb's works, and said that all the matter which that edition contains is contained in Mr. W. J. Widdleton's new edition. We might have gone further, and said that the New York edition not only has the new dedication and new preface on account of which the English edition is advertised as the only complete one, but that it contains in its fifth volume a great deal of matter which the English edition wants. We might have gone a good deal further than that even, and said that it is hardly doubtful that the "Eliana" of Moxon & Co.'s edition is taken wholly—and without acknowledgment and without remuneration to the American publisher or compiler—from the "Eliana" collected for Mr. Wm. Veazie, of Boston, and published by him some two years or more before Moxon & Co. issued their volume containing the "Eliana." Mr. Veazie's edition is now the property of Mr. Widdleton. The Veazie or Widdleton "Eliana" is a volume made up of articles written by Lamb, and never collected before Mr. Veazie sought them out and published them. Some few months previous to the issue of the volume in this country, Mr. Veazie proposed to Messrs. Moxon & Co. that they should purchase outright the sheets of five hundred copies. This they declined to do; but in turn proposed that five hundred copies with their imprint should be sent over and sold by them on commission. This offer was accepted by Mr. Veazie, and the five hundred copies were forwarded. By-and-by a letter was received from the London firm asking why the sheets had been sent. A reply, quoting their letter, was made, and the answer of the English firm was to the effect that their corresponding clerk had not long before left their employment, and that, therefore, they had not clearly understood the affair, but that the bargain which had been made should be considered good. But the book was never published by Moxon & Co. Soon Sampson Low & Co. wrote to Mr. Veazie, asking that five hundred copies with their imprint should be sent to them. To this letter Mr. Veazie replied by detailing the circumstance of his negotiations with Messrs. Moxon & Co., and offering to turn over to the former house the sheets in possession of Moxon & Co. An order on Moxon & Co. for the sheets followed next, and next after that came letters from the two English houses. Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.'s enclosed a letter sent them by Messrs. Moxon & Co.'s attorney, threatening to bring a suit for an infringement of Moxon & Co.'s copyright upon Lamb's works, both collected and uncollected, and their own letter stated that, a lawsuit being hardly advisable under the circumstances, Messrs. Low & Co. would not proceed further in the transaction. Messrs. Moxon & Co.'s letter stated that the previous action of their house, so far as concerned the publication of the volume, had been such as it was on account of a misunderstanding. "All this," says Mr. Veazie, "happened more than two years ago, and, although I have since written them (Moxon & Co.) requesting that the books might be returned to me, or that they should publish them, I have not received any response whatever." And now we have from Messrs. Moxon & Co. an edition of Lamb which contains most of the articles collected by Mr. Veazie, and at present constituting the fifth volume of Mr. Widdleton's edition of Lamb. So we have said that it is hardly doubtful that the "Eliana" of Moxon & Co.'s edition of Lamb is taken wholly—without acknowledgment and without remuneration to the American compiler or publisher—from the "Eliana" collected by Mr. Veazie. Undoubtedly Moxon & Co. can say that the publication of the American edition of Lamb's other works justifies them in their turn in the publication of the "Eliana." If there were in the transaction nothing with which to charge them except such an application of the *lex talionis*, little perhaps could well be said about it except that it furnishes another illustration of the bad effects of the lack of an international copyright law.

—Mr. W. F. Draper, of Andover, Mass., will publish in a few days a facsimile reprint of a curious old book published in London in 1654, under the title of the "Wonder-working Providence of Sion's Saviour in New England." It was first issued anonymously, and described the settlement and growth of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, furnishing an authentic narrative of events occurring there between the years 1628 and 1651. It afterwards appeared with a new title-page and preface in London, in 1659, in the collection known as "The Gorges Tracts," where its authorship was fraudulently attributed to Sir Ferdinando Gorges. The present edition of this quaint volume will be issued from the press of John Wilson & Sons, of Cambridge, and will be preceded by an elaborate and exhaustive introduction by the editor, Mr. W. F. Poole, the librarian of the Boston Athenæum. Mr. Poole settles definitely the mooted question of the authorship of the book, and leaves it beyond a doubt that it was the work of Captain Edward Johnson, a faithful and public-spirited citizen of the town of Woburn, and one of the explorers who, "like Jacobites of old," set out through the wilderness to found that settlement, which, as an offshoot of the church in Charlestown, was at first called Charlestown Village. He also gives an accurate bibliographical account of "The Gorges Tracts;" and out of such materials as are afforded by Johnson's own book, by the town records of Woburn—where Johnson lived and was for thirty years town-clerk—by the public records of the colony and the literature of those early times, Mr. Poole composes a full and graphic sketch of a man hitherto almost unknown except to those who have dived deepest into the recesses of American history. This matter will form an introduction of over 130 pages, to which will be appended a copy of Johnson's will, abstracts of those of his sons, and a genealogy of his descendants; the latter prepared by Mr. J. A. Boutelle, of Woburn. A very minute index to the work and the pains and time bestowed on it by the learned author, bid fair to make it one of the most valuable and interesting additions to the early literature of New England yet published. The edition is limited—rather narrowly, we should say, considering the interest which the book must have for Captain Johnson's fellow-townsmen and for archæologists—to 10 copies on drawing-paper, 50 on large-paper, and 200 small quarto.

—The Wisconsin Historical Society, of Madison, has received a highly valuable donation of some five thousand volumes, the library of Mr. Van der Meulen, a Dutch clergyman near Rotterdam, from his daughter, Mrs. Otto Tank, of Green Bay, the State paying the cost of transportation, etc. This collection is chiefly theological, and chiefly in the Dutch language, but it is also rich in Dutch history, and contains works on general history, philology, and natural history. About half the books are unbound, and many are bound in old vellum. The society's library previously amounted to ten thousand volumes.

—The new catalogue of the foreign books at Scribner, Welford & Co.'s, which is being prepared by Mr. Kernot for speedy publication, will contain descriptions of some works that are unique and many that are rare. Of the rare books we notice a copy of "Le Livre des Visions," of which the title-page, promising rather more than the book performs, declares the contents to be "Hell and Heaven described by those who have seen them." It is an essay written by Octave Delepierre, Doctor of Laws and Secretary of Legation, and printed in London in what year we do not know. But twenty-five copies were printed, and this one, at any rate, is a large-paper copy, and illustrated with photographs from old engravings, some representing vigorously the highly ingenious torments of the damned, and others depicting heaven in a not very spirited manner. The essay itself is a cursory account of the various mediæval descriptions of visits which men and women have thought that they made, or pretended that they made, into the other world, and it contains also some observations of a desultory kind upon the various opinions that have at one time or another obtained among various nations in regard to the nature of heaven and hell and of the infernal torments, in regard to the situation and internal geography of both places, their capacity, etc., etc. There is some curious learning in the book, which, however, is but a brief essay. Among the unique volumes is a copy, with every leaf inlaid, in folio, and illustrated with rare portraits and private plates, of a book entitled "A Compendious History of the Most Remarkable Passages of the last Fourteen Years, as it was carried on both before and after the Fire of London to this present time. London: Printed by A. Godbid & J. Playford. 1680." The pages of the Compendious History itself are of duodecimo size, and the pages into which they are beautifully inlaid are of large folio. The illustrations consist of portraits of King Charles II. and James II., of Prance, Oates, Bedloe, Sir Edmond-Bury Godfrey, Graham of Claverhouse, Lauderdale, Shaftesbury, Danby, Archbishop Sharp, Sir Charles Cotterell, and others. The pictures are, some of them, fine, but they are not very numerous; a purchaser of the volume, with a taste for the amusement, need not despair of finding considerable amusement in continuing the collection, and that, too, without giving so forcible an example of the association of remote ideas as persons who "mount" books are extremely apt to give. The gems of this volume, however, are autographs of Charles II. and James II., of Pepys and of Shaftesbury. The royal autographs—Charles's written apparently by a man who could, if he would, write a tolerable hand, and James's a feeble scrawl of misshapen letters—are both attached to documents proceeding from the Navy Office. Charles allows the appointment of a master carpenter of his sloop *Bonetta*, and James gives a gratuity of an amount sufficient to pay the expenses of a Captain Michell from England to Jamaica, where was stationed H. B. Majesty's ship *Ruby*, to which the captain had been appointed. To both their documents is appended the very elaborate autograph of Mr. Secretary Pepys. "Cromwelli-

ana" is "a chronological detail of events in which Oliver Cromwell was engaged from the year 1642 to his death in 1658." It is the collection published in 1810 by Machell Stace, a London bookseller. The unique copy is a large-paper copy in thin quarto, which is swelled into a great volume by the insertion of a vast number of engravings of the men and women of the Cromwellian era, of the battle-fields of the King and Parliament, and of whatever scenes and persons were connected with the Protector. It is a fine specimen both of the art of bookmaking and of the art of making books over again.

—There comes from London, through Scribner, Welford & Co., with he imprint of Trübner & Co., the second imprint being that of Shortrede & Co., of Hong Kong, a very curious and instructive guide-book. Its title reads, "The Treaty Ports of China and Japan: A Complete Guide to the Open Ports of those countries, together with Peking, Yedo, Hong Kong, and Macao; forming a guide-book and vade mecum for travellers, merchants, and residents in general, with twenty-nine maps and plans. By Wm. Fred. Mayers, F.R.G.S., H. M. Consular Service; N. B. Dennys, late H. M. Consular Service; and Chas. King, Lieutenant R.M.A.; compiled and edited by N. B. Dennys." The preface tells us how curious the book really is; for it seems that the type was mostly set by Chinese compositors, and all the many maps engraved by "natives." It is very well printed and made up, and speaks well for the state of the industrial arts at Hong Kong. The book is one of the best arranged and most useful hand-books we have ever seen. The information is very clearly given, and seems to be just what is required. Most of it is necessarily mercantile and financial; but the prefaces and general chapters are full of valuable matter, much of it not easily accessible elsewhere. The historical sketches of such places as Hong Kong and Shanghai are very interesting, and are given at great length. The botany, insects, and animals of the different provinces are very carefully noted. But the great interest of the book is in the fresh and intelligent account of Japan—country, soil, climate, productions, government, manners, and customs. Now that the Western world has learned what a brave, self-reliant, ingenious, and industrious people have been discovered in the most distant East, information about Japan ought to be more accessible than it is. To those especially who care for Japanese decorative and representative art, their wonderful lacquers and bronzes and porcelain, and their spirited paintings and wood-cuts, the general account of Japan and the many interesting scraps of information are of real value. The book has a good index. An appendix contains: 1st, an account of the "Means of Transport between England, France, and America and China and Japan;" and 2d, a catalogue of books, etc., on China and Japan. Scribner, Welford & Co. also import a book of chromo-lithographs issued by Day & Son: "Sketches of Japanese Manners and Customs," by J. M. W. Silver, Lieutenant Royal Marines Light Infantry; illustrated by native drawings reproduced in fac-simile. The last assertion may be questioned; the color pictures are very badly done, and although there are evidences that the originals were inferior to the splendid drawings of an earlier period, yet they must have been very much more interesting and beautiful than these chromos. The scenes are interesting ones; but not more so than are continually seen in the original Japanese books occasionally to be bought in New York, while nearly all their characteristic spirit is gone, and all their beauty of color. The one use of the book is that there is an explanatory text with every picture, so that much assistance is given toward the deciphering of any other Japanese drawings by the complete analysis of these. This text is very well imagined and well written, and is really very useful. The book is worth keeping and reading, but not worth a guinea. If tolerable wood-cut copies of Japanese drawings had been accompanied by the same text, and the book sold for five shillings, it would have been more buyable.

—Mr. H. G. Bohn has printed but not published a "Dictionary of Poetical Quotations." The ground sought to be covered is not that occupied by compilers of dictionaries of familiar quotations, and the matter is classified under subjects and not under words. It is probable that the book will fill a place which now is cumbered by numerous works, which all, we believe, though none of them is of great pretensions, are of greater pretensions than merit. That it is intended eventually to fill such a place is to be inferred, we suppose, from the fact that although the compiler now permits the book to circulate among his private friends only, he asks them for help to make it complete. Many of the quotations are now without exact references to the sources whence they are drawn.

—The sculptured stones of Scotland, of which our gravestones are perhaps the immediate descendants, have been made the subject of a magnificently illustrated work, edited by Mr. John Stuart, which is published by the Spalding Club, or rather has been printed for that society of archæologists. Persons interested in the great Pictish controversy, of which we have heard from Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck, at least, and Sir Arthur Wardour, will be pleased to know that the stones settle nothing definitely on the one or the other side of that venerable question. They are supposed, however, to indicate that the population of Scotland was once homogeneous and composed of Scoti, but was afterwards mingled to some extent with the race of Picts, who came from across the sea and settled in what Bede calls the land of the Picts, north of the Forth. More of our readers will be interested in knowing that the mysterious stones of Stonehenge and Avebury, which it has been customary to speak of as Druidical temples, places of religious and political assembly, are in no respect, except that of their size, different from the rings of pillars and circles of earth, undoubtedly of a sepulchral character, which are numerous in the ancient Pictland, and in connection with which the memorial stones which Mr. Stuart treats of are always found. As for the stones themselves, they are some of them of a date previous to that of the introduction of Christianity into Scotland, and some of them—a far larger class of them—belong to the sixth and seventh centuries. Most of them are sculptured, but the earliest are plain, and then as we come down from pre-historic times we find, first, rude realistic figures—tribal emblems probably, and emblems of sex and occupation—carved roughly on the stone; then we have a better sort of carving and a mingling of Christian and pagan symbols; and finally we have pattern-work similar to that in Irish illuminated manuscripts, beautiful in itself and very well cut upon the stone. In England as well as in Scotland there are some of these carved stones, though they are most numerous in the part of eastern Scotland which we have mentioned; but nothing has yet been accomplished in the way of describing them so good as has been done by Mr. Stuart for the Scottish remains.

We have to apologize to our readers for offering them last week as an original article a review of M. Plon's "Thorwaldsen, sa Vie et ses Œuvres." The article turns out to be largely a translation from the German. Coming as it did from a person whom we thought we knew to be worthy of confidence, it was printed without our entertaining a suspicion of its character.

FAIRY TALES, NEW AND OLD.*

THE first book upon our list of fairy books consists of tolerable translations of a few of the "Hausmärchen" of the brothers Grimm, and of hardly tolerable colored copies of a few of George Cruikshank's wonderful etchings. The stories are all well known, and among them are the delightful friends of the children of thirty years ago—"The Fox's Brush," "Florinda and Florindel," "Rumpelstiltzkin," "The Golden Goose," and "The Jew in the Bush," which last is here called "The Jew among Thorns." There is no index or table of contents, but it may be guessed that there are a dozen or fifteen shorter or longer stories. The selection is not a bad one; the less interesting or less healthy of the stories in Grimm's immense collection are not reproduced; the better ones are. The translation is not badly done—a little stiff and unidiomatic, as of a writer more familiar with reading German than with writing English, but still a fair reproduction of the original tales. It would pass for a good fairy book but for the inevitable comparison of it with the vastly superior "Gammer Grethel's Fairy Tales," from which these same stories have gained their popularity in the English-speaking world. That delightful book contains all the stories in "Grimm's Goblin" and a host besides, forty-two stories in all, and not one that we can wish away. Among them are some we have never seen in any other collection, like "The Bear and the Skrattel," a capital story, "Cherry, the Frog Bride," and "The Waits of Bremen." The translation is as accurate and the English style much more fluent and sparkling than in the book we are considering. The little songs and spells, and all the popular sayings and proverbs and sudden exclamations, are admirably rendered. The translator was Edgar Taylor. The book was once, we think, published in America—at least, the little black-cloth-covered volume which was our childhood's joy, and which is now lost, we suppose to have been printed in this country. The copy which we now possess and cherish is published by Bohn, of London, and bears date 1863—belongs, in fact, to Bohn's illustrated library. The illustrations are common enough wood-cuts, twenty-five or thirty of them, but interesting, because all but four or five are taken from Cruikshank's etched illustrations to Grimm's tales, and those four or five are by Ludwig Grimm himself. Slight and inadequate as they are, they keep something of the spirit

* "Grimm's Goblins. Selected from the Household Stories of the Brothers Grimm." With illustrations in colors from Cruikshank's designs. Ticknor & Fields.

"Rainboys for Children. Edited by L. Maria Child." With 28 Illustrations. Ticknor & Fields.

"Dealings with the Fairies. 'Where more is meant than meets the ear.' By George Macdonald." Illustrations by Arthur Hughes. Alexander Strahan.

"Among the Squirrels. By Mrs. Denison." With illustrations by Ernest Griset. George Routledge & Sons.

of the immortal originals, which are now so seldom seen, so very difficult to obtain, marked "very scarce" on any catalogue in which the title is included.

It would be a great thing—and we hereby promise to take ten copies at retail price,—it would be a great thing if Ticknor & Fields would get Mr. Osborne to reproduce, by his most delicate process of photo-lithography, the original Cruikshank etchings from fine early impressions of the plates; then to reprint "Gammer Grethel," and bind up the matchless pictures with the tales they illustrate. Mr. Osborne could preserve in his copies much of the beauty of the etchings, as well as all the vigor and fun of the designs. Everybody has seen the handsome and costly edition of "Perrault's Contes de Fées," a huge quarto with Gustave Doré's designs. We ask for an edition of Taylor's "Grimm's House Legends" only one-quarter as expensive, and elegant as that, but containing stories as amusing and of nearly as great literary merit, and pictures immeasurably superior. In the colored pictures of "Grimm's Goblins" reproduction of the vigor and fun is attempted, but so feebly that not even was care taken to keep the pictures in shape; they are one and all reversed, a common way of saving a little trouble. In the illustration to the "Jew among Thorns" the fiddler holds the bow in his left hand and tucks the fiddle under his right cheek, and the soldiers have their swords girded on the right thigh; the wonderful musician fiddles in the same unexampled way; and although the other pictures are less spoiled by being reversed, reversed they are every one. Of course there is nothing given of the strange charm of Cruikshank's handiwork, the wonderful harmony of his light and shade, the mellow softness of his black-and-white design that lifts it almost into the domain of color, and gives to the draughtsman a rank among the greatest and truest of artists.

George Cruikshank is a very old man now, and the "collecting" of his works has grown into a passion and a thirst, a thirst hard to sate because of the enormous amount and almost endless variety of the etchings and wood-cuts which Cruikshank produced. But many as they are, they are all high-priced now, because of the eager hunt for them. The illustrations to Grimm are worth from six to ten pounds in London, the "Comic Almanac" in a complete set is worth as much, or many times what it cost originally. A good copy of the "Oliver Twist," his only important work in connection with Dickens, seems to be worth whatever the owner may fancy to ask for it. Here in New York, within a few weeks, an early copy of the "Ingoldsby Legends" brought forty dollars more easily than the later editions could fetch ten, and at these prices the buyer is favored and happy, and the seller has done him a service. But this demand for his works does not benefit Cruikshank any more than the greater demand can benefit him which will follow his death. He is an old man, and not in easy circumstances. His friends and admirers have organized a subscription testimonial to him, and the names are published of a great committee, of which John Ruskin is chairman. We have called attention to this before, and printed the names of some of the committee; but we must say again that among the three hundred and fifty names, more or less, of those who are taking prominent part in this worthy work are the names of the greatest living sculptor of England, her two greatest poets, her best architects, half-a-dozen of her greatest painters, her leading publishers, and all the best of those noblemen and gentlemen who are interested in the beautiful arts. There have been contributions from this side of the water, but there should be more and larger, and as Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Lowell, and Mr. Norton are all among the American members of the committee, there ought to be no difficulty in sending all the money that enlightened Americans can spare.

"Rainbows for Children" is not a new book, but was "entered by act of Congress in the year 1847 by C. S. Francis & Co." We possess a copy of the original edition, and this new one seems to be a counterpart of it. The stories, nine in number, were written by a lady whose name is not given, and handed about in manuscript among her nephews and nieces and their childish friends, until Mrs. Child met with them and was "so charmed with the freshness and beauty of the stories that she begged permission to publish them." They deserve Mrs. Child's affectionate praise. They are not very absorbing reading for grown people, and in respect to literary merit do not stand extraordinarily high. Nobody ought to be so grown up as not to enjoy "Perrault's Tales," or "The Arabian Nights," or the best Grimm's "Household Legends," whether in German or English; but anybody who has anything else to read may be excused for not caring to read these. But this is not, after all, the best test for children's books. It is dangerous to establish a critical test of the kind. The children must decide; other verdict than theirs may well be misleading, and the habit of looking for other judgment than theirs causes endless blunders. One veto only upon the juvenile decision we allow—the rejection of all that is absolutely harmful. These Rainbows are not only harmless, their tone is the most gentle and refined, their influence can only be wholesome. And the children's verdict, left to itself as it may safely be, is, we believe, unanimously in favor of these pleasant stories. In some of the stories are no fairies, as in "Violet's May Day" and "Bright Sunshine;" nor fairy influence except in the children's fertile fancies; and these we think are the best stories of all; studies from real life we think them. "Fanny's Menagerie" is no more magical than in being a story of a dream. But in others the fairyland is curiously mingled with the workaday world, without either suffering. Thus, in Rose Island, even the transformation into winged pigmies like the fairies themselves of the brother and sister (who are duly changed back again) does not take away from their humanity or their childishness. The fairy power is acknowledged as a part of the world, not of very much importance, but certainly of some, and generally very beneficent in its influence. We think the author was near to the development of a complete new fairy mythology. The twenty-eight illustrations to this book are of no value whatever.

Mr. Macdonald's dealings with the fairies are in five longish stories, with cleverly designed but badly-cut wood-engravings by Arthur Hughes. Every one of these stories—or perhaps one might except "The Giant's Heart"—are well worth reading. There is a strange kind of fancy about them, and a peculiarly genial kind of thought. We have not known of children who had read them, but it is probable that they would be read with pleasure by five-year-olds, and read over again a little later in life with renewed enjoyment and some suspicion of the moral. "Cross Purposes" is the jolliest and liveliest of all; and in that one we think that any six-years boy would see the beauty of resolution and pluck very plainly and very neatly shown. In the others the story would be apt to amuse children who would see nothing but the story—but the incidents are not senseless nor childish in a bad sense. The best story of all is, we think, "The Shadows," but not for such young children. The bright ten-year boys and girls will enjoy that, and it will do them good; those of them, that is, who have the patience and have been taught the good habit to read without wholly reckless skipping and skimming. On the whole, this little book of three hundred small square pages is a very good child's book indeed, and should not be lightly destroyed.

"Among the Squirrels" is a story of squirrel life, mingled (of course) with human interests and sorrows. It has seemed to us exceedingly dull, and made more so by the "highfalutin" character of the introductory and final chapters, and of much of the story itself. The children will not be so much disturbed by the grandiloquent character of the speeches and dialogue, and it is their judgment which will be final. But we should expect to see lively-minded children galloping very quickly over these leaves, and then pulling up and leaving the course at about the seventy-fifth page.

Ernest Griset has illustrated several children's books, not, as we think, with very great success. His pictures in this one have at least as much merit as we have learned to expect in his work.

LIVES OF INDIAN OFFICERS.*

The history of the British East India Company has been thus far the greatest romance of the modern world. Nothing in ancient history can rival it in interest, strangeness, and picturesqueness, and there is, perhaps, nothing so strange about it as that—with an origin so mean and aims so immoral as its aims were during the first century of its existence—it should have attracted to its service such a large number of able and upright men.

The history of the Company from 1700 to 1800 is simply the story of a band of dissolute Englishmen, making a great deal of money with very little labor out of the heathen by whom they were surrounded, growing daily in power and using their power to increase their riches, and steadily resisting all the efforts of their masters at home—modest and frugal merchants in Leadenhall Street—to bridle their excesses. Early in the century they had fights with their fists and cudgels round the council board, and members often left it with broken heads. One member of that period complains that he had received from the president during a sitting

"two cuts in the head, the one very long and deep, the other a slight thing in comparison to that; then a great blowe on my left arm, which has inflamed the shoulder and deprived me of the use of that limbe; on my right side a blowe in my ribs, just beneath the pap, which is a stoppage to my breath and makes me incapable of helping myself; on my left hip another nothing inferior to the first; but above all a cut on the brow of my eye."

Besides fighting, the members gambled badly, drank deeply, lived in great luxury, some of the "writers" having handsome equipages and outriders, the grave men in Leadenhall Street sending orders out forbidding

* "Lives of Indian Officers, illustrative of the History of the Civil and Military Services of India. By John William Kaye." Two volumes. London: A. Strahan & Co., and Bell & Daldy. 1867.

anything more splendid than "a single chaise"—we suppose the "one-horse shay" of a later period in this country. What aggravated the directors at home as much as anything was that the hands of their servants shook so much in the morning, as the result of their mode of passing their evenings, that their writing was scarcely legible. It was this community which produced the now almost forgotten "nabobs" who figured in the English romances of the end of the last century and the earlier part of this; the men with a mahogany complexion and damaged livers, given to strange oaths, and attended by Lascar body-servants, who used to come home unexpectedly and either deliver the family of a worthy but unfortunate brother from great pecuniary embarrassment, or else be forced in marriage by inhuman parents upon lovely girls devotedly in love with handsome but impecunious men of their own age.

Clive first attempted, and with success, to introduce reform into this sink of corruption and vice, and from his time the interference of Parliament and the influence of public opinion in England continued to work a great change for the better. The Company became more sensible of its moral responsibilities as its empire grew. The "nabobs" died out; a better class of men began to go into the service; the middle class began to look to India as offering an honorable career not simply to their wild sons but to their promising and accomplished sons, until the service, both civil and military, grew into what the mutiny of 1857 found it—a service which, like all instruments employed for the government of a conquered and inferior race, was full of imperfections, stained with great vices, but which, nevertheless, was in a remarkable degree the nursery of great and pure characters; which produced in the midst of luxury and temptation many of the noblest examples of simplicity, of self-sacrifice and devotion to duty, to be found in the history of any country. No service has been able to boast a greater number of men who did great things for love of their work, and without hope of fame or even of any recognition of it in the world in which they were born and hoped to die; for most of the Indian officers' exploits, whether in civilizing or educating or fighting or ruling, were performed in a distant and barbarous region, in which few but their own connections felt any interest. Now and then a striking incident, like the Afghan or Sikh wars, or the mutiny, brought the actors into the view of the Western world; but it was only at these rare intervals that it learnt how many great soldiers and administrators, and, what is better, how many good and pure men, the East India Company had enrolled under its flag.

Mr. Kaye wrote brief but interesting memoirs of a dozen of them for *Good Words*, a popular English religious magazine, and has since revised and extended his sketches and collected them in the two portly volumes before us. We do not well know on what principle he has made his selection of his heroes, but they represent nearly every kind of distinction which has been achieved in the Company's service: Lord Cornwallis, so unfortunate in this country, but everywhere an honest gentleman; Sir John Malcolm, the prince of Indian politicians—the "Boy Malcolm," as he was called, owing to the flow of animal spirits and the love of athletic sports which he preserved during his whole life; Mountstuart Elphinstone, of the civil service, who rode in his youth beside Wellington at Assaye, and was perhaps the first of the great race of administrators of whom the company has since had so many; Henry Martyn, one of its chaplains, whose piety, devotion, and terrible sufferings in the discharge of his duty entitle him to a place beside Brainerd and Xavier; Alexander Burnes and Conolly, the great explorers of Central Asia; Sir Henry Lawrence, the hero of Lucknow, whose death was one of the noblest and most affecting scenes of the mutiny; and Nicholson, by far the foremost soldier of the Indian army, and in many ways one of the most remarkable men of modern times; the only man of our day who could boast of having been worshipped as a god, and who, in an earlier age and a less settled society, might have founded a dynasty and built up an empire. The whole twelve, too, were men of the middle classes, one or two of almost humble origin, and they are drawn from England, Ireland, and Scotland. The leading civilian-explorers, Malcolm, Elphinstone, Burnes, are Scotchmen; only one of the distinguished soldiers, Neill, coming from that part of the kingdom. Henry Martyn, the missionary, was an Englishman, and some time a fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Pottinger, Lawrence, and Nicholson were Irishmen—Nicholson's being, perhaps, the greatest name of all; his fall in the streets of Delhi while urging a faltering column to advance extinguishing fairer hopes than any other officer in the British service has excited during the last fifty years. He was the son of a Dublin doctor, was brought up by a widowed mother, and with but little help from fortune made his way to the front rank of Indian soldiers and administrators, and was at the time of his untimely death recognized by the whole army as perhaps the greatest character and the only real military genius the struggle had brought to light.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR OCTOBER.

THE last King of England who at once ruled and reigned—and even in his case the reign lasted a good deal longer than the rule—was George the Third. How he managed to do it is an interesting story, and to us Americans it is particularly interesting, for the king's stupidity and Lord North's superabounding good nature, without which the king's stupidity would have enured to no one's benefit, were to us very profitable. It is well told by Mr. Bodham Donne in his excellently annotated "Correspondence of King George the Third with Lord North," and is well enough indicated by Mr. Hazewell in a rather short and rather readable essay, reviewing that book and another less valuable—Mr. Jesse's "Life and Memoirs of King George the Third"—which opens the October *North American*.

The United States Naval Observatory is the second essay of this number; and, reading it, all Americans who, since 1861, have been patriotically disliking Mr. M. F. Maury, and yet have felt constrained to admit him a man of great scientific attainments and services, will not unreluctantly learn that even before the war the lieutenant, the newspapers to the contrary notwithstanding, was not a person to whom the highest respect was due, whether for his science or for anything else. It is fair to say, though, that his native ability is well spoken of by Mr. Newcomb, who, however, is almost too severe when he seems to speak of the late war as a fortunate event because it took Maury away from the National Observatory. Of the Observatory for the past few years, under the superintendence of Gilliss, its original founder, who was set aside in favor of Lieutenant Maury, of Rear-Admiral Davis, and of Commodore Sands, the present superintendent, Mr. Newcomb speaks well, and he accords to it the fourth place among similar institutions, giving the first to the Russian Observatory and the second and third to the observatories at Greenwich and Paris. One of the most urgent wants of our establishment is, in his opinion, the lack of residences for the principal observers at or near the Observatory. And there is great need of a telescope better than the one now used, of observing-rooms of wood or iron instead of brick, and of such a personal organization as shall secure the services of the best astronomers.

The anonymous author of the essay on "The Bank of England Restriction," an essay of which we do not profess to speak with knowledge, insists on the conclusion that "a wide distinction must be drawn between inconvertible bank-notes, issued on good security merely as loans, payable within a short definite period, and inconvertible government paper issued like so much gold and silver, yet not capable of being melted like the precious metals into an article of commerce, nor of being returned to the issuer, and not like bank-notes." We, laboring under the latter difficulty, cannot, in the writer's opinion, find anything consoling in England's example. The writer of "The Civil Service of the United States," taking for his text the Honorable T. A. Jenckes's well-known reforming bill, or, as we might better call it, organizing bill, begins with a declaration to which all people who have given any attention to the subject will assent, that "the condition of the civil service of the United States is deplorable." He does not, as he might do, show by examples just how extremely deplorable it is abroad among the consuls and ministers, and at home among our autocratic secretaries, and his arguments, as well as his presentation of facts, are such as to make it seem as if a very fruitful subject had met at his hands with very inadequate treatment. The fate of Mr. Jenckes's bill is sufficient proof that our representatives in Congress are not very likely to part with the enormous power of obliging friends and buying enemies which the present system leaves in their hands until their constituents are roused to a lively sense of the urgent need there is for reform. This might well have been attempted in the manner of Mr. Parton's recent plea for an international copyright law, and his and another late writer's telling exposure of our New York municipal and judicial authorities. Foreign newspapers would have one more republican confession of sin to copy, but if we can horrify our foreign friends by an endeavor to remedy our national evils it is perhaps as well to do so, painful as it may be to their feelings and to those of our countrymen who reside abroad, and who, we observe, are troubled a good deal by several of the articles lately published in *The North American*. Let us say of the article under consideration that it is to be praised for doing something to familiarize the public with the provisions of the bill proposed.

Professor D. C. Gilman does the same service for the so-called "Agricultural College Bill," an act which, as he points out, is miscalled when so called, as the establishment of mere agricultural schools was not intended by the framer of the act, the Honorable Justin S. Morrill, nor is it what Congress intended or did. The bill, however, is a law of the land, and the States are already busy in carrying it into practical operation. Professor Gilman's main point, then, is to offer suggestions as to how this may most wisely be done, and his advice seems to us valuable. Briefly, he

would have each school aim to supply some particular necessity; and certainly it seems well that the California and Pennsylvania schools of science should make mining their specialty; that the Illinois school should devote itself chiefly to agriculture; that among the schools of the older Eastern States "the methods of education should be specially adapted to the instruction of engineers, mechanics, and chemists, and the directors and superintendents of great manufacturing establishments," and so on. When the nationally endowed school has been joined, as in many of the States it has been, to some university, it seems plain that there should be—as in such a case there easily can be—an effort made to educate men to proficiency in particular branches of science. On the need of looking more carefully to the selection of teachers of the right stamp than to the marking out on paper long lists of "chairs;" on the need of good judgment in the construction of buildings; on the need of maintaining in their schools as high a standard as possible, instead of letting them degenerate, as in some States they may, into model farms; on the desirability of providing them with museums, and on various other kindred topics, Professor Gilman has much to say that will, no doubt, be of value to those on whom is laid the responsibility of using aright the magnificent gift which Congress has made to the States. It has by this one act given away for educational purposes more square miles of territory than are to be found in Holland or Belgium, or what used to be the kingdom of Hanover—a fact of which the youthful American, till these and other schools shall have cured him of boasting, may almost be permitted to brag a little.

Mr. F. B. Sanborn furnishes a paper on "The Reformation of Prison Discipline," a subject to the treatment of which he brings a great command of the facts pertaining to it, and, if that is a matter of which we may speak, a strong philanthropic feeling. But, as he observes at the end of the essay—an observation which will show the tone in which this admirable paper is written throughout—the question is not one of philanthropy, but strictly of the duty imposed upon society of taking care when it has decided to spare a criminal's life that he shall suffer no moral detriment by the course of life forced upon him by the state. But there is a remark as regards the purely philanthropic aspect of the reform for which Mr. Sanborn is doing so much good work; he quotes from Van der Brugghen, a writer not well known, a few noble words which express well a thought expressed by many other generous men—as by Thackeray, for instance, whom Mr. Sanborn does not mention—"I am constrained to say that I should think ill of any man who should have much to do with prisoners and not feel oftentimes profoundly humiliated in soul. So many days of shame and suffering for a detected act of moral weakness, the sinfulness of which makes no approach to the vileness of thought and deed that too often form the web of our hidden life." Though, for the matter of that, the prisoner, too, has his hidden life; when all is said, the rest of us may very likely be as good as the convict.

Professor Whitney's article, entitled "Key and Oppert on Indo-European Philology," makes a good deal of fun of both those scholars, the fun being, however, almost all of the kind which the bystanders enjoy considerably more than the objects of it. Professor Key's offence is a light one as compared with M. Oppert's, of whose book Professor Whitney says, "We have seldom fallen in with the production of an author of his claims to attention which has so thoroughly disappointed us and moved us to opposition," and for the existence of which, with its unsound arguments and its arrogant tone, Professor Whitney can hardly account except by the supposition that M. Oppert—who, on the one hand, is by birth a member of the Semitic race, and, on the other, is a professor of the chief Indo-European language—wishes to revenge himself and his race upon M. Renan, who—being by birth an Indo-European and by position a teacher of Semitic philology—has been decrying the Semites and unduly extolling the race to which he himself belongs. But in gratifying these natural feelings of his, M. Oppert has in a manner forced Professor Whitney to defend the claims of linguistics by this attack, which seems to have thoroughly routed the Semite. Mr. Key might, perhaps, have escaped notice but for M. Oppert's appearance in the field. As it is, he suffers with the other, and for an answer to his question, "Whether the labors of the German school have not been overvalued?" he gets the following among other sentences, "The merits of any school that is active and successful in the discovery of new truth can hardly avoid being both overvalued and undervalued;" overvalued by certain persons, and "undervalued by those who, on account of faults of detail, reject the whole method, as well as by those who, having the acuteness to detect such faults, yet lack the sound learning and enlightened judgment which should lead them to adopt the method wherever it is truly valuable." The more serious parts of the essay are, of course, at least as valuable as the humorous and satirical parts are entertaining.

The *Joci Risusque* attend Mr. Lowell even into colonial New England, whither, indeed, he confessedly goes for entertainment merely, but finds also more instruction than all orations or most histories can give us about our ancestors, not letting us forget while we laugh at their frequent weakness the true strength of the Puritans, as witness the sketch of John Winthrop and the picture copied from Maidstone of Oliver Cromwell. He finds the asses, to be sure, but the kingdom also, which neither those students do who reprehensibly follow after Mr. S. S. Cox nor those of the school of Mr. Everett. The amount of amusement got out of them by Mr. Lowell ought alone to convince many that the Pilgrim Fathers were at least, and at most, human. He gives us sketches of the valiant Captain John Underhill, the father of all such as spell on purpose; of Hugh Peter, "selfish, with that clerical unction which in a vulgar nature so easily degenerates into greasiness;" of Jonathan Brewster; and of Emmanuel Downing, who favored a war with the Narragansets, seriously doubting "whether it be not synne in us, having power in our hands, to suffer them to maynteyne the worship of devills which their paw-wawes often doe." Emmanuel wanted gainful pillage, for he would have exchanged the captives for a certain number of Moors, he said. "The doubt," says Mr. Lowell, "whether it be not sin in us longer to tolerate their devil-worship considering how much need we have of them as merchandise, is delicious." One would say that Sir George Downing, considering his delightful character and various political services, must have been begotten in one of his father's moments of most serious dubiety.

Mr. Norton reviews an English book, not published, of "Letters and Remains of Arthur Hugh Clough," and borrows from it a poem of considerable length which will be new to Clough's American readers and admirers. It is a perfectly characteristic poem; "the thing which it is attempted to represent is the conflict between the tender conscience and the world." It is curious to note the difference between a poem like this of Clough's and those of his friend Mr. Arnold, and the difference runs through all the poems of each. Clough seems never to have given up hoping, at least trying to hope, that the conflict was one capable of being brought to an end, and which one must fight out. Mr. Arnold perceives the fact of fighting, takes a share in it now and then, and is, to some extent, perturbed by it, but we do not see that his conscience is excessively interested. Of course the nature of the conflict is to be learned best from the man who has known it best. Of the more cheerful, the more artistic, side of Clough's character, not much is seen in this very interesting poem.

A Latin Reader; to which is prefixed an epitome of Latin grammar, together with notes and copious references to the grammars of Harkness, Andrews, Stoddard, and Bullion; also, a vocabulary and exercises in Latin prose composition. By William B. Silber, A.M., College of New York. (New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1867.)—The character of this book is sufficiently indicated by the title-page, a portion of which is quoted above. It is, in brief, an attempt to fuse into an amorphous mass of small dimensions not merely the common grammar, reader, exercise book, and dictionary of commerce, but also so much of private tutor as could be chemically or otherwise combined therewith. This last-mentioned element, we are persuaded, is the one to which the author refers in his preface as a "feature peculiarly his own." The present book seems to be neither better nor worse than most of its class; all of which, as we have been convinced by long experience, are based upon a principle fundamentally wrong. It is a melancholy waste of time and labor for a boy to learn two Latin and two Greek grammars. Under the present system, nine boys out of ten will learn their grammars by rote; and the change of phraseology in the rules, and the difference in the examples quoted in each, is often extremely confusing to learners. The book before us, in aiming at brevity and simplicity, is often obscure and sometimes incorrect. What idea would most boys of twelve get from the following definition of "person," which, we believe, is either meaningless or untrue, "Person is the relation of a noun or pronoun *to what is said in discourse;*" or from this, "The name of a town, when used as a limit of motion, is put in the accusative;" or from this, which involves a peculiar absurdity, "Eleven prepositions are followed by the ablative"? None of the prepositions are given under this or a similar rule with regard to the twenty-six used with the accusative, and in none of the instances above-mentioned are any examples cited.

We felt assured, as we approached the subject of moods, that *pons asinorum* of grammarians of all ages and of every tongue, that our author's genius for compression would here take a startling flight. We subjoin without comment, for which we have no room, the definitions of the indicative and subjunctive moods: "The indicative mood treats of facts." . . "The subjunctive mood represents the action of the verb as supposed or con-

ceived." The best feature of the grammatical portion of the work consists in its presenting verbatim many of the rules of the excellent manual of Andrews and Stoddard, which, though itself open to criticism on one of the points above referred to, guides the learner by abundant examples. We wish to say a single word with regard to the Reader which forms the second portion of the volume, not on account of any special merits or defects of this particular book, but because this, like the grammar, is a fair specimen of the text-books commonly employed in our American schools. The extracts are the usual "Fables of Æsop" and "Mythology." We do not so much object to the "Fables," though we certainly would never make use of them for the purpose; but to reprint that dreary "Mythology" is unpardonable. Passages of sufficient simplicity could be readily selected from first-rate authors, which would not only be more interesting to intelligent boys, but, what is of more importance, be worth remembering. A vocabulary, which is essentially equivalent to an interlinear translation, fitly completes the work, "than which," as the author says in his preface of the study of grammar, in a style only comparable to that of the famous preface to the "New Guide of the Conversation in Portuguese and English,"—"than which no other is so well calculated to ground one into"—a thorough aversion to this important part of education, and of which we are constrained to say what Arnold said of Wright's version of the "Iliad," that, repeating in the main the merits and defects of ten thousand predecessors, it has, if we may be pardoned for saying so, no proper reason for existing.

Reiseskizzen, Aphorismen, Gedichte von Erzherzog Maximilian. Band I. bis IV. (Leipzig. 1867.)—This posthumous publication of the works of Maximilian is by order of the Emperor of Austria. The first four volumes contain nothing relating to Mexico, but are diaries of travel during the years 1851–1853 through Italy, Spain, Portugal, Greece, and Algeria. They show their unfortunate author to have been endowed with qualities which are not common in princes, and free of prejudices almost inseparable from his position and blood. His observations on society and government are so acute as to make the close of his career still more of a mystery. On a European throne it is probable he would have made a pattern monarch, by readily adapting himself to the advanced ideas of the age. We have selected, nearly at random, from his "Aphorisms" the following specimens of his mode of thinking and feeling:

"It is not good to look at great men from too near; the nearer you come to the light, the darker are the shadows it throws, and when you are accustomed to it it ceases to dazzle."

"Why are dogs called faithful? Because they crawl and suffer themselves to be beaten, and because man likes so much to see them crawling and to beat them."

"Man must be educated by accidents."

"Many think that princes need not attend to their duties like other people; this is because most of them really have not attended to them, and so in the course of centuries a right of usage has resulted from it which has undermined the dynasties. Now people are amazed when such a princely *amphibium* has emotions of duty."

"Fear and ambition drive the wheel of the world."

"Whoever cannot make himself respected does not deserve to be."

"It is beautiful, as a beginner, to look into a grand future; more beautiful to go, with a great past, strong in the present, to meet a brilliant future; but it is terrible to be conscious of a great past and to have no longer any future."

"Railways are the symbol of equality, the indestructible levers of the ever-increasing socialism."

"In governing there is a to-day, a to-morrow, and a yesterday. If you think for the to-morrow and act accordingly to-day, you diffuse blessings and reap the fruits; but if you only think of the to-day, as is now the fashion in Europe, the to-morrow often overtakes and devours you; if you speak only of yesterday and will act accordingly to-day, you come to the past. In such a past the Bourbons have moved."

"To have regard for the spirit of the times is not to concede but to fulfil one's duty."

"The wishes of women and of nations must be anticipated by instinct, and be presented to them fulfilled, as surprising presents, before they are uttered; hereby you gratify both of them while showing your own superiority and keeping the reins in your hand."

"Woe to the man who regards his subordinates as ends and means! And, alas! how many of the so-called 'great' there are who regard the creature as *piédestal* and food for cannons."

The sketches of travel are not less brilliantly written than the "Aphorisms," and are distinguished by keenness of vision and a style always good and not seldom of epigrammatic brilliance.

Les Etats-Unis. Renseignements historiques; renseignements géographiques; industrie agricole. Par Louis Strauss, élève-consul de S. M. le Roi des Belges. (Bruxelles: A. Lacroix, Verboeckhoven et Cie. 1867. New York: Allen Ebbs.)—This octavo volume, of 436 pages, is first of a series designed to describe the richness of the United States and its unrivalled attractions for the peasantry and the working classes generally of Europe. Those which are to follow will treat of the American flora, woodcraft, metallurgy, commerce, navigation, ports, light-houses, customs regulations, immigration, etc. Judging of all from one, they will constitute a highly valuable and eminently useful body of statistics, which ought, if properly circulated abroad, to stimulate and improve in character the emigration to this country. The author has compressed into a hundred pages our national history down to the appointment of McClellan to the command of the Army of the Potomac. Of course some errors have occurred, and fresh and undue prominence has been given to names which have long been forgotten in our politics. But it is not of much consequence that a vote in the Senate is reported as 105 to 93 votes, nor that the Colonization Society is credited with desiring to furnish an asylum to the free negroes of the South lest they should be reduced to bondage, instead of being charged with the design of strengthening slavery by getting rid of such an anomalous and dangerous element. So, too, it is a harmless opinion that the blacks will eventually gravitate to South America and the Antilles. But it can hardly encourage a person who intends to emigrate hither to be told that "it is more than probable that the manufacturing party of the Union will prefer to secede from the confederation rather than make a concession [of a low tariff or free-trade] which would involve the loss of all their wealth." Mr. Strauss is evidently a student of our contemporaneous history, and the attitude of New England at the last session of Congress might have shown him that the protectionists of Webster's time are not the protectionists of to-day.

The chapters on the geography and agricultural products of the country are the result of great and very intelligent research on the part of the author. They teach precisely what the emigrant needs to know, and are full of comparisons of the United States with foreign countries. Mr. Kennedy's abstract of the census of 1860 is not nearly so interesting or well-arranged as are these facts and figures. Many a one of us would find it profitable to study them. Here, for instance, is Massachusetts, twelfth on the list of tobacco-raising States, with a rapidly increasing ratio of growth; and it is pleasing to learn that in the United States there is one whole pig and three-hundredths of another to every inhabitant, man, woman, or child.

We commend Mr. Strauss's work to the attention of Mr. J. J. Sturz, at Berlin, as worthy of translation into the German, and as doing something to supply that central bureau of American information which Mr. Sturz so zealously sought to establish at Frankfort through an appropriation from Washington, which Congress refused him.

A Complete Etymology of the English Language, containing the Anglo-Saxon, French, Dutch, German, Welsh, Danish, Gothic, Swedish, Gaelic, Italian, Latin, and Greek Roots, and the English Words derived therefrom accurately spelled, accented, and defined. By William W. Smith. (New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.)—"All the etymologies of the English language heretofore published have been confined merely to the words derived from the Latin and Greek—the present one has embraced *all* the words of the language, *or rather*, such as it is necessary to teach at home or in school." Far be it from us to quibble about the word "complete" in the title of this book, though, perhaps, the author of a "Definer's Manual"—for such is Mr. Smith—might fairly enough be called upon to use language with a little more caution. There are, at any rate, some twenty-five hundred etymologies and twelve or thirteen thousand definitions in the volume, and we frankly admit that this is nearly as much as we ourselves shall think it necessary to teach at home or in school. The author has forgotten to mention one thing which it may be well for the owners of "Worcester's Dictionary" to know, and that is, that the etymologies have been literally copied from that dictionary; but candor requires the admission that this copying has been done with such frequency of misconception as constitutes a sort of claim to originality. Several tables are prefixed to the etymologies which are meant to furnish exercises in spelling and defining. The first of these contains "words of similar pronunciation, but having different meanings," among which words we find paired *acclamation* and *acclimation*, *austere* and *oyster*, *celery* and *salary*, *dew* and *do*, *guitar* and *catarrh*, etc. There is also a preface of two pages on the history of the language. From this we learn that Anglo-Saxon "is a very ancient language, its origin being completely lost in antiquity; the Latin in comparison is a mere modern language." Something like this is found in the older editions of "Webster's Dictionary," where the Danish is said to be as old as the Chaldee. The argument of *ignotum pro magnifico* may be extended to prove the Smiths older than the Scipios. By the way, reading in this preface that many hundred English words are of Danish origin, we are almost tempted to ask why, in this "Complete Etymology," only thirteen Danish roots are specified? This book would be but moderately useful even if well done, and, done as it is, is not to be recommended at all.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

MEANS AND ENDS.

THERE are no advocates of equal suffrage whose conviction of its inherent justice, and of its necessity in order to secure a safe reconstruction of the country, can much exceed our own. Nor, we trust, are we given to evasive or uncandid methods of dealing with public questions. Yet, as every man of practical experience in life knows, it is possible, without lacking candor or straightforward frankness, to take such a course in pursuit of a favorite object as will secure the support of men whose prejudices would not permit them to assist if another and more direct method were adopted. It sometimes happens, on the other hand, that the boldest course is the one which encounters the least opposition and has the least irritating effect upon prejudiced men. And it seems to us that the events of this year have a double lesson for politicians. To our mind they show that the Republican party has committed a double mistake upon the same question, erring alike in being too bold, and yet not bold enough.

The establishment of equal suffrage throughout the nation is no less the duty than the logical necessity of the Republican party. It is easy to demonstrate that there is no such necessity, as far as the public safety is concerned, for the enforcement of universal suffrage in Ohio as there is for its enforcement in Mississippi. A government by white voters only is, in the former State, a government by the immense majority of the population, to the exclusion only of an almost imperceptible minority; while in the latter State it is a government of the minority over the majority. The action of Ohio may be logically inconsistent, but works little practical injustice. The same action in Mississippi or South Carolina involves the most enormous practical injustice. To illustrate the point in another form, let us suppose that Maine should exclude from the polls every man who was the twentieth child of his parents. The rule would be absurd and unjust in the highest degree, viewed in the abstract. But in its practical working who would imagine that it led to a single case of injustice being done to the persons thus excluded, otherwise than in the mere fact of such exclusion? What judge would refuse to issue a warrant in favor of a twentieth son? What man would think himself any more free to defraud such an one than he would to defraud any other man? But suppose Vermont should disfranchise all sons except the first-born—what oppression, jealousies, and heartburnings would arise out of a rule so severe and burdensome! Its government would cease to be republican in any just sense, and would be an insupportable oligarchy. We say, therefore, that it is not so absolutely inexcusable as many of our friends think for Ohio to act as she has done. Yet we not only favor equal suffrage in every State as a measure of abstract justice, but, as we have said, deem its establishment indispensable. The logical inconsistency of the North is intolerable. The practical question is how to escape from it.

A simple and straightforward path was open to the Thirty-ninth Congress at its last session. It could easily have passed a constitutional amendment establishing equal suffrage, which would have been ratified last winter by nearly or quite every Northern legislature, and before long by the requisite number of States North and South. This is the only way in which the question can be finally settled, and the opportunity for such a settlement was unusually favorable. It has already passed away. California and Ohio have elected Democratic legislatures; New Jersey will doubtless do so; and the Northern States will not now give that undivided support to the amendment which they would have given last February. It was thought better to try a more direct appeal to the people in the several States. The question has been submitted to a direct vote in Ohio with a deplorable result. It is to be so submitted to the people of New York and Michigan. The result in the latter State is doubtful, in the former State not at all so. The cause will be set back at least four years by these disasters.

We are surprised that politicians should not have seen that which has all along been plain to us—that the greater work was for once easier than the smaller one, and that the passage of an amendment to the Constitution of the United States was tenfold easier than the passage of similar amendments in the States separately. Experience has repeatedly shown that there are almost twice as many men who will vote for a legislature that they know will enact equal suffrage as there are that will vote for the proposition directly. In 1860, the question was submitted to the people of New York, and throughout the State there was not a Republican candidate for a State office or for the Legislature who was not openly in favor of equal suffrage. For these candidates 362,000 votes were cast, yet only 197,000 men could be induced to vote for the proposition itself. The same thing has occurred in this and other States again and again. We marvel that when such an opportunity was given to the Republican leaders to adopt a course which none could call evasive or unfair, and yet which avoided the almost insuperable difficulties of a direct popular vote, they should have thrown it away, and with it have risked and substantially lost a great State like Ohio. We have lost no faith in the wisdom, necessity, and final triumph of the cause of equal suffrage. We shall labor for its success in whatever form the issue may be presented, and shall never consent to its abandonment. But we are anxious that so good a cause may be managed with wisdom sufficient to avoid inveterate prejudices, and to ensure success by the use of all fair means. And we hope, therefore, that Congress will even now submit the question to the legislatures of the States, and that the friends of the cause will concentrate their efforts in the single labor of carrying the measure through in that form, without attempting to raise local issues upon it in the border States.

FRANCE AND THE POPE.

IN spite of the pacific news from Paris, it is quite evident the Roman question is not settled. We predicted a fortnight ago that France would certainly not allow the movement against Rome to be consummated without interfering. This has been already confirmed. We also predicted the Italian Government would be unable to enforce the September convention and put down Garibaldians, even if it were desirous of doing so; and whether we were right in this anticipation still remains to be proved, but all appearances thus far are in its favor. The story that the Pope intends to fly to Bavaria or England in case the insurgents reach Rome, is probably not true. The experiment would perhaps have been a safe one in 1849; but it would be in the highest degree dangerous just now. In 1849 there was a strong chance of his being brought back from exile; to-day there would be almost none. His greatest friend—Austria—has since then received a mortal blow, and is so little able to befriend him that she is at this moment unsuccessfully endeavoring to defend the last concordat against her own subjects. Spain, the only other great Catholic power in Europe, is not able to help or harm anybody; and perhaps the last thing in the Roman imbroglio which concerns France is the Pope's personal comfort or local habitation. So that the chances are that if the Pope were so foolish as to leave Rome now, he could only come back again in virtue of an arrangement with Victor Emanuel, "the subalpine King" whom he cursed handsomely only two or three weeks ago, and this would be greater humiliation than his Holiness could possibly bear. The report that, come what will, he will not quit Rome, is therefore probably the true one, and there is enough of the melodramatic even in Pio Nono's composition to make it not unlikely that he would celebrate the entrance of the Garibaldians into Rome by taking refuge in the catacombs from which "Christianity first issued eighteen hundred years ago."

As long as he stays in Rome, too, he furnishes France, which is the only power likely to interfere, with an excuse for interfering, and France is likely to interfere—in fact, by the last accounts, *is* interfering, but not for ecclesiastical reasons. France is not a Catholic power in the proper sense of the term. There is in France no state religion. All denominations occupy the same position before the law, and whatever appearance of honor or consideration the Catholic Church may enjoy is due to the fact that the "chief of the state" and the majority of the people belong to it. The title of "the eldest son of the Church,"

which the Emperor loves to claim and the Pope is not unwilling to bestow, is a relic of the feudal time which, since the Revolution, has been simply absurd. The "eldest son" in France is no longer a privileged person, and the Church of course knows no distinctions of her own making between her children. The original interference on behalf of the Pope, in 1849, was in reality not due to any particular solicitude about the Papacy on the part of any portion of the French public. Those of the peasantry who are still strongly influenced by the priests are not a very powerful body, and the religious fervor is not strong enough to fill their heads with any very marked ideas on foreign policy, much less to cause them to press a particular foreign policy on the Government. In the French army there is probably no potentate held in less respect than his Holiness, nor any who adorns a greater number of barrack-room jokes, and few services could have been more distasteful to the troops than the Roman expedition. It was undertaken avowedly not in the interest of religion, but of French influence in Italy. Austria had, under the leadership of Radetski, recovered from her reverses, and, after Novara, there was no question of her driving out Garibaldi and occupying Rome as well as the Marches. The French expedition was, therefore, simply the first French protest against the treaties of 1815, which gave Italy into Austrian hands, avowedly as a check on French influence at the south.

When Napoleon drove Austria out of Italy, he really removed the cause which first took the French army to Rome, and he was thus enabled to prepare the way for a total withdrawal. What it was that dictated this withdrawal, as well as what it was that led him to intervene on behalf of Italian independence, will probably remain for ever a mystery. No analysis of his character or of his aims has ever explained them. His Carbonaro reminiscences, and the fear of assassination inspired by the Orsini attempt, have done duty as the real cause, in a hundred articles and brochures, but they have probably never satisfied a dozen intelligent readers. The theory that he went to Italy because his dynasty needed to be cemented by the blood of successful war, and Austria was easier to beat than any other enemy that offered, is probably the nearest approach that has been made to the solution of the problem. But whatever the cause, the logical result of his success was the evacuation of Rome, and the evacuation of Rome was, as far as his relations with France were concerned, the crowning error of a long series. In the first place, there is no people in Europe for whom Frenchman have less sympathy or esteem than for the Italians. They hate the English, and they do not like the Germans and Russians, but the Italians they both hate and despise. They do not believe in their capacity for self-government, or in their military prowess, or in anything belonging to them but their music; and their dislike of seeing Austria lording it in Italy was two-thirds due to the fact that Austria was doing what all Frenchmen felt France, if anybody, was entitled to do. The other third was due—we are bound to say it—to the hearty detestation which every Frenchman feels in his very bones for the spectacle of dishonest, incapable, badly organized, and oppressive government.

In the second place, the occupation of Rome was not by any means disagreeable to any but a small knot of educated Liberals in Paris. All other classes of the community found their pride gratified by the sight of French soldiers protecting the head of the Church. It made little difference what they thought of the Pope's spiritual character; he was still a picturesque and dignified personage, the object of much sentimental attachment; and to have him blessing and cursing and singing and praying under the wings of the Imperial eagle was a very fine tableau which no ordinarily constituted Frenchman would contemplate without pride. Therefore, though the building-up of a strong and independent Italy was an offence which but few Frenchmen ever forgave the Emperor, it was not inexpiable or unpardonable as long as he retained his hold on Rome. The evacuation, when it came, was a terrible mistake; it was logically inevitable, but it added to the bitterness bred by Mexico and Prussia. It was very fine, but it was not judicious, and it is difficult to avoid believing that the opportunity which now offers itself of retracing his steps is eagerly welcomed by the Emperor. The faults of his policy with regard to Italy, from the French point of view, were, of course, aggravated intensely by the part which Italy played in the campaign of Sadowa. Italy aiding Prussia to win that battle was a spectacle which sent the iron into the soul of nine Frenchmen out of ten. We say it with regret, but it must be said, that there is probably nothing Louis Napoleon could now do which would be more gratifying to the French public than to arrest further development of the Italian kingdom by French arms, and arrest it, if possible, in defiance of Prussia.

It is of course still within the bounds of possibility that Victor Emanuel has an understanding with the Emperor on the Roman question, and that when the proper moment for the *dénoûment* has come, the actors will group themselves in the appointed way on the stage, and the play end in the surrender of Rome to Victor Emanuel with the blessing of "the eldest son of the Church." But it is difficult to discover anything in the manifestations of French opinion or in the history of the Italian imbroglio to lead us to expect any such result. It does not necessarily follow, however, that French troops will again go to Rome. It is even believed in Paris that mortal blows may be struck at the Italian Kingdom without landing any troops in Italy at all. A fleet which would cut communication with Sicily would, it is said, precipitate a revolt in that island and in Naples, and thus undo, at one blow, Garibaldi's work in 1860, and give the Italian army other occupation than upsetting the Papacy.

But for all that the Papacy, as a temporal power, is doomed. The forces of the age are fighting against it and bent on its destruction, and all the men in France could not now save it. The history of the last twenty years is a magnificent demonstration of the triumph of ideas over armies. They have left no political relic of the middle ages now standing in Europe except the Papacy, and the hour of the Papacy has come. Bad as it is and has been, nobody can well witness its fall without emotion. It has been in its day a great witness for right against might, for moral against physical force, and it derives additional and almost as strong a claim to interest from the fact that with it disappears the last trace of the organizing genius of Rome.

ORTHOPATHY AND HETEROPATHY.

The recent expulsion of a member from the New York Academy of Medicine for having met a homœopathic practitioner in consultation, coupled with the observations made by Dr. Stone in support of the motion, in which, if correctly reported, he strongly insinuated that even the maintenance of intimate personal relations with a homœopathist was an ethical offence in a regular physician of the old school, helps to confirm us in doubts which we have long entertained whether doctors rightly understand their own philosophical position. We are far from denying their right to prescribe to the members of their own profession the terms on which they shall be received as brethren and met in friendly professional intercourse. Any number of men are perfectly justified, if they believe the interests of either science or good manners or good morals will be advanced, or even their social enjoyment promoted thereby, to form themselves into a club or academy or any other kind of corporation, and lay down certain rules for the guidance of even the professional conduct of those who wish to be of their number, and to make the observance of these rules a condition of business intercourse. In all professions in which the result of labor is uncertain, and of such a nature that the public cannot at once judge of its quality, a professional tribunal which undertakes to sift the members, and by its recognition to furnish a kind of certificate of character, is of the highest use. The surveillance which the medical profession exercises over its own members undoubtedly goes a great way to protect laymen of ordinary intelligence from quacks and impostors; the ignorant or credulous of course no machinery can protect. We say all this by way of explaining that whatever objections we may make to the allopathic treatment of homœopathists are not due to any general dislike of corporate feeling or corporate interference with freedom of trade. What we say is, that this treatment seems to us to rest on a total forgetfulness or total misapprehension on the part of the regular practitioners of their position as scientific men.

The class of men against whom regular practitioners are bound to protect the public by refusing to meet them or treat them with ordinary professional courtesy are quacks and charlatans and cheats—that is, persons who practice medicine without being able to furnish evidence of having undergone any regular training for it or having in any way acquired a fair knowledge of the art; persons who pretend to possess a panacea; persons who, being professionally qualified as far as knowledge goes, have shown

a want of moral fitness for it, and other such people. But the homœopathic doctors do not come under any of these heads. They are regularly trained for their calling. As regards character, we presume the average is as high as amongst their allopathic brethren. They have a code of professional ethics, and enforce it, and they command the confidence of a large and highly respectable portion of the community. In fact, the objection, and the only one, if we are not mistaken, made against professional intercourse with them or even ordinary courtesy towards them, is based on the assumption that, their system being false and absurd, those who practise it must be either fools or knaves. But this notion of the character of the homœopathic system, though it may be true, is in the first place incapable of proof; and in the second place, if it were capable of proof, the demonstration would also destroy the claims of the allopathic system to either our confidence or respect.

The theory of many allopathic doctors seems to be that they have means of verifying their conclusions which the homœopathists do not possess, and that while the latter are empirics, the former are men of science. But the truth is that medicine is not a science in the strict sense of the term, or anything approaching to a science. It is rather an immense body of facts out of which a host of able and acute and disciplined observers are endeavoring to construct a science, but hitherto with very indifferent success. The only thing a doctor can predict with any approach to certainty is a portion of the action of certain remedies on the human frame. The *whole of the* action of any of them no doctor can foretell; and therefore what effect any drug will have on disease, no doctor can say with certainty. When the doctor gives a sick man a blue pill, he can tell with an approach to certainty what one result of it will be, but it may and does produce a dozen other results of which he knows nothing. What kills one man cures another; and the treatment of every case is, in reality, a series of experiments conducted under conditions which deprive them almost altogether of the right to be called experiments at all in any scientific sense. The reports of cases which are read at medical meetings are not reports of scientific processes such as a chemist may make. They are records of a series of phenomena of which nobody knows the relation or connection, and the repetition of which in the same order of succession nobody can predict or produce.

The fact is that the art of *curing*, except in its mechanical branch, surgery, has made but little progress from the earliest times. The improvement which we see in it has consisted rather in the abandonment of old processes than the discovery of new ones. There has been an immense change in medical practice within two hundred years, for instance; but, if examined minutely, it will be found that it is due mainly to doctors giving up remedies they once believed in rather than in their devising new ones. There have been two or three remarkable and valuable discoveries, such as vaccination and quinine, but they have been the result of accident rather than of research or experiment, and the tendency amongst all the best class of practitioners is in the direction of distrust of all "active treatment," as it is called. The older doctors grow—as everybody must have remarked—the less medicine they give; and the practitioners of our day do not give a gill where their predecessors in the last century gave a gallon. They are falling back, as if in despair about medicine, more and more on the plan of simply placing the patient in the most favorable natural conditions, giving him good food and drink and plenty of fresh air when he is weak, prescribing abstinence when he is overfed, exercise when he is too sedentary, rest when he is jaded. For those, and they are unhappily the great bulk of mankind, by whom these remedies are unattainable, there is little hope in the medical art, except in a few acute diseases. In fact, the main value of physicians is now to be found in diagnosis—in plain English, in their ability to tell people what is the matter with them or whether anything is the matter, and what to eat, drink, and avoid, and to raise the patient's *morale* and that of his friends.

It is in the art of *prevention* and not that of curing that medical men have made real progress. There may be said to be now a sanitary science, and experiments of considerable value in this science are possible and are made every day. Given certain conditions of food, clothing, ventilation, and drainage and exposure, and doctors can tell with a fair amount of accuracy what the effect on the health of masses of people will be; and it is to the progress of this science that we owe the rise in the average duration of life which within the last two hundred years has been witnessed all over the civilized world. And we venture to predict that it is in the cultivation of this science that the medical profession will hereafter win its principal victories, though we certainly do not relinquish the hope that it will yet hit upon something which will enable it to make head against the ravages of consumption as effectually as vaccination has against small-pox and quinine against certain forms of fever.

The bearing of all this on the professional standing of homœopathists is obvious. One does not need to claim for their system any greater curative power than the allopathic system in order to show the title of its practitioners to respect and recognition. They are—though professing to act on a theory—largely empirics, we grant; but so are the allopathists. The action of their remedies is uncertain; it is even uncertain whether in any given case their medicines will produce any effect on disease whatever; but the same thing may be said of allopathic treatment. The smallness of their doses may seem "absurd," but nothing can in science be called absurd which cannot be demonstrated to be so, and there is no process whatever in the possession of the medical faculty by which it could be shown that an ounce is more likely to cure than the twentieth part of a grain except a simple enumeration of observed cases, which in this matter is of no value whatever, because the homœopathists will produce as many "cases" in proportion to their numbers as their older brethren. As to the novelty of their practice we shall say nothing, because no doctor laying claim to the character of a scientific man will, with the history of his own art before his eyes, consider this an objection to it. The main thing, therefore, for consideration, it seems to us, in fixing the relations which the allopathic profession ought to occupy to the homœopathists, is the personal character of the latter. If they are well-educated men, gentlemen, men of honor and courage and delicacy, to refuse to associate or compare views with them because they use a different class of drugs or use drugs in different quantities, is a course worthier of trades-unionists or of young army officers than a body of grave students of science. So far from condemning them, real philosophers ought to encourage them. In a field in which so little is known there cannot be too many explorers, provided they are governed in their explorations by the laws of honor and by a great or even average devotion to truth. When Napoleon was at the Red Sea he rode over the strand with his staff, and was caught at nightfall by the rising tide and lost his bearings. He thereupon disposed his officers round him in a circle and ordered each man to ride out from him, as a centre, in a straight line. Those who found the water growing shallower were, of course, in the right track, and were speedily followed by the rest. Academies of medicine might well take a hint from this ingenious but simple contrivance of the great master of the art of war. We would not have them exact one guarantee the less as to character or education, but there is nothing in the present condition or past history of their art to warrant them in concluding with certainty that any school of practitioners is working in the wrong direction, and they owe it to the human race to give all honest and properly qualified explorers a fair chance. We suppose few people care under what system they are cured, whether through a bolus, a globule, or simply through the imagination. The medical profession is not an end but a means. It exists not that a certain number of gentlemen may preserve a good social standing and good emoluments, but that the sum of human misery may be abated. It seems to us that this is forgotten by those who outlaw the homœopathists.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, October 4, 1867.

IT may be interesting to lady readers to know that the most fashionable dresses for the sea-side, for travelling, etc., are the complete suits of English serge sent to all points of the compass by Morgan, of West Cowes, Isle of Wight. Morgan forwards, to all who write for them, his photographic illustrations of the styles he furnishes, with full directions for enabling intending customers to get themselves perfectly fitted on sending to him the required measurements. When the Empress Eugenie was lately visiting Queen Victoria at Osborne, she drove over to Morgan's establishment, where she ordered four suits for herself—two of violet serge, one of the famous "yachting serge" (dark blue), and one of white serge. She also ordered two others, which she presented to the Queen's two younger daughters, Princesses Louise and Beatrice, the only ones still unmarried. The Queen, the royal family, and the ladies of the highest rank in England are among Morgan's steadiest customers.

In the way of hats so many shapes are worn, to suit various faces and ages, that it is difficult to say which is the most fashionable, the favorite maker for the favorite "Billycock hat"—a high, straight crown and very narrow brim, with no other trimming than a blue gauze veil elegantly knotted round it—being at present, very decidedly, Johnston, of the Regent's Quadrant, London.

The superiority of the English make and style in all articles of feminine make and attire intended for serious service in the open air is so generally acknowledged that Continental ladies of the highest rank send to England for whatsoever they need of this description, just as they and Englishwomen of

similar rank send to Paris for the lighter and more elegant dresses required for morning visits and evening wear.

In regard to the probable vagaries of "winter fashions" for the new year that will soon have supplanted the present one, it is impossible to prophesy with any chance of success. A London lady, widely known and noted for the elegance of her attire (which is always sent to her from Paris), passing through this city a few days ago, on her way back from a delightful tour in the Austrian Tyrol, called on her dressmaker, intending to order some dresses. "Do with as few dresses as possible this autumn," urged the fashionable *artiste*. "Crinoline, long skirts, short skirts, full skirts, narrow skirts, materials, trimmings, shapes, colors, and styles, all are in such a state of utter uncertainty that I regard a revolution as imminent, and strongly advise you to order as little as possible until next spring."

Let us hope that the coming cataclysm may, at all events, sweep away the vile lumps of false hair which have so completely substituted themselves for the natural growth of the head that the latter is getting to be looked upon with disfavor as an obstacle to the exercise of the craft of the *coiffeur*.

The lady just mentioned—a very handsome woman, with a magnificent wealth of glossy, wavy hair that is the admiration of her gentlemen friends and the envy of her lady ones—being invited to a dinner party, sent for a fashionable hair-dresser whose skill she had heard highly vaunted, and sat down at her toilet-table to undergo one of the beautifying transformations he is considered to effect in the appearance of his "clients." The artist, apparently supposing that her hair was false, drew out the comb which held up the mass of beautiful tresses, which forthwith fell over the lady's shoulders to the floor. Holding up a handful of the hair he exclaimed, in tones of mingled disgust and contempt, "What on earth do you think I can do with all this stuff? I thought of doing your hair *à l'Empire* or *à la Lamballe*, but that is quite out of the question. I can cut it off if you like, but it is quite impossible to hide it; and how do you expect me to fasten a handsome *chignon* over such an unmanageable mass as this?" Miss D——, having no idea of allowing her hair to be cropped off to the length of short curls, or to substitute a barber's *chignon* for the gift of nature, declined to allow the experiment to proceed any further, and having placed a fee in the hand of the "capillary artist," twisted up her shining locks in her own way and proceeded to her dinner-party, where she amused herself and her friends with the recital of her experiment.

"We live in queer times, and for other inventions besides *chignons*," remarked the lady of the house, "and may esteem ourselves happy that we have any dinner to sit down to; for I understand that my cook, an hour or two ago, received a telegram for the first time in her life, and that the sight of this telegram caused her so violent an 'emotion' that she was quite overcome, nearly fainted, and could not be prevailed upon to open the despatch. The housekeeper being sent for opened the terrible missive, and found, to the great amusement of the servants' hall, that it was from the maid of the Marquise de T—— (an intimate friend of the cook's, and staying here with her on a visit), who is spending the day at the Exhibition, and who had telegraphed thence to the cook, 'I shall not come home to dinner.'"

The decease of the most noted *gourmand* of Paris, Dr. Véron, has been followed by an outpouring of anecdotes, that have occupied the attention of the Parisians for the last few days, almost to the exclusion of all other topics.

The deceased, who began life as a druggist's apprentice, made himself a doctor, and had since dabbled in literature and in politics, become deputy, manager of the opera, and senator, had no special talent, but just enough of all sorts of talent to become an active, thriving, and popular "Jack-of-all-trades." Few men have ever enjoyed so constant a run of luck as fell to his lot. Even the events in his career that seemed most untoward concurred to help him to his aims. Quick, shallow, kindly, he made friends with every one, and never made an enemy. His first pecuniary success was his partnership with the widow of the inventor of the *pâte Regnault*, which remedy for sore throats—puffed by himself in the *Constitutionnel* and other journals of which he became the proprietor—laid the foundation of his fortune. His cook, Sophie, who has lived with him for over thirty years, is said to be the most consummate culinary artist of the day, looking down with unspeakable contempt on Baron Brisse, and even on Rossini and Alexander Dumas. Ministers, bankers, artists, men of letters, paid obsequious court to this divinity of the kitchen, who ruled despotically over her master's household and dining-room, and who had made it a law that no more than fourteen guests should ever sit together at the doctor's table. It is said that Dr. Véron never had more than a single patient, and that he killed him by opening an artery instead of a vein, and relinquished the medical profession in horror of the mistake. A thorough Sybarite, utterly void of everything like conscience, glorying above all things in the name of "a *bourgeois* of Paris," which he had given to himself, mixed up with all the events and actors of his lifetime, he seems to have thoroughly enjoyed his existence to the last; sent for a priest for the first time in his life just before he expired, receiving absolution when no possibility of further infringements of the moral law were possible, and was followed to the grave by so great a concourse of "friends" that the faithful Sophie was heard to murmur amidst her tears, "If the poor dear man could but see what a crowd there is at his funeral, how delighted he would be!"

Dr. Véron has left generous legacies to hospitals, the bulk of his fortune to a nephew, and 30,000 francs to Sophie, whose friends are much dissatisfied that she is only to receive so small a sum. The illustrious *cordon bleu* is said to be about to open a restaurant, for which M. Emile de Girardin has offered to find the funds, and which will no doubt be extensively patronized.

THE CRETAN CHANCES OF SUCCESS.

CANÉA, September 24, 1867.

I NOTICE in my last received number of THE NATION a paragraph on Cretan matters, wanting information, amongst other things, as to "their chances of success." Coupled with the same is a *sentence* on all news from Canéa which, unless my logic succeeds in oversetting your premises, will leave "these presents" as worthless as the other member of the parallel by which you honor Canéa correspondents.

A word then, if you please, as to Canéa and its sources of information. It is the capital of the island and the base of all the important operations, as well as the centre of communication, of both sides in this civil war. The amount of mail matter which passes through Canéa to and from Athens and Syra, would astonish other people than Omar Pasha, to say nothing of packages of clothes, money, in one case which came to my knowledge to the amount of 120,000 francs, besides now and then a special messenger who graduated in the school of Ulysses. I have had (I shall not say how) the pleasure of talking with some of the most active participants in the Cretan insurrection within the past few months. I have seen many people who came directly from the ranks, have had detailed accounts of many acts, warlike and the reverse, from participants, and can assure you that, barring a certain amount of overcoloring, of which one soon gets a correct estimate, the Cretan news-bearer is not only not to be put beside the "intelligent contraband," but not even beside the average of your special correspondents, and that the *war* bulletins of the Provisional Government are unusually fair. We do not live by "rumors" here, but by the reports of special messengers sent in every week, and sometimes several times in a week; by the reports of the agents of the different consulates, set diligently to sift and compare the testimony they have been able to pick up here and there, both of Mussulman and Christian; by the official communications of Coroneas and other Christian chiefs, which mainly pass through Canéa *en route* for Athens; and, in a certain degree, by the evidence of our own eyes. I have personally "assisted" at several battles without leaving Canéa, and been able to judge tolerably well of the capacities of the Cretan for *active* operations. We can judge readily of the amount of diminution of the Turkish army by the interments, the state of hospitals, the *ensemble* of the army as it undertakes new operations, and the muster of the battalions as they come in from old ones. Add to this that a certain number of the people, apparently on the Government side, have long had a suspicion that this affair would not end according to the wisdom of the politicians, and made friends with the representatives of Christianity, secretly bringing or sending information, which proved of great value at times. There is almost absolute harmony in the consular corps, and interchange of all items of news and comparison of views; and I venture to say that the difference between the despatches of any two will not be greater than the difference of temperament and degree of knowledge of the probabilities of any given war.

To all the sources of information above alluded to I have free access, and could give you a digest each week of the news of the island more accurate than that which the American public had of any of Grant's operations while they were going on, and quite as good and reliable an estimate of the "chances of success" as if I were in the insurgent camps. And on this point I can give you information as well worth mention as any which you could get from any source to which access can be obtained.

The chief element of success or failure is not to be estimated from the military point of view. It is moral. The island is capable of an indefinite resistance to the Turkish army *as now commanded and organized*, on the sole condition that the needed supplies can be run through the blockade. The day that the Cretans become persuaded that intervention is not to be

hoped for after any reasonable lapse of time, their courage will be broken and the resistance more or less paralyzed. So long, on the contrary, as Europe, or a part of it, continues to interest itself in the fate of the island, there will be a resistance more or less general according to the means, the season, and the temerity of the troops. To-day Cretan courage is as high as it has ever been, the number of able-bodied men afoot greater than it has ever been, and, the removal of women and children continuing, this number increases. The almost total destruction of property destructible through the island leaves no motive for surrender. There is nothing to be saved. Life is all that remains, and, as a large majority of the people have determined to abandon the island if it is reduced to obedience to the Turkish Government, there is no reason to submit and every reason to hold out.

No country in the world probably offers greater facilities for defence and safe retreat than Crete, or greater difficulties for the operations of regular troops. The only chance of military subjugation remaining to the Porte is to employ a large number of Albanians, or wild fighters of that class, bred in the mountains, and by incessant attack worry out the insurgents. But the Shkiperi only work when they are paid, and the troops are not paid for many months. If Mustapha Pasha had had 10,000 Albanians, and money to keep them paid and renewed, he would have worn the Cretans out ere this; but he had not the former because the latter was not to be had, and every operation attempted by the regular troops only illustrated their entire incapacity to solve the problem.

The question of losses is another which will help determine the question. Mustapha Pasha commenced the war with 23,000 Egyptians, and about the same number of Turkish regulars—say 45,000, besides 1,500 Albanians and 3,000 to 4,000 Cretan Mussulmans. When he was relieved there remained about 16,000 to 18,000 (I incline to the former figure) regulars, Egyptians, and Turks, and less than 1,000 Albanians, while the Cretans, much discouraged, only mustered for Omar Pasha about 1,500, though by pressure this number was increased considerably in subsequent operations. Omar Pasha brought 15,000 regular reinforcements, *known*, while good authority puts the number of his army at commencing operations at 60,000 regular and irregular, of which 45,000 were regulars. To-day the Egyptians, reduced to between 5,000 and 6,000, have received orders to return to Egypt; and Omar Pasha nearly a month since stated his total force at 23,000, while a colonel who followed his campaign declared to me that there were actually less than 20,000 fit for service. Battalions which came here about 900 strong are reduced to two or three hundred, in one case to 92, and another to 185, mostly by sickness.

The Cretans have lost, according to the largest native estimate, 2,500 men killed or dead of their wounds, while of the volunteers a thousand will probably cover the loss in dead, and these mainly from hardships which they cannot bear as the Cretans can. For this reason the Provisional Government desires the recall to Greece of most of the volunteers, as costing more to maintain them with less efficiency.

With successful running of the blockade, and absence of discouraging diplomatic pressure, the Cretans can hold out long enough to ruin the Turkish empire, and a letter received here from Coroneas day before yesterday declares their ability to weather through till next summer without much doubt or weakening if the transport of the non-combatants is continued.

Have I contributed to elucidate the dark point? Shall I put it stronger by saying, as I do most confidently, that the Cretan insurrection was never stronger than now, and that it will only die from want of sympathy and supplies? It is wofully in need of organization, but not of vitality.

Correspondence.

GREENBACKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Frequent expressions of opinion indicate that there are many people who cannot see the justice of the conclusions announced in the answer to "D. W.," in your last issue. You say that "to declare that on and after a certain date all contracts should be made payable in coin" would occasion "a prodigious fall in their (greenbacks') value, or, as it is more commonly called, a rise in gold," and the context indicates your opinion that this derangement of values would be permanent. I, for one, would be glad to know more fully the arguments which support such a conclusion, and will state the principal considerations which seem to me to justify the opposite theory, in the hope that if they are unsound you will think it worth while to point out their defects.

The market value of a promissory note is determined by three elements:

1st, The public estimate of the solvency of its maker.

2d, The time that must elapse before it matures.

3d, The ruling rate of interest.

There seems to be no consideration other than these affecting the value of a United States promissory note. It is true that on one of them there is no time of maturity stated, but there is a public estimate of the probable time of maturity, and this estimate has the practical influence on the value of the note that a definite statement of the time has upon that of an ordidary note. Moreover, it may appear to be a separate element of value that the United States note is universally known in the market, but reflection shows that that is merely an ingredient of the "*public* estimate of the solvency of its maker."

If, now, the three elements above stated are all genuine, and are the only genuine elements entering into the value of a greenback, it is not easy to see how the value of a greenback can be altered by declaring that "on and after a certain date all contracts should be made payable in coin."

It is true that the greenbacks would no longer be used as a circulating medium so far as the transfer of actual "money" is concerned, but this is only one function of a circulating medium, and whatever material performs that function is only one of a vast number of circulating mediums: everything, in fact, which ever changes hands is more or less of one. Having regard to vast operations, United States notes (bonds) which are not a legal tender probably are a more important circulating medium than those which are. Acknowledging, then, that the greenback's value as a circulating medium would be lessened by its unavailability in minor transactions, it still is evident that it would retain a large portion of that special value in its availability for the larger operations. The portion lost, then, would be but a very trifling part of the whole value of the note.

Accepting the hypothesis already indicated, the only objection that seems at all formidable against taking from the greenback its availability as a legal tender for any but existing contracts, arises from the danger of a "monopoly price" being created in gold by its present holders. There is much that is fallacious in the formidable appearance that this objection at first presents.

The Government holds fully one-third of all the gold in the country, and its influence would be cast against a monopoly price.

The only new use, and consequently the only new value for gold, would be that of an instrument in the small class of transactions performed with actual money. How small that is will be realized by any one reflecting how our banks were overloaded with gold before the war, and how the European banks are overloaded with it now.

People with greenbacks standing to their credit in bank would have to obtain permission to draw their checks payable in gold, and to have them charged at the ruling premium. These checks would be deposited by those receiving them as gold. The banks would exchange them at the clearing-houses and settle their balances either in gold or in any other commodity agreed upon. The amount of gold needed to settle such balances would be very small. There would undoubtedly be people who would insist on changing all their greenback credits into gold credits at once, and so produce a temporary fall in the price of greenbacks, just as there is always a temporary fall produced in the price of any commodity when a large portion of the holders wish to dispose of it at the same time. But this fall would not be permanent, and there would undoubtedly be other people who would realize that the ability of the United States to pay that portion of its promissory notes had not in any way been affected, and that, consequently, the promissory notes had not been so changed in value as to make it wise to sell them at a depreciated price. Such people might be forced to let their greenbacks go at a sacrifice, unless notice were given long enough before obliging contracts to be made in gold to enable the spasm of the timid to vent itself and leave room for the actual ratio of values to return.

The national banks would, of course, have just as many greenbacks as now to meet their notes with, but they would be led, for convenience' sake, gradually to cancel enough of their circulation to make their remaining notes equal in value to gold. If the ratio of the value of the gold dollar to the national bank dollar were that of 150 to 100—that is, 3 to 2—the banks would cancel one-third of their circulation as fast as possible. Their profit on the remaining two-thirds would, of course, be the same that it was on the original amount, but it would be expressed in a smaller number of units, each unit being a gold dollar instead of a paper dollar.

Now, if the theories expressed above are a web of fallacies, they are such plausible fallacies that they have misled a good many people, and

it would not be an entire waste of time for you to point out where they lurk. H. H.

New York, September 9, 1867.

[We spoke in the article referred to, and perhaps ought to have spoken more distinctly, of the greenbacks ceasing to be "legal tender" without any provision being made for their redemption; that is, without their "being redeemed, in coin, or something being done to inspire general confidence that the Government would pay them in coin when called upon." This confidence does not now completely exist—witness the premium on gold. There is a certain amount of confidence always in inconvertible paper, but never complete confidence such as a man has in notes which he knows he can carry to the bank and turn into specie. The great ground we have now for hoping for a speedy redemption of the greenbacks is the public impatience under the fluctuations and uncertainty of the currency. Drive the greenbacks out of circulation; that is, force people to pay their debts in specie only, and you remove this stimulus to redemption at one blow. The greenbacks then become simply Government notes bearing no interest, and which nobody is interested in having paid off except the few holders who happened to be caught with them on their hands, and, in the general rush to get rid of them, these holders would probably at last be persons who bought them for a trifle, and against whose claims to payment in full the same arguments would be used that General Butler is now using against the bondholders. How probable it would be that, under these circumstances, the greenbacks would, like the Continental currency and the French assignats, "fade into nothingness," it does not need much reflection to see. All these objections are, of course, obviated by making the greenbacks convertible into bonds, and fixing a date for their redemption in specie on their ceasing to be legal tenders. Robbing them of their legal-tender character without some such provision as this would, as we have said, be a swindle—not the common vulgar swindle of the police courts, to be sure, but one of the veiled high political swindles by which the history of nearly every public debt in the world has been marked. The danger of "a monopoly price in gold" is a bugbear. Gold coin, like every other commodity, goes wherever there is a market for it, without any help from government. If we wanted it here for currency, it would come back from abroad as readily as it went away when we ceased to want it, without any special exertion on anybody's part.—Ed. Nation.]

"CONTRACTION."

To the Editor of The Nation:

The strictures and assertions of your correspondent, "A. Lamb" (in The Nation of Oct. 3), however modest in tone and courteous in style, are wanting in the basis of fact which alone could give them value. Personality, misrepresentation, and unproved assertion are a poor substitute for argument. The only reply necessary is a simple contradiction.

But for the benefit of your more candid readers I would add a brief explanation. At the close of the war there was a general but unfounded expectation of a permanent decline of prices and of an early return to specie payments. Consequently prices did decline very greatly, speculation ceased, and currency became redundant. A great contraction was thus practically effected, and at that time the Government, by selling long bonds and withdrawing from circulation the greenbacks received for them, could have made that contraction permanent, and continued the process until by this time specie might have been at par.

Unfortunately, this was not done. The currency lay idle only until its holders could find borrowers to use it, and its available amount became largely augmented by the substitution of compound interest notes in the bank reserves. The result was that business was greatly overdone, and after a season of expansion and enormous profits came a glut, a reaction, and a gradual decline, *but not in the necessaries of life*, which, until lately, were higher than ever. Now they are slowly and stubbornly yielding to the pressure of necessity. Why is money (or what passes for money) scarce but because it is wanted to enable holders to keep their goods out of market? Let it become as "easy" as it was in 1865, and what would be the price of flour?

It is true that prices of many things have declined a good deal during the last year, though much less at retail than at wholesale, but this is merely the effect of the reaction I have described, and of the "commendable frugality" of the people, or rather their absolute *inability* to buy more. When production is sufficiently checked, prices will inevitably rise again, unless prevented by a timely contraction of paper credit.

The only way to have always money enough for the wants of the people is to have real *money*, which, like all other merchandise, will be produced, imported, exported, and kept in circulation as the community may require Paper which can always be exchanged for specie, and such only, will maintain a uniform value. When we are poor we shall have less of it, and when we are rich we shall have more. Now, we may lose half our wealth and yet must continue to have as many dollars nominally as before—but is it not evident that half their value would be gone?

At present we are like a man with a dislocated limb. A short period of vigorous but not intolerable pressure would restore us to comfort and healthy activity. But if we wait for the limb to grow naturally into its place, we may wait for ever. J. S. R.

Boston, October 9, 1867.

WHAT ARE THE FACTS?

To the Editor of The Nation:

The point made by Judge Farrer is one of too much importance to be overlooked or set aside by the usual display of party logic. The Constitution, which was made expressly for human liberty, either establishes and perpetuates human slavery or it does not. Judge Farrer maintains that it does not; and The Nation of the 26th of September says that this position "*is in direct opposition to the views of every tribunal that has administered justice in this country since* 1787."

Now, this statement, even if it were a fact, would not prove that the Constitution favors slavery any more than a simple declaration would prove that Jeffreys was a righteous judge. But the statement is not true. It is altogether too vague to serve as an element in an accurate deduction.

We are willing to admit that that peculiar "administration of justice" called the Dred Scott decision was, in sad verity, "*in direct opposition*" to the views of Judge Farrer, but, fortunately to our credit as a nation, that decision stands almost alone in the history of our jurisprudence since 1787.

We admit, also, that under the Constitution a fugitive from labor was to be returned to his master; but this no more obliged the Government to maintain slavery than the returning of a rebel soldier to the chief of rebels obliged it to maintain rebellion.

The altering of the Constitution for abolishing slavery, the leading trait of the war administration of the Government, was a timid and impolitic concession to rebellion, a desecration of the Constitution, and a dishonor to the character of its framers. If that instrument would not suffice to bind the contracting parties to the abolition of slavery, then mere words will not bind men to anything, and a reign of force is already inaugurated.

J. W. Phelps.

Brattleboro', Vermont, October 11, 1867.

[It seems from the foregoing as if we did not make much progress in making ourselves understood by General Phelps. We are going to make one more trial.

Sir Matthew Hale's attempt to prove the existence of witchcraft by pointing to the existence of an act of Parliament against it was absurd, because it simply amounted to this: The departure from the established order of nature implied in the existence of witches must take place because the several hundred gentlemen composing the Parliament of England evidently believe that it does take place. But the Parliament of England was not intended to be, and could not be, an interpreter of the laws of nature, and had no better means of judging of the possibilities of the unseen world than Hale himself. The Constitution of the United States, however, like all human expression of thought, is liable to a variety of interpretations. Knowing this, the framers of the Constitution appointed an official interpreter of it called the Supreme Court, whose decisions were to be legally binding, whether the nation chose to obey them or not. Now, the Supreme Court has all along interpreted the Constitution one way, Judge Farrer interprets it another; the Supreme Court may be wrong and Judge Farrer right; but in weighing these two authorities we conceive that of the Supreme Court to be the weightier, and, moreover, it is a legal authority, which Judge Farrer is not. The Court of Appeals of this State may any day misinterpret an act of the Legislature; but any interpretation the court has upheld for eighty years is more likely to be the true interpretation, according to all known canons of interpretation, than any new one fur-

nished by any lawyer, however able. The question is not one of "fact," and when General Phelps says that what was said in THE NATION of Sept. 26 "is not true," he begs the question. This is the very thing he has to prove. General Phelps is evidently blind to the distinction—a most important one in political discussions—between what ought to be and what is, and yet they constitute two separate branches of legislative science. What *ought to be* in the Constitution is a question of what Bentham calls "deontology;" what *is* in the Constitution is a question of positive law to be settled by judicial interpretation, and it can be settled in no other way. General Phelps seems not to have a very clear conception of what the Dred Scott decision was. What the Court actually decided in that case has not been legally disputed. The outcry against the judgment was, apart from its animus, due to the fact that it passed upon a point which was not before it.—ED. NATION.]

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The Week.

THE latest elections are not without comfort for the Republicans. So far from having lost ground in Colorado, they have gained handsomely. Chilcott's majority over Hunt last year, in a total vote of 6,996, was 108; this year the Republican majority, in a vote of 9,349, is 876. Indeed, as the Chicago *Tribune* points out, "the reaction" seems to have stopped in Ohio. Nebraska, too, has been carried by the Republicans, who have gained in every county which has been heard from; and Iowa, as now appears, gives the unusually large majority of 28,000. In West Virginia the gains are for the Democrats, but in Virginia the Radical success is great. That the Conservative defeat in that State was not only a defeat but a disappointment, is seen by observing the ill-humor, amounting in many cases to savageness, which pervades the Conservative papers. The war of races is, of course, said to be imminent, and papers like the Charlottesville *Chronicle* are as fierce as those published in Lynchburg or Richmond. With the elections in Louisiana, Alabama, and Georgia, also, the Republicans have reason to be pleased; indeed, their victory is, perhaps, only too complete, thanks to the obstinate folly of the whites lately in rebellion; and the party may be said to be well recovered from the momentarily staggering effects of the Ohio and Pennsylvania elections. In this State it is working hard and cheerfully.

There is nothing from Mr. Johnson this week except his Thanksgiving proclamation, in which there is a good deal of unction and a very spirited attempt at pious language; but we are bound to say we like him on the whole better as a politician than as a theologian. When he talks politics he rambles a good deal, but there is a certain comprehensibility and consistency about his utterances; and we are sure anybody who peruses his attempt to enumerate some of the attributes of the Almighty in the present proclamation will wish heartily he had left all that to the popular imagination. The weak point of all public prayer lies in the difficulty, even when an able and reverential man undertakes the task, of describing to God the extent of his own powers without both shocking and offending all who have a just sense of what prayer is or ought to be. When Presidents and governors try to do it "in public documents" the result is apt to be simply repulsive, even when the writers are persons of average taste and devotional feeling. We wish, therefore, they would abandon the practice, and confine themselves, when calling their countrymen to prayer and thanksgiving, to as few and simple words as will answer the purpose. Moreover, it is to be desired that they should not, as Mr. Johnson has done, try to catalogue the blessings for which we ought to give thanks. Whether such a catalogue will or will not stimulate piety depends very much on who makes it. There are some men who can make one out that would move us all to tears; but when Mr. Johnson tries it, it is not tears exactly that we feel rising. The progress of the Pacific Railroad seems a very fine thing, but whether God will look on it with favor or not will depend on the use that is made of it when it is finished, and not on the rapidity with which it is laid. There is no good ground for believing that he considers the mere rapid settlement of arable land or the development of "our mineral resources" as things in themselves pleasing. Railroads, we are bound to presume, are satisfactory to him not in proportion to the superficial area they open up for the sale of dry goods and patent pumps and quartz-crushers, but in proportion to the amount of truth and justice and mercy they spread abroad. The late change in the management of the Erie Railroad we consider also a good thing, and apparently a blessing to the community, but we advise our fellow-citizens to omit all mention of it in their devotions on Thanksgiving Day.

Talking of Thanksgiving brings to our mind the series of sermons delivered, we believe, by previous concert, in various churches in this city last Sunday, on the subject of the excise law, and of course in defence of it. As we sincerely believe the inertness and indifference of the church-going classes to be one great cause of the badness of the municipal government, we have never been sorry to see the matter taken up in the pulpit, and we have no doubt that sermons have had much to do with exciting whatever interest there is felt in it amongst the best portion of the tax-payers. But just for these reasons we should like to see the clergy, when they touch on this class of questions at all, mingle a little more knowledge and discretion with their zeal. We do not know exactly what amount of importance is attached to the study of logic in theological seminaries, but if we were to judge from last Sunday's sermons, we should conclude that more attention ought to be given to it. For instance, one gentleman thought the Legislature "might as well license people to steal, swear, or commit murder as to license houses of ill-fame." Two preachers asked triumphantly, by way of answer to the German claim to be allowed to drink beer in public-houses on Sundays, whether, when Americans went abroad, they were allowed "to vote as they pleased or publish what they pleased." We might cite other instances of the same kind, if space permitted it, and of course the exposure of the absurdity, inaccuracy, and therefore dishonesty, of this loose thinking and loose talking would be a very easy matter. Its absurdity is apparent to anybody who has ever taken any pains to train himself in habits of close and correct thought, and ought to be apparent to all men of education, even if they have given as little attention to the science of politics as clergymen usually have. We comment on this matter not for the purpose of questioning the propriety of discussing political questions in the pulpit, but for the purpose of drawing attention to the damaging effect on pulpit influence, and on all attempts to base legislation on morals,

which such foolish speaking as this is likely to have. Laymen may be as wicked or as little attentive to moral considerations as you please, but they are not all fools, and they generally know when a clergyman is talking nonsense.

The Virginia election has ended in the triumph of the Radicals by considerable majorities, largely due to Conservative unwillingness to vote. The convention will, therefore, be in radical hands. This result would be gratifying enough if it were not that it has proved the triumph not so much of opinions over opinions, as of color over color. The whites have nearly all voted on one side, and the blacks almost entirely on the other, and the moderate white Radicals have been defeated. Of course the Conservatives themselves are largely to blame for this result. It is they who first made the issue one of race. They have left nothing unsaid or undone to convince the negroes that what they sought was not the triumph of certain principles, but the absolute exclusion of all colored persons from a share in the Government, and this the negroes, of course, resented in the only way in their power. They would not only have proved themselves different from every other race of men in existence, but more than human, if they had not done so. All that is wanted now to widen the breach, and perhaps to make it incurable, is to commence a system of social persecution of the negro voters by refusing them, or discharging them from, employment, and this some Virginian whites are resorting to and some of the newspapers are recommending them all to resort to. There are occasions in the history of the press when its best friends find difficulty in reconciling its existence with the theory of God's goodness, and we know of no press which so often raises these terrible doubts as the press of the South. When one sees the mental food which the newspapers of that region supply the people, one is forced to seek relief in the consideration of the limitations of human knowledge. The greatest misfortune of all is, however, as we have pointed out elsewhere, that the negroes thus provoked should fall into the hands of leaders like Hunnicutt. It was bad enough to have the blacks arrayed against the majority of the whites, but they are now, thanks to him and his coadjutors, arrayed against all whites, some of their own best friends included.

Parson Brownlow is now United States senator for Tennessee, and has thus reached the highest position to which he will attain in this world. His career illustrates very well the strange effect which the war has had both on the fortunes of some individuals and on public opinion as to fitness for office. If anybody had talked of him for the governorship of a State, or a United States senatorship, when he was bellowing laudations of slavery as the editor of a wild little newspaper in Knoxville seven years ago, he would have received no more attention than if he had proposed Stephen H. Branch; but Mr. Brownlow chose the right side in the war, and displayed in the defence of his position the courage of a veritable martyr. There is hardly a doubt that he would have faced the beasts in the amphitheatre for the Union cause if necessary. This courage, combined—as is not uncommon with fanatics and enthusiasts—with bitter hatred of the enemies of the faith, has ever since stood him in stead of almost all the other qualities a statesman ought to have — knowledge, self-restraint, soundness of judgment, moderation, a disciplined tongue and clear head. We were willing to forgive his excesses in Tennessee during the revolutionary period of the last two years, considering the kind of people and the state of things with which he had to deal; but if we are now asked whether we consider his translation to the Senate a gain for the country, or for the Republican party, we are compelled to answer no. We think it will prove a misfortune for both; for the Republican party a great misfortune unless some great change—a change which we have no right to anticipate—should come over Mr. Brownlow's manners and character; and we are willing that this prophecy should be remembered and cited against us two or three years hence.

We are glad to see that "W. E.'s" reply to General Butler in the Boston *Advertiser*, with *The Advertiser's* comments thereupon, has been reprinted in a broadsheet. Although the general has been worsted, the cause he has been trying to serve is assuredly not dead. We have received, during the past week, a letter from a very intelligent observer in Wisconsin, in which he says: "I am inclined to think the currency question has had more to do with the late reverses than is generally supposed. There is here among Republicans almost universally a feeling of dissatisfaction, which, of course, results in indifference and even desertions. It amounts to this—a bargain is a bargain, and whatever we have agreed to we will stick to, but—it is a hard case. I suspect they would be very glad in their hearts if they could convince themselves that Pendleton's scheme is honest; but they can't, so they universally condemn it. Two things, however, they insist on. One is that the currency is not in excess; so that Mr. McCulloch's policy of converting greenbacks into five-twenties is not a good one. In arguing upon this, one is apt to fall foul of some astonishing doctrines—as, for instance, a very intelligent man, formerly, I believe, a banker, held to it stoutly that government sanction is all that gives value to money; that lead would answer just as well if we thought so." With this state of feeling and this state of knowledge at the West, and with the Democratic party crawling into power through Republican folly and lukewarmness, and with advocates of repudiation cropping up from the very lowest strata of radicalism, from amongst the men who believe the millennium can be had any day by a two-thirds vote, it will be seen that a financial catastrophe of the first magnitude, though not at all probable, is not at all impossible. Those who believe honesty is the best policy cannot, therefore, talk too much. The Government is in a position of extreme difficulty; the West is opposed to contraction, while the East is opposed to any considerable diminution of taxation, and yet there are only these two ways of lightening the public burdens. When we say that the East is opposed to any considerable diminution of taxation, we mean simply this, that the mass of its people are unquestionably protectionists, and protection means the imposition of heavy taxes with the view of encouraging native industry. Whether this is an advisable thing to do under any circumstances, is one question; whether it is advisable to do it, while at the same time meeting the burdens imposed by a great war and an inflated currency, is another question, which the country is now trying. We may add that we are glad to have it tried, because, as we have often said, we doubt very much whether any doctrines of political economy, for a long time to come at least, which have not stood the test of actual experiment will meet with any general acceptance in this country. People have little time for thinking, still less for reading anything but sermons and light literature, and they will not swallow any theory. For this reason we peruse with mingled melancholy and weariness the elaborate disquisitions on the relative merits of free-trade and protection which reach us every month in the columns of our spirited contemporaries, *The League* and *The Protectionist*. We should greatly like to know how many persons, whose mind is not already thoroughly made up, ever look into either of them?

The Fenian alarm in England has somewhat subsided; there have been no fresh outrages, and it has been discovered that the assassin of the Life-guardsman who was shot in the streets was not a Fenian but an ordinary lunatic. Parliament is, it is said, to meet in November, ostensibly simply to provide funds for the Abyssinian expedition, but it is tolerably certain that it will only adjourn for the Christmas holidays, and will afterwards sit continuously till summer. Something, everybody acknowledges, must be done about the Irish Church and the Irish land tenure, and done at once. The grand plan of minority representation in the great towns, which the Tories got added to the Reform bill, by which they hoped to bridle the radical majorities, is, it seems, likely to work against them. The working-men are already making arrangements, in all boroughs which are to have three members under the new bill, to give one vote to a candidate of their own class, and divide the other vote between two Liberals, which would leave high and dry the small body of Conservatives to be found in these places. It is observed that politicians are already paying court to the new voters, who are only to vote under the bill after January, 1869, as sedulously as if they were already electors, and the popular impatience under the delay is growing so strong that it is doubtful whether the

act will not, in the next session of Parliament, be made to take effect immediately. The anxiety of the working-men to have representatives of their own class in the House of Commons is leading them to make arrangements for paying them a salary by voluntary subscription—a course which the middle-class Liberals deprecate as likely to make the working-class representatives a class apart in the House, cause them to be looked down on, and therefore deprive them of influence. The Manchester men have shown sufficient shrewdness to select as their candidate a gentleman who, though sprung from the working classes, will, as far as education and manners go, be abundantly able to hold his own even in "the first assembly of gentlemen in Europe."

The Pan-Anglican Synod is over, and the bishops have all got home. The English public and press seem unanimous in thinking the thing a failure, and, what is worse, a ridiculous failure. The subjects discussed, they say, were trivial; the weighty questions by which the Anglican Church is shaken to its centre, and which in England seem to all intelligent observers to have brought it to the verge of disruption, were passed over in silence. The address issued was, there need be no hesitation in saying, a weak and, where it was not weak, a meaningless document. The only denunciation it contained was aimed at the Church of Rome; and now, to cap the climax, Archbishop Manning has made it the subject of a sermon in which he says there was not a word in it to which any good Catholic would hesitate to subscribe. It is somewhat painful, let us add, to notice, in the reports of their visits made by the American bishops since their return home, how completely many of them seem to have been dazzled by those features of the English Church Establishment which fill the minds of the best Englishmen with most sorrow and misgiving—the wealth and splendor of the Church dignitaries, "their palaces," their luxurious lives, their close alliance with the nobility, and how completely they overlook the total alienation from the bishops and from the Church of the mass of the people. The glory of the American bishop is his poverty, his simplicity of life, his hard work, the total absence of external distinction between him and his clergy; but some of those who went to England do not seem to be of this opinion.

In Germany the news of each day shows the Prussian programme to be slowly but surely working itself out. The South German populations do not seem as yet to be half as much enamored of the Prussian régime as their sovereigns, and it is reported that the Grand Duke of Baden finds himself forced to explain away some of his recent expressions of adhesion to the Prussian policy. In Austria the process of disintegration, to which we have more than once called attention, is undoubtedly going on. Baron von Beust already finds his position embarrassed by the intrigues of the court and military and the priest party, and threatens to resign. The Reichsrath insists on the abolition of the Concordat which, besides other monstrosities, gave the education of children entirely into the hands of the Catholic clergy. This has called forth from the Catholic bishops an insolent protest, addressed to the Emperor, in which the mediæval view of the relations of the Church to the state is set out in the strongest terms, and the absolute supremacy of the clergy in the domain of morals, religion, and education, and their right to the aid of the secular arm in carrying out their policy, is boldly asserted with the usual amount of cursing and vituperation. The effect of this document coming at such a time has been most unfortunate, and the effect it will have on the Emperor will probably seriously influence the fate of the empire. It may be mentioned as one of the signs of the times that sufficient importance was attached at Vienna to a rumor that Bismark had expressed a wish for an alliance with "the constitutional King of Hungary," as such, putting the Emperor of Austria out of sight, to cause the Austrian ambassador at Berlin to ask for an explanation. Of course the truth of the story was denied, but it was perhaps true after all.

Garibaldi has escaped from Caprera—though escaped is perhaps a strong word, because it seems very doubtful whether anybody tried to prevent him—and is somewhere in the Roman territory at the head of a body of men, how strong nobody knows; at all events, the agent of the Associated Press does not. The reports from Italy during the week have been full of contradiction and confusion, but what seems certain is this, that the detached and half-organized bands which first entered the Papal territory under Menotti Garibaldi have had several encounters—none of them of much moment, and in many of which, according to some accounts, they were worsted; that the numbers of the insurgents have, nevertheless, gone on increasing, and the Papal forces, defeated at Monte Rotondo, have been driven in upon Rome, leaving the country and the towns in the hands of the Garibaldians; that Rome itself is in a state of intense excitement, large numbers of Garibaldians being undoubtedly concealed in it, waiting for a general rising, of which the signal is to be given by the "National Committee"; that the Pope has left the Vatican for the fortress of St. Angelo; that the Italian Government is losing all control over the Italian army and public as regards the Roman question; and that, as we have anticipated, the chances are against its being able to enforce the convention with France, in spite of the Menabréa Cabinet and the King's subservient proclamation approving the French policy. It is not likely that the Pontifical forces (how oddly this phrase ought to sound in Christian ears) will attempt to stand a siege in the midst of a disaffected population. Still less likely is it that they will risk a general action outside the walls; and unless France interferes speedily we shall probably have the catastrophe before many days.

Whether the French will interfere actively and effectively nothing has yet occurred to enable us to decide. The rumors from Paris are various and contradictory, but the language of the *Moniteur* a few weeks ago was by no means uncertain. The press of Paris seems generally opposed to intervention, but the journals which have spoken out against it most strongly represent the educated opposition, and can hardly be said to carry much weight with the Emperor. Besides this, it is by no means unlikely that in case Italy were allowed to have her own way in this matter we should find great numbers of them a few weeks hence citing it as a fresh proof of the decline of French influence under the Imperial régime. We can all fancy how M. de Girardin would write on such a theme in *La Liberté*. In fact, in this—the danger that non-interference on behalf of the Pope would be treated by the opposition, and considered by the country, a fresh proof added to the check in Mexico, and the check at Luxembourg, of the weakness of the French foreign policy—lies the strongest reason for believing that Napoleon will come to the Pope's rescue. Alone, it would probably not be sufficient, but combined with the purely Catholic and purely French dislike of the Italian kingdom, we fear it may prove sufficient. The latest news is that the iron-clad fleet has gone to Civita Vecchia. This may mean anything or nothing, and it is still within the bounds of possibility that France and Italy are playing "a little game" with the Sovereign Pontiff, and after making gigantic exertions in his behalf, will both drop him at a preconcerted signal, and leave him a bishop without a foot of territory, not unlike Peter and Paul.

What is to be the end of the Mexican troubles seems still uncertain. About Juarez's election there seems little doubt; about the success of his convention for the revision of the constitution there seems to be a good deal; and the old vice of Mexican politics, the disposition of the provinces and of outlying military leaders to snap their fingers at the general Government, and execute its laws and orders when they consort with local notions of expediency and propriety, and not otherwise does not seem by any means extinct. The correspondence of a certain General Guzman with his superiors on the subject of his own duty, touching compliance with their orders, and which has appeared in some of our daily papers, is curious reading, as showing the difficulty the Mexican mind has in grasping the idea that anybody is bound to submit to laws he does not approve of till he has been subdued by brute force.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON will issue simultaneously with the London, Stockholm, and Berlin publishers a collection of the letters and hitherto unpublished poems and sketches of Fredrika Bremer. This volume will also contain a life of the author by her sister. The translation which is to be published by Hurd & Houghton and the English publishers is done for them by an English lady resident in Sweden.——Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt will put upon the market some copies of a volume printed for the author at Baden-Baden in 1858. It is by Mr. Charles Astor Bristed, and is entitled "Pieces of a Broken-down Critic Picked up by Himself." Four volumes are bound into one thick one, and the contents of the four respectively are "Reviews," "Original Verses and Verse Translations," "Sketches, Essays, and Paragraphs," and "Letters." Some of the articles were originally contributed to *Fraser's* and *Blackwood's*, and a greater number to the *Knickerbocker, American Review, Literary World, Evening Post, Spirit of the Times*, and other American periodicals and newspapers; and some of them are elaborately written, while some are in the nature of "inconsidered trifles." We observe criticisms on Arthur Hugh Clough's "Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich," on Tennyson's "Princess," and on "Vanity Fair."

—A forthcoming priced catalogue by Mr. T. H. Morell, Nassau Street, will contain, among its thousand or more articles, descriptions of several books of great interest to collectors of Miltonic literature, a department in which Mr. Morell's stock is rich. We have seen among his treasures a very handsome copy, valued at $125, of the first edition of "Paradise Lost." It is undoubtedly of the first impression, having prefixed the nine or ten pages of "Arguments," and the apology "Why the Poem Rimes not," and bearing on the title-page the author's name in italic capitals. This copy is a quarto finely bound in blue morocco, and is in excellent preservation. It is the gem of the collection. Next to it, *sed longo intervallo*, are a fine Bentley, a Baskerville, a beautiful Foulis, a Boydell, and many more. This first edition, we may say, is soon to be reprinted in fac-simile by Mr. Eli French, of this city. The copy of the Boydell edition which Mr. Morell owns is a very handsome imperial quarto, in the original boards, printed in 1794. This the owner intends "mounting," and he has already collected for it a vast number of pictures. Among the rest are no less than eighty-five portraits of the poet, some of them very rare engravings; fifteen sets of designs illustrative of "Paradise Lost," including those of Fuseli, Martin, Stothard, Flatters, Rigaud, B. de Medina, Westall (whose illustrations belong to the Boydell edition), Hayman, Corbould, and others. A set of colored pictures, which seem to be French, and which bear only the name of their engraver, Colibert, are among the most curious of the collection; but the most curious are those of de Medina, which are grotesque to a great degree. Undoubtedly this, when finished, will be one of the finest books of the sort ever offered for sale in America.

—Books relating to the stage, rather frivolous as regards their subject-matter yet faintly reviving the memories of men and women in whom we all take a gossiping interest, seem to be the fittest books upon which to indulge the rather frivolous taste for "mounting" books, embellishing them with inserted plates, and so on. An ideal book of this kind may now be seen at Scribner, Welford & Co.'s. It is "Actors and Editors: a Poem, by an Undergraduate," who began it as he sat at breakfast, he tells us, and finished it at the solicitation of his friends. It is of no value except as furnishing a sort of *raison d'être* for a collection of fine and, in some cases, very rare pictures of the old favorites of play-goers. The book is from the lately broken up library of Sir Charles Price, who went to great expense in adorning books with engravings stripped from others, and who nourished and, we believe, gratified an ambition of possessing the best illustrated copies of such books to be found in England. Also, from his library, is a very fine edition of Hallam's "Constitutional History of England," and a copy, more fully illustrated and somewhat better adapted for illustration, of Sir James Mackintosh's "View of the Reign of James II." The Hallam is in beautiful quarto volumes. Edward Edwards's "Anecdotes of Painters who have resided or been born in England" is another book adorned by Sir Charles Price, or rather by his orders, and is profusely illustrated with portraits of the painters and specimens of their works.

—Any candid scholar who may wish to exchange views and opinions on the question of the negro's descent from Ham with a very remarkable scholar may, we are informed, address "Ariel," under cover to Messrs. Payne, James & Co., of Nashville, Tennessee. And anybody who thinks the Rev. P. V. Nasby addicted to exaggeration in his portraitures of Border State Democrats, may disabuse his mind of such an error by sending to the firm above-named for a copy of a pamphlet entitled "The Negro," of which "Ariel" is the author. "Ariel" proves at some length, but in a highly satisfactory manner, that Ham was as white as Shem and Japhet, and had, like his brothers, a high forehead and high nose, thin lips and straight hair; that God himself provided that the proof of this should be perfect, by causing Mizraim (who was the son of Ham, who was the son of Noah) to embalm his dead, by which means it has been made plain to all men that the descendants of Ham were white, and, as "Ariel" himself can bear witness, had, when females, as beautiful hands, feet, and ankles "as can be boasted by any of our fair countrywomen"; thirdly, that as history shows that Shem, Ham, and Japhet were white, Noah and his wife must have been white; and Noah and his wife being not only white, but perfect in their genealogy, as the Bible says, their progenitors, Adam and Eve included, must have been white; that, fourthly, our first parents being white, they could not have been progenitors of black negroes; that, fifthly, as neither Adam nor Ham was the negro's progenitor, and yet the negro is on the earth among us, it is clear that he must have been made before Adam, who was the last created thing except Eve; but that, as the negro was made before Adam, he must have been a member of one of five classes of created things: 1, Birds; 2, Fowls; 3, Creeping Things; 4, Cattle; 5, Beasts. We suppose "Ariel" would have no objection to including Grass and the Heavenly Bodies in this list, as their admission would not seriously vitiate his argument. Let us say, then, that the negro is a beast without a soul. But one is obliged to object to some of the inferences which "Ariel" draws from one and another of his conclusions. As this, for instance: that God will not accept religious worship from the negro, as he has expressly ordered that no man having a flat nose shall approach his altar. Or this: that the negro was the beast that tempted Eve in the garden. Or this: that whenever the people have elected a President from a non-slaveholding State, "commencing with the elder Adams and down to Mr. Lincoln, there must be strife and wrangling," and that "God always selects slaveholders, or from a slaveholding nation, the media through which he confers his blessings on mankind," and so on. The pamphlet is rather fatiguing reading, being marked with that characteristic which De Quincey noted in the poetry of Lucretius—an eagerness and energy incessant, never for one moment intermitted, a quality of a mind which is, as one should say, perhaps the least bit lunatic, not to say frantic and stark, staring, raving mad, rather than sane. It is a true curiosity, and well worth ordering from the booksellers above-mentioned.

—In a lumber-room of a Northamptonshire country-house a Mr. Charles Edmonds has discovered a copy of Shakespeare's "Passionate Pilgrim" bound up with his "Venus and Adonis," "Certaine of Ovid's Elegies," translated by Christopher Marlowe, and "Epigrammes and Elegies," by Marlowe and Sir John Davies. The two tracts last named are rare; the "Venus and Adonis" is not only rare but unique, and not only unique but hitherto totally unknown to all Shakespearian editors and critics. It was printed for W. Leake in 1599. This is a "find" which will confer genuine bibliographical immortality on the lucky Mr. Charles Edmonds, of the firm of Willis & Sotheran.

—We have hitherto been almost wholly dependent on missionaries, Roman Catholics and others, for our knowledge of the Chinese and Japanese, and probably shall continue to be so. But, of course, all such work when done by missionaries is apt to be done incidentally. We see in a recently received "Report of the North China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society" that something may possibly be attempted by that body in the way of making the Chinese and Japanese and ourselves better acquainted. Except the Royal Asiatic Society there is, the report says, "no special agency on the spot to call out the labors of students and observers, to aid them, and to record the fruit of their researches." Yet there is a pretty large and increasing number of secular sinalogues—persons who have studied the Chinese language with a view of entering consular or diplomatic life or of going into the service of the Chinese Government; and it is thought that the reason why such scholars have as yet done so little to advance our knowledge of the Chinese and theirs of us is that there has been no organized society to stimulate their efforts. To bring about a better state of affairs, Dr. Martin, of Pekin, proposes that a department of the society should be established which shall make such a survey of the field as shall indicate what remains to be done, make a catalogue of works urgently needed, and endeavor to enlist suitable men in their preparation, and finally pay for the publication of all such works as may be produced. It

appears to be Dr. Martin's opinion that the Chinese and Japanese would readily purchase a sufficient number of properly chosen books to make the enterprise self-supporting. It ought to be made not only self-supporting but profitable, otherwise missionary zeal will remain without a rival as the means of carrying Western civilization to the Chinese, so far as it is to be carried at all by labors specifically directed to that end, and not indirectly by war and commerce.

—In the journal published by the above-named branch society we find, among others, papers with these titles: "A Short Sketch of the Chinese Game of Chess," which is illustrated with a wood-cut, and gives a tolerably intelligible description of the Chinese method of playing; "On some Wild Silk-worms of China;" "Notes of a Journey from Pekin to Chefoo;" "Political Intercourse between China and Lewchew"—which carries us back to the days when the fame of a monarch for wisdom could bring to him ambassadors from far countries; for it seems that the relations between the Lewchewans and the Son of Heaven are not of the feudal kind, as has been said, but are, on the one side, those of respectful awe, and, on the other, of mild condescension to unhappy barbarians living at some distance from the Central Flowery Kingdom; "An Account of a Translation of a Japanese Manuscript;" "Retrospect of Events in the North of China during 1866;" "Description of the Great Examination Hall at Canton." The article last mentioned will be found particularly interesting. The hall is that one in which is held the triennial examination at which all graduates of the first degree who live in the province are required to be present. In the province of which Canton is the chief city the hall is 1,330 feet long and 583½ feet wide. It consists of two principal parts, the ranges of cells, 8,653 in number, for the use of the candidates, and the rooms designed for the officers who superintend the examination, for the guards who preserve order and enforce the rules, and the artisans—bakers, printers, and so on—employed by the management. The cells are each a little more than 6 feet high, 5 feet 9 inches deep, and 3 feet 8 inches wide. Of one of these the candidate, having registered his name, takes possession on the evening before the examination begins, and by-and-by there is brought to him his allowance of blank paper. He may spend the time till morning sleeping or collecting his thoughts. At day-break they bring him some texts, and at once 8,653 brains are hard at work. All the texts, no matter how many, are cut on the blocks and printed in one night. Perhaps the first text will be something of this kind, "If the will be set on virtue there will be no practice of wickedness;" and it will be required of the candidate to write three essays and one piece of poetry on four such themes. Each essay is to contain about 700 words and the poem 16 lines of 5 words each. Some candidates get through their work by two or three o'clock, and some work all night and till noon of the next day. When his papers are finished, the candidate goes to the Hall of Perfect Honesty and hands them to an officer, and gets, if he likes, a ticket permitting him to go out of the Dragon Gate. But if, on a hasty examination, his essay is found to be much blotted, or the rules for forming the characters have been violated, his name, thenceforth a grief to his mother and uncles and brothers, is put up in blue ink at the outer gate, and he is not allowed to re-enter. But, supposing him to be again admitted, he goes back to his cell, and on the second day of examination writes five essays, say on subjects like this: "There are ministers who seek the tranquillity of the state and find their pleasure in securing that tranquillity." On the third day five essays on general subjects, as ancient history, etc., are required, and there are to be not more than 300 words in an essay. The essays we have seen going into the Hall of Perfect Honesty; next they go to the Hall of Restraint, where the first page of each one, the page containing the name of the writer, is sealed up by certain officials, a list of the names made, and the essays then copied in red ink by a corps of one or two thousand copyists. A corps of readers next go over them, comparing the copies with the originals, and the latter are sent to the governor of the examination, who is also governor of the province. The red-ink copies go into the Hall of Auspicious Stars, and judgment is passed upon them by ten assistant examiners, who select a certain number of the best and send them in to the Imperial Commissioners, of whom two are present at each provincial examination. We should mention that besides all the other safeguards against fraud—the separate cells, the various sets of officials, the care exercised in regard to the printing—a tall observatory which commands all the 143 ranges of cells stands in the middle of the Central Avenue, and the police force and soldiers are so numerous as to require one general officer, thirty-six high officers, and twenty-four of an inferior rank; yet the corruption of the officials is so great that it is not pretended that frauds are not constantly practised. The awards being made, the fortunate competitors are on the very high road of preferment, wealth, and fame. Their names are immediately sent by special messengers to all parts of the province; the governor gives them a great feast; after that they go in state dress to worship the tablets of their ancestors and to make calls on rejoicing relatives and friends.

JOSIAH QUINCY.*

The literary canon which affirms that a biography ought not to be written, and cannot be satisfactorily written, by a son or a near relative of its subject, even if it be grounded in truth and reason—which may be questioned—has very little efficacy to prevent what it forbids, and has been in many signal cases discredited. Mr. Edmund Quincy has not regarded it, and he certainly has not in his own case furnished an example which confirms the canon. There are men eminently worthy of a biography who would probably never receive one except one volunteered from the circle of their near kindred. We doubt whether the family of the late Josiah Quincy would have allowed his voluminous and rich papers to pass into the hands of any one whom kinship or close intimacy or strong sympathy of appreciation would not have disposed to such an admiring view of his subject as would involve the ordinary risks of filial partiality towards him. We have read another memoir of Mr. Quincy covering less than a quarter of the pages of the book before us, and a model piece it is in style and method. It is the memoir prepared by Rev. Dr. Walker at the request of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and published in the last volume of their proceedings. Mr. Quincy's third successor in the presidency of Harvard College does not fall behind his son in the warmth or fulness of his admiration for his subject, nor make any other or greater abatements on the score of infirmities or deficiencies than are allowed for in the filial tribute.

The truth is, the character, make, and mould of President Quincy, and the strong assertion and manifestation of his noble individuality through the whole range of his private and public career, would, we may almost say, baffle the attempt of any biographer to present him as other than he was. His son has illustrated and enriched his volume with too many utterances through pen and voice, and with too many disclosures of the antagonistic relations of his honored father, to allow any reader of his pages to ascribe to him an excess of filial partiality. The image of the grand "Old Roman," as the contemporaries of his later years loved to call him, is shown to us faithfully delineated as he really was in the tissue and substance of his form, in look and presence. He was made of some of the best and finest of our common clay. What must have been beauty of feature in his youth remained with him as a manly nobleness and dignity into his ninety-third year, when with an undimmed mind or eye, an undulled ear, and an approving and trusting heart, he saw "land after a long navigation." When Mr. Quincy had lived about half his life, his friend and relative and intimate acquaintance from childhood, the elder Adams, used to say that he "was the most fortunate man he had ever known in his long life—fortunate in his ancestors, in his position in society, in his wife and children, in everything; indeed, the most remarkable instance of good fortune he had ever met with in his wide experience." All this was, if possible, even more strikingly true of the lot and experience of Mr. Quincy in the other half of his years.

Edmund Quincy, founder of the American family of Quincys, landed in Boston, Sept. 4, 1633. He came from Ackwich, in Northamptonshire, England, and must have been a man of substance as a land-owner, for he brought with him six servants. He bought of an Indian sachem a tract of land in the town now bearing his name, ever since and now in the possession of his descendants, offering broad acres for cultivation, and bordering on the bay, so that every vessel coming into or leaving the harbor of Boston was in plain sight from the dwelling. This was from the first the home of a patriotic stock of men and women; and as the head of the household was always a magistrate and a man of high place in civil, judicial, or military service in the colony, province, and State, there were always some special reasons for watchfulness or anxiety on the part of the family from the possible raids of seamen or the visit of a gunboat. The late Josiah Quincy was the only son of Josiah Quincy, Jr., youngest son of Colonel Josiah Quincy, son of Judge Edmund Quincy, son of Lieut.-Col. Edmund Quincy, son of the first emigrant. He was born in Boston, Feb. 4, 1772. His patriot father, distinguished from his earliest years, died off Gloucester, in sight of his native shores, on April 26, 1775, on his return passage from England, whither he had gone in failing health on a confidential mission from the leaders of the cause then just baptized in blood at Lexington. His widow—he was at his death but thirty-one years of age—was the faithful guardian and the fond companion of her son till her own

* "Life of Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts. By his son, Edmund Quincy." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.

comparatively early death, when she had seen him established in a house and with a wife of his own, entering on a career of singularly varied services, all of them performed with conspicuous ability, with entire devotedness, and with an unspotted and never-questioned integrity.

That career, besides a continuous series of private literary, benevolent, and agricultural activities, embraced a succession of offices—Congressional, State, judicial, municipal, and academic—which, strange to say, found him not only eminently qualified at the start to assume them, but also received from the fidelity, zeal, and practical wisdom with which he filled them a new honor and dignity, raising the standard of exactions on those who might be called to succeed him in each of them. Mr. Quincy seems to have met an emergency in each of the stations which he filled. He was called to them in turn when they especially needed his energy, zeal, integrity, and business capacity. His noble traits of character, and his proved facility as an administrative and executive functionary, nominated him for all the offices which he held, and he never sought an office by his own prompting, nor failed of election to any for which he had consented to be a candidate. In each and all of them he has left visible evidence and fruits, of which his biographer can at best give us only verbal descriptions. The city of Boston and Harvard College were reconstructed under his administration. There was in him a most goading, restless, and resolute impulse to possess himself of the mastery of all the knowledge, means, and auxiliaries necessary for renewing, revivifying, and expanding every institution and interest which he had in charge. And when, by upturning and overturning and reforming and securing permanency and prosperity for all these institutions and interests, he had satisfied his conscience in that direction, then he loved to sit down and write the history not of his own doings, but of the things which he had wrought upon. Running through his administration of every trust we mark the same personal characteristics, the most rigid conscientiousness, an entire superiority to all personal interests, a regard to the loftiest considerations, the service of noble and large public ends, and a view to prospective uses and benefits for a long posterity. Such were the man and the career rehearsed in the volume before us, by no means with undue warmth or partiality of filial affection.

His public career was introduced by an honor more frequently reserved for those who have won it—the delivery of the Fourth of July oration in Boston when he was twenty-six years old. The fustian and bombast which in later times have made most of that class of productions offensive to good taste, and matters for literary ridicule and patriotic mortification, found a more becoming if a no less intense substitute in the earlier productions. The material for declamatory outbursts and patriotic appeals was then more legitimate and less hackneyed. Mr. Quincy's manner, tone, and sentiments gave an earnest of that vehemence, impetuosity, and stern severity of denunciation which afterwards were popularly regarded as marking his oratorical individuality. It seems to us now, as we read over his most trenchant and objurgatory utterances in Congress, that the notoriety and emphasis given to his harsher characteristics led in no slight degree to an undervaluing or a failure of appreciation of the solid, instructive, and thoroughly freighted matter of his addresses. They were keeled and ribbed and planked with live timber.

It was as a member of the Senate of Massachusetts in 1804–5 that Mr. Quincy won the right in his old age to refer back to what he had publicly said in warning the North against the plots and purposes of Southern slaveholders either to rule or to ruin this country.

When Mr. Quincy, having passed the age of ninety, appeared at the triennial festival of the alumni of Harvard, and received the storm of admiring and reverential applause as he rose to speak as their ex-president, a strain of vivacity and humor got the mastery of him. It was with a strange confusion between his youthful vigor and his reference to his own entrance upon Congressional life almost before any of the throng around him had been born, that all hung on his words. He told them that when, at the infantile age of twenty-eight, he was nominated by the Federalists for Congress, the Democratic papers jeeringly called for a cradle to rock the bantling in.

That infantile representative proved to be in the eye and hearing of the Democratic party in Congress a most obstreperous and ungovernable child. There were many who would gladly have subjected him to the usual discipline; but they found that they had to deal with a man whom they could neither corrupt nor quiet nor intimidate. He let them know that he should neither give nor accept a challenge to a duel, and that though he intended to speak only what was true, and that without personalities, he meant to declare fearlessly and fully, plainly and emphatically all his mind upon every subject of public concern, however unpopular or hateful his opinion or utterance might be; and he did so.

The portion and contents of this biography which relate more immediately to merely local interests will be most attractive to those who cherish the traditions and associations of the literary and historical centre of Massachusetts. There are matters in it which are vitally related to the far broader concerns of our whole country, and which, dating primarily from the early years of our nationality, have a direct bearing upon some recent events. It has been said by men of deliberate judgment and speech among us that Mr. Quincy was the first citizen of the United States who ever advanced the doctrine of absolute State sovereignty as a basis of the right of secession by a single State; and this, too, on the floor of Congress. He certainly did something very like that, and, though called to order for it, the Speaker ruled that he had a right to proceed. His biographer introduces a plea for him by way of distinguishing broadly between the grounds on which he would have justified secession with the measures for effecting it, and the position, intention, and method of carrying out their purpose adopted by the Southern States. The casuistry of the matter, of course, admits of this distinction; but if secession in any form may be resisted by the national will and force, it is hardly worth while to argue for any particular form or plea under which it may claim a moral instead of an immoral intent.

We have already intimated that the biographer of Mr. Quincy has abundantly enriched his pages from his father's own papers and productions. He would hardly have dealt justly with his readers had he done otherwise. There have been floating about in an unconnected, and therefore unexplained way, a few sharp, epigrammatic, and even unpatriotic and ill-tempered sentences attributed to Mr. Quincy in public speeches, which, thus reported, do him injustice. Yet what reader of our abounding books which lie close at hand, even if he were perusing a condensed memoir of Mr. Quincy, will be inclined to hunt out the original pamphlet or newspaper reports of his speeches, and follow them backward and forward into the debates with which they ought to be incorporated? We have been grateful to the biographer for saving us the trouble which, we fear, we should not have confronted. Copious extracts from those speeches, especially the most trenchant passages of them, enable us to account for the intense odium which Mr. Quincy drew to himself from Democratic, from Southern, and even from some of his own Federal associates in Congress. And he was himself only the most conspicuous object of that odium, while the reason of the fact explains the larger fact of Southern hatred towards New England.

We can well understand how exasperating and passion-stirring were many of the speeches of Mr. Quincy, independently of the tenor of the argument and the political views which they expressed. He claimed to represent, in his own person and character, as well as in his office, a moral and religious community with whom scruples of conscience had the force of law, and Christian principles were regarded as of supreme authority. The implication thus was that he stood on a higher level, spoke from a loftier plane, and acted by a severer rule of conduct than was recognized by those whose policy and principles he opposed. If it were true—and there was much that seemed to prove it to be true—that Southern politicians were many of them morally inferior to him, it would not be likely that his telling them so should conciliate their respect, certainly not in speech. At any rate, they knew he had a sharp tongue, that he imputed base motives, and that, so far as severity and sarcasm could infuriate and embitter an opponent, he was not restrained by any high principle which he professed from using them. Having had his say, he would not stand by his words reinforced by the weapons of the duellist, but pleaded conscience for refusing an adversary the usual *satisfaction*. Those who could reconcile his practice and his profession, and who were willing to do so, might see reason for approving his course even if they did not themselves adopt it. But those who felt most stingingly the rebuke of his tongue and the reflected contempt of their own last resource for wounded honor, thought themselves justified in suspecting him of self-righteousness. A large generalization upon his own course in debate and avowed scruples of conscience has led to that mixed disdain, jealous and scornful, which so many Southern politicians have expressed for puritanic New England.

There are in the volume very many interesting letters addressed to Mr. Quincy by a wide circle of correspondents, but we marvel that more of his own to them have not been given to us. Not the least among the pleasing surprises for the general reader will be the proofs and tokens of the strange friendship between the fantastic John Randolph and Mr. Quincy, the only friend with whom the Roanoke eccentric never quarrelled. He appears in a more amiable and engaging character in these lively letters than in any other series from his pen which we have before met with.

As a whole, the contents of this volume fill a gap in the literature of our political history and present an adequate portraiture of an admirable man.

MR. FROUDE'S SHORT STUDIES.*

MR. FROUDE'S two volumes, here reprinted in one, consist of a series of articles contributed to magazines and journals or delivered as lectures. They are collected probably rather in deference to a prevailing fashion than because they have been thought especially valuable. Valuable they are not in any high degree. The subjects treated are historical and theological. The historical papers are written in the popular manner and addressed to the popular judgment, which is but another way of saying that they are very superficial. The articles on religious subjects, "The Philosophy of Catholicism," "Criticism and the Bible History," "The Book of Job," are vitiated by a feeble sentimentalism which deprives them of half their worth as liberal discussions. Mr. Froude appears, therefore, to decidedly better advantage in his "History of England" than in these short essays. Here the faults which in the larger work are in a great degree concealed and redeemed by its distinguished merits—the energy of spirit, the industry of execution, the dignity of tone, the high pictorial style—are strangely obtrusive. What these faults are—what, at least, we hold them to be—may be gathered from our remarks.

Mr. Froude's volume opens with a lecture on the science of history, a very loose piece of writing for one who has made the study of history the business of his life. "One lesson, and one only," says Mr. Froude, "history may be said to repeat with distinctness, that the world is built somehow on moral foundations; that in the long run it is well with the good; in the long run it is ill with the wicked." If this is all that history teaches, we had better cease to trouble ourselves about it. But it is hard to see how Mr. Froude is competent to make this assertion, and wherein his "long run" differs from those great cycles, defying human measurement, in which he affirms history must be organized if it is organized at all. If there is one thing that history does not teach, it seems to us, it is just this very lesson. What strikes an attentive student of the past is the indifference of events to man's moral worth or worthlessness. What strikes him, indeed, is the vast difficulty there is in deciding upon men's goodness and their turpitude. It is almost impossible to pronounce an individual whom we know only by written testimony positively good or positively bad without bodily detaching him from his *entourage* in a way that is fatal to the truth of history. In history it is impossible to view individuals singly, and this point constitutes the chief greatness of the study. We are compelled to look at them in connection with their antecedents, their ancestors, their contemporaries, their circumstances. To judge them morally we are obliged to push our enquiry through a concatenation of causes and effects in which, from their delicate nature, enquiry very soon becomes impracticable, and thus we are reduced to talking sentiment. Nothing is more surprising than the alertness with which writers like Mr. Froude are ready to pronounce upon the moral character of historical persons, and their readiness to make vague moral epithets stand in lieu of real psychological facts. All readers of history—or of histories, rather—know how this process has been followed *ad nauseam* touching the all-important figure of Martin Luther. There is every evidence to show that Luther must have been one of the most serious men of his age—the man of all men with his thoughts most strongly centred on an outward object. But in the hands of writers of Mr. Froude's school he is smothered to death under a mass of vague moral attributes—bravery, honesty, veracity, tenderness, etc.—as under a heap of feathers.

The lecture on "The Science of History" is followed by three lectures on "The Times of Luther and Erasmus," and then by another on "The Influence of the Reformation on the Scottish Character." Here is a sentence from the last: "It had been arranged that the little Mary Stuart should marry our English Edward VI., and the difficulty was to be settled so. They would have been contented, they said, if Scotland had had the 'lad' and England the 'lass.' As it stood, they broke their bargain and married the little queen away into France to prevent the Protector Somerset from getting hold of her." There is something in the style of this short passage which reminds us forcibly of Dickens's "Child's History of England," and of a dozen other works for the instruction of the young; and it is not too much to say that these lectures are written in a style not essentially different from that of the crude narrative we have mentioned. The following passage might have proceeded equally well from such a source, and it is a better illustration, inasmuch as not only the manner but the sentiment is puerile. Mr. Froude relates, of course, the famous visits of the devil to Luther during his confinement in the Wartburg castle. The devil came one night and made a noise in the room; Luther got up and lit his lamp and looked for him, but being unable to find him went back into bed. Whereupon Mr. Froude: "Think as you please about the cause of the noise, but remember that Luther had not the least doubt that he was alone in the room with the actual devil, who, if he could not overcome his soul, could at least twist his neck in a moment; *and then think what courage there must have been in a man who could deliberately sleep in such a presence!*" To such odd shifts as this are historians of the sentimental school reduced.

Nothing can be more unphilosophical than such a method of exhibiting the development of a great race and a great cause. When once Mr. Froude and his associates have placed themselves on the same side as a given individual, the latter is allowed to have neither foibles nor vices nor passions; and because he was a powerful instrument in the civilization of his age he is also assumed to have been a person of unsullied private virtue. Mr. Froude thinks it necessary to enter upon an elaborate apology for Luther's marriage—an act for which no apology is needed—and in doing so he deprives his hero of the very best reason he could plead. "The marriage," he says, "was unquestionably no affair of passion." If it was not, so much the worse for Luther. There is a want of logic on Mr. Froude's part in affirming that feeling and emotion entered so largely into Luther's attitude towards the corruptions of the Church and into his own purifying desires, and in yet denying him the benefit of this same element of feeling on an occasion which so perfectly justifies its interference, simply because it may compromise a thoroughly fanciful and modern notion of personal purity. Upon the "Dissolution of the Monasteries under Henry VIII." and upon "England's Forgotten Worthies" Mr. Froude has two articles of greatly superior merit to those we have mentioned. There is no doubt that the English monasteries at the time of their suppression were the abode of a vast deal of dissipation and incontinence, and that the regular clergy had become extremely demoralized. It is unfortunate, however, that both in his history and in the essay before us our author should prefer to tell us of the dreadful things which, if he were disposed, he *might* tell us out and out, to laying the evidence directly before us. His answer, of course, would be, that the evidence is too bad to print. But such being the case, the only fair method of proceeding, it strikes us, is to effect a dispassionate logical synthesis of the material at hand, and not to content one's self with lifting one's hands and rolling up one's eyes. Bad as the monasteries may have been, moreover, it is certain that the manner in which Henry VIII. went to work to sift them out was in the last degree brutal and unmerciful. This Mr. Froude is totally unwilling to admit. He finds the greatest ingenuity at his service to palliate acts for which, in the annals of Catholic governments, he finds only the eloquence of condemnation. Henry VIII., in Mr. Froude's view, was a very good man; and Mr. Froude's good men can do no wrong. The account of "England's Forgotten Worthies" is, we think, the best article in the collection. It is a piece of pure narrative, and narrative is Mr. Froude's best point. The brave men who in Queen Elizabeth's time set the first great examples to English enterprise and to the grand English passion for voyage and adventure, have been made the theme of a great deal of fine writing and of a kind of psychological exercise which is essentially at variance with the true historical and critical spirit. But the theme is great and beautiful, and we can easily forgive Englishmen for growing somewhat maudlin over it.

* "Short Studies on Great Subjects. By James Anthony Froude." New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1868.

FRENCH PROTESTANTISM.*

THE second series of M. Guizot's "Meditations," which has just appeared in this country, departs from the course prescribed in his first series, which promised that the second should deal with the foundations and history of Christianity, and addresses itself to the task of dealing with the actual state of Christianity and the attacks (according to M. Guizot's way of thinking) now being made upon it. But M. Guizot being now more than eighty years old, it is only natural that he should look backward with a great deal clearer vision than he looks forward. As a retrospect, his book is scarcely more than entertaining; but it is certainly that. Its descriptions of the men who have been most prominent in the Catholic and Protestant movements of the last half-century are very interesting. As such men as Chateaubriand, the Abbé de La Mennais, Montalembert, Lacordaire, Vinet, and Monod move across his pages, he characterizes them with a great deal of force and truthfulness. The garrulity of an old man, who has seen much during a long life, is always rather pleasant, but not always of much value. To M. Guizot the past is a great personal reality; the present an assemblage of the thinnest possible abstractions. An estimate of the actual state of Christianity in France at the present time his volume certainly is not. It

* "Meditations on the Actual State of Christianity and the Attacks that are now being made upon it. By M. Guizot. Translated under the superintendence of the author." New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

is a volume of the past, reminding us of a fine old English gentleman who, a year or two ago, wished to give a young friend of ours letters of introduction to various distinguished people in Germany whom a friend of his had met there at the beginning of the century. Of what is most significant in the present aspects of Christianity in France he has very little to say. A volume that should deal with these aspects in something of the personal way in which M. Guizot treats of the past would be far more interesting than this work which the aged historian has shaken so carelessly from his pen; especially as Guizot, who was always hopelessly conservative, has now come by a natural process to be one of the most timid and reactionary of men.

The works of M. Renan have made the average American reader tolerably well acquainted with the forces that are working in the bosom of the French Catholic Church; but no corresponding knowledge of what the Protestants of France are doing can readily be had. Were such knowledge as easily accessible as the writings of the English theologians, it would be known much better than it is here in America that the French Protestant Church is the scene of a religious and theological activity far more varied and significant than that by which the friends of Anglicanism are by turns encouraged and depressed.

It is estimated that fourteen-fifteenths of the population of France are nominally Catholic. But, with a fairness to which England is as yet a stranger, the dissenting churches are tolerated, organized, and, to some extent, subsidized by the Government. The Protestants are divided among themselves into "Reformed" and "Lutheran" Churches. The Lutheran Church is, for the most part, confined to the Rhine provinces, where a German patois is spoken. The Reformed, or Calvinist, Church is strongest in the south and west of the empire. Of the Lutherans there are not more than a million, of the Calvinists not more than a million and a half. But these numbers are large enough to furnish examples of many different phases of thought and character. And this variety is not confined to either the Lutherans or Calvinists. The Church organization is much less rigid there than among the American Congregationalists and Presbyterians, a fact by which Guizot is sorely troubled. The result is that, in the Reformed Church, out of more than five hundred pastors not more than one hundred and twenty are stamped with a truly orthodox belief, one hundred are advanced liberals, and of the remainder about twice as many tend to liberalism as to orthodoxy. These were the numbers a few years ago, and probably they are not very different to-day. The proportions in the Lutheran Church are about the same, say out of more than two hundred and fifty pastors about sixty orthodox, of whom not more than ten are extremists, fifty decided liberals, and the rest, for the most part, rationalistic in their tendencies.

The Monod family has given almost as many ministers to France as the Beecher family has given to America. Adolphe Monod was the last great preacher of the extreme orthodox party. M. Guizot has spoken of him with no stinted praise. Frederic Monod, brother of Adolphe, and Edmond de Pressensé, who are generally spoken of as extremists, are not so in reality. Their orthodoxy is more moderate than that of Adolphe Monod and Alexandre Vinet. Pressensé is not merely a pulpit celebrity. He is one of the most generous scholars of his time. His spirit is at the farthest possible remove from bigotry. Rationalism has called forth no calmer, clearer, fairer word of contradiction than his "Life of Christ." He has been justly called the French Neander. With less originality than our own Bushnell, in his general tone and spirit he is very much like him.

Next to the moderate conservative party, of which Pressensé is the present head, the Reformed Church has its party of moderate liberals. The head of this party is Athanase Coquerel, *père*, the editor of *Le Lien*, a weekly paper given to the advocacy of liberal principles. The theology of this party does not differ much from the Unitarianism of Channing. Perhaps the highest expression which its spirit has yet found is in the little book entitled "First Historical Transformations of Christianity," by Athanase Coquerel, *fils*. This book has been translated by Professor Evans. It is a plea for liberality and not an argument for any special creed. It cannot fail of interesting even where it fails to convince. From the necessity of transformation it argues the absurdity of setting up fixed standards of belief. The happy faculty which the French scholar seems to have above all others of uniting learned substance with popular form here finds a first-rate exhibition.

What *Le Lien* is to the moderate liberals the *Nouvelle Revue de Théologie*, published at Strasbourg, is to the extreme liberals. Timothy Colani is its leading spirit. His fellow-laborers are Reuss and Scherer, Nicolas and Réville. The activity of these men is immense. Besides writing constantly with great care for their own special organ, they are frequent contributors to the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and, moreover, have already given to the world several important works, including Colani's "Messianic Studies;" Réville's "Study of the Gospels," the great authority with M. Renan; and Nicolas' "Studies on the Old Testament and New, and on the Jewish Apocryphal Writings." The theology of this school, though more critical and cautious, is substantially that of Theodore Parker. M. Réville has written a charming life of Parker.

MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

We cannot prove that we have at any time been very seriously injured by the poets of this month's *Atlantic;* we are sure that we have never by word or deed done them any harm whatsoever; if we know our own heart, we are not a prey to envy and jealousy as regards them and their works. Still we shall say that we consider the "Feast of Harvest" and the piece about the children not extremely good as poetry. We make our disclaimer of personal animosity because it is the custom of the country to expect that the poetry, and the prose for that matter, which neither gods nor men can suffer shall be spoken of with civility in columns of criticism; and if it is not so spoken of, the critic is suspected to be a person subject to the worst passions that influence the human breast—the author of poems not published, an inferior lyceum lecturer raging at the success of the better lecturers before lyceums, or something of that kind. As we have just remarked, we repudiate with the utmost indignation such charges so far as regards ourselves, and could give many reasons for passing on the poems in question the judgment above recorded. Dr. Holmes's "Chanson without Music" is an ingenious piece of macaronic verse, with some good jokes, and not without somewhat of the poetry that belongs to all regrets for real enjoyments and abilities which have passed away. Of the prose articles in the November *Atlantic* there are one or two that are well worth reading Mr. Lowell deals with "A Great Public Character," the late Josiah Quincy, who did much good to Boston and to Harvard College, and was for more than fourscore years an excellent member of the family of man, as well as of the Quincy family, and it is a matter of congratulation that he lives once more in his grandson's biography and in this witty and wise essay. The "Opinions of the late Dr. Nott respecting Books, Studies, and Orators" are not very original or valuable. Miss Alice Cary's "Rose Rollins," like almost everything else she has written that we have read, is such as to give one a warm respect for her soft kindness of heart, but to say that the "Rose Rollins" is anything but a very feeble tale is what we are not able to say without fear of contradiction from most readers. People do not talk or act like Miss Cary's people, and that is saying much against a story; and if any one thinks it is saying more to say that people ought not to talk and act like Miss Cary's people, we are willing to say that also. In fact, the story is really almost all very silly, though certainly the second part is less childish than the first. "Cretan Days" is full of information, pleasantly conveyed, about Crete; and "Busy Brains" is full of the stock anecdotes about the various modes of laboring that have found favor among literary men.

"The Bowery at Night" we found it impossible to become greatly interested in. So also of "The Conspiracy at Washington," which is a piece of somebody's mind. We can very well remember, if we may be excused for relating personal reminiscences, how one day when a youth, engaged in rehearsal for exhibition, was declaiming—with considerable volume of voice, but perhaps with a certain disregard for sense and due emphasis—how Mr. Kellogg's Spartacus received the Roman envoys in Etruria, he was suddenly stopped short by the principal of the academy, whom his manner of delivery did not wholly please. We have since, as we may say, decided that he was not so much to blame. The sudden dead silence after so much noise was, under Providence, effective in curing us of oratory. We find it in our heart to wish that the same effect could be produced by the results of the fall elections on our *Atlantic* orator, whom, if we are not mistaken, we have already once or twice before heard speak in much the same manner. It must be a little odd for a man to read this, for instance, knowing that he wrote it lately: "And he himself [Mr. Johnson], cowed by the popular verdict against his contemplated crime and hopeless of escaping from the punishment of the past delinquencies by a new act of treason, will submit to be removed from the office he has too long been allowed to dishonor." "An eloquent man," to be sure, as the son of Sirach says, "is known far and near, but a man of understanding"—and the antithesis often strikes us as being a very real one,—"a man of understanding knoweth when he slippeth;" and the amount of understanding required in order that one may find these "scathing denunciations" rather amusing than extremely terrifying is not more, as we are happy to say, than the reader of average understanding has at easy command. "The Autobiography of a

Quack," which began pretty well, ends not so well. "In the Gray Goth" is a story really touching as it is told, but very obviously told not by a man but for a man by a woman. "Stephen C. Foster and Negro Minstrelsy" contains more information than we should know where to get elsewhere about the author of "Old Uncle Ned," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "O Boys, Carry Me 'Long," "Nelly was a Lady," "Camptown Races," and other immensely popular songs, now dead. The "Reviews and Literary Notices" speak of Mr. Norton's "Vita Nuova," which is Dante's, of Paulding's "Bulls and Jonathans," and of the late English epic, Morris's "Life and Death of Jason;" and this, we believe, is all there is in the November *Atlantic*, which seems to be a not very fine number.

The Galaxy has a little poem by T. W. Parsons, and contains not much else of any importance. Mr. Benson in his "To-day" is, as usual, in what the New Englanders call "quite a state." Martha herself was not troubled so much nor about so many things as worry Mr. Benson; and she, if we recollect, became tiresome in a high degree. "American social life," says Mr. Benson—mistakenly, let us trust—"forms men and women totally devoid of sentiment or passion;" our rising men of letters are "inert before the ideal;" "socially we are without expansiveness, cheerfulness, or playfulness;" "to-day, where are our ardent and sensitive thinkers?" Some of them are in Paris, we should say, writing in that style which may be called the too earnest too effervescent, and which makes persons—not so ardent, perhaps, as sensitive or sensible—laugh an unpleased laugh. M. Pierre Blot contributes the best prose article in this month's *Galaxy*. M. Blot, like other people of his and other nations, is often a humorous writer without meaning to be so. Of Luther he says: "A great reformer and benefactor, who protested most earnestly and emphatically against fasting." And of Mohammed he says, with apparent earnestness: "A great impostor, prohibiting the use of wine to his followers under the pretext that it is intoxicating, and at the same time allowing and even promising them the most lustful enjoyments in this and the other world." If he did not intend his gastronomical glossary jocosely, these definitions seem quite good as jokes. "Chromatic Aberration" is as weak a bit of satire on the realistic school of painters as we remember to have read on that subject; "Concerning Kissing" is a true member of the family of "Concernings," and concerns no human being; "Journalism as a Profession" has nothing in it that is not "ordinary and Rialto talk" hardly worth writing down, and generally we should say *à propos* of this number of the magazine that, life being no longer than it is, it is, on the whole, advisable for all men to shun the November *Galaxy*.

General Lew. Wallace, Edmund Kirke, General Strother, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, Miss Alice Cary, Mr. M. D. Conway, Mr. C. H. Webb, and Mr. G. W. Curtis in the "Easy Chair" are the principal writers in November's *Harper's*—a very good number of a magazine which is always thus far satisfactory, that it is never less than it pretends to be, and is often, as in the case of this number, very good indeed. We do not remember a better "Easy Chair" than we have this month; Mr. Curtis is never more agreeable than when chatting about old operatic and literary memories and recollections of foreign travel; and of the sort of essay in which he is more successful than any other American writer, or than any living English writer that we think of, his graceful article on "Martha" at Berlin and Albany is a very good specimen. The other articles, except Edmund Kirke's, and perhaps except Mrs. Spofford's, we have found either entertaining or instructive, or both. Mr. Conway's is both, and is the most readable of the many Paris Exposition letters that we have seen. General Strother's "Personal Recollections of the War" also unites both qualities, and may be looked over with particular profit just now, when there seems to be a "reaction" which has, among its other incidents, the attempt to relieve Fitz John Porter of all blame for his conduct during Pope's campaign. "Poe at West Point" gives us the impressions of Poe's character formed by a classmate of his when the poet was twenty years old. "Mary Wolstonecraft" is in the nature of an article for a cyclopædia of biography, but may be read. Mrs. Spofford's story is of the kind that she has always written, and treats of a man of mystery who requires little or no sleep; whose face is weird and sodden and trenched with lines of suffering and passion; who has been badly "thwattled" in his affections, and whose hair in consequence is blanched; who, however, possesses the strength of five men, and so on and so on. It would be speaking more accurately to say that he possesses the mental and spiritual strength to be expected of one woman somewhat delirious and partially under the influence of opium. There is a good deal of animal force shown in the story, and a hungry relish for rich and strong language. We hardly know where to direct our readers for more unwholesome reading for young persons of feeling not yet come to the use of their judgment. To Miss Cary we are indebted for the word "thwattled," as applied to affections, which occurs in one of those farm-house sketches of hers in which everybody is soaked in the milk of human kindness; and Mrs. E. S. Phelps writes a nice enough little love story—how Sharley grew pale for Halcombe Dike—which is better, as a whole, than either of the others just mentioned; Mr. Webb's "Cave of the Winds" is very funny; and General Wallace writes cleverly of "The Mines of Santa Eulalia, Chihuahua."

Hours at Home for this month is also a very good number, and, as we have more than once said before, of a magazine that is improving constantly. Doctor Bushnell discourses of the "Moral Uses of Things Unsightly and Disgusting," and justifies their existence by some good and some ingenious reasons. This is the ninth paper of the series, and none of the nine has been unprofitable. Mr. G. M. Towle writes, better than we have known him to write before, of "The French Corps Législatif and its Leaders." It is not to be said that Mr. Towle as a writer needs only to forget Mr. Bancroft, but if he would forget Mr. Bancroft it would be a point in his favor. "The Amenities of War" are two good anecdotes, one of Lord Raglan and the other of the Duke of Wellington, which we commend to the notice of the young gentlemen of Princeton who compete for the Jerome medal or award it. The Rev. E. D. Neill makes a readable and instructive paper on the Puritan affinities of the Virginia Company. The Rev. G. B. Bacon furnishes a slight article, but, like all his papers of travel, a pleasing one, on the Japanese, of whom he has a very high opinion. Who Doctor Snodgrass is we do not know, nor whether the article bearing his name professes to have been written for *Hours at Home* or is a selection by the editor, but it has been printed before. If the article is not borrowed, Colonel Lehmanousky, whom Dr. Snodgrass met in the South some years ago and who told him the story of "The Destruction of the Inquisition at Madrid," must have previously told it to some one else who also made a magazine article out of it, or Doctor Snodgrass has deceived the editor, or two gallant French colonels have reported the facts in identical language. Miss Atkinson, Carl Spencer, and the Rev. W. J. Eardman write the poetry for this number, and it is all good; Mr. Eardman, in particular, makes a very pretty, objective autumn piece.

The Catholic World thinks Doctor Holland is "not wholly aware of the ultimate logical consequences of the principles of life he has here developed," and it "ventures to predict that the lesson inculcated in the poem will be entirely overlooked, or made the subject of ridicule by the majority of the Protestant or rationalistic journals and reviews which may notice the volume." There is no refuting a prophet. The poem seems to the reviewer truly Roman Catholic rather than Protestant. Thirteen "Unpublished Letters of Washington," written to the Marquis de Chastellux, and published in France in *Le Correspondant* two years ago, constitute the opening paper in *The Catholic World*. The editor procured a copy of them from the count through the Abbé Cazali. They contain nothing of importance. He has procured also "The Function of the Subjective in Religion," a very well-written lecture delivered before the Academia of the Catholic Religion, in London, by the Very Reverend W. H. Anderdon. Editorial enterprise begins to make *The Catholic World* of rather more interest to the general reader, and, we should suppose, of much more value to the Catholic community. It is, however, a preaching magazine as yet.

The Clergy and the Pulpit in their Relations to the People. By M. L'Abbé Isidore Mullois, Chaplain to the Emperor Napoleon III., and Missionary Apostolic. Translated by George Percy Badger, late Chaplain in the Diocese of Bombay, etc. (New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1867.)—The present generation has unquestionably witnessed an important awakening of the Catholic Church in France. Preaching is both more attractive and effective there than it once was. And here we have a treatise, by a chaplain of Napoleon, addressed to the Catholic clergy, and designed to stimulate them to the acquisition of a higher power in the pulpit, as well as to furnish specific directions for the attaining of this end. He begins by dilating on the proposition that, "to address men well, they must be loved much." The remaining topics are, "the people," "the order of a sermon," "the sermon should be popular," "the sermon should be plain," "the sermon should be short;" "tact and kindliness;" "interest, emotion, and animation," "the power and accent of conviction," "action," "study," "zeal." We cannot speak in very warm commendation of the treatment of these themes. The discussions are not sufficiently consecutive, and the thoughts are not remarkable, while the style has a "*jerky*" quality not to our taste. That a respectable book of this character should be sent forth, however, from the quarter from which this comes, is an encouraging sign.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE VIRGINIA ELECTION.

VIRGINIA is the first State in which a full vote of both races has been polled under the Reconstruction Act. Although there is a considerable preponderance of white voters in the State, there seems to be no doubt that the call for a convention is sustained by a large majority, and that the convention will be Radical in politics. So far, this is a very acceptable result. But it is attended with some drawbacks which deserve attention, especially as they proceed from causes which may find a larger field of operation and produce very serious results.

We have on several occasions alluded to the dangerous effects which might be produced among the freedmen of the South by the current talk about confiscation, and the suggestions of politicians that the negro might properly use his ballot as a means of personal advantage. It is evident that our warnings were only too much needed and our fears too well founded. The fear, once common at the North, that the votes of the negroes would be controlled by their masters, has been entirely dispelled. The fear, common among a different class, that the negroes would use their power brutally, long since passed away. But while it is clear both that the negroes will vote in a mass for a Republican ticket, and that they will be in the main a law-abiding class, it is also plain that they are in danger of falling into the hands of demagogues who will use them without scruple for purposes which will finally prove disastrous to the race.

Mr. Hunnicutt, of Richmond, is the foremost example of this class. Originally, no doubt, a well-meaning man, zealous for liberty and loyalty, he has been perverted by the prospect of power which his great influence among the colored people opened to him, and embittered by the hatred of his white neighbors. His public language has sometimes had an affectation of liberality, but it is manifest that his actions have all been governed by a narrow desire to keep the Republican party of the State under his own control. He has persuaded the colored people to distrust every white man outside his own little clique; and has urged them to a course of political action which has excluded every respectable white man from their alliance, although thousands were willing and even anxious to co-operate with them upon honorable terms. The natural result of such bigotry was shown in the recent vote of Richmond, where there are hundreds of white Republicans fully as radical as Mr. Greeley or Senator Wilson, yet who were driven to support a Conservative ticket; so that Mr. Hunnicutt and his associates received less than fifty white votes in the whole city. It is true that Mr. Hunnicutt secured his election, which was all that he cared about, but at the cost of consolidating the whole white race in opposition. We rejoice to believe that this event, in view of the narrow escape which Mr. Hunnicutt had from entire defeat, will prove fatal to his higher aspirations. But there are more important interests at stake than the fortunes of a single demagogue. The Republican party puts its existence in peril by tolerating such a policy as has been adopted in Richmond. The national leaders of the party must find some means of liberalizing the party managers at the South, or the whole plan of reconstruction will fail, dragging the party to ruin with it.

We say it deliberately, *no scheme of reconstruction can succeed with the white race at the South unanimously opposed to it.* It can succeed though every rebel, in States where all the whites are rebels, oppose it. It can succeed against the will of nine-tenths of the whole white population of the South. But if it is so managed as to disgust the whole white race as a race, irrespective of birthplace, politics, associations, and interest, it must inevitably fail.

The reason is obvious. The white race immensely preponderates in the nation at large. Other things being equal, whites will sympathize with whites rather than with men of another color. The staunchest abolitionist shares in this feeling. Now the Northern people, in their just indignation against a rebellion wicked in its origin, in its conduct, and in its end, and, perhaps, even more irritated by the bad faith with which the South sought to evade the terms to which it professed to accede, have fallen out of sympathy with the rebellious class, which includes nearly all the Southern whites. The opposition of this class to the plan of reconstruction excites, therefore, little interest in the mind of a Northern man of Northern principles. The appeals of Mr. Hill and Mr. Johnson, though not without an element of reason in them, create no impression at the North. The rantings of the malignant Southern newspapers, when republished here at all, only strengthen the popular determination to support Congress. But if every Northern white man moving South and every white Republican is driven by the intolerance of the colored men at the South, under the lead of a dozen selfish white leaders, to join himself with the opponents of the reconstructed governments—if the negroes are misled into drawing a line by which, practically, white men are excluded *because* they are white or even because they prefer the society of whites to blacks—no sensible man can doubt that the sympathies and votes of the North would speedily be transferred to the side of the white race, and that negro suffrage would be swept away without hesitation. Possibly the negroes would resist the decree. So much the worse for them. Their resistance would be vain to save them, but would certainly involve them in terrible calamities.

Now we speak in the interest of the Republican party, of equal suffrage, and of the colored people. We are their friends, and desire to show our friendship by faithful warnings while there is time to profit by them. It is a good season for plain speaking. Mr. Hunnicutt may possibly not be the selfish demagogue that we take him for. Perhaps it is only by an innocent blunder that he shut out Governor Peirpoint and Franklin Stearns to make room on his ticket for James Morrissey. Perhaps it is a mere misapprehension of his patriotic purposes which has driven all the white Republicans of Richmond and two-thirds of all in Virginia into the bosom of the Conservative party. We may concede all this. But Mr. Hunnicutt's innocence has enough mischief in it to damn the purest and best party that ever existed. If he is really patriotic, he will withdraw from a position in which he does so much harm. If he will not do this voluntarily, the managers of the Southern campaign owe it to their party and their country to enlighten his colored followers as to his recklessness and their danger.

REPUBLICAN AIMS.

THERE can be but little question now of the way in which the reconstruction process, as Congress has arranged it, will end. By hook or by crook the Southern States will come into the Union under it, and for the most part they will be brought in by Radical hands. The new constitutions will, of course, meet Congressional requirements, and then all will be done for the Southern negro that the Republican party at the North has proposed to do by direct legislation. We put aside the scheme of establishing each colored head of a family on a forty-acre farm as one which the party as a party has never seriously entertained, though some of its leaders may have talked of it. Whatever is to be done, if anything is to be done, towards the better distribution of landed property at the South, will have to be done by State legislation. We are getting further and further away every day from the possibility of Congress undertaking any such job. There will still remain the task of abolishing the odious discrimination against negroes at the North by which the legislation of several States is still disgraced. We fear the opportunity of accomplishing this speedily has, as we pointed out last week, passed away for the present, but we are satisfied, nevertheless, that the abuse will not be of very long duration. It cannot last under the battery of a free press and a free platform. The arguments by which the Ohio Republicans defend their opposition to it at the late election show that it cannot last very long, for they show that it rests simply on ignorance or prejudice. If it appeared that there was any principle of government to which the body of the people are deeply attached violated by the admission of the negroes to the polls, we should look forward to a long and doubtful struggle. But when there

is nothing better to be said against it than that people dislike or despise "niggers," or that "this is a white man's government," we know that its triumph is not very far distant.

But supposing, then, "equal suffrage" established all over the country—the millennium would still be to come. There are abundant indications on all sides of us that many good people are not of this opinion. The fight against caste and privilege and inequality before the law has been so bitter, the prize on which the Republican party is at last setting its hand seems so splendid and has seemed so remote, that people have naturally enough worked themselves up into the belief that, once it is attained, most of the ills by which the body politic is affected will soon disappear. The ballot during the last two years has been constantly spoken of as if it were a kind of panacea, as if we had only to give it to persons of the male and female sex, not lunatics or criminals, in order to see the Golden Age return, to see the thorny path of progress, along which the race has thus far struggled with bleeding feet, suddenly converted into a path of flowers, in which "toil of heart and knees and hands" will be no longer necessary. Of course we do not mean to affirm that if any individual Republican were asked privately whether he thought impartial suffrage would bring back the golden age he would not laugh the idea to scorn. But we do not hesitate to affirm that there has been widely diffused through the ranks of the party a vague notion that, the ballot once secured for all, we should find ourselves on "the shining table-lands," where questions of government would give us no more trouble, where every man would know his duty and do it, and the knaves and oppressors would fade into nothingness. We go further, and affirm that this notion, vague though it has been, has done much towards creating and fostering the recklessness and carelessness in the management of the party, the indifference of good men to the corruption and jobbery and humbug which have brought on it its recent reverses, and which render its success in this State still doubtful. If the conviction that the ballot is, after all, but a means to an end; that in the hands of ignorant men it is but a means of defence and of education; that, like any other power, it may be used for good as well as for evil; and that the cause of all bad government in all ages and all nations has been the ignorance of the mass of the people, had been general, we should not have witnessed the squandering of resources, the waste of enthusiasm, of devotion, and of numbers during the past two years which have brought the party into its present difficulties.

It is, however, because we do *not* believe the mission of the Republican party to be simply the work of reconstruction, or the establishment of universal suffrage; because we *do* believe that even if the organization should under its present name disappear, when these ends have been accomplished, it will reappear with but very little change in its elements under another; that it is now, and must remain by whatever name it may be known, the party of progress—the party which will seek to govern men through their reason rather than through their prejudices, their appetites, or their selfishness; the party of order, of education, of peace and of national honesty; the party through which good and patriotic men will have to bring their convictions to bear on public affairs—that we rejoice in its successes, and should mourn its recent reverses more if we did not feel that they will prove the means of purifying it and increasing its efficiency. But it must get rid of the notion at once and for ever that universal suffrage is a cure-all, and that when it has secured this its work is over. Its work will never be over while there are such things as knavery or corruption in politics; while there is a single bit of legislation needed to advance the common weal, a single law on the statute-book which keeps people from being as happy or as prosperous as they might be if it were not there. It is not the party of "equal suffrage," or of any other political pill or tonic; it is the party of good government, of virtue, knowledge, and understanding.

The Democratic party will not be hereafter, in any good sense of the word, a "conservative" party, a party striving to keep things fixed either through caution or through a sentimental attachment to the past. Now that slavery is gone, there is no time-honored abuse left for the lovers of old things to rally round. There is no objection here, as there is in Europe, on the part of any class of the community to frequent legislative changes, no love of ancient ways as ancient; all parties are almost equally fond of change and equally ready to try experiments in government. The Democrats are not, therefore, the equivalents of the European Tories or "Junkers." The party which the party of progress will here always find opposed to it will be a party composed of the most ignorant and most vicious elements in the community, led by men fond of power, and anxious to use the vice and ignorance and degradation of their followers in order to attain it, and clamoring for much government or little government, for interference or non-interference, for honesty or repudiation, for movement or for repose, as may seem most likely to gratify the passions or the prejudices of the rank and file. To call this party "Conservative" is to degrade a term which some of the purest and best men in the world have, amidst many errors and many delusions, ennobled by their self-sacrifice, their enthusiasm, and their piety.

If this be a true view of the ends for which the Republican party exists, it must, in order to do its duty, discard at once the idea that it may or must use the same means that the Democratic party has been in the habit of using. As it rests on the moral and religious sentiment of the community, and as it is to this sentiment that it must always address itself, it must give up the idea of copying Democratic methods, Democratic discipline and organization. Its means must, in a word, be noble as well as its aims. It must abandon the Democratic plan of throwing dust in the people's eyes, of treating voters as if they were children, of trying to persuade people, like Macaulay's Brahmin, that a mangy dog is a fine sheep, fit to sacrifice to the gods; it must give up all forms of humbug; it must not, for instance, try to bamboozle poor Irishmen by affecting to believe the Fenians a belligerent power, and passing sham votes of sympathy with "the Irish republic"; it must not affect to believe that men can work eight hours and yet be entitled to as much wages as if they worked ten; it must not pretend to believe that every male voter is a perfect judge of measures and men; that it makes no difference what a candidate's character or antecedents may be, provided he is "sound" on the suffrage or the temperance or the Sunday question, or on any other question; it must not affect to consider a judge's character and learning to be considerations of less importance than his political opinions; it must not, for instance, solemnly pretend to believe such a person as Judge Underwood "an enlightened jurist" simply because he hates rebels; it must give up pretending to consider the conclusions of human reason to be no obstacles to the gratification of anything on which enthusiasm or passion may have set its heart, and, above all, it must make the character of public men the first, and their knowledge the second, qualification for office. Mr. Stevens is just now abusing it for its "want of courage." We presume he means by this its failure to take some more "advanced" and less defensible position; some position which would bid louder defiance to the teachings of experience and principles of human nature than any he has yet been able to urge it into. We, too, think it is want of courage which has brought it to grief; but it is not the kind of courage he has in his mind; it is the courage to discard base arts and crooked ways and mean compliances; the courage to trust everything to the humanity, the conscience, the good sense, and the love of truth and justice of the American people, and nothing whatever to "management" and chicane and balderdash. Some of the sages who have had charge of it have been all along under the delusion that if they only shouted loud enough for "equal rights" it made no difference how many knaves got office, and how much humbug they embodied in speeches and resolutions; but they are gradually awakening from it. There are already strong indications that the men of influence are finding out what the matter is. The New York *Tribune*—and we refer to it not because we wish to cast any special blame on it for recent reverses, but because it is the most influential journal of the party—is doing now what, had it been done a year or two years ago, would, we verily believe, have prevented these reverses—warning the "legislative jobbers" off the course, and advising voters not simply to "scratch" but to "bolt," not simply to strike bad names off the party ticket but to put good ones on it; in other words, to make the getting of good men into office the first of party aims; and this it evidently does in the belief, which is and always has been ours, that in no way can the Republican party secure so long a tenure of power, so thoroughly root itself in the confidence of the people, as by showing

that it considers victory at the polls not a blessing but a curse if it has been won through processes which harden the popular heart, blunt the popular conscience, or provide knaves with the reward of their hypocrisy. We sincerely trust that now that they are shaking off the delusion that they must swallow nominations whole, the Republicans of this State and elsewhere will show that they have clearer views of what the functions and value of the party are than many of their leaders, and that they will, while saving their consciences, give it their hearty support.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE INDIANS?

It is plain that something must be done with the Indians, and that it must be something different from anything yet done. We must have peace by some means. The frontiers must rest in security and the highways to the Pacific must be unobstructed. But peace involves one of two things—either the extermination of the Indian or his subjection to law and habits of industry. Extermination is a word easily said; but to put it in execution will cost untold millions of money and a life for a life. Let it be remembered that the Indians number nearly 300,000, and it has cost $70,000 per head to kill those we have put out of the way. To many minds the work of their regeneration is an equally desperate and hopeless undertaking; but those who are more intimately acquainted with the question are able to prove the contrary. The civilization of the Indian is the easiest and cheapest as well as only honorable way of securing peace.

But if we expect to civilize the Indian, it must be attempted by more rational methods than we have heretofore used. Is it reasonable to expect recovery from disease, or a healthy growth, unless the causes of the disease are removed and the conditions of life supplied? Now, the prime conditions of true social order and personal well-being are wanting in Indian society. The first condition is LAW to protect person and property, to restrain crime, encourage industry, and favor such prosperity as will give the Indian more interest in peace than in war. No community can develop material prosperity, social order, or individual character without the protection of life and the fruits of labor. Indians are no exception to this rule, or they would be our superiors. It is a well-known fact that the Indians have no government worthy the name. What they have is not sufficient to secure justice between man and man, nor does it even attempt it. The tribes of the Indian Territory are a partial exception. Nor is this state of anarchy altogether the fault of the Indians; it has been perpetuated and made worse by the action of our own Government. In many respects the relations of our Government to them have made their advance in civilization harder instead of easier. What wonder that they have not made greater progress? Something has been done by private citizens for their advancement, and it has been successful enough to prove that better things may be expected under better conditions. But this is not a work for private citizens alone. The United States Government can only supply social order by law, and until this is done benevolent efforts are as water poured out on the sand.

What the Indians most need is the extension of our laws over them. We are responsible for not having done it before. And the law must be brought home to each individual. It must surround every man for his personal protection and restraint. It may seem needless to say this, but all our talk and action in the past has only regarded general justice and has amounted to nothing. We have gone no further than to try and control the international intercourse of Indians and whites, and this in a most general way. We have not thought of controlling, or allowing any control of, Indians among themselves. But there can be no prosperity where each man is not defended against his neighbor, nor can the law have any restraining power unless it at the same time creates an interest in itself by the protection it affords.

There is no great difficulty in carrying this plan into effect. We only need to treat Indians like men, treat them as we do ourselves, putting on them the same responsibilities, letting them sue and be sued, and taxing them as fast as they settle down and have anything to tax. The times are ripe for this movement. Experience has convinced us that the *theory* on which our Indian affairs have been administered is wrong. We have conceded a tribal sovereignty to them which has had no existence in fact, and which, had it originally existed, was of late years impossible, in view of the sovereignty of the United States. On this ground we have made treaties with them as foreign nations. And much of our inconsistent and seemingly treacherous dealing with them has been more the necessary result of this vicious theory than of wilful wickedness. Not that the latter has been wanting, however. Again, our Government is itself purified of the false idea of State sovereignty, which has doubtless countenanced the same error in regard to the Indian tribal governments. There is now a consciousness of sovereignty in the nation which is ready to assert its power in behalf of the general welfare; and the progress of the nation in regard to the recognition of human rights, the exaltation of manhood for its own sake, irrespective of race, color, or position, opens the way to this work, while the methods and agencies developed by the necessities of the freedmen solve the question of ways and means.

But are the Indians ready for it? Will they submit to the government of our laws? Is it possible to get the wild Comanches or the terrible Sioux to come under the control of law, assume the habits and occupations of civilized life, and appeal for redress of injuries to a court of justice instead of to the war-club? We think it is. The Indians are now, in large numbers, ready and anxious for the protection and order which our laws would bring; and those who are now wildest and most intractable are not beyond reach. They will be ready as soon as we. In proof of this, look at the Sioux nation; it is the most numerous body of Indians on the Continent, and covers all lands, we may say, between the Pacific Railroad and the British line, and from the western border of Iowa and Minnesota to the Rocky Mountains. It has many different tribes, going under all sorts of names; some of them the fiercest and most dreaded Indians of the plains, and others as peaceable and tractable as the very best. What makes the difference? Simply this: some of these tribes or bands have for fifty or sixty years been planting, more or less, and have been greatly affected by their semi-agricultural life; the others are of the same stock, but their life is more roving and in consequence wilder. But this change has all been produced in little more than half a century, and the same cause has been working change of late years among the Indians of the plains, driven by scarcity of game to depend more on the fruits of the farm. Its results may as yet be imperceptible to the distant observer, but careful study of the facts proves that none of these Indians are unchangeable as to habits of life or even personal characteristics. The Comanches are often mentioned as the eminent types of incorrigible wildness; but it is a fact that previous to the war of the rebellion a large number of them had settled down on a reservation. When we look at the poor inducements they had to do so, we wonder they did it; but if they did it then, will they not do the same when protection, order, prosperity, and life shall be their inducement—in fact and not in words?

The truth is the Indians have always been more ready than we. Our work has been one of continual repression. When the State constitution of Minnesota was adopted in 1857, it was expected from its wording that educated Indians able to read and write their own language and having a knowledge of the constitution of the State would be admitted to citizenship and the ballot. At least they believed it, and the prospect gave a wonderful impulse to their labors in the schoolroom and in the field. They were preparing to live like men. But such a thing could not be thought of by their white brethren; and in the act of denying citizenship to the Indians in 1857–8 the State of Minnesota threw away the opportunity of preventing the terrible massacres of 1862. Had law been permitted to reign among the Sioux in 1858, when they were anxious for it, the massacres of 1862 would have been impossible. This very summer the Indians in North-eastern Nebraska and Dakota have been restrained by the United States agents by force from going forth into the harvest-fields around, where their labor was wanted and where they might have earned bread for their families. It takes the strong hand of government to push them back into barbarism. Who is it that is not ready for civilization?

THE HYGIENIC RELATIONS OF CELIBACY.

WHATEVER honor attaches to celibacy comes through the Christian religion. Before the era of the new dispensation, men who neglected marriage were regarded with contempt and as being derelict in their duty. The Old Testament condemned them, the Spartans caused them to be whipped by the women as unworthy to serve the republic or of contributing to its honor or progress, Lycurgus excluded them from all military or civil employment, and the women of Lacedæmon took them on the first day of spring in each year to the temple of Juno and flogged them at the foot of the statue of that goddess. The Romans were equally anxious that all their citizens should marry, and sought by offering premiums and imposing restrictions to encourage marriage and discountenance celibacy. But the writings of St. Paul, so far from urging marriage, tend very decidedly to the exaltation of celibacy as a preferable condition. Whether his advice has ever prevented a man or woman from marrying who had formed a desire to do so is very doubtful, but that bachelors and spinsters and those who make a specialty of celibacy have received a great deal of encouragement from his writings is very certain.

Yet those who censured celibacy by penal enactments were not actuated by any feeling of consideration for the individuals most interested; and St. Paul and others since his time who have held it up as a condition fit to be persisted in by all, looked at the matter more from a spiritual than from a physical point of view. Latterly, however, the enquiry has been conducted upon different grounds, and researches have been made as to the influence of matrimony and celibacy upon the mental and bodily organizations of mankind, and data have been collected so exact in their character that we are able to form tolerably correct opinions in regard to the points in question. For instance, it has been quite definitely settled that celibacy predisposes to insanity and to the commission of suicide and crime; not always, perhaps, from any absolute influence exerted by celibacy as such, but from the circumstance that this state has certain inseparable factors connected with it which tend to make mankind errant in mind and body and lawless in their relations with society. These conditions cannot, therefore, be disregarded in our discussions of the subject, for though when spiritual and physical perfectibility are attained single persons will be, so far as we know, as moral and as correct in their deportment as those who are married, we must, till that golden age is reached, take things as we find them, and regard celibacy—as it really is in the main—as a condition which allows more license, is attended with more physical discomforts, and imposes fewer moderating obligations than the state of marriage.

Such being the case, it is reasonable to suppose that the health of mankind must be more or less affected by celibacy, and it requires very little reflection to convince us that the influence it exerts is more prejudicial than advantageous. Some recent researches of Dr. Stark, Registrar-General of Scotland, to this effect, have attracted the attention of the medical profession and the public at large, and we propose to enquire how far he is right in his conclusions, and to set forth briefly the data upon which they are based.

Dr. Stark's observations are by no means the first that have been made. Two thousand years ago Hippocrates pointed out the dangers of celibacy, and since his time physicians have not failed to set forth its objectionable features. Haygarth, in a paper presented to the Royal Society, and contained in Vol. 68 of the "Philosophical Transactions," shows that more celibates die in any given year than married persons, and that the latter live much longer than the former.

Hufeland, in his "Art of Prolonging Life," says:

"All those people who have been very old were married more than once, and generally at a very late period of life. *There is not one instance of a bachelor having attained to a great age.* This observation is as applicable to the female sex as to the male sex, and hence it would appear that a certain abundance in the power of generation is favorable to longevity. It forms an addition to the vital power; and this power of procreation seems to be in the most intimate proportion to that of regenerating and restoring one's self; but a certain regularity and moderation are requisite in the employment of it, and marriage is the only means by which this can be preserved."

Hufeland then gives the example of de Longueville, a Frenchman, who lived to the age of 110. He had been married to ten wives; his last wife he married when in his ninety-ninth year, and she bore him a son when he was in his hundred and first year.

Still more remarkable instances of longevity among the married are on record. Thus, Thomas Parr, who died at the age of 152, was twice married, the last time at the age of 120. When 102 years old he was forced to do penance for having seduced a young woman with whom he had fallen in love. Easton, in his "Human Longevity," records the case of Jonas Surington, who lived to the advanced age of 159. He resided in a small village near Bergen, in Norway, and retained his faculties to the last. He was several times married, and left a young widow and several children behind him. His eldest son was 103, and his youngest nine years old. Among women he gives the instances of Mrs. Eckleston, who died at the age of 143, and the Countess of Desmond, who was 145 years old. The condition, as to marriage, of Henry Jenkins, aged 169, and Peter Tortun, 185, is not given. But if he is to be relied upon, Hufeland's statement quoted above is too sweeping, for he mentions Peter Meatanea, who lived in a village in the kingdom of Marcia, and who died a bachelor, in 1743, at the age of 130. This old gentleman "never tasted wine, worked hard, and bathed in the River Segura every morning from the beginning of spring till it froze." Dr. Alex. Mayer, in his "Rapports Conjugaux," gives some important information relative to the mortality among religious celibates as compared with that among the laity. The results of his enquiries are as follows: During the period of ten years comprised between sixteen and twenty-five years of age, the mortality among those of both sexes who have taken the vow of chastity is at the rate of 2.68 per 100, whilst it is only 1.48 per 100 among the laity of both sexes. During the ten years from thirty-one to forty inclusive, the mortality is 4.40 per 100 among the former and but 2.74 per 100 among the laity.

These results are in perfect accord with those obtained by Deparcieux in 1746. From all this, and a great deal more that could be readily brought forward to the same effect, it is seen that there is nothing very new in Dr. Stark's conclusions, although he himself thinks there is, and nothing to call forth the severe animadversions which they have encountered in some quarters. We have no space to quote his interesting memoir in detail, or to do more than indicate a few of its salient points. These are as follows: It appears that in Scotland, during the year 1863, out of 100,000 unmarried men between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, 1,174 died, and that of a like number of married men only 597 died. In other words, between the ages of twenty and twenty-five years the death-rate of the bachelors was double that of the married men. As the age increases the difference between the death-rates of the married and unmarried decreases; but it still shows a marked advantage in favor of the married men at each quinquennial period of life.

After giving a table which exhibits the ages, the number living, the deaths and percentage of deaths for the married and unmarried men, Dr. Stark says:

"Here, then, we have the remarkable fact, for the first time proved by trustworthy statistics applicable to the whole population, that the influence of marriage on the mortality of the male is of the most potent kind; that, in fact, the bachelor life is much more destructive to the male sex than the most unwholesome of trades, or than a residence in a crowded locality where there is not the most distant attempt at sanitary arrangements of any kind."

This is certainly stating the point in very strong terms, and perhaps in a way more emphatic than convincing; for on the same page, in calling attention to the better habits of the married man and the greater comfort he receives, Dr. Stark expresses the opinion that "married men may be accounted in one sense as selected lives, for the weak, the delicate, those suffering from disease of any kind, the dissipated, the licentious, do not marry, so that all such are found among the unmarried." If this be correct—and it certainly is to some extent—men have celibacy forced upon them, and the condition, so far from being *per se* detrimental to health, is a natural consequence of ill-health and depravity. But it is not true to anything like the extent that Dr. Stark supposes. A little reflection will, we think, make it evident to most persons that men are not always bachelors because they are licentious and dissipated, or even always because they are weak and sickly; but are often licentious, depraved, weak, and sickly because they are bachelors. Dr. Stark, moreover, is too much given to the use of universal terms, for when he says that the weak and the licentious "do not marry" he overstates the fact, as he does when he subsequently declares that "*all* such die at a much higher rate than the robust and temperate." But, notwithstanding all this, there is no doubt in regard to the general correctness of Dr. Stark's views as based upon his apparently reliable statistics, and the rather flippant notice of his researches given in *The Pall Mall Gazette* in no wise overturns the facts and arguments he has adduced.

One argument against the validity of Dr. Stark's conclusions urged by *The Gazette* is, that although each quinquennial period shows a marked difference in favor of the married men, the percentage of deaths for all ages of both classes is decidedly to the advantage of the bachelors. The writer is scarcely fair in his statement of this point, for a very slight examination of Dr. Stark's table shows that this is due to the fact that fewer bachelors

than married men live to the advanced ages, and that, consequently, the number of deaths at these periods is much less. Thus, at the period of from 60 to 65 years of age there were 35,920 married men living, whilst there were only 5,242 bachelors of the ages embraced within these extremes. Among the former there were 1,216 deaths, and among the latter 227. Between the ages of 80 and 85 there were 5,477 married men living and but 513 bachelors, and from 95 to 100 there were 103 married men and but 6 bachelors. These facts show exactly the reverse of the impression sought to be conveyed by the writer in *The Pall Mall Gazette*.

As we have seen, Dr. Stark does not pretend to assert that the mere fact of a man not having a wife renders him more liable to disease and lessens his probability of long life. So far as we are aware, no other statistician or physiologist claims this, except as regards those who are absolutely chaste in their manner of life. These certainly do not fulfil their duties to themselves, to say nothing of what they owe to society. The evil effects which follow from the non-exercise of any function of the body are not limited to the organs immediately concerned. The whole system participates, and general ill-health or derangement of other organs is certain to result. But the generally inseparable concomitants of celibacy are those with which we practically have to deal, and those which are especially interesting to the hygienist. These it is which run up the mortality of celibates. The restraining influence of the family tie is wanting; the responsibilities are fewer and less weighty; the opportunities for dissipation and immoralities of all kinds are at their maximum. Men would be more than human if these circumstances did not influence their conduct, and the human physical organization would be very unimpressionable if it could resist their action.

PADDING.

As we had occasion to remark the other day, it has become the fashion in England for each successful novelist to start his own magazine, just as each successful pugilist sets up a "sporting public," where he makes money out of his admirers at the cost of less wear and tear to himself than he suffers from his more arduous labors in the ring. And it is true, too, that for some little time it has been the fashion for each great publisher to own a magazine, which he uses as a means for advertising his own books. Over here the novelists have not as yet followed the example of their English brethren. Indeed, we doubt if we have a single novelist with so large a following as to be able to do it. But as for our publishers, they are certainly not behind the trans-Atlantic houses, and they at least get the literary pugilist to come in at stated intervals and spar to attract custom. For many of these later years of its existence—the former days, as the Scriptures say, were better than these—*The Atlantic* has never been without a novel running through it; it had "Doctor Johns" once. *Harper's* is almost sure to have one or two continued stories, and is perfectly sure to have, *virginibus puerisque*, two or three tales of lovers' woes. *The Galaxy* consists in great part of chapters of novels. *Hours at Home* encourages the sin of novel-reading. *The Catholic World* is guilty of the same sin—for sin consists in the intention, and "The Godfrey Family," for instance, was meant as a novel—and we may be sure beforehand that Mr. Lippincott and Mr. Putnam, when they get out their new magazines, will each hire a novelist, and that Mr. Carleton, should his threat of a new magazine be carried into effect, will hire Miss Evans, of Mobile. For, inexplicable as it may seem—and to us, we confess, it seems almost entirely inexplicable—the readers of magazines will devour not only novels, but novels in instalments.

This being the state of things, it is not surprising that there is offered us at every monthly entertainment very much bush and no great quantity of very good wine; that we get our rations of novels, and not very much besides; that, in short, magazines are made up to an extent heretofore unexampled of "padding."

The metaphor is as expressive as the thing is common, and, of course, nobody needs to be informed as to what padding is. In the world of literal facts it is canary-seed, we are told, it is cotton-wool, india-rubber, hair, linen, what not. In the literary world, also, it is rubbish, of one sort or another, used to fill out the body of the magazine to the antique, traditional dimensions. Not many are deceived by it. There is little doubt in our mind that a bold publisher, discarding padding entirely, might give his readers their three novels instead of the present one or two, and might supply the place of padding with his advertisements. Though for that matter, padding is not expensive. Indeed, one reason why there is so much of it is that there is so vast a multitude of people, male and female, able to manufacture it in quantities really unlimited, and who are, therefore, each one of them, obliged to sell it for next to nothing. We are credibly informed that there are to-day within the United States several thousand poets of local notoriety who are steady makers of padding of the metrical sort—foot-padders, if we may be allowed to call them so. We should hesitate to say how many sonnets on Crete, Garibaldi, the month of November, Advent, and Thanksgiving we believe to be now, with or without stamps for their return, lying in American editorial offices. And the number of persons who are at this moment receiving from newspaper offices, with the thanks of editors, articles on cholera, or impeachment, or the Paris Exposition, or the State Convention at Albany and kindred topics, and of those persons who are preparing articles "Concerning" this or that, articles on repudiation, on woman's place in nature, on the Indian troubles, and so forth, must be incalculably great. For what gain to man is there without a corresponding loss? Everybody, we acknowledge, can read nowadays; but everybody, we confess, can write.

The different kinds of padding are, of course, innumerable, and the skeletons which they clothe are not of one invariable kind. Generally they are, as we have said, serial novels; but the osseous structure itself also varies. One or two distinguished names are, however, a constant element in the manufacture. The well-known author being once secured, it may be criticism that he writes, or it may be, and more often is, poetry. On this frame, whatever it appears to be, padding is placed, the advertising is loaded on top, and then the magazine is considered made, and ready to help in floating the publisher's stock.

It would be wrong, we suppose, to look on the success of these enterprises as a very severe reflection upon the taste and good sense of our present reading public. Considered absolutely, this unpleasant view may be the right one to take; till the end of time one who judges absolutely will have to say hard things of his own generation, unless the millennium—"first time trying," as the children say—is going to be a much better thing than can now be reasonably expected. But, relatively to their predecessors, our magazine readers of to-day are not bad but good. Their lineal progenitors probably read nothing at all. Of course, it may be doubted if our writers in magazines are producing the classics of one hundred and fifty-odd years from now; if they will, as Mr. Chalmers says of the gentlemen who wrote *The Spectator*, "subsist in the plenitude of their original popularity for above a century," it is certain, should they do so, that they will subsist in no great plenitude of popularity. But the public corresponding to that to which *The Tatlers* and *Spectators* were addressed makes only a very small part of the public which reads *Harper's* and *The Atlantic* and *The Galaxy* and *Hours at Home*. These and other magazines go into thousands and thousands of families of which, had they lived in Mr. Steele's time, Mr. Steele would certainly have said that they were "without the least tincture of literature." Where rolls the Oregon, they take *Harper's*; and it is taken also by the lumbermen of Maine; it is read in shoemakers' shops thousands of miles below, and in farm-houses thousands of miles away from, the places where it would have been read had the Harpers begun it in 1710, with Mr. Spectator for editor and London tea-tables for an audience. All magazines nowadays have a benefit of clergy which makes it indifferent whether they are obliged to plead guilty or not.

Speaking of far-off regions like Oregon and Maine, we are reminded that merely our immense facilities for the distribution of periodicals is one important cause of padding. Even had knowledge not been increased by the running of men to and fro upon the earth, still the railroads enable the publishers to flood a vastly greater extent of country than was exposed to Mr. Curll or Mr. Cave; the vastly larger audience brought within their reach of course causes an immense increase in the number of magazines, and padding is necessarily demanded and, equally necessarily, supplied, for the magazine reader wants little but pen and ink of being the magazine writer.

If one insists on being an idealist in a badly realistic world, there is nothing easier than utterly to condemn padding. It must be admitted that it does to a certain extent partake of the nature of humbug. It occurs to us that it would be really amusing to feed Mr. Carlyle on padding for a little while, and to watch him growing by what he fed on. This, however, by the way. If we decline to call it humbug, padding is at the very best dreadfully below the ideal standard of what people should read and write, and, tried by that standard, is totally destitute of a *raison d'être*—which, if things were not so pleasingly illogical, would be in a very bad state for anything to be in. But as it is, we justify the existence of padding. To some men and women much of it is unmitigated twaddle; but we may all thank Heaven, we suppose, that some men and women are not all men and women. There are worse things than twaddle, whether in the printed form of padding or uttered by the living voice. What is one man's poison is another man's meat; what may be twaddle to us may, to the thousands of readers

who enquire at the bookstores for Dr. Holland's "Trichina," be the bread of life and the water of life.

And from a strictly commercial point of view padding may be—in a very effectual disguise—a blessing. Some publishers of books of undoubted value regard the birth of a new magazine as a reason for grief, and an equal number believe it a good reason for rejoicing. From the ranks of the writers and readers of padding, say these latter, there are sure to come every year a certain number of persons who wish for really good reading; and if this is only so, and we think it is, no one need be discouraged at the marvellous increase in the number of magazine readers that has been witnessed among us during the past ten or fifteen years. For certainly readers of good books do not, so far as we have observed, backslide into the reading of magazines. On the whole, we do not know why the existence of padding should not, like other facts of the universe, be looked on with considerable equanimity. As for persons who by necessity of nature feel themselves to some extent morally responsible for the universe, we can only advise them to hate padding and to bear witness against it as soon as they feel it becoming a duty to do so; and, if we may add a further word of counsel, not to hate it without certain limitations.

Fine Arts.

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHS, AMERICAN, ENGLISH, AND FRENCH.

We have received from L. Prang & Co. copies of two of their recently published chromo-lithographs. The work produced by this house seems to us to improve steadily in neatness of workmanship and in strength of tone. The two prints now before us are not perfect examples of this improvement, for the Magdalen, copied (presumably at second or third hand) from the picture by Correggio, is very unsatisfying in color, cold and lifeless, and gives little idea of the beauty of the original picture.

The matter of choice of the pictures to be copied is of the first importance. Messrs. Prang & Co. are so far wise in this matter that they do not generally select popular pictures—Bierstadt landscapes and Leutze histories—for publication as chromos, but choose rather those originals which they have reason to think will be popular and salable *as chromos*, whatever their standard as original pictures. But, in the absence of designs made especially for reproduction by chromo-lithography, choice should also be guided by the character of the picture or drawing—by its adaptedness to the purpose of reproduction by the press. It is well enough to copy the numerous drawings of birds and nests, flowers and fruit, barn-yards and fowls, which are the more usual subjects of the publications of this and other lithographic establishments. But how mistaken to try to copy, from a drawing itself a copy, Bouguereau's "La Grande Sœur," or "Going to the Bath," as it is sometimes called! And how wrong to try to render Correggio's Magdalen! It should be clearly understood that no part of the beauty of the original picture is given by this chromo. It is not in itself nearly as beautiful or as interesting as the chickens, the ducklings, and the wild birds which Mr. Prang has published before. The original picture is valuable for its artistic qualities, and for those only—nobody goes to Correggio for a realization of his dreams of saintliness or heavenly purity; he is a great painter, one of the giants of the Renaissance, one of the half-dozen great colorists of the world. Do not try, then, to illustrate his works, unless by the most masterly skill and with all the appliances that long experience and ample means can furnish. And even with these, do not pretend or claim that your copy contains all or nearly all the original. The touch of the master's hand on the canvas can never be reproduced by the press.

There are several ways in which a chromo-lithographic copy of a picture may be intelligently regarded: first, as a historical memorandum, telling us, as an engraving might, "such and such figures are so grouped; such a landscape and such architecture fill the background;" and adding to this that which an engraving cannot add, the fact that the Virgin's robe is of such a color, St. Peter's of such another, and with such a gold pattern upon it. This is the view which the Arundel Society takes of its own publications. That society has for its object the dissemination of some of the knowledge and pleasure which come of a study of early Christian art. Sometimes it publishes engravings, sometimes wood-cuts, sometimes tinted lithographs, sometimes chromos. But the chromos are generally low and pale in tone as compared with the originals. They are generally very perfect in workmanship and manipulation, but purposely kept down in force of color, because it is assumed that they cannot adequately give the force and beauty of the originals, and that they must be kept pale to avoid being exaggerated and offensive. Of course, the sin with which we have to charge all of Mr. Prang's most elaborate pictures—the dreadful printing of them all over with lines as of the threads of canvas, and with a gloss as of painter's varnish—has no place in the Arundel Society's series. They are not made—as Mr. Prang's are, his circular expressly declaring it—to imitate oil paintings. Such imitation would be religiously avoided if it had ever been feared. Indeed, the members of the society would feel that to frame a chromo as if it were a painting would be an act of absurdity and as clownish as absurd. All such pictures, if framed, should be mounted with the broad margin, or *passe-partout*, and behind the glass of an engraving, if only to disclaim the possibly to be suspected imitation. So far as we know, there is no set of the Arundel publications in any public library nearer than that of the Boston Athenæum. It is to be regretted that there is none in New York. Mr. Lawrence Kehoe, of 126 Nassau Street, recently imported a number of the prints, and, if he has sold them all, may possibly have received more. They are taken from some of the finest specimens of Italian and Flemish early art—from Fra Angelico's "Coronation of the Virgin," a fresco in the convent of St. Mark at Florence; from Benozzo Gozzoli's "St. Augustin Preaching," a fresco at San Giminiano; from the fresco of "St. Sebastian," by Perugino, at Panicale; from twenty such gems of early art now destroyed by "restoration" or perishing of decay. Let the reader look at these if he can get access to them, and see what the wonderful art of chromo-lithography ought to do for us: to select subjects which are of the highest interest and value, and which there is every reason, on account of their inaccessibility and real importance and perishing condition, to select and to render as well as they can be rendered, then to leave them rather flat and rather pale, and wholly without pretence of being fac-similes or imitations.

But there is another way of looking at reproductions in chromo-lithography—they may be regarded as works of art in themselves, and worth framing and exhibiting on their own merit. This is a dangerous way of viewing the subject, but is still admissible when the mechanical art displayed is of the very highest and the artistic taste directing all of the very purest. The great publishing house of Firmin Didot Frères, at Paris, announce a work entitled "Chefs-d'œuvres des Grands Maîtres reproduits en Couleur, par F. Kellerhoven." The publication has but just begun; but a single plate and a few pages of the text are in the possession of Mr. Kehoe, at the store above-named, to whom they are sent as a specimen. We know M. Kellerhoven's work very well; there is none modern which is, on the whole, so good; no English can compare with it; the finest plates in Labarte's magnificent "Histoire des Arts Industriels" are his. This picture from his new work gives us all we could expect even from him. It is a copy of the "Baptism of Christ," by Hans Memling, at Bruges, and is about 12 by 17 inches, the plate itself. Without further examination, we will not call it the finest chromo ever produced, but it may well be so. The text seems to be interesting and instructive, and the book will make a magnificent folio treatise on early painting, in the most perfect medium which skill has yet produced. In such chromos as this the aim is precisely that of a skilful draughtsman copying the work of a master for his own improvement. He will do all he can to imitate the colors, the touch, the surface of his model, but will contentedly stop short of the unattainable. The pleasure which a spectator would rightly take in such a copy he may take in these multiplied copies. All we have to ask of the publishers and the author is that the utmost care be taken in printing, down to the last copy of the last plate.

We are glad to see the growing skill of Mr. Prang's workmen, because it is well that we should be able to try, by-and-by, to produce such works as these. We are sure that the publishers themselves had rather do the best work than the inferior pictures they make now. The time will come when they will select really noble works and copy them in the right way. Already we hear that a rival house proposes to publish a chromo of one of the most precious pictures of the Jarves collection. Let it but be half as good as this of Kellerhoven's and we shall believe that the day of better things has dawned for us.

Correspondence.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Dear Sir: Allow me, as one who has followed your treatment of the woman question with great interest and frequently with much admiration, to object to some statements in your late article on "Women vs. Women."

It begins with what is, to my mind, a startling assertion: that the

cause of reform is always suffering because its "peculiar devotees" "will repudiate their own best friends." How is it that these "peculiar devotees" can persist in such a ruinous business and ever come to aught but disaster? Yet the "anti-slavery people," who are cited in illustration of this fatal tendency, brought their special reform to a happy issue, and gained the honor for having done so. Is it possible that the public verdict is wrong? that the praise really belongs to that goodly host of "best friends" who "felt deeply the iniquity they [the abolitionists] were trying to remove," but who, because "they could not agree with the abolitionists in their details of theory or policy" were "criticised" and "rebuked" into "lukewarmness" and even "hostility"? You say that these "best friends" were driven inhospitably away from the "philanthropy because they could not follow the party that had taken it under its patronage." Is reform, then, a monopoly which can be controlled only by the people who first get hold of it? The moment a man plants his flag in the soil of some new "movement" does he take exclusive possession of it for himself and his adherents? It would seem as if success in managing it would be the only title by which he could hold it, and that those "peculiar devotees" succeed whose "theory and policy" contain the means of producing the desired result. If this is not true, what prevented the New Organizationists (whose very name is now scarcely remembered) or the Colonizationists from taking the "patronage" away from the Garrisonians? They might have felt the iniquity no less, but their methods were failures. Then, some of the extreme "details of policy" drove a good many "best friends" into the Republican party, in which position they certainly were occasionally goaded by the "peculiar devotees"; but where was the harm in that? Each did a work that was good after its kind, and better by comparison and competition with the other. The country was wide enough for every earnest man to labor, and he who was compelled into "hostility" by the "details of policy" of any organization could hardly have been inspired by a proper sense of the greatness of his cause.

What was true of the spirit and workings of the anti-slavery movement is in great measure true of the woman's rights movement. If the ranks of its adherents are reduced to a "small number of zealots" by any mistakes in the policy of those who are at present most conspicuous in its advocacy, it surely is not the fault of the "zealots," but theirs who permit themselves to be driven from the field because they are dissatisfied with a particular association. Honor to whom honor is due; and if the "zealots" are left to do all the work, to them will belong the credit or discredit of the performance. But surely there is no need of this. The cause is open to all; and when a grave mistake like the disowning of Mr. Phillips is made, it is not for the whole of womankind to be reproached with it, but the individual who made the blunder and the party who does not deny the blunder. Nor are such errors signals for anybody to desert the ranks, but rather additional reasons for others, who think they know a better way, to make an effort to have it supersede the worse one.

Your article and the subject are both so suggestive that any letter of even more tedious length than this could not do more than touch a point or two superficially, and if I ask another line it will be to heed what is much more of "a concern" with me, as the Friends say, than fault-finding; and that is, to thank you for the style in which you have uniformly treated the whole woman question. You have accorded to it a gravity of consideration, mingled with criticism so thoughtful and so just, that the desire of those women who have long wished to be treated as equals—neither set aside as frantic and feeble-minded, nor equally suppressed by complimentary admissions of their pretty talents, nor almost as completely hindered by injudicious tenderness on account of their long "servitude"—ought certainly to be satisfied. I, for my own part, at least, beg to tender a grateful acknowledgment of so unusual a course; I can testify that it tends to awaken a most profitable sense of responsibility.

L. P.

October 20, 1867.

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The Week.

ON Tuesday eleven States—Massachusetts, Maryland, Missouri, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, and Nevada—held elections of various kinds, some choosing only local officers and some choosing a legislature and governor. Kansas voted also, the issue being the acceptance or rejection of the woman suffrage and negro suffrage amendments to the State constitution. Both were rejected, and generally the results may be said to be adverse to the Republican party. In Massachusetts the contest was between the friends of a license law and the friends of a "Maine" law, the latter being generally identified with the Republicans, and the election went against the Prohibitionists. Mr. Bullock was, however, elected governor, but by a majority many thousand smaller than a Republican governor has customarily received of late years. New York goes Democratic by more than 20,000 majority, the Democratic majority in this city being unprecedently heavy, the Republican vote having fallen off 8,000. The purely Democratic gain is 5,000. In the country districts the Republican vote is comparatively light. In New Jersey there is a Democratic majority in the Legislature, and the negro suffrage amendment is defeated. It is defeated in Wisconsin also and in Minnesota. The Democratic party is evidently going to be strong enough next year to make it worth while beating them. That their victory this year, if they are defeated next, materially delays reconstruction, we do not fear.

In losing Governor Andrew, Massachusetts suffers a peculiar loss; but the whole country may mourn with her, for the United States has lost a public man of very high character and of great ability, and such have never in any country been so common as that their death can be thought less than a national misfortune. By the report of friends and enemies alike, Governor Andrew was courageous, honest, eloquent, intellectually able, and of rare kindness of heart. He was ambitious, it was said, but it was never said that his ambition sought a lower end than to serve, with honor to himself, causes whose success would be glorious to his country and a help to mankind. He was for twenty years a philanthropist before he began to be a politician. His high courage, it has been said, made him at times impatient of the weakness of others, and at times even impatient of opposition to his own plans; but his antagonists bear testimony to his uniform charity of disposition; and his public life lay almost entirely in those years of our recent history when to patriotic men delays seemed deadly and lukewarmness in service a thing to be hated as criminal. His sincere honesty was never, and his ability was almost never, impeached even by those who had least knowledge of him and least appreciation of the circumstances in which his lot as a public man was cast. When he, in the very first weeks of his first year of service, began, with a far-sightedness which to some seemed visionary, to make preparations for the impending civil war, he was for a little while, and by a few people, laughed at; but by his action it was that Massachusetts was able to duplicate her Revolutionary history, and in the second revolution also was earliest in the field. This Governor Andrew's fellow-citizens of Massachusetts will not for a long time forget. They ought not, the citizens of every other State will say. For, let it be taken as true that he is the popular hero who ministers to the people's pride, it is true, too, that he is deservedly such who ministers to it by conferring vast public benefits. That Governor Andrew did this is known to all who remember the effect of his example in the beginning of 1861. It efficiently aided in rousing up the Northern States. Of his courageous honesty two recent passages in his life afford conspicuous proofs. When, "in bloodthirsty fear of their lives," a majority of Governor Andrew's constituents were clamoring, as we may say, for the execution of a murderer whose crime was peculiarly atrocious, the Governor, believing that there had been no legal trial, was resolved that there should be no execution; and to this resolution he had the firmness to adhere, though he knew it could be said, and though it was said, that he spared Green, not because it was legally improper to hang him, but because he himself happened to be an enemy of capital punishment. Again, in the late discussion on the expediency of prohibitory legislation, Governor Andrew gave the weight of his name to the doctrine which he believed true, though to do so was to take a course the reverse of popular. Few men who have once been voted for dare to do such things as these. His public life was not long; but it was in many respects particularly fortunate. He succeeded Mr. Banks and was succeeded by Mr. Bullock, and his term of office was coextensive with our five years of war. Then, therefore, it was possible for a governor of Massachusetts to show conspicuously all his powers of administration, his force of character, his large-hearted sympathy with the suffering. His perfect soundness of judgment and his comprehensive grasp of great questions have been, perhaps, more plainly seen since the war ended. Of the great possibilities of his position Governor Andrew was a man able to take advantage, and his reputation and usefulness became national. It is of national importance that his character and conduct as a public man should be emulated; as respects the combination of ability and character which makes a man an admirable servant of the commonwealth and a fit leader of the people, Governor Andrew has not left behind him any one who is to be called his superior.

"W. E." has been assailing General Butler in another trenchant letter in the Boston *Advertiser*, written in a style which shows that there is "a man behind the pen," and an honest man to boot. General Butler takes "punishment," as prize-fighters say, like "a glutton," but the repudiators ought not to impose too much on his powers of endurance. He has given abundant evidence of pluck, and they ought now, as a matter of humanity, to throw up the sponge, and withdraw their man. "W. E." is not only an excellent boxer, but is evidently in fine condition, which the General is not. The views of the latter on

the subject of public morality show clearly that his training has been shockingly neglected. There is no question whatever as to what the Government has given the world to understand about the manner in which the five-twenties would be paid off; and a man who comes before the public with nice little discoveries about "the letter of the law," and nice little plans for cheating the bondholders without seeming to violate the letter, clearly has his moral constitution out of order. "W. E.'s" answer to the question, how a Massachusetts man ought to meet the Western cry of repudiation, is a piece of vigorous eloquence, and of that best kind of eloquence which is inspired by a healthy moral tone and high moral aims. The nation which could hear with equanimity widows and orphans say that it had cheated them, is not a nation in which an honest or high-minded man ought to wish to live or have his children grow up.

Gen. Howard's recommendation, in his annual report to the Secretary of War, that the Freedmen's Bureau be not continued after its expiration by law next July, will surprise those who have been unwilling to believe the Bureau a means and not a political end, or that the love of military authority would not overcome in our commanders the love of country and of civil government. As the commissioner argues, we have, or shall have eight months hence, done all that is necessary or prudent for the freedmen in the way of supplying their material wants and securing them in their labor, their property, and their persons. The military organization which is now engaged in galvanizing Southern society back to life, will undoubtedly be kept up as long as the new class of citizens are in danger of losing the power of self-defence which they have acquired with the suffrage. For that work the Bureau is no longer needed, and its educational function alone, as Gen. Howard points out, deserves to be specially preserved—transferred, it may be, to some other department of the Government—until the reconstructed States have embodied in their constitutions and laws the principle of popular education, after the Northern pattern. For the rest, the expenses of the Bureau have fallen short of the appropriations for its support, and it will be able to maintain itself without further aid up to the time of its prospective dissolution. It may then be said of it that it was one of the most honorable contrivances ever devised by the American people, and, in view of its moral and physical healing of half the country, its repression of fraud and violence, and its encouragement of learning and industry, the most economical.

The proposal to give half a million dollars for the relief of suffering in the South was killed in the House last spring by Messrs. Butler, Schenck, Logan, Stevens, and others—why, nobody could see. It was harder still to see why, when they afterwards allowed to pass a bill under the provisions of which General Howard has expended among the starving in the South the sum of $441,650. His agents entrusted with the disbursing of the funds have now almost all sent in their reports. From these we learn that Georgia received the largest amount given to any State, namely, $125,100. South Carolina got $104,200, Florida but $1,000, Tennessee $10,000, Arkansas $12,000, Louisiana $21,000, North Carolina $32,500, Mississippi $35,000, and Alabama $86,900. No digest of the reports has yet been made, but they are said to make it plain that about 80,000 persons received rations, some for a few days only and some for months, and that of these 80,000 considerably more than half were white people. 850,000 pounds of bacon were given away and 120,000 bushels of corn. The superintendence of the distribution was given to General Whittlesey, the officer against whom Messrs. Steedman and Fullerton made charges and then ran away. It was put into excellent hands. We believe there has not been a word of complaint of any sort—nothing to detract from the satisfaction with which every one must see the successful performance of a grand but difficult act of national charity.

We find in a recent number of the New York *Herald* the following delicious bit of reasoning:

"The Romans, in the height of their triumphs, handed the government of conquered kingdoms over to the white races who peopled them—never to negroes. It appears, then, that the Radicals are receding from the condition of civilization which marked the era even of the old Romans."

There is one argument a good deal used on the Radical side which strongly resembles this in its general character, viz., "What you say cannot be true or sound, because the Copperheads are all quoting it and rejoicing over it." This, though used a good deal in powerful masculine "organs," bears evident traces of feminine manufacture (we say this without meaning any disrespect to the mental powers of the sex), for it reveals plainly that, in the mind of the reasoner, the desire to "spite" the enemy is very much stronger than the love of truth. Twenty logical failures would be to him less terrible than the spectacle of one Copperhead made happy through his instrumentality. *The Herald's* argument is plainly the product of the same type of intellect, seeking support for its conclusions in "the lessons of history," and it has evidently here hit upon a fertile field of illustration; for the things which the Radicals have done, and which the Greeks and Romans in their palmiest days never did or thought of doing, are numerous.

It may serve to give some idea of the pass to which political discussion is come—in this State, too, in which *The Federalist* was published—to mention that the New York *Times* has felt it necessary to reply in two long, elaborate articles to a letter of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens largely made up of such propositions as the following:

"If every citizen of any State is entitled to all the inalienable rights, privileges, and immunities of this Government, and if one of those inalienable rights is the right to cast his ballot for every man who is to take part in the Government, show me the man who is so impudent as to deny that suffrage by the ballot is due to every being within this realm to whom God has given immortality. He must be an impudent citizen, and ought never to profess to believe in the existence of a Deity; for that a world could be created and governed without an overruling cause is more feasible (*sic*) than such a proposition."

When one reads this, and then reflects that Mr. Stevens has been through two momentous years a leading member of the national legislature, one can hardly help feeling some indulgence for the weak brethren like Thomas Carlyle who believe we are "shooting Niagara."

"The people" in this city are not interfered with by the Albany Legislature in the matter of electing the judges, but they nevertheless elect men to the bench whose character and attainments suggest strong doubts of "the people's" omniscience, at least. Acting on a somewhat low, but in this city not unusual, view of "the people's" character, the Democratic nominators in this city have put up two judges for a vacant seat on the bench of the Superior Court. One is Judge Barbour, a lawyer of high character and attainments, but we suspect not in favor with "the people." The other is a man after their own heart—a Mr. Ledwith—whose legal experience has been acquired as an elected justice of a police court, and who has, we believe, never conducted a case in a civil court of record in his life. Should he succeed—at this writing the result is still in doubt—it will be one more step downward, and a very long one, in the condition of the judiciary in this city. But we must not speak disrespectfully of "the people." If they say Mr. Ledwith will make a good judge, of course he will, and there's an end on't.

General Wilson's official report of Jefferson Davis's capture has been published, and although the matter has no political interest, it will doubtless be of some importance to historians to know that Mr. Davis, when caught, really was disguised, imperfectly no doubt, as a woman, and was trying to leave the camp carrying a bucket, as if going to the well. The disguise consisted of a waterproof cloak, gathered at the waist as well as circumstances would permit, the hood thereof being drawn over his head. The scene will be for ever memorable as the closing scene of the rebellion—a farcical termination to the greatest tragedy in history since the conquest of Gaul.

Blackwood's Magazine made one of its characteristic attacks a month ago on the credit of the United States, in which, as in all its articles on American affairs, fact and fiction were mingled in a singular patchwork. Mr. David A. Wells replied very sharply and effectively in the

London *Times*, exposing many gross blunders, and commenting very severely on the impudence of the writer in the magazine in affecting to doubt, in the teeth of the Treasury reports, whether the debt of the United States had been at all reduced since the war. The magazine has this month returned to the charge in an article intended to be serious, and even severe, but in reality very funny. It accounts with the greatest *naïveté* for some of its worst mistakes by showing that the information needed to prevent them had not reached England when the first article was written, as if the writer was driven into the composition by some overwhelming necessity, and could not possibly wait to become thoroughly acquainted with his subject. On the subject of the reduction of the debt he makes, however, a heroic stand, and although he does not deny that forty millions sterling may have been paid off in the sixteen months preceding July last, or that the Secretary of the Treasury has made an assertion to that effect in his reports, he maintains that there is, nevertheless, no proof that anything of the kind has taken place. We know of only one remedy for a difficulty of this kind, and that is to have Mr. McCulloch's quarterly statement audited by a special emissary of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and presented to the public with his certificate attached. If this does not give confidence to the British investor in American securities, nothing will.

That it was a mistake to suppose that all the Indians at present running wild are hostile to the idea of husbandry and settled habitations we the other day endeavored to show. The view we then took seems to be corroborated by the reports we get of the action of several tribes in making treaties with the Commissioners. The Apaches, the Kiowas, and the Comanches have agreed to confederate and live on reservations allotted them in the south-western part of the Indian territory, on the borders of Texas. Between four and five millions of acres of land are given them; they are to be provided with agricultural implements; a warehouse and agency-house and a school-house are to be built for them, and dwellings for a miller, a doctor, a minister, a blacksmith, and other instructors in civilization, who are to be sent among them; and, finally, each Indian is to have annually one suit of clothes. The tribes, on their part, agree to do what they can to induce the Texan Indians and those of Arizona to take up fixed abodes, and agree also to kill no more men, pillage no more trains, and steal no more cattle. Some of the Comanches are said to be already at work on the reservation. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes as yet decline to be civilized, and talk unpleasantly. They would not agree to stay south of the Platte in the hunting season, and thought it would be well, they said, if the soldiers were made to come away from the Platte. They, however, accept the reservation, a suit of woollen clothes a-piece, and thirty thousand dollars' worth annually of useful articles. This disposes of some five or six thousand hostile Indians for a while, at any rate; of some of them, perhaps, permanently.

If anybody can make anything out of the Italian telegrams received by the Cable, he is welcome to his discoveries. We confess we are unable to afford him much assistance. All that seems certain is that the French are in Rome, as we have all along predicted they would be before long, and that Garibaldi has, with their assistance, been defeated and compelled for the present to abandon his enterprise. What curious notions of government his followers have got into their head may be inferred from the letter of our correspondent at Florence, who is a warm friend and supporter of his. It appears, according to their theory, that whenever an established government does not make war at what appears to outsiders the proper time, anybody who conceives himself to be "a good representative" of the "popular idea," and can get a few thousand men to follow him, has a right to rise up and make war on his own account. After this, we may fairly expect to see the right of private war reasserted before long. When the remedies provided by the government for private wrongs are not satisfactory or sufficient, why, by parity of reasoning, may the wronged individual not take arms and with his friends avenge his torts, repel his trespassers, enforce his contracts, and in fact make society what it ought to be *vi et armis?* It is not at all likely, however, in spite of Garibaldi's present failure, that the Roman problem can be left unsolved much longer, and it will not be if Italy gets any support from Prussia.

The only event of the week in England of much importance is a speech by Lord Derby, explaining the *rationale* of the democratic policy of the Tories, as displayed in the late Reform bill. It appears that their plan is to give the working-man a share in the government, and then make the government, with his assistance, more conservative than ever. England is to "be kept as it is," to use the words of one Conservative orator, but the lower classes are to be allowed to help in keeping it so. Of course this is moonshine, or something of the same kind. The Liberal organs make a good deal of fun of it; and that the Tory organs are not satisfied with the Conservative performances may be conjectured from a recent savage attack on them in *The Quarterly Review*, which, like most brilliant review articles which appear on the same side, is popularly ascribed to Lord Cranbourne, who bolted from the Derby cabinet, and made by far the ablest speech of the session against the Reform bill. Four of the Fenians who committed the rescue at Manchester and killed the policeman, have been convicted. Three will certainly be hanged. Two more convictions—one of them of General Warren—have taken place in Dublin. Warren is one of the filibusters who went over in the Fenian brig, and cruised horribly round Ireland, occasionally, according to the published report of the voyage, sailing right through the middle of the island, and sometimes working to westward on an easterly course, and *vice versâ*. He denied the jurisdiction of the court, and refused to plead or employ counsel; but we now see by the Dublin papers that his friends conceive the refusal of the court to award him a mixed jury to be a *casus belli* between England and the United States. So Roberts's opportunity has come at last. The Fenians are the keenest lawyers that ever drew a battle-blade. The "Irish Republic," during the bloody conflict of last spring, actually claimed the benefit of the Saxon *habeas corpus* in the midst of the hostilities, and wanted to be at one and the same time considered prisoners of war and to be liberated on bail. There is clearly no way of getting round such cunning dogs. When pressed hard in the field, they fling off their armor, and appear in a wig and gown, and if the court does not seem to be with them, they pop on the armor again and sound the trumpet.

The Russian "ultimatum" of *The Tribune's* Constantinople correspondent is said to have made its appearance in a joint note of remonstrance addressed to the Porte by all the great powers, except England, touching Crete and the condition of Turkish Christians generally. It is not likely it will lead to very much. The Sultan seems anxious enough to do something, but, his government being in some sense a theocracy, reform is almost impossible. It is the Pope's case over again. He has to govern by the Koran, as the Pope by the Gospels, the decrees of the councils, and the canon law, none of which, unfortunately, are fully fitted to serve as a code for a modern community. If the Sultan attempts to assimilate Turkey to France, he loses his claim on the religious veneration of the Mussulman population, and, losing this, he ceases to be Sultan. The Christians hate him now because he is a Turk; the Mussulmans would then hate him because he was a renegade, and his power of reform would be tolerably small, even if his personal safety were assured.

The sharp reply given to the address of the twenty-five bishops in Austria by the Emperor, is taken as a final proof that he has really renounced absolutism and all its ways, and knows what a constitutional monarch means. The Reichsrath is making good progress with internal reforms, under Baron von Beust's leadership, and has arranged a very respectable set of constitutional machinery, with an unusual amount of play for local government and for the independence of the different races of the empire. The danger is that the play of the instrument may be a little too free, and shake itself to pieces.

Notes.

LITERARY.

JAMES CAMPBELL, of Boston, announces the republication of three books by Dr. Robert D. Joyce: "Legends of the Wars in Ireland," "Irish Folk Lore," and "Popular Tales of Ireland."——N. Broughton, Jr., announces the Rev. W. L. Gage's translation of Tischendorf's "Origin of the Four Gospels."——G. W. Carleton & Co. will publish immediately the book, some time since announced, of "Comic Stories and Sketches," by the author of the "Widow Bedott Papers."——M. W. Dodd will add another volume to the Schönberg-Cotta series, and announces also "The Little Fox; or, The Story of Sir F. L. McClintock's Arctic Expedition," a book for boys.——A. Simpson & Co. will soon publish "an American novel" by an author whose name is kept secret. Its title is "The Strange Preacher of Saint Huldah's."——Mr. Lippincott's new magazine is to bear the title of *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine of Literature, Science, and Education.* "An original serial novel" is, of course, to form a part of the contents; there are to be tales, sketches, essays, and poetry; currency, finance, and commerce are to be discussed by competent writers; reviews of new books will be candid and impartial; there will be a department of monthly gossip, in which place will be found for Notes and Queries, Answers to Correspondents, and anecdotes; science, so far as regards recent discoveries, and education in all its branches, will receive particular attention. Who are to be the editors we are not informed, but with the resources of the Lippincotts behind them, the magazine ought to be made a good one.

—The New York *Times* having found fault with the price set upon Mr. Bristed's "Interference Theory of Government," Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt (Mr. Bristed's publishers) have addressed a letter to the editor, in which they defend themselves and the trade generally from the implied charge of demanding exorbitant prices for books. This first edition of Mr. Bristed's book consists of 500 copies. The publishers say that its cost—for stereotype plates, paper, printing, binder's stamps, binding, and advertising was $333 36; that fifty copies were given to editors; that, therefore, supposing the whole edition to be sold—a thing not likely in the case of a book of the character of this one—the proceeds would be only $450; that Mr. Bristed, then, could receive from sales but $225, and, at the best, would lose $108 36, while supposing that a part of the edition remains on hand, his loss is increased by half a dollar on each unsold volume. So the author's profits in this case are apparently not great; the publisher's share is not particularly enviable either. The retail price of the book being one dollar, the publishers have to sell it to retailers at sixty cents, and for the whole edition would get $270, and as of this sum $225 goes to Mr. Bristed, there is left to the publishers, as payment for their services, no more than $45. It is not easy to see how this particular book could have been offered us at a cheaper rate, nor how it could be made profitable to the author and publishers. Unless indeed, if we may be pardoned for the suggestion, Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt were to get out a profusely illustrated Christmas edition of it, with a colored frontispiece representing that Puritan whom Mr. Bristed finds so disagreeable and reprehensible, and with cuts of Mr. Greeley, Mr. Stevens, and other bad persons whom Mr. Bristed takes occasion to knock about in a highly entertaining way. For the book is lively enough for the holidays, and in places is very funny, though its title seems to portend a good degree of dryness, and though it is, in fact, a book to be spoken of seriously and with respect. Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, after disposing of the special case under consideration, go on to speak of the causes which, in their opinion, keep the prices of books so high. First they say that, under the tariff as at present arranged, the purchaser pays, on most of the materials used in book-making, two dollars to certain officials and protected interests in order that one dollar may get into the national Treasury. Second in its list of causes the letter mentions the absence of an international copyright; and, third, the absence of a class of readers who habitually pay high prices; or, in other words, the want of culture in this country and the general poverty of the more cultivated classes. In England, says the letter, a publisher has two sources of revenue from which the American publisher cannot draw: in the first place, the cultured class is large enough to buy a good-sized edition of such a book, say, as Mill's "Logic," and rich enough to pay a large price for it; and, in the second place, books of a certain class, which are wanted as soon as they appear, as, for instance, novels by good writers, are at first put forth in two or three volumes at a price that no one over here ever thinks of paying for a novel, but which expectant curiosity there pays willingly. Money enough is thus made to enable English publishers to issue the cheap editions which American publishers cannot emulate; they are obliged to put upon books that do sell a part of the expense of books that do not. The writer of the letter proceeds upon the supposition that the present prices of American books bear the same proportion to the book prices of 1860 that is borne by the present to the old prices of other articles. In this we suppose him to be right.

—From a "Report on the State of Religion in America," made to the General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance by the chairman of the American branch of that body, we get some interesting facts relating to the numbers and wealth of the various sects among us. At least three-fourths of the American people, Mr. Smith thinks, "are under the dominant influence" of the chief Protestant churches—Presbyterian and Congregationalist, Methodist and Baptist, Episcopalian, Lutheran, German, and Dutch Reformed. Foremost in numbers is the Methodist Episcopal Church—which, by the way, last year celebrated the hundredth anniversary of its introduction into this country. The Northern branch of this church has 1,039,184 church members, the Southern branch has about 700,000 communicants. To this 1,700,000, more or less, we may as well add—as the number of Methodist Protestants (105,000), African Methodists (112,000), Wesleyans, Albrights, Free Methodists, Primitive Methodists, and others—about 300,000 more, and it is safe to say that the total membership of the Methodist Church in the United States is something upwards of two millions. In Canada, also, the Methodists of one kind or another are the leading sect. The Baptists follow next in order with a membership of 1,689,845, of whom 645,551 are members of the Baptist Church South. Of the total number 1,040,303 are Regular Baptists, the others being divided amongst the churches of the Campbellites or Disciples, of the Free-Will Baptists, Seventh-Day Baptists, Six-Principle Baptists, Winebrennerians, Christian Baptists, and Tunkers. All the Presbyterians—Old and New School, Northern and Southern, etc.—are about 700,000 in number; the Lutherans number 323,825; the Congregationalists 267,453; the Episcopalians 161,234; the members of the Dutch Reformed Church 57,846, those of the German Reformed 109,258. The Universalists are estimated at 600,000, and the Roman Catholics at about 4,000,000; and the number of Spiritualists and Unitarians is not given at all.

—In a very elaborate, instructive, and not too intelligible article on "The Shakespearian Love Philosophy," which was published in *The Chronicle* of October 12, we find presented a theory of the sonnets which is new, so far as we know, ingenious, and, as it seems to us, more satisfactory than any other which this vexed question has called into being. The writer begins with reminding the reader how the Italian scholars of Shakespeare's day used to wrap up philosophy in sonnets, and find it wrapped up in sonnets which, perhaps, were intended simply enough by their authors, and devote themselves to comments and disputations about the mystic meanings which they made. He reminds the reader, also, of Shakespeare's own "Love's Labor Lost," which exhibits the Court of Navarre transformed into "a little academe," and transforms the courtiers and ladies into sonneteers and commentators on sonnets. Shakespeare's own sonnets were evidently written, the essayist thinks, under similar circumstances. They are first mentioned, by Meres, as Shakespeare's "sugared sonnets among his private friends"—a circle which may be presumed like the Navarrese academy, or like the company of enthralled souls to whom Dante proposes his theorems in the sonnets of the "Vita Nuova." Believing this to be so, there need be no difficulty in interpreting the dedication which Thomas Thorpe prefixed to the first edition of the sonnets: "To the only begetter of these insuing sonnets, Mr. W. H., all happiness, and that eternity promised by our ever living poet wisheth the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth." Mr. W. H. could not have been the only begetter of the sonnets in the sense of being their sole inspirer or sole object, for they are addressed partly to a man and partly to a woman. The only supposition left has been that "begetter" means collector. But W. H. was something more than a collector; T. T. implies that it was to him were made the poet's promises of eternity with which the sonnets abound; so that the later ones, if not written to him, were written under his influence, and the essayist concludes as follows: "So he was not one the dumb eloquence of whose beauty had forced Shakespeare to write to him, but one whose arguments and disputations provoked the poet to embody his conception of the two loves of comfort and despair in his magnificent series of sonnets. We imagine W. H. to have been either the Earl of Southampton or some other young man of wealth, wit, and beauty who had travelled into Italy and had come back brimming over with academies and love philosophy, with Petrarch and Platonism, upon which he discussed with Shakespeare, and by his discussions begot the sonnets."

—The chief interest of the new edition of Thackeray's works, says the London *Publishers' Circular*, will lie in the last volumes of the series, which

are to contain some of the hitherto unreprinted contributions to periodicals. *The Circular* hopes that the editors will not leave out the tribute to the memory of Dr. Arnold, which Thackeray, in the early days of his authorship, wrote for *Fraser;* nor the humorous critique upon a book on manners by a woollen-draper named Skelton, which was the first article that Thackeray ever wrote for *Fraser;* nor his ironical criticisms on Mrs. Gore; nor his contributions to *Punch* in the character of the boy Jones—"in-I-go Jones," we suppose, who, in the first days of Victoria, effected an entrance into the private apartments of the palace; nor his jokes at the expense of Dr. Lardner and James Silk Buckingham; nor his frequent laudatory criticisms of Mr. Dickens's earlier novels—criticisms written before Thackeray himself had begun novel-writing. *The Circular* mentions also a series of letters from Paris which Thackeray wrote about 1838–9 for an American journal edited and owned by his friend, N. P. Willis. There seems to be no good reason, the writer says, in substance, why all these things should not be reprinted. The criticisms on Dickens Thackeray himself was naturally unwilling to collect. The world persisted in regarding the two men as rivals, and would have been good-natured enough to suspect affectation had the one published praises of the other. But in his "English Humorists," we believe it is, Thackeray speaks of Dickens in the most complimentary terms, and *The Circular* will have to look further for a reason why the criticisms were not republished by their author in his lifetime. As for some of the other articles mentioned, some of them no doubt laid Thackeray open to a charge of an unkindly use of his power as a satirist, but all whose feelings could be injured by their reappearance are now dead, and it seems as if there were no very good cause why we should not have them all, for they all have at least a biographical value. The first volume of this edition, of which Smith, Elder & Co. are the publishers, is "Vanity Fair," and the price is seven shillings and sixpence. We hear nothing further of a complete edition on this side of the water.

—No less than twelve of the Bonaparte family have added their names to the list of royal and noble authors, the family having been, according to M. Blanet, far more literary than one is altogether prepared to find them. The founder of the family wrote some pieces of poetry, a "Discours," and "L'Histoire de Corse"; King Joseph published a sentimental romance, "Moina, ou la Religieuse du Mont Cenis"; Lucien published two epics; King Louis, reputed father of the present Emperor, was also a romance-writer, having written "Marie, ou les Peines de l'Amour," and, besides this, an opera in two acts, a tragedy in five, and a work pertaining to the history of Holland. Coming down to the generations succeeding the elder one, we have the Princess Zenaide, daughter of King Joseph and wife of the Prince of Canino, who translated Schiller; Lucien's eldest son wrote a work on North American birds; his second son, Louis Lucien, now a French senator, is author of a grammar of the Basque language and several works on chemistry; his third son, Pierre Napoleon, has written a romance in Italian and translated into French Nicolini's "Nebuchadnezzar"; his granddaughter, Madame Ratazzi, wife of the Italian minister, daughter of a Mr. Wyse and Princess Letitia Bonaparte, and, before her marriage with Ratazzi, the wife of the Prince de Solms, is the author of many works, some of them lively; and of the sons of Louis, both the Emperor and his oldest brother, who was shot at Friuli in 1831, have claims to literary rank. No other governing family has shown such general literary activity.

LANGUAGE AND THE STUDY OF LANGUAGE.*

The truly wonderful progress which scientific investigation and the scientific spirit of contemplating phenomena have achieved since the beginning of the present century is, perhaps, nowhere more strikingly exhibited than in the case of language. There are many persons now living whose memory reaches back beyond the time when the study of human speech began to be conducted in accordance with vigorous canons of induction. Previous to the publication of Bopp's masterly "Conjugation system," in 1816, no scientific comparison and analysis of verbal forms in the best known languages had been accomplished, or even attempted, with a clear consciousness of the ends to be attained. And until Friedrich Schlegel had perceived and announced the existence of an Indo-Germanic family of languages, it is doubtful whether any philologist was even dimly aware of the immutable limits within which all sound etymologic comparison must be carried on. No one perceived that analogies which were valid in the case of French and Italian might—and usually must—be worthless in the case of Greek and Hebrew. No one suspected that the very closeness of the resemblance between two words in different languages (as between Eng. *care* and Lat. *cura*) might be conclusive evidence against their original identity. No one questioned the adequacy of conclusions founded on a comparison of the full-grown forms of different civilized languages, without regard to the organic processes by which these forms were developed. In the absence of definite methods of research, nearly all enquiries which went deeper than the mere establishment and description of existing grammatical features were conducted by guesswork. Any linguistic transformation that might be regarded as conceivable or possible was likely to be seized upon as real. Consonants were treated with little respect, and vowels with none at all. One philological Fluellen found it feasible to identify *horse* with *hippos*, because both words begin with an aspirate and end with a sibilant. Another made no scruple of deriving *establish* (Lat. *sto*) from the Hebrew *yabzab*, to place; while a third set about building a truly stupendous air-castle, in which all words in all languages were to rest upon a hypothetical foundation composed of nine unmelodious monosyllables.

Extravagances of this sort are even in our day quite frequently committed, but they lie outside of scientific philology, and are not, except, perhaps, in popular apprehension, implicated with it. The science of language has now its laws and its methods of enquiry which cannot be transgressed, and the haphazard researches of the old etymologists are viewed in much the same light as the attempts of ancient alchemists to convert base metals into gold—attempts arising from utter ignorance alike of the nature of a chemical element and of the methods of chemical reaction.

The recent work of Professor Whitney on the study of language admirably exemplifies and illustrates the modern spirit of linguistic investigation. In it we find the utmost sobriety of speculation, the most careful and laborious induction, the most conscientious separation of the known from the unknown, of that which has been ascertained from that which is merely conjectured. The book is entitled to the rare praise of being trustworthy from beginning to end, and this unusual excellence in a philological work adds greatly to the interest with which we read its lucid expositions of the methods and objects of linguistic research, and its masterly summary of the chief results which have thus far been arrived at. A brief account of some of these methods and results will be, in justice alike to the author and to the noble science which he represents, the most satisfactory way of introducing Professor Whitney's book to the public attention.

In common with all other expounders of the general subject of language, Professor Whitney has devoted a very large portion of his time and space to the subject of classification. Before answering definitely the question why we speak as we do, he finds it necessary to survey the entire realm of human speech, accurately noting all its tribal divisions and the various modes of organization which enter into its composition. Before we can know thoroughly what English is, we must know it as a Teutonic language, as an Aryan language, and as an inflectional language. Before we can approach the problem of the origin of human speech, we must examine the countless dialects scattered over the earth's surface, and determine which have retained and which have lost their primitive structural characteristics. The subject of classification is thus all-important in the study of language; and the science of language, like the science of life, is pre-eminently a classificatory science—a truth which is recognized and conveyed in the popular appellation "comparative philology." It was by the establishment of genera and species that the study of words, as well as the study of organized beings, first assumed a scientific character. Comparison in the hands of Bopp played as conspicuous a part as in the hands of Cuvier, and the notable resemblance between the results obtained in philology and those recently arrived at by Darwin has been frequently remarked and sometimes unduly insisted upon. The two sciences, indeed, utterly diverse as are their subjects of research, are wholly alike in their methods, and the science of language will do well not to neglect the useful hints which she may often receive from the experience of her older sister.

It was, as we have said, by the establishment of families, genera, and species that philology first became a science. The great Aryan family, with its well-defined genera—Indic, Iranic, Hellenic, Italic, Slavonic, Lithuanic, Teutonic, and Celtic, and its numerous species, Sanskrit, Russian, Greek, Latin, Gothic, English, etc.—still remains the most striking and instructive example of such classification. The vast number of languages and dialects which it embraces, their close resemblances in structure and vocabulary co-existing with complete distinctness of generic peculiarities, and the singular transparency of its oldest member, the Sanskrit, combine to render the study of the Aryan family the indispensable preliminary to all philological research whatever. It is here that the greatest triumphs of the science have hitherto been achieved. It is here that the application of philology to the solution of problems in history and ethnology has been

* "Language and the Study of Language: Twelve Lectures on the Principles of Linguistic Science. By William Dwight Whitney." New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867.

most successfully accomplished. It is here that has been carried on that fundamental analysis of verbal forms which has laid open to us the whole interior structure of language, and is giving us sure indications as to its origin. These results could at the outset have been attained with no set of languages except the Aryan. The Semitic, the only other family whose genetic solidarity has as yet been fully established, offers far inferior advantages. It consists of only one genus, since Hebrew and Arabic stand to each other not in the same relation as the Teutonic class to the Italic, but in the same relation as English to German or French to Spanish. And while greatly inferior to the Aryan family in this respect, it is also far less intelligible in its internal structure. Yet, difficult as is the study of Semitic speech, it is likely soon to prove of surpassing interest and importance. Inflecting as they do almost exclusively by means of internal modifications instead of the addition of variable roots from without, the Semitic languages occupy an anomalous position, which it would be useless to deny makes them at present something of a stumbling-block in the way of every theory of linguistic development.

Concerning Prof. Whitney's rejection of the name "Aryan" in its present extended sense, there is little to be said from a purely scientific point of view. On historical grounds, he has certainly made out his case. In strict accuracy, the name "Aryan" applies only to the united Iranic and Indic branches of the great family the whole of which it has recently been used to designate. Nevertheless, the convenient brevity of the word, and the associations which cluster around it, are likely to secure for it the preference over the clumsy and ill-balanced terms "Indo-European" and "Indo-Germanic." We do not hesitate to include the Canaanite dialects under the general name "Semitic," although Jews and Philistines are traditionally referred to different mythical ancestors.

The reader who loves truth better than the finest theories will notice with pleasure Professor Whitney's candid admission that the situation of "Aryana-vaedjo," the primitive home of the Indo-European races, is in fact wholly unknown to us. The fine sobriety of Professor Whitney's mind hardly anywhere appears to better advantage than in his emphatic remarks upon this point. There are, doubtless, many fragmentary indications which go to show that the original starting-point of Aryan migration was in Asia; and there have probably been worse guesses than the one current which assigns it to the land recently conquered by Russia, east of the Caspian. There is, we should think, a very high degree of probability, little short of certainty, that that mysterious place must have been somewhere between the Hindu Kush and the Niemen. But Professor Whitney is perfectly right in saying that we have no positive knowledge upon the subject. His scepticism contrasts favorably with the overweening confidence of Donaldson, who would fain describe the very path which each of the great sections of the family must have taken, and with the rashness of Bunsen, who spent much bootless ingenuity in trying to solve the whole problem by the aid of the unsubstantial myths recorded in the Vendidad.

Of Professor Whitney's use of the name "Scythian" to designate the great class of languages by Max Müller termed "Turanian," we are, on the whole, unable to approve. If the latter term is not wholly satisfactory, the former is certainly still less so. In all probability Turan, the country lying to the north of the Iranian plateau, has within historical times contained none but Turkish and Tataric tribes; while Scythia, the region lying north of the Irano-Hellenic Aryans, has certainly contained tribes as Aryan as the Greeks and Persians themselves. From time immemorial the Slavonic tribes, and at one period the Goths, have inhabited a portion of the country known to the ancients as Scythia. Since, therefore, in finding a name for the Turco-Tataric languages, our object is mainly to distinguish them from the neighboring Aryan dialects, the name Turanian must serve our purpose better than Scythian.

East and north, then, of the great Aryan boundary we find all the languages of Asia dividing into three great classes—in the north the Turanian, which has also its Finnic, Hungarian, and Turkish members in Europe; in the east the Chinese and its congeners; in the south the Dravidian family. Thus far we may proceed with due assurance; and here it is well enough to stop, for the genetic classification of languages in America, Africa, and Polynesia has as yet made but little progress. Outline sketches only have been made, which time and assiduous research must complete and render definite. Science must for the present be content with having classified and analyzed with tolerable completeness the languages of Europe and Asia.

But though our system of genetic classifications is thus for the present at fault, we are not yet at the end of our resources. Though we may not classify genetically, we may classify morphologically; though we may not predicate community of origin, we may predicate community of formation. To Max Müller we owe a system of classification which is strictly universal, and which we are glad to see that Professor Whitney accepts, even while objecting to some of its details.

Müller divides all languages into three classes, according as their words, 1, consist of isolated roots, as in Chinese; 2, consist of combined roots, one of which always retains its integrity of form, as in the Turanian, Dravidian, and other families; 3, consist of combined roots, none of which retains its integrity of form, as in the Semitic and Aryan families.

The whole meaning of this classification is not apparent at the first glance; nor does it at first appear to satisfy all the requirements of a universal classification. Professor Whitney, with great apparent justice, objects to it that it does not include the inflection by internal modifications prevalent in the Semitic languages. He also makes the further objection that it does not separate the different classes of languages from each other with sufficient distinctness; and it is by answering the latter objection that we shall put ourselves into position to answer the former.

The splendid significance of Müller's classification is contained in this, that it is not merely a classification but a formula of linguistic development. It classifies all languages according to the degree of coherence between their roots. Where there is no coherence, we have a language of the first order, as Chinese. Where there is incomplete coherence, shown by the non-absorption of one element, we have a language of the second order, as Turkish. Where there is complete coherence, exhibited in the absorption of all the elements, we have a language of the third order, as Sanskrit. Of course, there can be no fourth alternative. Either both roots may be distinct or one may be distinct, or neither may be distinct. We can go no further. The classification exhausts all possibilities.

It must also be remembered that to whichever class a language may now belong, it must originally have belonged to the first class. This conclusion follows from the fact that all the constituent elements of the inflectional languages were once independent words endowed with separate significance. All our case-endings, person-endings, signs of gender, tense, and number are the fossil relics of once significant words. Our inflectional languages, therefore, in which all the constituent elements are now absorbed, must once have existed in a state in which all those elements were independently significant. Upon this point Professor Whitney and Max Müller are perfectly agreed, and, indeed, it is a point upon which no rational doubt is permissible. It will follow, therefore, that some languages must from time to time be passing out from one stage into the next higher; that there are likely always to be some languages, as the Tungusic, Burmese, Egyptian, and Turkish, which, while in the main assignable to one class, present in some degree the characteristics of the next higher or the next lower class; and that languages of the highest class, in originating new forms or supplying the place of old forms that have been lost (as in the case of the Romanic futures), must resort to devices characteristic of languages of the lowest class. So far from constituting an objection, therefore, Professor Whitney's remarks, upon his own cherished principles, furnish to Max Müller's division of languages the most ample confirmation.

With regard to the internal modifications of Semitic words the case is more difficult, and our space is so far used up that we have not room to argue it. But there is nothing to prevent our considering these interior vowel changes as an extension of the Chinese expedient of variously accenting similar words in order to differentiate them without the help of added variable roots. In the study of these singular phenomena the recently exhumed Egyptian cannot fail to be of great importance, and is destined, we think, to throw light upon the hypothesis just suggested.

We had intended to call attention to Professor Whitney's remarks on the origin of language—not the least remarkable portion of his very remarkable book—but we have already overrun our limits, and must conclude. We cannot, however, lay down our pen without giving expression to our pride in the thought that such a book has been written by an American scholar and issued from an American press.

THE SEXUALITY OF NATURE.*

As might on *à priori* grounds have been expected, where the people are all sovereigns the attempts at making royal roads to knowledge are more frequent than in undemocratic countries. Apparently there is in such communities a tendency to a belief that in science, as in other things, nothing is wholly good which is not endorsed—to use a word current in politics—by a majority of all the legal voters; that it is advisable for the scientific man to keep in view as his goal the good word of the greatest number. As one

* "The Sexuality of Nature. By Leopold Hartley Grindon." Boston: Nichols & Noyes. 1868. 12mo, pp. 124.

result of which belief, we have popularized science—which is science falsely so called, or science with a difference—set forth even by men who really deserve the name of men of science. As a worse result, we have an increase in the number of sciolists, and we have crowds of sciolists talking to lyceums the half-knowledge which is wholly nonsense; or, to speak in the concrete, we have Mr. L. H. Grindon writing books on "The Sexuality of Nature."

Mr. Grindon is a persistent projector of those royal roads to knowledge which begin in ignorance and lead, as certain German metaphysical paths have been said to lead, first into the woods—where, by the way, unlimited hallooing takes place—and, finally, up a tree. This is not Mr. Grindon's first book. It is his worst, however, so far, and is a very good specimen of the sort of scientific works which is prepared for large and ill-informed audiences by men who, if their audiences were well-informed, would write no books—none, at any rate, after their first one—or else would themselves become well-informed and write different books.

There is this to be said in praise of the author as he appears in "The Sexuality of Nature," that he has apparently read the works of a vast number of writers who treat more or less fully and directly of the subject he had in hand, and that not much relating to it can have escaped him, from Gediccus's "Defensio Sexus Muliebris" to Mr. Alexander Smith's "Life Drama," and from the first chapter of the author of the Book of Genesis to the late Mrs. L. Maria Child's "Letters from New York." It is just as well that the necessity of adapting his book to the tastes of a popular audience led him generally to cite his authorities rather than quote from them at any great length; and, therefore, while the book is so small as to frighten no one, a large list of names and titles is to be found in the notes, and may be consulted profitably by any student who wishes to pursue the subject, and especially by any student who thinks that Euripides, Gediccus, Homer, Keats, Byron, *The Phonetic Journal*, "a gifted lady of the West," Claudian, F. W. Newman, and a hundred other such scientific authorities, will be of help to him. For magazine writers the list of authors and books is of great and unalloyed value.

To use the words of the title-page, "The Sexuality of Nature" is "An Essay," of about a hundred pages, "Proposing to show that Sex and the Marriage Union are Universal Principles, fundamental alike in Physics, Physiology, and Psychology." Of course, a judicious use of the power of definition is necessary for the purposes of an essayist who proposes to show this, and Mr. Grindon accordingly defines marriage as meaning "all unions analogous to the human, in the history of both matter and spirit," and sex, he says, "refers to the separate qualities or natures by which things universally fall into two great sections or divisions"—meanings, as the author justly remarks, which are not the common ones, but "far wider," and which are sufficiently flexible for any purpose whatever. Given this definition whereon to stand, and one may prove hard-boiled eggs masculine and soft-boiled eggs feminine, or, as Mr. Grindon does, that land and water are respectively female and male; that Oxygen is the father and Hydrogen the mother of the man-child HO; that from the marriage of the bridegroom, Oxygen, with the bride, Calcium, we have Lime born into the world; that the "yellow, ferocious liquid, Nitric Acid," is the son of honest and "innocuous" parents, Oxygen, namely, and Nitrogen—we would add, that when he was small he was known as a lad of volatile character, went by the name of Nitrous Oxide, and was employed by many dentists and lyceum lecturers on science—that Potassium, "when violently torn from its beloved Oxygen," at the instance of the jealous Hydrogen, we presume, or the before-mentioned Calcium, "must be dungeoned in a fluid whence Oxygen is absent or the embrace is instantly renewed;" that the Sun is the father, the Earth the mother, of all external heat; that "the beautiful thing we denominate light is brought into existence by the animating action of the solar orb on a latent, luciparous element diffused throughout space;" that color "is born"—born a twin, we suggest—"of the same sweet intimacy which produced light"; that God's Wisdom is masculine, his Goodness feminine, and that the two attributes unite in holiest marriage, which is known among men as God's Love; that the soul is sexually dual, including, as it does, "the Intellectual-principle and the Will-principle;" that Science is masculine and Religion feminine; that the cerebrum is masculine and the cerebellum feminine; that the solid parts of the body are feminine and the fluids masculine, whence, as we suppose, it follows that tea-drinking is to be considered a distinctively masculine recreation, and we do not know why beef-tea, if it is well made, is not of doubtful gender; that literature, trade, and commerce are males, while deeds of kindness, love, and charity are females; that vowels are of the feminine gender "and the hard, sturdy consonant" is male, "and so," observes our author, "the unmarried vowel is rarely more than a thoughtless interjection," and going on (and getting better and better, we hope, but here we confess our understanding of him grows dim), he says, "How truly and beautifully is man, *i. e.*, *homo*, called a *word* of the Creator!" Who called him so, we wonder; and why? Would Mr. Grindon see particular truth or beauty in calling man *homo* because *homo* begins with an aspiration and ends with a woman, as he would say, or a thoughtless interjection? Or is it beautiful to say that *homo* is a word of the Creator because *homo* includes both sexes, and words being made of consonants and vowels are also, as regards their constituents, masculine and feminine? Or can it be that this following explanation means something: "Two sounds go to form each perfect articulation of the human voice; two natures to form every soul that is spoken into being by the Divine One"? Or, going back to the original utterance, is it that its truth and beauty are not absolutely such, but only such to Mr. Grindon, and that they are such to him because non-existent and nonsensical? We leave it, baffled.

But it is quite as clear as mud that, Nature being the expression of the divine Wisdom and the divine Goodness conjointly, she therefore only rarely presents us with forms bounded exclusively by straight lines, which represent only the divine Wisdom, or exclusively by curved lines, which, being feminine, represent only the divine Goodness. "Crystals," says Mr. Grindon, "are perhaps the only examples of the former"—that is, of natural bodies bounded by straight lines exclusively—"and as these are symbolical of truth (whether we take spars and salts, or the exquisite little stars and crosses of snow—water being one of the most emphatic emblems of truth), it is still in sublimest harmony that straight lines should shape them, inasmuch as truth belongs to the intellect;" and Tenterden steeple being the cause of Goodwin Sands, Cuba must evidently be six times as large as Massachusetts.

Mr. Grindon, and no one will blame him, is intolerant of bad logic. Commenting on the fourth verse of the fourteenth chapter of Revelations, where it is said that the company of heaven is made up of those "who have not been defiled with women," he truly says that Barnes thinks that by defilement is meant excess, "an explanation," remarks Mr. Grindon, "accustomedly illogical." We would suggest to him also that this Barnes is a Presbyterian. But, letting that pass, it is beyond a doubt that Barnes deserves to be called worse than illogical when we see how easily he might have found a perfectly plain and conclusive explication, which was, as we may say, staring him in the face:

"Read by the light of correspondence, we see, as before, that by 'women' are meant the affections, and that by 'defilement' is signified the indulgence of such kinds of affections as are opposed to divine command. For the affections may be directed either towards good or towards evil. In the former case, they are the counterpart of woman as she came from the hands of her Creator; in the latter, of woman when she has sunk to be only so in name. The feminine nature is still there, but lost in degradation and corruption. And as woman, in her purity, is the being of all others likest God, but in her impurity the most unlike, so the affections, when perverted, like the prowlers of the night, are the foulest occupants the soul can hold."

"On this principle of interpretation is it alone possible to extract a coherent meaning from that extraordinary passage in the antediluvian history where it is said that 'the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and they took them wives of all which they chose,' Gen. vi. 2. It was the unions here referred to, it will be remembered, which mainly induced the terrible visitation of the flood, showing that there must have been something enormously wicked in them."

"The 'sons' here mentioned denote the intellectual perceptions of truth enjoyed by the antediluvians; the 'daughters' their affectional desires. The sons are called 'of God' because these perceptions were pure and exalted; the daughters are called 'of men' to indicate the relatively corrupt and perverse direction which the loves and desires of mankind had universally fallen into; every generation succeeding Eve having sunk into deeper debasement. Now for the intellect to forego its knowledge of right and wrong, and deliberately associate itself with a corrupted will, is one of the most awful and heinous of sins. The duty of the understanding is to guide and instruct the affections; and if it sees them go astray, to endeavor to reclaim them. How deep, therefore, the criminality when it wilfully descends and consorts with what it knows to be base and perverted. Such profanation it was, without doubt, which, carried out on a great scale, constituted the monstrous wickedness of the antediluvians."

Of course it was. An equally fine example of the new light thrown upon the Scriptures by interpretation, on the theory of the sexuality of nature, is to be found on page 63:

"For example: 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want; he maketh me to lie down in *green pastures;* he leadeth me beside the *still waters.*' These allusions are not introduced simply to give completeness to the comparison to the shepherd, in its physical reading. Beautifully indicating that pastoral care thinks both of food and drink for its flock, the deeper significance shows that man's heart and mind are alike the objects of God's providence. For the 'still waters' are the stores of truth, elsewhere called 'the river of God,' by which the intellect is irrigated and enriched; the 'green pastures' are those sweet and nourishing aliments of the heart which are

found in deep faith and hope, and to which the sweet green fields of the bosom of the country originally correspond. When it is said, 'The *earth* is full of thy riches; so is the great and wide *sea*,' the same general significance is involved. For the earth, as we have seen, is the emblem of woman, and thus of the will, or the soul's feminine half; and the sea of the understanding, and thus of its masculine. Hence again, in another place, praise is invited in the words, 'Let the *floods* clap their hands, and the *hills* be joyful together.'"

When the relations of the human sexes in love and marriage are dealt with, the author shows himself soft-hearted, but he remains as hazy-headed as when among the loves of the plants and the flirtations of the chemical elements. We commend to his notice these remarks, which may be found in the *Circular* of the Oneida Communists. How to go nutting is the author's theme:

"If you are a woman, be sure not to go unattended by at least one of the graver sex. You will find him indispensable in climbing trees and dislodging the fruit from inaccessible heights. A properly organized man has just that love of adventure which prompts him to ascend to the topmost boughs, and pluck from thence the largest and rarest nuts which the tree has to bestow. If you are a man, neglect not to associate with yourself certain of the fairer sex; for in searching for the fruit at the foot of the tree, under fallen leaves and other obstructions, they are unsurpassed and unsurpassable."

There is a fine, practical tone about this, and an absence of wild theorizing which Mr. Grindon and other "scientific" writers on this subject would do well to emulate.

MR. BRISTED ON GOVERNMENT INTERFERENCE.*

Mr. Bristed has written what the "lively" writers call a "spicy" book upon a very interesting subject, and even if it does not contain much that is new, it contains a great deal that is valuable very well put. The effect of Mr. Bristed's argumentation is always diminished, however, by his habit of throwing everything he has to say into the shape of a party pamphlet, written as if persuasion or exposition were only half its object, the other half being the castigation of enemies and evil-doers. One never knows the moment, even when following him through the mazes of a dry economical disquisition, when he will take off his coat and treat himself to a bout with Greeley, Stevens, or some other friend of the "interference theory," and refuse to resume the thread of his discourse till he has given each of them a black eye and bloody nose. The frequent recurrence of these episodes, however, is apt to weary all but the most enthusiastic disciples, and certainly makes Mr. Bristed's audiences smaller than they would otherwise be.

The first chapter, giving the history and explanation of the reaction which has set in of late against the *laisser-faire* policy, which was all the rage twenty years ago, is interesting; but the account it gives of the matter is, as it seems to us, incomplete. To Louis Napoleon's great success in France, and to the disorders and anxieties created here by the anti-slavery struggle, Mr. Bristed ascribes the growth of the love of, or at least admiration for, "strong government," by which the civilized world has been pervaded ever since 1848. But a strong government is not necessarily a meddlesome government. Continental governments cannot, on the whole, be said to be meddlesome in proportion to their strength. In fact, the weakest have generally been the most annoying. So Mr. Bristed maintains that we owe the combination of the love of strength with the love of interference, which he thinks he sees in our politics here, to the Puritan element, against which he repeats the old and well-known charges, although in a somewhat exaggerated form, while, however, presenting the good side of Puritanism very fairly.

We must say we think this explanation imperfect, and therefore somewhat misleading. There is no doubt that there was a violent reaction in Europe in favor of strong government after 1848. It was due to the dreadful troubles of that and the following year, and the display of ignorance and incompetence made by the revolutionary party wherever they raised their heads, in England as well as elsewhere. They showed little organizing ability, little persistence, no proper appreciation of the difficulties they had to contend with. They were beaten in the field with very little trouble, and they made such a sorry display of themselves in the forum that even their own friends did not dare to express much sorrow for seeing them gagged. But this reaction had really spent its force by 1857. The love of strong government began to die out; Liberalism once more became the fashion; Italy and Hungary began to raise their heads; Austria, the great centre of the reaction, was seen to be a failure; and Paris began to get a little—only a little, we admit—tired of the Emperor; and the Puritans in this country, so far from contending for government meddling, in 1856 began to fight might and main against it. The prohibitory temperance legislation was generally acknowledged to be a failure so early as 1855, and the Republican movement of the following year, so far as the North was concerned, was a movement against government interference, not for it. The South, it is true, clamored for State rights; but what it *did* was to use the powers of the central government for the spread and perpetuation of its social theory. In other words, the South fought the battle of *status;* the Puritan North that of *contract* and free agency.

What, in our opinion, has done most to promote the love of "interference" is neither the admiration of strong government evoked by the Napoleonic régime in France nor yet the inquisitorial spirit of Puritanism, but the steady progress of the utilitarian theory of politics amongst that portion of the population whose opinions most strongly affect legislation—we mean the large reforming class which has within the last thirty years sprung up in all the more highly civilized countries, and which occupies itself actively and incessantly with all questions bearing on the social, moral, and physical condition of the poorer classes. The leaders of this movement, in so far as it has had any political bearing, have been utilitarians of the Bentham school, and the most marked feature in their system has been their dislike of all absolute principles in politics. They have always refused to accept any theory as final and binding. The English and French free-traders were an offshoot of this school, but they ran away from it completely; and Bastiat, whom the Free Trade League in this country seems to have taken for its high-priest, is almost as far away from them as Henry C. Carey. The young generation of politicians in England, however, all belong to it, and John Stuart Mill's writings, in spite of the essay "On Liberty," have diffused its doctrines more widely than appears on the surface in this country. Its doctrine with regard to the limits of the province of government is this, that government being simply the whole community organized for action, its business is to do whatever the good of the community requires, and what the good of the community requires is to be ascertained by reflection and discussion, and, in certain cases, by experiment. If it be proper, it will say, to take the money of people who may never enter it to build a park for popular recreation and the improvement of the popular health, it may also be proper to shut up public-houses. The end of government is neither liberty nor restraint, but the common weal. Liberty is, after all, but a means to an end. If the effect of prohibitory legislation be worse than the effect of free liquor, let it be swept away; if not, not; but this has to be shown. Do not, therefore, prove the Maine-law men to be wrong by a mere deduction from a principle of your own manufacture, such as, "That government is best which governs least;" or, "The proper function of government is the protection of life and property." This is simply "high *priori*" nonsense.

We have not space for an examination of Mr. Bristed's denunciations of what he calls "Aquarianism." Many of his arguments are unanswerable, though marred by too much cudgelling of opponents; others are too palpably *à priori* to suit our political tastes. But the book is a most useful one, and its appearance is opportune, and we wish it a wide circulation and careful consideration.

SOME LATE LYRICS.*

In the domain of morals the case is very different; but in the realm of literature, where what the gods call theft the muses, with an eye to business, let pass under the softer name of plagiarism, the conscious thieves are not nearly so badly off as those who habitually steal unconsciously. Forget the moral law, and, beyond a doubt, it is better nine times in ten to be a Miss Braddon, under an alias, filching ideas from French novelists, than to be that young man who, in all innocence, publishes his "Laura Matilda," honestly fancying that it is not "Maud." Habitually, we said just now, for no persons except young ladies expect authors to be more than human, and to ask that authors shall always give us their own and not quite often reproduce as theirs what has been put into their heads by other authors, is asking them to do what no author has yet done and what none ever will do. But the writer who not merely frequently gets his thoughts and his forms from other writers, but habitually does so, is plainly a person who, as author, has no valid reason for existing. This is to be said, of course, on the theory that authorship is not a trade merely. If it is only a trade, if the commercial test is the only test of the value of poems and other writings,

* "The Interference Theory of Government. By Charles Astor Bristed." New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1867.

* "A Lover's Diary. By Alice Cary." With illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.

* "Voices of the Border. By Lieut.-Col. G. W. Patten, U.S.A." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1867.

why then the plagiarist, conscious or unconscious, may, it is possible, be a very wise trader; and Miss Cary, who is a popular writer, is not at all unfortunate in being the writer of the volume before us. Otherwise it would be difficult enough to congratulate her on her "Lover's Diary."

Sydney Dobell says in a pretty poem:

"Peggy was kind,
She would save the blind
Black fly that shimmered the ale,
And her quick hand stopped
If a grass-moth dropped
In the drifted snows of the pail."

And Miss Cary says in the first of "Mona's Songs":

"I knew it was tenderness for me
That made him save the moth
That had dropped into the milking pail,
And was drowning in the froth."

The book is made up mainly of such reminiscences, and, so far as readers are concerned, is profitable only to those people who have not read Tennyson, Jean Ingelow, and half a dozen other contemporary poets, and, to name three only, Wordsworth, Herrick, and Burns among those who are gone. To praise it for smooth versification, for several pretty little images, for a lamb-like purity of sentiment, for an occasional happy adjective, would not be hard; but neither would it be hard to laugh at it for the sheepish tameness of its "Rhapsodies," for the comfortableness of its "Despair," for the extreme tenuity of its thoughts, and for the total absence of any lover-like passion, Mona's lover being a faint reflection, in very watery milk-and-water, of the lover existent in books and not in this flesh of ours. To speak the truth briefly, the book is a borrowed book. One other word, however, we must say, for fear any one should be misled. The case of parallelism which we have cited perhaps looks more like conscious than unconscious plagiarism. But there are in the book hundreds, we dare say, of cases which, as it appears to us, make it perfectly plain that Miss Cary is what we have called her, a plagiarist without bad intentions. It is not dishonesty which offers as original this verse of Tennyson's:

"God's great gift of speech abused;"

nor which thus imitates the same poet in one of his imitations:

"Cruel little Mona!
Very well she knew
That just to have the buckle
Upon her belt so blue.
That just to have the ribbon," etc., etc.

Some readers will recognize Lieutenant-Colonel G. W. Patten as an old acquaintance when we say that he is the writer of "The Seminole's Reply."

"Blaze with your serried columns"

that lay begins;

"I will not bend the knee;
The shackles ne'er again shall bind
The arm which now is free;"

and so it goes on in a way which recalls to mind, in the most vivid manner, the aboriginal inhabitants of this country. We were about to say that this figure of the Indian, as he appears when his war-paint is laid on to suit the taste of a West-Pointer, is the best thing in the book; but there are some things better, we believe, in the "Songs of the Bower," and even in the "Songs of the Field." We are bound to say, however, that it is all pretty bad; if it were not that in publishing his poems the author yielded "to the frequent solicitations of friends," we should hardly know how to forgive him. And, by the way, how delightful it must be in a world out of which so long ago Jonathan died, and David likewise was gathered to his fathers, for a man to find that he has tied to him a circle of friends willing and eager to endorse a couple of hundred of lyrical pieces such as these are! Such, for example, as this:

"Wake, lady, wake! that gentle eye
The voice of music bids unclose;
We stand beneath thy lattice high
To woo thee from thy soft repose.
The spell of sleep is scarce so strong
But wizard words the chain may break;
By the deep power of mighty song,
We bid thee wake! fair lady, wake!"

And the very devil Asmodeus, who had so low an opinion of earthly friendship, and who, since the days of King David, had seen no example of it which at all realized his ideal, might have been moved to praise on learning that the author's friends stood by him in the publication of these dactyls:

"Yon is the steed all arrayed for the battle,
See how he paweth and pants for the plain;
'Tis the clash of the sabre, he knoweth its rattle—
Spring to the saddle and yield him the rein.
Bold as your manners,
Flourish your banners,
Strike for the star of the eagle and shield;
For women 't is sighs, and for children 't is prattle,
For *men* 't is the trumpet which sounds to the field."

The trumpet is always sounding Colonel Patten to the field; the war-horse is always champing on the bit; the red levin is never quiet, nor the war-drum, nor the warrior bard who leaps for ever from his seat and draws his shining blade; the war-bolt rolls without cessation; the tocsin continually doth sound; the war-hounds are waked with the lash of the Fury; the leaden rain falls and falls in rattling peals with the well-known withering effect;

"The warrior pale, in his gory mail,
Resteth in silence here;—"

Fame perpetually twines the green laurel for cadets of the National Military Academy at West Point; the banners are constantly waving, and so are plumes and pennons, as the war-steeds rush past;—

"We thread the brake, we swim the flood;
Onward! Huzza, Huzza!"

Why not hurrah instead of huzza we do not know; unless, indeed, we account for it as for the levin and the plumes and the pennons and the other properties.

It is a good while since we read so much noisy language which seemed not only to have found the reader but to have left the writer perfectly unmoved. The "Songs of the Bower" are not so entirely factitious as the "Songs of the Field." The gallant dragoon, or hussar, or what not, finds plenty of fickle charmers of course; of course he musically desires one constant breast somewhere among the society at the United States military posts on which to lay his brow; he curses fashion as a hollow mockery; treasures tresses; drinks to eyes cerulean and to eyes of midnight hue; "wakes" the lute; learns "the lore of womankind"; meets "her" coldly while through the chamber soft music floateth rare, and in a great many ways shows excessive familiarity with the models of poems which were in vogue half a century ago. But there are some tolerable little pieces; and when he says, addressing a statue of Venus,

"Thy life a never ending hour,"

we are not sure that he has written wholly in vain.

L'Arrabiata, and Other Tales. By Paul Heyse.—There are as yet no German novelists whom foreign criticism pronounces novelists of the first rank. Indeed, foreign criticism hardly admits the existence of even tolerable German novelists. The best of them are hardly known out of their own country. Freytag and Auerbach are names that mean nothing to thousands of Englishmen and Americans who know the names and works of Sand and Balzac very well, and to thousands of Frenchmen who know Scott and Dickens and Thackeray. A part of the obscurity which hides German fiction from almost all but German eyes the Baron von Tauchnitz has set about removing. He has given us in English Auerbach's "On the Heights"; Fritz Reuter's "In the year '13," a vivid and merry little picture of village life which it is a real pleasure to look at; La Motte Fouqué's "Aslauga's Knight, and Other Tales," and now "L'Arrabiata" and three or four less-known stories by Paul Heyse, an excellent story-teller. This is certainly a very good beginning of the department of fiction in the new "Library of German Authors." As yet it contains not one book that even a rare novel-reader may not allow himself to read, and that willingly. Mügge's books, which are to come, are not, perhaps, to be spoken of so favorably but Heyse atones for him, and would if he were worse than he is. Of "L'Arrabiata"—"The Vixen" perhaps may pass for a translation of the epithet—it is not too much to say that it is one of the most exquisite of short stories—a perfectly finished gem.

A Treatise on the Law of Patents. By George T. Curtis. Third edition. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)—The value of this work is too well known to lawyers to need our word upon the subject. Much of the present edition is, however, entirely new, for the author has justly felt that the changes of the law which have occurred within the last eighteen years cannot be fully dealt with by a mere edition of foot-notes. The text of the book has been accordingly remodelled and enlarged. Mr. Curtis has had much experience in the branch of the law which he has here treated, and has studied the authorities with care. Few lawyers are as well qualified to prepare such a work, and none are likely to undertake the difficult task of rivalry. The present edition contains a somewhat larger proportion of mere quotations from judicial opinions than a severe critic could approve as part of the text, but if such a fault is to be excused in any law-book a treatise on patents certainly has the most excuse. The technicalities of machinery are added to those of law, making it more difficult than usual to extract any principles from the decisions. So far as we are able to judge, all the reported cases are mentioned in this book, and their substance correctly stated.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of The Nation *should be addressed to the Editor.*

WHAT IS THE ALTERNATIVE?

It would be well for those who are dissatisfied with the Congressional plan of reconstruction and are now placing it in danger by their desertion or denunciations to let the world know as soon as possible what they would substitute for it. A good many of them—Mr. Ewing, of Ohio, for one, in his recent letter explaining the Republican defeat in that State—talk as if Congress was seeking to establish negro ascendency at the South, and had instituted negro suffrage there for this purpose of malice aforethought. But it is well known that Congress only came to negro suffrage slowly and reluctantly, and after trying another plan, which actually left the government of the Southern States in the hands of the whites. The prompt and cheerful acceptance of the constitutional amendment, though it did not in our opinion exact as much by any means as it ought to have done, would no doubt have satisfied the North sufficiently to have secured the admission of the Southern senators and representatives to their places. The amendment, was, however, deliberately and ostentatiously rejected; not on the ground that the conditions that it contained were hard or unreasonable—this even the Philadelphia Convention did not venture to maintain—but on the ground that the South ought not to be required to submit to any conditions whatever. After this, Congress had two courses open to it. One was to readmit the South without any stipulation or concession whatever, except the acceptance of emancipation as an accomplished fact, leaving the negroes to be subjected to any régime short of re-enslavement that the whites pleased, and taking no security whatever against a repetition of the revolt against the United States Government. The other was to introduce into the work of reconstruction some new element; since the disloyal portion of the Southern population would not do it, to appeal to the loyal.

Now the first of these courses would, it is notorious, have only pleased a very small section of the Northern people. Only a very small minority, and that mainly composed of avowed secessionists, would have been satisfied to see the South return to its place in the Union as if nothing had happened. This is no supposition. It is as well ascertained as anything in politics can be. Most people called for conditions of some kind; and all acknowledged that if any conditions were allowable, those contained in the constitutional amendment were not unreasonable, and were in fact as little as could be asked. There then remained the admission of the negroes to the suffrage, at least for the purpose of electing constitutional conventions. Many people were willing to see the color test abolished, but wanted an educational test substituted for it. To this there were two objections: first, that an educational test, to be of any real value, and to be free of any indirect discrimination against color, had to be imposed not only on those on whom the suffrage had still to be bestowed, but on those already in possession of it. Ignorance is ignorance, whether the voter be a white or a black man. It was, however, admitted that to force the poor Southern whites to learn to read before voting again would be an outrage to which they would not submit. On this no party at the North was prepared to insist; not the Democrats, because they have always opposed the idea that popular intelligence was a political necessity; and not the Republicans, because they, too, in forgetfulness of their earlier creed, were cheated by their anxiety to do the negro justice into proclaiming the suffrage to be the "natural right" of every adult male. Some went further, and maintained even that anybody was competent to decide any question of government by the aid of "common sense." Moreover—and by this consideration the Republicans were perhaps more influenced than by any other—the imposition of an educational test at the present election, that is, at the moment when negro votes were most needed by the nation, would have excluded most of them, and have left the work of reconstruction substantially where it stood. It was said, and with great justice, too, that by admitting all to vote, a pressure would be applied to the whites in favor of popular education which could be applied in no other way; that in no other way could the negroes so well learn their duties as citizens, and in no other way could they so well force the local authorities to do them justice.

It may turn out that Congress, in adopting this latter course, made a mistake; but this does not yet appear, and until it does appear those who oppose it are bound to tell us what they would have done had they had their way. Legislation is not a puzzle intended for the exercise of the wits. It is a means of affecting the lives and happiness of whole communities, and those who criticise it have a higher duty than that of finding fault; they are bound to tell their neighbors how to amend. It is all very well to rail against "negro ascendency," but what ascendency should be substituted for it? Into whose hands, at the South, will you commit the task of reorganizing the government, if not to a majority of the whole people? It is no doubt hard to shut out so many whites because they have taken part in the rebellion; but if you do not like this, are you prepared to let *them* shut out those who did not take part in it, but opposed it with all their might? It is no doubt hard to keep so large a portion of the United States soil so long under military rule, but then what kind of rule would be set up if the military were withdrawn? How would the elections, for instance, be conducted? How large a proportion of the Southern population would enjoy any protection for either life or property? Which is more injurious to free government—the rule of an organized military force, acting under laws passed by a deliberative body, or the rule of the knife and revolver, the vigilance committee and the mob?

These are important questions which every fair-minded man is bound to ask himself, and at least try to answer before he begins railing at Congress. Of the thousands who do rail at it, however, probably not one per cent. give them a moment's consideration. What they do is to put themselves through a grand "high priori" process, in which they arrange the facts to suit themselves, and make them appear something like this: "Here is a large, intelligent community of men of our own race, with an admirable system of law, who, though they have been in rebellion, have submitted with a good grace to defeat. They have emancipated their slaves cheerfully at our request. They know the negro well, and, having been brought up with him, of course feel kindly disposed toward him, and are anxious for his welfare and elevation. Being weak and ignorant, of course the sheriff and police and judges devote more care and attention to his interests than they do to those of white men, and as to the white inhabitants generally, of course they are kind and fair in their dealings with him, as they are deeply interested in his prosperity. Yet Congress, animated by mere spite and malevolence, without the slightest necessity or provocation, has disfranchised a large body of the most intelligent whites, and by giving the suffrage to all the blacks has handed over to them the government of the entire South. We see the result in Virginia."

We have made no attempt to extenuate the result of the late election in Virginia. We have our own opinion of the gentry who have there undertaken the task of "leading" the blacks, and have expressed it very freely. But that such people should get control of the blacks at the outset, and having got control of them should abuse it, was naturally to be expected. The liability of the freedmen to be misled by demagogues on their first entrance into political life is one of the unfortunate results of their having been so long degraded slaves; and the proper medicine for this weakness is, we take it, participation in the government. To regard the existence of the weakness as a reason for not attempting to apply the remedy, is about as sensible as refusing to teach a man to swim owing to the certainty that at first he would probably flounder a good deal and get his head under water.

Moreover, it must not be forgotten that the large negro majorities are due in the main to the intentional abstinence of the whites from voting. A phenomenon of the same kind is by no means unfamiliar at the North—the refusal of the rich and well-educated to vote or take any active interest in public affairs, through disgust or despair or love of ease. It has been and is constantly witnessed in this city, and with deplorable results. New York is governed by as ignorant a class and one more depraved than even the worst of the negroes; but the disgust and neglect of the rich and educated usually call down denunciation

on *them* rather than on the class to which they leave the work of government. Moreover, if we once admit that the negroes ought to be disfranchised wherever the whites choose to abstain from voting, we of course surrender the game. It being once established that if the whites do not vote the negroes are to blame, the whites will stop voting all over the South and leave us to do the rest for them. A more absurd principle it would be impossible to introduce into politics. The true way, in our opinion, to make the whites take their proper part in the government of the South, is to show them that if they choose to sulk they will be ruled by the blacks. If they are once made sure of this, which as yet they are not, we venture to predict they will soon take an active part in elections.

THE POPE AND THE CATHOLIC NATIONS.

The Pope and his advisers, and in fact the Catholic clergy throughout the world, seem to be, with regard to the possession of the Papal territory, in a state of mind somewhat difficult for laymen to understand. They defend their retention of Rome mainly on the ground that, owing to the nature of the Pope's functions and the influence and authority he exercises over men of all nations, it would be very inexpedient for him to become the subject of any other potentate, and this he must do if he relinquishes his temporal sovereignty. Access to him, they say, might be denied by the power in whose dominions he was residing; he might be prohibited from performing certain official acts; or exposed to threats and penalties, or other persecution, in case he did perform them; or might be actually subjected to duress in order to extort spiritual concessions from him, as he was in the time of the first Napoleon. This is a kind of argument with which everybody is familiar, and the force of which anybody who is in the habit of arguing at all can appreciate. It is the ordinary argument drawn from expediency which is used by worldly politicians every day. It owes, however, most of its force to the hypothesis that the Pope's influence has undergone no material modification within the last two hundred years. In some respects, the influence is greater than it was in the last century. His control over the Catholic clergy is much more complete than it was a hundred years ago. Before the French Revolution a Catholic priest in England was a sight rarely seen; in Ireland, he was a wretched fugitive who risked his life every time he said mass or celebrated a marriage. In France, the clergy were a powerful corporation, possessing large landed estates, closely allied with all the great houses of the kingdom, and intensely French in their feeling, pluming themselves rather on being one of the great bodies of the state than a part of the visible Church. There was accordingly, at that time, a "Gallican Church," whose obedience to the Pope was only partial, and which possessed certain well-defined rights and privileges which the Pope dared not infringe. In Germany, there were prince-bishops, with territory of their own, to which they attached more, or at least as much, importance as they did to their sacerdotal dignity, and which tempted, and in fact forced, them into an attitude of independence and often of defiance toward the Papacy, and their spirit infected all the minor clergy.

Since the French Revolution, however, all the great territorial clergy have been swept away. Priests in France are now persons without any social dignity or importance, except what they derive from the nature of their functions, and the importance of their functions of course depends on the power and exaltation of the Church whose ministers they are. They accordingly sink the Frenchman in the priest as they never did in old times, and obey orders from Rome as faithfully and zealously as the prefect obeys those he receives from Paris. The same thing may be said of the Irish Catholic clergy. They have, as a body, come into existence within eighty years, and they serve the Vatican without making any examination of the nature or extent of its powers. The transformation of the clergy into Ultramontanists has not been so thorough in Germany; but it has taken place. Had, in short, the power of the clergy over the people increased within the present century in the ratio of the power of the Pope over the clergy, he would be one of the most formidable potentates in the world. But it has not. Ireland and Bavaria, and perhaps Naples, are the only countries in the world in which the Catholic clergy can be said to possess political power at all, and even there it has greatly diminished. How much it has diminished in Ireland is shown by the history of Fenianism, and by the necessity under which the clergy labor of maintaining an attitude of fierce political hostility to the English Government, in direct opposition to the interests of the Catholic Church in England. The Mannings and Newmans have, in fact, in their efforts to win England back to Catholicism, no more effective opponents than the Cullens and MacHales. To account for the decline of clerical influence, even amongst the most ignorant people in Europe, would require a history of "rationalism." All the forces of modern society have had something to do with it.

The main argument in support of the Pope's political independence, however, is based, as we have said, on the supposition that this influence has undergone no decline at all; that the clergy, in obedience to orders from him, might bring about serious political complications, and that any European sovereign who got the Pope into his possession might use him as a cat's-paw for the annoyance of his neighbors. This, as we have before said, is an argument we can all understand and appreciate; but perhaps the very best reply to it is the indifference of all the Catholic monarchs as to where he resides. It is very doubtful whether any Catholic power would object in the least to his taking up his abode in Buckingham Palace or at Potsdam, if he chose to go. In so far as they are troubled at all just now by what is taking place at Rome, they are troubled by his grief and uneasiness rather than by any anxiety as to his probable domicile. All Catholics of high rank in Europe, whether they care anything about Catholicism or not, have an old feudal feeling of attachment to the Pope's person. Reverence for him and his office has been for ages an essential element in Continental gentlemanhood, one of the marks of good birth and breeding, like loyalty to the king; and there are probably thousands in Europe today afflicted by the sight of the old man's troubles who have never been to confession, or perhaps to mass, since their mothers made them take their "first communion," and to whom the ordinary priest is a sorry personage. There is an abundance of this feeling in Austria and Bavaria and amongst the French Legitimists. The great body of the French people are interested in him rather because France has had him under her protection, and because it will never do for France to be foiled by Italy, than because his Holiness is to them anything especially sacred. In the French army there are probably very few officers and men who would give a glass of absinthe for his Holiness's blessing, or who care a rush who holds Rome, provided French honor is safe.

The relations of the Irish patriots to the Holy See form a curious subject of study. The Irish are, perhaps, at this moment—always excepting the Tyrolese—the most pious Catholics in Europe, but, like so many other things about them, their piety almost defies analysis. It seems to have a very large political element in it. They are, for instance, furiously Catholic in their professions and beat even the Tyrolese in outward devotion to their clergy, but this seems to be mainly due to the fact that England is Protestant, for of late years the clergy have been unable to restrain any political movement against England. This seems to lead one to the conclusion that their Catholic zeal is wholly political; but anybody who took this view of it would soon find himself totally mistaken, for he would find that everywhere out of the British Isles they cared nothing for political considerations whatever and all for religious ones. For instance, on the Continent their sympathies have always run with arbitrary power and against liberalism, provided the monarch were a good Catholic. They sided with Austria against Hungary and Italy and Prussia, with the King of Naples against his own subjects, with the Queen of Spain against hers, with the Pope against everybody. There has not been a tyrant, bigot, or oppressor, no matter how cruel or unscrupulous, on the stage of European politics for the last forty years who has not found a thoroughgoing apologist in the Irish Catholic press, except the Emperor of Russia. Poland being Catholic, they have poured out the vials of their wrath on him pretty freely, though they have no special liking for the Poles. To cap the climax, the Irish Catholics no sooner began to be a power in American politics than they threw their weight on the side of slavery, mainly, as we have always believed, owing to the predominance of the Puritan element in the anti-slavery party.

Whether the Pope leave Rome, therefore, or stay in it as a political

dependent of the King of Italy, it would make no essential change in his relations to Catholic nations. In the first place, according to the ecclesiastical doctors themselves, it is not in human power to weaken his authority over the visible Church. Had this doctrine been preached a little less vigorously, doubtless he would now be likely to receive more assistance from the arm of flesh; but his children have been so constantly assured that the gates of hell cannot prevail against him, that they look on at his struggle with the gates in question with unnatural and unfilial calm. In the next place, even if his influence over Catholic nations were greater than it is, any attempt to force him to use it under dictation would produce a prodigious reaction in his favor, and certainly cover his persecutor with confusion. The great and real reason after all for his staying in Rome is that he has always lived there; in the Catholic Church long usage has almost the force of law. Moreover, he is there surrounded by the paraphernalia of his office—his churches, his ruins, his relics, and the vast collections of antiquarian remains of which he has for thirteen hundred years been the faithful guardian. Nobody but a barbarian would ever seek to chase him out of the Vatican or close on him the doors of St. Peter's. The claim the Church doctors make that the Papal territory belongs to the Church by divine right, as property of a peculiarly sacred kind, is, of course, a claim to which a modern politician has no reply to make. In modern society, when a man attempts to tax people or lock them up by virtue of an express commission from the Almighty, there is rarely any attempt made to confute him, either by new or different interpretations, or counter visions and revelations. The received practice now is to knock him down or tie him up and go on one's way; and it is in this fashion that the claimants of "the patrimony of St. Peter" will probably at last find themselves disposed of. But we should nevertheless be sorry to see the Italians ever become ashamed of the Papacy.

The achievements of ancient Rome are a very precious heritage for any nation to possess; but so, let us add, are the achievements of the Catholic Church. We do not mean by this the work she did in Christianizing the barbarians or in keeping the lamp of learning alive in the dark ages, though these were grand things to do. We mean the prodigious example of organizing power, of power of moral rule, which the Italian race through her has displayed. Italians are just now somewhat in disrepute. The affairs of the new kingdom are not going well. The great statesmen who brought about Italian independence have perished untimely, and their survivors have been displaying in these latter days enthusiasm rather than judgment, zeal rather than knowledge, the virtues of agitators and dreamers rather than those of soldiers and politicians. But to all doubters and sneerers at Italian capacity for government, Italians need no better reply than to point to the Papacy which so many of them at this moment regard as at once their enemy and their shame. There has never been in the world a more extraordinary example of what may be done by pure mind and pure will than the Church affords; and it ought not to be forgotten that the men who built the Church up as an organization, who framed its body of law, who spread the network of its rule over the earth, who have perpetuated it to this hour, and who supply its emissaries with the energy which throbs even more fiercely along the outer verge of civilization than it does in Rome itself, are and have always been Italians. In the Church, in fact, Italy may be said to have for a second time conquered the world.

COMPULSORY HYGIENE.

THERE are some symptoms of reaction in England in the matter of athletic exercises. Mr. Charles Roundell, a fellow of Merton College, Oxford, who has himself been a boating man of some eminence, has recently testified before the Parliamentary Commission that in his opinion athletic pursuits at the great universities are becoming a "nuisance" and are interfering sadly with study; that the prevailing addiction to them, moreover, has made proficiency in them, in the estimation of the undergraduates, the highest kind of merit, scholastic excellence only secondary, and, in fact, when not combined with physical power, in some degree contemptible. There are various other symptoms that, in the eyes of all the more thoughtful of the younger men, the muscular régime is undergoing nearly as great a decline as it has undergone in Mr. Roundell's, and it is not impossible that should the movement now in progress to throw the universities open to a poorer class of students than those who at present frequent them be successful, a much smaller proportion of the undergraduates would be interested in athletic sports, and they would become in a greater degree than at present the amusement of the rich and ostentatiously idle. That they will ever cease to hold a high place in the estimation of a large mass of young Englishmen as long as the English social organization is what it is, and the English upper classes able to extract as much enjoyment out of country life as they now do, is very unlikely. But they may very readily get to be ostentatiously eschewed, as they have been in times past, by young men who have their own way to make in the world, who are fond of study, and who want to take a high place as scholars. In fact, it is easy to see how very readily pale faces, thin fingers, bright eyes, "midnight oil," and "frail tenements" for lofty spirits might once more become as fashionable amongst students as they were fifty years ago and less.

In this country the danger of such a reaction is even greater than in England. There has during the last seven or eight years been a great rage amongst us for "physical culture." The "professors of hygiene," both the light and heavy weights, have had a royal time. The magazines have been deluged with discourses upon the dignity of the body, and the duty of keeping it in good condition. Gymnasia and bowling-alleys were, in the first fever of the enthusiasm, opened at some of the colleges, where not very many years ago such appendages would have been considered snares set by Satan for the unwary. Even private families in the country towns took to bowling as a useful amusement. A passion for skating too spread, especially amongst young women, resulting not only in great benefit to their health, but in the production of some very sweet things in boots and petticoats. Some games, such as base-ball and cricket and boat-racing, have received an impetus which they have not yet lost, and perhaps will not lose, amongst a large class of young men.

There are now, nevertheless, symptoms of a reaction. The skating fever has unquestionably subsided. Horseback exercise in this city has decidedly fallen off, and we venture to say has fallen off too in those country towns in which ten years ago it was prevalent. Large numbers of bowling-alleys have been converted into lumber, and we fear the regular *habitués* of the college gymnasia might be counted on one's fingers. The "light gymnastics" still hold their own, but it is mainly amongst children, who have to take them as part of their school training. The attempts of the professors to get adults to take "rhythmic drill" have not generally been successful. Boating continues at one or two colleges, but not over ten per cent., if so many, of any one class take part in it. There are, it is true, in most of the colleges a set of young men who, though not specially interested in their general health, are interested in their muscular development, and who feel the flexors and extensors of their arms from day to day with considerable solicitude. But, on the whole, we think it may be said that "physical culture" is losing ground amongst us, although we do not mean to say that we are at all likely to fall back to the point at which the late rage for it found us.

There are, however, special reasons why in American colleges it should not be left to individual taste or inclination. There is in Mr. A. D. White's report on the Cornell University a hint about compulsory gymnastics as part of a regular college training which is well worthy of serious consideration. The reproach levelled by the "Goths" against the "Classicists," that with all their fondness for the ancient world they have neglected to imitate its appreciation of gymnastics, is legitimate enough. Whether we look at the universities, as the Goths look at them, as places in which young men ought to learn a money-making trade; or, as the Classicists look at them, as places in which young men are to get general cultivation of their minds, the value of physical culture as part of a course of training for active life is equally undeniable. It is not in the least necessary for a young man's success in life that he should be able to pull a certain number of strokes to the minute in a boat, or to "put up" a hundred pounds weight of dumb-bell, or to trot seven miles an hour, but it is necessary, in order that college training should be of any real service to him, that he have a good digestion. The theory of the value of great muscular power to general efficiency in life, which the Muscular Christians preached with some success for a good many years, has been completely upset by the now well-recognized doctrine, that, for practical purposes, the condition of the internal organs, the heart, lungs, and stomach, is the important matter, and that, unless these are strong and well developed, a man with immense lifting or boxing or walking power may be a mere weed. And it is well known that a man may be capable of great exertion of muscular strength on "a spurt" without having these organs by any means well developed. It is the condition of the internal viscera, too, rather than of the external muscle, which seems to affect character, in so far as character can be affected

by the body at all. The pugilist has been held in low repute morally from the very earliest days as a man on whom little dependence could be placed in circumstances calling for prolonged display of courage and fortitude—a striking illustration of the small moral value of "training," although in our day a great deal is claimed for it under this head by boating men and even by the patrons of the P. R. They tell us that it gives young men an invaluable lesson in temperance, chastity, self-control, and other cognate virtues. It is a curious and instructive fact that the one man whom Xenophon held up to execration, by name, as a skulker and coward and marauder, during the retreat of the Ten Thousand, was a distinguished Thessalian pugilist—and this in an age when pugilists occupied a very respectable social position.

Although, therefore, the acquisition of muscle by a young man may do nothing either for his health or character or worldly prospects, it is certain as anything of the kind can be that all three of them depend largely on the state of his digestion. There is hardly a doubt that there is no walk in life in which, other things being equal, the prizes are not won by the man who has the best stomach. He is pretty sure to have the clearest head, the strongest hope, the greatest fortitude, most power of sustained labor, and most elasticity under reverses. He is pretty sure, too, to have most power of acquisition. It must be remembered that we have said "other things being equal." No facility in digesting food will, of course, put a blockhead on a level with a man of talent, or a constitutional sluggard on a level with a conscientious and pertinacious drudge. But the rule is sufficiently near accuracy for educational purposes, and it is from the point of view of collegiate training that we are talking of it. Moreover, we do not put forward these views with regard to digestion as something novel and original. They are now tolerably trite, and may be found set forth with great abundance of illustration and ornament in some hundreds of magazine articles, "student's guides," and lectures on "hygiene" and physical culture. We reiterate them simply for the purpose of suggesting the query whether colleges are any more justified in giving a degree to a man who neglects his health than to a man who neglects his studies; whether, success in the acquisition of knowledge and in all professional careers depending so largely on health, and health depending so largely on exercise, the taking of exercise should be left optional with students, any more than their acquisition of a certain amount of Greek or Latin or mathematics. We suspect it would be rather more difficult for a professor to show a young man the connection between the ability to translate Homer and success in life, than between daily practice in the gymnasium and success in life.

There remains of course the difficult question of deciding how physical exercise could be made a part of a college course; how a college faculty could exact a good digestion of students as a qualification for a degree; in what way allowance could be made for constitutional and irremediable delicacy. It would hardly do to serve out rations of tough beefsteak or salt pork to the graduating class, and watch the effect upon them during the ensuing twenty-four hours. Of course anything so novel presents at the outset a great many difficulties of detail, and it would be easy enough to conjure up a long string of very amusing ones. But, however troublesome it might be to enforce a regulation requiring students to keep well, there would be no more difficulty in compelling them to take a certain amount of physical exercise every day than there is in compelling West Point cadets to learn to drill or ride on horseback. There is a wide-spread belief, which the professors of hygiene have done much to foster, that in order for exercise to have a good effect on the digestion, it must be voluntary and must be agreeable in its nature—must, for instance, be taken in pleasing society, or in fine scenery, or to the sound of inspiriting music. Of course, exercise taken under such circumstances is likely to be more beneficial than exercise taken as a task; but it is a great mistake to suppose that exercise taken as a task is not beneficial at all. Nearly all the hard physical labor of the world is done as detestable drudgery. Most of it, too, is very inadequately rewarded, and is uncheered by much hope or imagination; and yet the men who do it, if not overtasked and decently fed, are nearly all healthy and can digest anything. Hod-carrying is perhaps the most repulsive and monotonous kind of paid labor; and yet hod-carriers do not know what dyspepsia is, and can sleep at any hour and in any posture. A walk or a solitary ride on horseback, taken as a "constitutional," is commonly spoken of as something intolerable; but a man who was forced to take one every day would unquestionably be a more valuable man, and enjoy more happiness on the whole, than a man who, needing it equally and finding it equally repulsive, did not take it. Most young men find all college exercises repulsive, and hate to have their minds "disciplined" through Greek or Latin or mathematics; but it is not generally acknowledged by professors that the disagreeableness of the process in any appreciable degree lessens the value of the discipline.

As matters stand, both gymnasia and lectures on physical culture, as long as exercise is left optional, are in nine cases out of ten useless. Labor of body is, to nearly all young men, nearly as repulsive as labor of mind. To those on whom sedentary habits are firmly fixed, regular exercise is tenfold more repulsive than study. The more muscles need use, the more they recoil from it. Exertion is to nobody so dreadful as to the dyspeptic; so that, unless it is made compulsory, physical culture is not very likely to play a great part for any length of time in any place of education. The present rage for developing muscle, and producing the faculty of making great exertions for a short period, is practically worthless, has led to nothing, and will lead to nothing. It produces no permanent effect on the health; those who are most affected by it are, before they begin to develop muscle at all, the strongest and healthiest of their class, and are apt to be the least studious. Their number, too, is very small, and their example powerless.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, October 18, 1867.

A VERY curious lawsuit, that has been pending for over thirty years, between the crown and a private individual, has just been terminated by a verdict in favor of the latter, a Mademoiselle Pallix, who, after an heroic struggle, during which she has employed her last cent in the defence of her rights, now finds herself repaid for all her efforts and anxieties by the possession of property worth a million and a half of francs.

It appears that, in 1833, Flora Hyacinth Pallix, who supported herself by teaching the harp in this city, inherited through the death of her father, George Pallix, money-changer, the famous lawsuit in question, dating from the middle of last century, and growing out of a contested claim to a portion of the shore in the neighborhood—equally rich in natural beauty and in historic and traditional associations—of the abbey fortress so well known in the religious and political struggles of the Middle Ages as "Mount Saint Michael in Peril of the Sea."

The fame of Mount Saint Michael dates from the earliest ages of the Christian faith. It is a steep, rocky hill, surrounded by the sea at every tide, and accessible only by a single winding pathway cut in the substance of the rock; on the top of the elevation is the village, and above the village the fortified abbey with its magnificent cathedral—one of the wonders of old French architecture—its splendid library and unrivalled views, and its terrible dungeons. In ancient times the jurisdiction of the abbey extended far and wide over the adjacent shores, flat and shallow, which are left bare for miles by the receding tide. Immense lines of dyke meet the eye in every direction, enabling the patient industry of the people to reclaim large portions of the shore thus protected from the sea. Occasionally, however, the sea breaks through the dykes, destroys in an hour the work of years, and spreads ruin among the peasantry. The vast extent of sands lying round the Mount is constantly traversed by the people of the region; but no trace of roads is visible. The sea twice a day obliterates all sign of travel, hollows out new channels for the streams that flow into the bay, and leaves shifting patches of quicksands, all the more dangerous that their position is constantly changing, which have swallowed up, in the course of ages, a goodly army of men and beasts. The region is subject, moreover, to a visitation of heavy sea-fogs, frequently fatal to travellers who, losing their way, are unable to get across the bay before they are overtaken by the returning tide; to certain species of mirage; and to various striking atmospheric effects. In the olden time it was the scene of many battles, and the possession of the Mount was hotly contested on many occasions by the English and French. The monks were stout soldiers, and handled the pike and the culverin with all the skill and zeal of experienced warriors. The fishermen and seaweed-gatherers are always busy there; but even at this day the number who perish on these formidable sands is considerable. No part of France is richer in legends—wild, pathetic, terrible—than the neighborhood of the Mount Saint Michael.

The lawsuit which constituted the sole bequest of the old money-changer to his daughter was begun by the heirs of a certain Quinette de la Hogue, who had succeeded in obtaining, in 1754, a grant of all the shore about the Mount. This grant roused a violent opposition on the part of the monks of the Mount, of the various seignorial families of the region, and of the peasants of the entire country-side, all of whom had been accustomed, from time immemorial, to pasture their sheep and cattle on the waste lands in question, and to gather along its edges the seaweed which constitutes, when burned, the favorite manure of Normandy, and was then, as now, an important item of the exports of the region. The dispute was terminated

by a legal decision of the Parliament of Paris declaring that the shores of France belonged solely to the king, who could dispose of them at his pleasure. But the local opposition to what was regarded as a shameful piece of favoritism was far from being quelled by this decision. The Parliament of Normandy refused to register the royal deed giving the ownership of the shore in question to Quinette de la Hogue, and a decree of the first Napoleon, in 1805, annulled the original grant as "having been obtained by illicit means," and restricted the claim of the Quinette family to a certain specified extent of the shore as an indemnity.

But this concession proved the ruin of the Quinettes. Not only were they to enter upon an interminable series of lawsuits to enforce their claims, but the grant of indemnity had been saddled with a clause providing that they should construct a dyke to protect certain portions of the land granted to them against the inroads of the sea, and should cultivate others believed to be safe from the action of that capricious and dangerous foe. As the Normans are born with a genius for legal quibbles and a passion for lawsuits, and as the line of the sea is never the same for a fortnight together on the curious shore in question, the Quinettes could never succeed in making good their position against either. In 1793 the people of the region rose against the Quinettes, took forcible possession of the land claimed by them, and divided it among themselves. In 1796 the Quinettes succeeded in obtaining the protection of General Hoche, who was then in command of "the army of the shores of the ocean," and four hundred acres of the contested soil were assigned to the Quinettes on a payment of five francs per acre.

But their troubles were by no means over, the people of the region using every method of annoying and injuring them, and trespassing incessantly on their property. In 1803 an order of the minister of justice reaffirmed their rights, and granted them the ownership of all the shores not already cultivated by other parties, but on condition that they turned back into its original bed the most dangerous of all the rivers that empty themselves into St. Michael's Bay—the Couesnon—whose capricious wanderings threatened the dykes and endangered the existence of the arable land they protect. In order to execute these costly works, the Quinettes came to Paris to find the necessary funds. This they accomplished by the sale of certain portions of the land granted to them; Pallix being one of the parties to the transaction, and thus acquiring the title to eleven hundred acres ("to be chosen by him, at his pleasure, among the shore-lands and banks of the sea around St. Michael's Mount"), which have been the object of incessant litigation up to the present time. The Quinettes, however, failed to execute their contracts by the specified time, and the crown resumed possession of the entire grant, "reserving the rights of any *bonâ fide* claimants."

Pallix now claimed the eleven hundred acres purchased by him of the Quinettes. The crown contested his title; but in 1835 the Tribunal of the Seine declared it to be valid, coupling its recognition of his title with a demand for the payment of 270,000frs. still remaining unpaid upon the purchase. In order to set aside this demand, it was necessary for Mlle. Pallix to pay within twenty days a registration fee of 21,000frs. The young lady not being able to furnish this sum within the legal delay, was then called upon to pay the double fee of 42,000frs. The energetic efforts of Mlle. Pallix succeeded at length in obtaining the remission of the double fee, and the sentence of the Tribunal of the Seine was duly signified to the council of the crown domains. The latter declared its willingness to put the heiress in possession of her rights, and sent a commission to Mount Saint Michael to proceed to the giving up of the lands. But the sea had been busy; many of the portions claimed had disappeared, and only 143 acres were offered to Mlle. Pallix. But she, strong in her title, demanded the entire amount to which she laid claim, and set an army of work-people to dig a deep ditch round the portion of ground which, according to the terms of the deed, she was entitled to "choose at pleasure among the shores" of the bay. Unable to complete the sum promised by her father to the Quinettes, the original claim to 1,100 acres was reduced to 561 acres, and this quantity of land she took and enclosed.

The crown, about this time, farmed out to a company the right of making dykes on the shores of St. Michael's Mount, one provision of the grant being the assumption by the new company of all the lawsuits then pending against the domain of the crown. But Mlle. Pallix refused to accept this substitution, and continued to sue the crown, whose administrators no longer replied to her summons; and it is only after a series of efforts on her part, the account of which reads like a romance, that the penniless heiress has succeeded in obtaining against the crown the definitive verdict which enables her to take actual possession of her property, gives her damages for delays and retention of her property, which, since the verdict in her favor of 1861, now amount to 460,000frs., and renders her *bonâ fide* mistress of the lands of her choice. These being mostly rich pasturages in excellent condition, are worth, as already stated, a million and a half of francs. The obscure and friendless orphan who has passed the prime of her life in battling for her rights may now, if so minded, buy the hand of a needy duke or prince of half her years, and find herself on the threshold of old age surrounded by all the luxury and adulation which may so easily be purchased in this country with the half of her actual fortune.

GARIBALDI'S POSITION.

FLORENCE, October 9, 1867.

THE Roman question, which now occupies the mind of Europe, presented itself to Italians under very different aspects before and after the convention of September, 1864. Previous to that contract stipulated with France the King of Italy and his Government had, by their acceptance of the *plebiscite* of 1860, pledged themselves to the completion of Italian unity, with Rome for the capital. By that treaty they renounced Rome and fixed on Florence as the capital. Previously, the Government was perfectly justified in preventing Garibaldi from marching on Rome, and did so hinder him on the mountains of Aspromonte; its crime on that occasion was to have fired on him unnecessarily. Surrounded by 20,000 men, Garibaldi, who shrinks from shedding Italian blood, would have been compelled to renounce his enterprise; hence the rifle bullet that maimed him for life was, we repeat, *de trop;* but from a legal point of view the opposition of the Government to individual initiative was perfectly legitimate. But after the convention, the Government having failed in its compact with the people of Italy, binding itself by a later compact with France to *not* crown national unity with Rome, the right of individual initiative reverts to its original possessors, and Garibaldi, the representative of the people, reappears to claim it.

Six months after the exit of the French troops from Rome, Garibaldi in fact abandoned Caprera and came to the Continent to feel the pulse of the nation, to prevent the realization of certain reactionary schemes which the Government, supported by the Papists, was preparing to put into execution. You will remember that in February the Ricasoli cabinet had presented a bill which, taxing ecclesiastical property to the amount of six hundred millions, left the clergy sole proprietors of the remainder; and, in order to ensure their undisturbed possession of the same, obliged them to transmute their landed estates into personal property to be administered by the bishops, thus perpetuating a formidable ecclesiastical oligarchy whose rule over human consciences would be vastly increased by the material means ensured. That bill, moreover, freed the Holy See from all obligations to the state both in the nomination of bishops and in the relations between those bishops and that state. Had that bill passed, not only would it have been impossible for Rome ever to become the capital of Italy, but it was clear that the Catholic Church, restored to its ancient omnipotence by the increase of its property, by the preponderance of its bishoprics, by its absolute independence of the state, would have fomented civil war from one end to the other of the peninsula—plunged Italy into the anarchy of the Middle Ages.

Garibaldi arrived in Florence just as Ricasoli had dissolved the Chamber of Deputies, which had with one voice rejected his bill, and just as clerical reaction was at its height. Visiting for the first time the Venetian provinces, he commenced his crusade against priests and papacy in the midst of populations which, ever since 1850, had been infested with *Paolotism*, and was welcomed by them with a frenzied passion which at times seemed akin to delirium. Meanwhile, the new elections proving unfavorable to Ricasoli, for this and other reasons he resigned, and was succeeded by the Ratazzian cabinet, a change which produced a singular alteration in the mutual position of parties in the House as soon as the premier—leaving his financial minister, Ferrara, and his ecclesiastical bill in the lurch—accepted the counter project proposed by the Chamber, which, with slight modifications, became law. To the Left or opposition, composed of whilom members of the party of action, Ratazzi held out the olive branch; they accepted it, and in return for their support it was agreed that their leaders should have their due share of the "portfolios." But before Crispi could take his seat as Minister of the Interior Garibaldi must be induced to return to Caprera, must be persuaded that Marsala expeditions were gone out of fashion, and that diplomacy could alone cut the Gordian knot. But Garibaldi turned a deaf ear to all such suggestions, and replied: "To Rome! To Rome! Rome is the capital of Italy. Italy must enter that capital. The government may have renounced it; the nation stands firm. To Rome!" On this all the Roman exiles clustered round him; committees of all hues and colors

within Rome were fused in *one*, and established direct communication with him; the languishing conspiracy was revived; money and arms were collected and sent; the Italian press discussed; Garibaldi left Lombardy and Venetia for Tuscany; sped from city to city along the Roman frontier; harangued the populations on "priests, papacy, and black vomit from which Italy must be purged"; and at Orvieto garrison and populace re-echoed his cry, "To Rome! To Rome!" Thus the old question of Rome became once more the question of the day. The Left, foreseeing the possibility of a second Aspromonte, declined the seats in the cabinet then pressed on them, remained friends with Ratazzi, and exhausted every effort to induce Garibaldi to desist from his enterprise. Finding their efforts vain, they commenced indirect opposition to the movement by attempting to fix the eyes of the nation on internal reforms and organization. With one or two exceptions all the opposition members kept aloof from their old general, hoping that, on finding himself deserted by his best officers, he would return in dudgeon to Caprera. Garibaldi did not even appear to be conscious of their tactics. When he came across them he was courteous and cordial as ever; when he spoke of them by chance no resentment appeared. Whether he felt that he could do without them, or thought, "Let 'em alone, and they 'll come home," he alone knows; certain it is that he went on with his organization as placidly and uninterruptedly as in the old Neapolitan days when Crispi and his followers were at his feet. On this the Left condescended to negotiate, and Garibaldi conceded that insurrection in Rome should precede any armed invasion from the free states; and the Left, believing what one of their members had publicly affirmed, that syrup instead of blood circulated in Roman veins, trusted that for the time being the "Question" was sent to the Greek Kalends. But Garibaldi, in order to effect a chemical transformation of the circulating syrup, inundated the provinces with young, thoroughbred scions of the old Marsala breed, in whose veins there was blood, and the last hopes of the Left abandoned them. Meanwhile, General Dumont, by order of the French Minister of War, arrived in Rome to recognize the Antibes legion; to remind the members thereof that they were French soldiers and citizens, entitled to French protection and rewards, amenable to French laws and punishments. Then followed Niel's letter confirming all that Dumont had said, and setting the Imperial signet thereunto. On this open and flagrant violation of the convention of September, the *Riforma*, organ of the Left, thus addressed the Government: "The convention no longer exists; you are free; act as the interests and honor of Italy bid you act." But the Government had no intention of following this wise advice; and the Left, instead of insisting on Garibaldi's being allowed to proceed with his work, or on the Government taking it out of his hands and doing it for him, dropped its voice several notes and felt "assured that the Government would deal firmly and with dignity with the convention-violating France."

The ministry, which never yet had dared to be either firm or dignified with the French Emperor, watched with ever-increasing terror Garibaldi's movements; the concentration of the Garibaldian element; the generally increasing agitation; 40,000 troops were *échelonèd* along the frontier; and Garibaldi, not unmindful of the story of Aspromonte, made a strategical movement on Geneva. "So!" said the Government and the leaders of the Left, "Garibaldi is convinced at last that the 'syrup' admits of no chemical combination, and, disheartened and indignant, he has postponed his enterprise and is going to pour out his delusions and aspirations at the Peace Congress." For three days Ratazzi breathed freely, and the Left returned to their dreams of ambition. Garibaldi at Geneva merely rehearsed his usual part, "Papacy must be annihilated;" "Slaves have the right to make war on their tyrants;" then by the precise *diligence*, on the very day and hour that he had fixed before quitting Italy, he recrossed the Simplon, and on the 29th reappeared in Florence. Strange to say, all his best men had crossed the frontier during his absence, and on the 23d he convoked his "friends" at Arezzo to listen to the first report from the "Romans." On the eve of the 21st appeared the official "warning"; he was besides privately assured that he would be arrested if he attempted to cross the frontier. On the 22d he left Florence with but three friends, leaving everything organized, and allowing none of the leaders of the future movement to travel with him. On the same day he reached Arezzo, where, as we learned later, orders were issued for his arrest; but, surrounded as he was by the entire populace, the prefect telegraphed "impossible." On the following day he was arrested in bed at Sinalunga, a village of some 1,200 inhabitants. He did not expect this measure, seeing that he had as yet violated no law, was yet fifty miles from the frontier, and was as a deputy inviolable; but as far as I can judge from his demeanor he considered his personal presence as of little consequence. "Was not Menotti at his post, and Deputies Acerbi, Cucchi, Cairoli, Micele, Nicotera, Cadolini, Carbonelli, Fabbuzzi—had they not all 'come home,' leaving at the eleventh hour their diplomatic chieftain in the lurch?"

Be that as it may, he was conveyed to Alessandria, let fly from the train a proclamation calling on the Romans to assert the right of slaves, on the Italians to help them even though fifty Garibaldis should be arrested. When the news spread—and it was carefully concealed for twelve hours—Italy was convulsed: but that everywhere the troops refused to fire on the people and the people naturally enough refrained from offending the troops, we should have had the September massacres repeated in Milan and Florence, Turin, Bologna, Naples, and Genoa. The garrison of Alessandria, *i. e.*, the 41st and 42d regiments and the *corps franco*, assembling under his windows, shouted "Release Garibaldi," "To Rome with Garibaldi." He could have marched out of Alessandria at the head of these troops—the Government itself does not deny this—but he preached, instead, discipline and order, and took the advice of "certain friends," who informed him that his imprisonment would be fatal to the Roman insurrection, whereas if he chose to go to Caprera he could do so, free and without condition, and that a steamer would be sent immediately to reconduct him to the Continent. He consented, went to Caprera, and on attempting to return to the Continent by the mail steamer was seized by the Government steamer *Sesia* and conveyed back to Caprera, where he is now kept prisoner and guarded night and day by four men-of-war and innumerable gunboats. These are the facts briefly stated. Who the "friends" were that induced him to quit Alessandria matters little. His son and all the seceding deputies as soon as they heard of the mission went to prevent its effectuation—too late. Let us hope that the "friends" were deceived, and not deceivers at any rate, the service that they rendered to Ratazzi was such as "the opposition" has never yet rendered to a Government before. Had troops and populace combined—and we have proofs that in Turin as in Alessandria, in Florence as in Turin, they meant so to do—where now would be the cabinet of Palazzo Pitti?

The *Riforma* has at length opened a subscription for the insurrection. The *Opinione Nazionale*, Ratazzi's own organ, says piteously: "We did what we could to prevent any violation of our international compact; if the frontier was too long, and the volunteers too cunning, and our troops too few, how could we help the Garibaldians getting in?"

The Cable will bring you the upshot of the whole affair long before this letter reaches New York. I am assured at this moment that the Italian regular troops are to cross the frontier to-day. The only question that remains to be solved is, Are they to guard the city of Rome against the volunteers and insurgents for his Holiness, and will they be able to do this without coming to blows?

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The Week.

Mr. Johnson has not opened his lips, as far as the public is concerned, since the election—a remarkable instance of reticence; and what is more significant is, that "Our Washington Correspondent" has transferred his attentions from the President to General Grant. The finest stories even of the indefatigable emissary of the Boston *Post* are now told about the latter, and we think the public will be able to derive a good deal of amusement during the winter from the newspaper operations of which Grant will be the "objective." We are already treated to full, true, and particular accounts of important conversations with him by one correspondent, which another the next day pronounces "base fabrications." As might have been expected, Colonel Forney is early on the scene, and is defending Grant against all comers in his two newspapers. Thus far no impression seems to have been made on Grant's reserve. The complaints that nobody knows "where he stands" seem to grow louder. The Philadelphia *Morning Post* accordingly solemnly warns the Radicals to keep clear of him, and appeals to their pride "to meet his silence with silence more profound;" "to go their way, and, if General Grant believes as they believe, to let him come to them." There is such a thing as being too proud, however, and we would strongly recommend the Radicals not to stand too much on their dignity with Grant or anybody else just at present. It is safe to say that nothing has thus far been elicited from him of much value to politicians, and the court that is being paid him, and the general interest evinced in his opinions, are remarkable only as showing the general concurrence in the belief that the result of the late elections secures him the Republican nomination if he will have it. We venture to predict that henceforward Mr. Johnson will receive but a small share of public attention.

The opinion which many people have all along entertained, that the Republican party owed most of its successes to Democratic follies and excesses, seems likely to receive fresh support within the coming six months. There is very little doubt that had the South not taken to passing outrageous "black codes," subjecting the negroes to a system of repression little short of slavery, immediately after the war, it would have got back into the Union under a very mild constitutional amendment. This brought on the break-up of Mr. Johnson's "policy," and persistence in the display of hostility to the blacks finally won the North over to negro suffrage. The wild behavior of the Republican chiefs has now led to a slight reaction, by which the South and the Democrats, by lying very quiet and even affecting moderation, might possibly profit. But, strange as it may seem, so far from having learnt anything by experience, they seem determined once more to wear out Northern patience, and rouse the public, wearied as it is of the whole business of reconstruction, into a revival of anti-Southern zeal. *The World* is already showing, with great elaboration, that it will be quite easy for the Forty-first Congress, should it have a Democratic majority, to allow the whites to overturn the State governments which the present Congress may set up, disfranchise the negroes, and send new representatives and senators under the old constitutions; for, it says, if one Congress may decide that no government is republican in which persons are prevented from voting on account of their color, another Congress may decide that no government is republican which has been forced on the people by military force. When one reads disquisitions of this sort, one sees how very able men may sometimes be too "cute" for their own good. Practically, it makes no difference to Southerners what the origin of their government is—whether it was drawn up by a negro convention or revealed to Thaddeus Stevens in a dream. The important question for them is whether, under the Constitution now likely to be adopted and recognized by Congress, the whites will have a fair chance, within a reasonable period, of reassuming the influence in the local government to which their numbers, their wealth, and their mental and moral status entitle them. No reasonable man can deny that they will have this chance—that if the whites behave wisely the negro majorities cannot be maintained in any State, and that, the negro majorities gone, of course negro ascendency is gone also.

We spoke a fortnight ago of the inaccuracy of calling the Democratic party a Conservative party in any good sense of the word, and endeavored to show that there are in this country, and in the present mental condition of the people, no materials for a Conservative party, properly so called, and maintained that the two great parties would consist hereafter of the corrupt and ignorant and vicious on one side, and of the enlightened or at least intelligent and moral on the other. One or two striking illustrations of this are just occurring. The Irish in San Francisco are waging a furious crusade against the poor Chinese, whom they rob and maltreat and murder almost with impunity, and are endeavoring to drive out of the country. They have hitherto been restrained in some degree by the city police, but they now demand, as the price of their assistance in achieving the late Democratic victory, that the police organization be remodelled and placed under influences favorable to their peculiar views of civil and political rights. In like manner, one of the first exploits of the Democratic majority in the new Legislature at Albany will doubtless be the repeal of the excise law, and this not for the benefit of the sober, orderly, beer-drinking Germans, but for that of the whiskey-drinking, stabbing, and shooting Irish, who, man for man, exercise probably twice as much political influence as the Germans.

The first of the new reconstruction conventions has met in Alabama, where, if anywhere, the negro is the State. It tabled a proposition to abolish the present State government—which dates from Mr. Johnson's reconstruction days—and fill all offices with men who could take the "iron-clad" oath. This was, as we understand it, a mere matter of machinery, and was not due to faint-heartedness on the part

of the Radicals. General Pope, to be sure, told the Republican State Committee "that it would never do to give up at this stage of the game," a remark which seems to imply that the effects of the Northern elections were dampening to the Radical courage. But they have made a constitution which, to judge it by vague accounts, is proscriptive enough, to say the least, and it is to be submitted to the people before the negroes change residence about New Year's. A full list of State officers will be voted on at the same time—that being General Pope's advice, who thought the majority of all registered voters, which is required by the law of Congress, could thus be got to vote more certainly than if the acceptance of the Constitution were the only issue presented. Apparently the convention did not want for good advice.

The white citizens of Richmond are, of course, intensely disgusted at the result of the recent election in that city, and it would have been possible beforehand to predict almost the precise terms in which they would indignantly protest against it. "To illustrate the fraudulent manner in which the election was managed," is the respectful language of some of them to General Schofield, who may be called the manager of it; "so-called election," is another of their phrases; "a fact which is its own comment," is another; and of course there are plenty of charges of negro brutality, of gross partiality towards the negroes on the part of the United States officers, and various absurd stories of the kind which ring round a party club-room on the evening after a lost election, and the "workers" are perhaps a little drunk and a good deal enraged and discouraged. General Schofield's reply to the protest is an admirable letter, in which, with much ability and with an almost painful carefulness, he takes up, one by one, every point in the charges, and disposes of them so effectually that to read the letter is a pleasure. It is too long for us to give even a synopsis of it, and it ought itself to be generally read together with the protest, if only that people may see the difficulties with which the district commanders labor. There have been few offices, we should suppose, which were more exasperating to the officer's temper than that in which a military man is put to legislate for, and in almost every way govern, one of the most perverse and obstinately foolish of communities. The protest of the Richmond gentlemen was based upon two distinct grounds, namely, the extension of the term of voting beyond the hour designated in the order calling an election, which extension the gentlemen thought illegal; and second, that by fraud, violence, and intimidation, votes were illegally cast, and qualified voters were prevented from voting the ticket of their choice. General Schofield offers them every assistance in his power in collecting evidence of violence or fraud; but how much of what they allege will turn out true may be inferred from the amount of truth in this one, for example: In a certain ward of the city, they say, where the polls were kept open long after sunset, more black votes were polled from seven o'clock in the evening till the polls closed than were polled in the same length of day-time on any day of the election. "This fact is its own comment," they add, meaning thereby that the polls were kept open that the blacks might cheat, and that they did cheat. To this General Schofield makes answer that the official report of the officers in charge does not bear out the statement of the protest as regards the rate of voting; it was more rapid on the night in question than on the 22d or 24th ultimo, but less rapid than on the 23d. Why it was so rapid as it was, he thus explains: he entered the polling place himself, found crowds of voters, some of whom had been standing for hours waiting for a chance to cast their ballots; found, also, that the officers were consuming time in anxious enquiries as to the qualifications of the voters as each presented himself. He therefore directed the officers to reject peremptorily every doubtful vote, and this was done. Further, he had at sunset put a line of sentinels round the waiting crowd, and no new-comer was allowed to add himself to it in the darkness. This seems tolerably convincing, and the rest of the reply is equally cogent.

The week has not been a propitious one for what are called "old war-horses." Mr. Stevens has written a letter on the currency, of which he probably has less understanding than of any subject to which he has ever turned his attention; and a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* has paid a second visit to the Honorable Ben Wade for the purpose of procuring the views of that "grand public man," as *The Independent* not long ago called him, on public affairs. The conversation which followed was not calculated to increase one's sense of "Old Ben's" value either to the country or the world, and we should not be at all surprised if he were left by his ungrateful masters to pass the rest of his career in his paddock at home. The correspondent found him "as large as life and twice as natural, head and tail erect, as full of snorting defiance as if he had won instead of lost." The senator then said that the Republican party was committed to universal suffrage; that he (Wade) "would not back a d——d inch;" that "if it had not been for that infernal thing of office-getting, the impeachment would have been settled last winter, as it ought to have been;" that "he had not made up his mind exactly whether he ought to vote for Mr. Sumner's suffrage bill or not;" that "he had often tried to find out whether Grant was for Congress or for Johnson or what the devil he was for, but never could get anything out of him, for as quick as he 'd talk politics Grant would talk horse;" that horses "are very good, but in these times a man may be all right on horses and all wrong on politics;" that "people don't want a soldier for President;" that "there is no coolness between him and Chief-Justice Chase;" and that Mrs. Lincoln's "story that Mr. Lincoln left little or no property behind him was a d——d lie;" and that "Thaddeus Stevens's confiscation bill is d——d foolery," with much other valuable matter of the same sort, expressed in chaste and luminous diction. Happy is the country which has such statesmen to get "views" from in troublous times! If there be anything in Grant's career since the war for which we in a special manner honor him, it is for the pertinacity with which he "talks horse" to them when they come to pump him on politics.

The most important point in Mr. Wade's discourse was the explanation of a report that there was a coolness between him and Chief-Justice Chase. The foundation of this malicious story, doubtless set on foot by stock-jobbers or enemies of the country, was simply this: Mr. Wade was requested by Mr. Chase, in 1860, to sound the House and Senate to see what his (Mr. Chase's) chances of the nomination at Chicago were. Mr. Wade kindly did so, and found that there was only one man in the Senate and only a few in the House who wanted Mr. Chase for President, and he accordingly sent word to the latter, in his own simple language, "that the thing looked a little blue." The accuracy of this report was shortly afterwards tested by "Dick Parsons," who arrived, and in his turn "did a little prospecting." Mr. Chase, then, when the convention was about to meet, asked Mr. Wade to resign in his favor, but Mr. Wade very properly declined to resign before anybody had nominated him. The result of this was that Mr. Chase got it into his head that Mr. Wade wanted to defeat him and prevent his nomination; but nothing can be more unfounded. Consequently, if any enemies of free government have been building any hopes on the prospect of arraying these two eminent men against each other in a Presidential canvass, they are doomed to bitter disappointment.

Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, as we have said, has promulgated "views" on the currency, in which he proposes to issue plenty of paper, and thus pay off the Government debt and everything else in greenbacks. In fact, his position is the same as Messrs. Pendleton's and Vallandigham's, and a little worse than General Butler's. Mr. Stevens's peculiar ideas on the subject of currency and public credit are, however, now well known. There is nothing in his recent letter which he has not already brought forward in Congress, the only difference being that he seems to talk a little more recklessly, and with less doubt of his own knowledge, as he grows older. What he says now, too, is much less dangerous than what he used to say two years ago, as the Republican party is gradually learning that "old war-horses" are all very well in time of war, but that in time of peace, when the work to be done is ploughing and harrowing and carting, and not neighing and pawing and plunging and snorting, they are very sorry animals.

Mr. Johnson has had during the week a slight panic about the colored militia companies in Washington, amounting, we believe, to three hundred or thereabouts all told, and only partially armed, and issued a peremptory order for their disbandment. It appears they are almost entirely composed of old soldiers, and the object of the organization is rather the preservation of old ties and reminiscences and the interchange of good offices than even the practice of military drill, all of which their commanding officer has set forth in a sensible and manly report. The matter has not gone further than calling for this report, and perhaps Mr. Johnson is by this time ashamed of his fright. Whether he has any right to interfere with them at all is more than doubtful, and we fear it is the dawning consciousness of this which only has stopped him short. There are white volunteer companies in this city which seem to exist for the purpose of robbery and murder, on which we wish, if he has any power of dissolving military companies at all, he would lay his heaviest hand, and let the poor colored people alone.

We are glad to see that an arrangement has been made between *The League*, the free trade organ, and *The National American*, the protectionist organ, by which each gives the other a certain amount of the space in its issues for the advocacy of doctrines opposed to its own. There is common sense in this which, we think, cannot always be predicated of the plan of spreading opinions on certain subjects by papers which admit nothing else. We hope *The League* and *National American* will now keep "pegging away," as they will have an audience to convince, which they have never had before. But we trust there will be no abuse or vituperation. We recommend the adoption at the outset of certain fundamental principles, such as these: A free-trader is not necessarily a thief, a foreign hireling, or an enemy of his country; a protectionist is not necessarily a selfish knave intent on humbugging the poor and grinding their faces; honest and conscientious men may arrive at opposite conclusions touching tariffs as well as touching the nebular hypothesis or the science of history, and so on.

Fernando Wood has put himself forward once more as a candidate for the mayoralty of this city, and has delivered an address to "the people" for which all friends of good government will thank him, inasmuch as there is no pretence or humbug about it. He says the electors "must take him as he is;" that they know his previous record and where he stands, "and if the old charges are brought up against his character, he will not attempt to refute them;" "all he will tell his accusers will be that they have not found out half." He has never attempted to refute any of the charges against him. "The people" know exactly what kind of man he is, and do not care a straw, and unless Mr. Hoffman, who has been nominated by the Tammany wing of the Democracy, should receive the Republican support, there is every reason to fear that Wood will be elected. It is curious to see what perfect agreement there is between Fernando Wood and Benjamin Wade as to the prime condition of success in political life. Wade says that all the people asks of a party is "boldness." Knowledge, discretion, purity, moderation, honesty, it appears, are of no account. Wood, in his turn, maintains, by way of showing that his bad personal character is no obstacle to his election, that "the American people will forgive anything in a public officer but cowardice," "and no man," says he, "can accuse me of that." We should think not, indeed. "The people," by-the-by, have just elected Police Justice Ledwith to the Superior Court, ousting Judge Barbour, who was far too honest and too learned and too capable for them. What makes the crisis all the more interesting is that if the Democrats should prove to have a majority in the next Legislature, they will doubtless refuse to pay the expenses of the Constitutional Convention; that body will meet no more; and "the people" will be allowed to work its sweet will a little longer.

A correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, discoursing upon the enormous quantity of American literature consumed in England to the infinite loss and damage of American authors, has discovered that Whittier is comparatively little known there, and his works not often met with. He even says that he has fallen in with several "literary persons" who had never heard of him. This, if it be a fact, is a remarkable one, and for the British public a sad one; but the explanation suggested by the correspondent is far more remarkable than the fact. "Is it," he asks, with awful insight, "because he has been so true to freedom, so much in sympathy with the oppressed, that the purveyors of literature have not thought it wise to introduce him to English society, lest his genius should stir the hearts of millions here as it has in the United States?" One does not well know how to reply to a question of this kind; but we venture modestly to doubt whether the philosopher has hit the mark after all. If, in the course of his investigations, he lights on any "purveyor of literature" in England who refuses to publish good poems by a good man, lest he should "rouse the millions," we venture to promise him a wide circulation for the letter in which he describes him. A bookseller in the habit of pirating foreign poetry, but who would not touch that of particular authors lest the "millions should be roused," could hardly do better than come out here and give "readings."

The Garibaldians were defeated at Monte Rotondo owing to the assistance of the French, who brought the Chassepôt rifle into action for the first time, and apparently with terrible effect, judging from the loss suffered by the Garibaldians—six hundred killed to about one hundred of their enemies. The part played by the Papal troops in the encounter does not clearly appear, but it does not seem to have been very respectable, and, although the insurgents were only half-armed, the safety of Rome was due to the French. Garibaldi and his son have escaped unhurt, but the former is a prisoner, and there is some confused talk of trying him for his breach of the law, but it is, doubtless, simply talk. The more probable result is that indicated in the despatches of Tuesday morning, that he will leave the country till the crisis is over and some settlement effected. In the meanwhile the most tremendous agitation prevails throughout Italy; the great towns are almost in insurrection, and the King's Government appears to be at its wit's end. The alternative seems to be almost presented to it of driving the whole population into republicanism or of breaking with France. It appears, therefore, that now that Garibaldi has been put down, the retirement of the French is demanded in almost peremptory language, and Napoleon seems almost disposed to concede, but wants to shield himself from the clergy by sharing with the other Catholic powers the responsibility of surrendering Rome. To the intervention of the latter, however, Italy positively refuses to submit. Little question is now entertained that had Ratazzi boldly seized Civita Vecchia before the arrival of the French, the latter would never have landed, and the Roman problem would now be solved. The golden opportunity was lost, it is said, owing to the King's anxiety about "his soul," which he conceives to be endangered by the present state of his relations with the Pope. But the present state of things cannot last very long. The spectacle of a Christian bishop having people slain by the hundred on their own soil by foreign hirelings to enable him to retain possession of a city, is too revolting for this age.

The news from the rest of the Continent is unimportant. Prussia appears to be pacific; Austria is certainly on the best of terms with France; and the Sultan refuses to pay any attention to the joint note recently addressed to him by the Western powers touching the internal administration of his dominions. He is evidently relying on their mutual jealousy to prevent anything more formidable than diplomatic remonstrances. In England the body social as well as the body politic seems to be in a state of convulsion. There are formidable and protracted bread riots in the west, latterly attended with a good deal of atrocity and calling for military interference, and there are strong signs of a desire, at least on the part of the Reform League, to make common cause with the Fenians. This is, however, most probably confined to the more ardent and intellectual of the leaders, and they would hardly be able to carry the rank and file with them.

Notes.

LITERARY.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co. have in press "A Child's History," the interesting record, by Madame Michelet, of a child's thoughts and feelings. It is translated by Mary F. Curtis.——Hurd & Houghton announce for publication within a fortnight a book by "C. T. W."—as we are informed by the monogram on the title-page—entitled "The Three Holy Kings," and consisting of fine photographs of all the pictures which treat of that once popular legend of Melchior, Caspar, and Balthazar and the Star in the East, accompanied by a commentary of a semi-religious, semi-artistic character. The book properly is a holiday book, and is pretty enough for the holiday season.——Charles Scribner & Co. are to publish the work on the United States written by Mr. Louis J. Jennings, the London *Times* correspondent lately stationed in this country. It is not to be a book of travel, nor one of those critical disquisitions on American manners, but mainly a politico-philosophical treatise, with the title "Eighty Years of Republican Government in the United States," and on such subjects as these: "The Theory of the Government," "The State and the Union," "The Executive," "The Cabinet," "The Legislature," and so on. It may very probably be a book useful to Mr. Jennings's countrymen, and will be published in England by Murray simultaneously with its publication by Scribner & Co. We may say here that some copies of President Woolsey's "Address Commemorative of the Life and Services of Jeremiah Day, late President of Yale College," are at Messrs. Scribner & Co.'s for gratuitous distribution.——D. Appleton & Co. are steadily bringing forward their translations of German novels by Mühlbach, of whose "Marie Antoinette" the Mercantile Library, we see it stated, needs two hundred and twenty-five copies. Theodore Mundt, Max Ring, A. C. Brachvogel, and Theodore Gerstäcker are to follow Miss Mühlbach. The same publishers announce a "New Grammar of French Grammars"—made up chiefly of the "Grammaire des Grammaires," sanctioned by the Academy—which is prepared by Dr. V. de Fivas; a "Life of Daniel Webster," by George Ticknor Curtis; "The Military History of General Grant," which is, we believe, by Colonel Adam Badeau—once "The Vagabond," if any one remembers that slight essayist of fifteen years ago, and now of General Grant's staff. "Not Wisely but too Well," by the author of "Cometh Up as a Flower," is also on the Appletons' list; and so is "A Stormy Life," by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. "A Chaplet of Pearls," written for *Macmillan* by Miss Yonge, which the same house announce, *Hours at Home*, we are informed, will soon begin to publish by instalments. A probably better novel than any of all these above-mentioned will be "Elia," by the Spanish lady who writes under the name of Fernan Caballero.——Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt will publish about the first of December a volume entitled "The Hermitage, and Other Poems," by Mr. E. R. Sill, whose little poem on the death of Mr. Lincoln travelled, getting praises as it went, from California to Germany—*Magazin für die Literatur des Auslandes*—from Germany to England—London *Reader*—and from England back to this country, where it was copied into *Littell's Living Age*.

—It is with pleasure that we call the attention of book-buyers to the latest catalogue of Mr. J. W. Bouton. It describes a large collection of well-chosen imported books, of which some are magnificent. Many of them, having been purchased by Mr. Bouton recently, during the general depression of business in England, are remarkably cheap. For example, he has a reproduction, in exact fac-simile, of the first folio Shakespeare. It was photo-lithographed, under direction of Mr. H. Staunton, from the copies in the British Museum and in Bridgewater House, and is for sale at so low a price as twenty-five dollars. We said in *exact* fac-simile; the paper, however, is better than that of the folio of 1623; otherwise the resemblance is perfect. We notice, also, Clement's "Bibliothèque Curieuse," which in Dibdin's time was worth from ten to twelve pounds, and of which that gentleman said, in his best bibliomaniacal manner, "In sober sadness it is very rare, and unconscionably dear"—a charge not to be brought against the copy in Mr. Bouton's possession, for he sets on it the price of seventeen dollars and a half. "The favorite book of the immortal Shakespeare"—"Painter's Palace of Pleasure"—can be bought separately, we presume; but in the catalogue is put with the "Mirror for Magistrates" and "Gull's Horn Book," and the three works—comprising six volumes quarto, which are beautifully bound in crimson morocco, full gilt—may be bought for two hundred dollars. The only heraldic etchings designed by Millais are to be found in "The Lineage and Pedigree of the Millais Family," recording its history from 1331 to 1865, a work privately printed, in folio, the edition containing but sixty copies, one of which Mr. Bouton sells for ten dollars. Professor Monier Williams's English version of the "Sakuntala," with illustrations taken from illuminated manuscripts in the British Museum, the price of which at the time of publication was twenty-one dollars, is offered at ten dollars. The complete works of Jeremy Bentham, with Sir John Bowring's memoir and the author's correspondence, are set at sixty-five dollars, the original price being about one hundred. But the catalogue contains about eight hundred lots, and it is impossible for us to mention more than a few of the rare or beautiful works whose titles it gives. The collection is rich in "galleries," in works extended to many more than the original number of volumes by the insertion of hundreds of plates, and in superbly illustrated works relating to the fine arts, to history, and natural history.

—The publisher of *The Banker's Magazine* proposes four subjects for essays—one, "The Advantages of the National Bank system of the United States, now in force;" another, "The Best Mode of Extinguishment of the National Debt of the United States;" another, "On Sound Principles of Banking;" another, "Advice to Young Bank Officers on the management of a bank and the duties of their profession;" and for the best essay of all that are sent in—who being the judge of merit we are not informed—he offers a prize of three hundred dollars. For the second best essay he offers a prize of two hundred dollars. The trial is to be made on these conditions—that the essays are to be placed in the editor's hands on or before New Year's day coming, and that the writer, whether a successful or unsuccessful competitor, shall allow his essay to be used—at the regular rate of payment for contributions, we presume—in the current volume of the magazine. Whoever should write a good essay on any one of the subjects above-mentioned would do good service, and though the prize offered may not tempt the writers who best understand the subjects, it is to be hoped that some such may contend.

—All kinds of people have written all kinds of criticism on the Shakespearian writings, from Mr. Theobald, with his matter-of-fact dulness, to Mr. Gerald Massey, with the wild dulness of his spiritualism, and, like everybody else, the doctors have frequently had their say. The latest medical commentator is Dr. George Ross, an Englishman, who has recently published a book called "Studies, Biographical and Literary." Commenting on "Lear," he gives a physician's analysis of the king's madness, which he contrasts with the feigned madness of Edgar. The point he makes is, that Lear, like a real madman, is insensible of the rain and sleet, while Edgar, the sham madman, would have betrayed his imposture to a physician by the very phrase which he is constantly repeating as a proof of his lunacy, "Poor Tom's a-cold." Thereupon he praises Shakespeare's knowledge of mental alienation. But the judgment seems to come rather from the doctor as critic than the critic as doctor. We do not know how it is with the lunatics of the asylums; we are, for the present, willing to take as correct Doctor Ross's assertion that true madmen disregard the discomforts of wind or rain or cold. But Shakespeare does not insist upon that distinction, be it accurate or inaccurate, between the madness of Lear and the madness of Edgar, and we much doubt if, in his own mind, he made it. Edgar says, now and again, "Poor Tom's a-cold," seeming, as we look at it, to think the use of a catchword—no matter what one—good presumptive proof of silliness in the man who uses it. But Doctor Ross will find Lear "contending with the fretful element;" bidding "the wind blow the earth into the sea, or blow the curlèd waters 'bove the main;" striving "in his little world of man to outscorn the to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain." This is not the behavior of one who "feels nothing" of foul weather. If one says that Lear merely perceived the fury of the elements and sympathized with the commotion in the air and in the sea, while Edgar, on the other hand, feigned physical suffering—why, one may say so;—if one might not say anything, what would become of Shakespearian criticism?—but to prove that Shakespeare meant so, to prove that in the storm Edgar was and Lear was not uncomfortable, is not possible, and to say so is, as it seems to us, to talk like a doctor enthusiastic in his admiration for the poet rather than to talk like a Shakespearian critic of great acumen. Doctor Ross's opinions we get not from his book, but from *The Chronicle*, which briefly notices it.

—"The Talmud," the book containing the body of Hebrew traditions, laws, and explanations of laws, has been made the subject of an essay in the last *Quarterly* which is spoken of in the highest terms of praise by the critics of the English press. Any ordinary critic confesses without shame his ignorance of the Talmud; it is chiefly known to the general reader by some of the Talmudic fables cited in the notes of our English translation of "The Koran," or by a few poems founded on those traditions—such poems, for instance, as Mr. Longfellow's "Sandalphon," or the late John Dorgan's "Dead Solomon." "Why not force it to open its lips?" asks the *Quarterly* writer, and he thereupon gives a digest of it which is, of course, very grate-

fully received by everybody. For, as *The Saturday Review* said recently, the Talmud is "the sphinx towards which all men's eyes are directed at this hour, some with eager curiosity, some with vague anxiety," and, as *The Spectator* enquires, how often does a man, "learned as a German professor, eloquent as a Greek orator, sly of insinuation as a French novelist, choose to boil down into nervous English the knowledge of a life?" It is easily intelligible why, in the present chaotic condition of the religious world, a clear and able statement of the relations between Judaism and Christianity, bringing out the writing in sympathetic ink inscribed on the blank leaves between the Old Testament and the New—which is what one critic calls the Talmud—should be the cause of eager expectation on the part of some and of anxiety on the part of others. The *Quarterly* writer, of whose essay we are obliged to judge by extracts from it and comments upon it, evidently is of opinion that the morality of the New Testament is not original, at least in the sense in which it is popularly supposed to be. If it were not, he remarks, that our general views on the difference between Judaism and Christianity are greatly confused, people would not be so much surprised, as many people will be, at the parallelism of dogma, parable, allegory, and proverb exhibited by the Gospels and the Talmudic writings; the work of Christianity as regards morals was, he seems to say, the communicating to the herd, even to the lepers, the ideas hidden for ages in the schools and in the silent community of the learned. In short, Christianity popularized the Talmudic morality. Not that alone; he finds among the points of contact between its teachings and those of our religion the occurrence in the Talmud of theological terms, some of which are by most writers supposed to be, like the ideas they represent, peculiar to Christian thought, as Baptism, Grace, Faith, Repentance, Regeneration, Salvation, Kingdom of Heaven, Son of Man, Son of God. He translates literally specimens of Talmudic teachings of various kinds. He has enriched the English language, *The Spectator* thinks, with at least five new proverbs that ought to remain among us; but some of the best of them may be found in Ray's collection—at any rate, in the latest editions of that once popular book. There are some which we have nowhere seen except in *The Advocate*, a Jewish paper published in this city. These are good, though one is hardly a proverb: "When the pitcher falls on the stone, woe unto the pitcher; when the stone falls on the pitcher, woe unto the pitcher; whatever befalls, woe unto the pitcher;" "Commit a sin twice, and you will think it perfectly allowable." The parables he gives we have not room to quote. They forcibly recall those of the Gospels. Of the moral precepts these are two: "Be thou the cursed, not he who curses;" "Be thou of them that are persecuted, not of them that persecute." Plainly, as a commentary on the Scriptures of the New Testament—for the Talmud is "a history of the Jewish mind for a thousand years, beginning where the Old Testament canon ends"—the Talmud has been too much neglected, and we may look to see it become a fruitful field of study, and one in which our theological teachers must perforce work. Biblical criticism was never more anxiously pursued.

—A death of some interest to the literary world is that of M. F. Dubner, a German, long settled in Paris, and one of the most distinguished Hellenists of the age. As industrious as learned, he compiled various abridgments of classic authors for the use of schools, brought out editions of several of the principal Greek writers, and contributed largely to the new edition of Stephen's "Thesaurus," on which he was engaged in conjunction with the late M. Hase. His "Scholia on Aristophanes" constitutes, perhaps, his chief claim to the gratitude of scholars.

—In view of the tendency which has led so many scions of reigning houses to ally themselves of late years with the stage, and of the characteristic proclivities of so many of the present wearers of crowns, a wag has enquired whether it might not be possible to follow up Napoleon's famous *Parterre de Rois* with a *Troupe de Souverains*, and suggests the following distribution of parts: *Young Lovers*, the King of the Greeks; *Virtuous Fathers*, the King of Prussia; *Coquettes*, the Queen of Spain; *Duennas*, Queen Victoria; *Tyrants and Traitors*, the Czar (on account of Poland); *Caricatures and Imitators*, the Sultan; *Reduced Gentlemen*, the King of Denmark and Emperor of Austria; *The Rich Uncle whom no one likes to offend*, the Emperor Napoleon; *Swashbucklers*, the King of Italy; *Leader of Orchestra*, King of Bavaria; *Pianist*, King of Portugal; *Scene-painter*, King of Sweden; *People, Soldiers, Burgesses, Tradesmen*, etc., King of Belgium, King of Holland, King of Würtemberg, Grand-Duke of Baden, Prince of Roumania, etc., etc.; *Manager, drawer-up of play-bills and speeches to public*, Garibaldi; *Stage-illusions, scene-shiftings, machinery*, etc., Von Bismark.

—A profound and independent thinker, Carl Marx, treats, from a communistic point of view, the subject of capital in a work of three volumes, of which the first has just appeared (Hamburg: O. Meissner). He begins with the production of capital, drawing his illustrations chiefly from England, and the most noticeable chapters are the fourth and fifth, which deal with co-operation, division of labor, machinery, amount of labor, and what is a day's labor; and the sixth, which discusses the modern theory of colonization. The author anticipates for the laboring classes of Europe, in consequence of our late civil war, a social amelioration analogous to that which was achieved politically for the middle classes by the American Revolution. The succeeding volume will relate to the circulation and general development of capital; the third and last will exhibit the history of the theories of political economy.——Von Reichenbach, the author of several works on the *odic* principle (among which we may mention his book, "Der sensitive Mensch"), has published "Die odische Lohe" (The Odic Flame). This little work contains the substance of a series of lectures delivered by him before the Academy of Science at Vienna. He endeavors to prove, by a vast number of facts, the existence, properties, and relations of an odic flame. He considers it also as a mechanical force, capable of producing circular and straight-line motions.——Weber, whose "Universal History" has deservedly met with general favor, is writing a new "Allgemeine Weltgeschichte" (in twelve volumes), in which special regard is given to the intellectual life and culture of nations in the light of recent historical researches. The work has advanced to its seventh volume, the first half of which has just appeared. It is not a mere chronicle of kings and battles, but affords, so far as we know, within its limits, a better insight into the intellectual progress of the whole world than any other work of its kind.——We noticed last June the appearance of Wagner's "Twelfth Annual Report of the Progress of Chemical Technology." A companion volume is Virchow's "Annual Report on the Progress and Results of the Medical Sciences" (Jahresbericht über die Leistungen und Fortschritte in der gesammten Medicin). This excellent work is published under the auspices of many celebrated physicians. It offers, both to the practical and the trained physician, all that is worth knowing in the current medical literature in a condensed form and in reliable articles based on original works. The first part contains contributions on the auxiliary sciences, the general theory, and the judicial department of medical science. The contributions on practical medicine are contained in the second part. The articles are concisely and objectively written.

EDUCATIONAL.

However writers and speakers on educational and other topics may differ in theory, they are all interested in the collection of facts. We have had frequent occasions to lament that, with the innumerable pamphlets, reports, and journals devoted to public education in this country, it has been so exceedingly difficult to procure the information which is essential to philosophical argument or trustworthy comparison. Each State, each town, and, in some parts of the country, each school district is a law to itself; its returns are compiled on different principles; its usages are ill-defined by statute and are perhaps purely traditional; the nomenclature of schools is more variable than the dialects of Africa; the interchange of reports and documents between different parts of the country is most irregular and unsatisfactory; and there is not a single educational periodical devoted to the discussion of live educational questions in their fundamental principles and their national aspects. Now, if the Department of Education can remedy these evils by giving us an authentic and complete survey of the actual state of the country in respect to this most important concern, we may all heartily bid it God-speed.

The work is already well begun. Eight months from the establishment of the bureau seven important official "circulars" (some of them deserving a less modest designation) have reached us from the office of Mr. Barnard, the able Commissioner of Education. The first and second circulars include the documentary history of the establishment of the department; the speech of Gen. Garfield, of Ohio, in the House of Representatives, explanatory of the proposed act, and an interesting historical article on the views of Washington respecting national instrumentalities for the promotion of education. A board of education, "charged with collecting and diffusing information" for the United States, and a national university in the Federal city, were among the measures which he recommended soon after the organization of our national Government.

The third of the Commissioner's pamphlets has a bearing on the work which Congress first imposed upon the department, to wit, an enquiry into the history, and especially into the results, of all the national appropriations for educational objects. It is a wonder that such an enquiry has never heretofore been instituted, and that the new States of the West, receiving

enormous grants of lands for schools and universities, have never been required to give to the country a report of their stewardship. The circular gives a preliminary outline of the educational land policy of the United States, and an illustration of its operations in Minnesota. When similar information is collected from other parts of the West, a full report is to be made to Congress. The next circular, numbered four and five, is more important than those which preceded, for it sets forth the fundamental principles of the American school systems. The constitutional provisions of every State in respect to education are given in the very words of the several instruments, and not merely the provisions now in force but those which have been embodied in all the previous constitutions of each State. In this epoch of reconstruction and of constitutional conventions it is obvious that such a compilation will be of great public utility.

A kindred service is performed in the sixth circular with reference to the schools of science endowed by the Congressional grant of 1862. The legislation of each State which has accepted the gift is here for the first time presented, and material for discussing the development of these new institutions is brought within the reach of all.

The remaining pamphlet of the series, as thus far published, is an enquiry into the history of incorporated academies and other institutions of secondary instruction, with an essay on the subject of New England academies and incorporated schools.

Our readers will see from this short summary that the department has entered promptly and vigorously on a series of investigations which will be of great value in revealing the true condition of education in this country.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.*

What "goes without saying," as the French put it, Dr. Holmes is very apt to say; that, we believe, is the thing which chiefly interferes with our enjoyment of his works. The third page of "The Guardian Angel" gives an example of what we mean. Is there any one who refuses to admit that his "local paper" is seldom to be called an admirable thing? No one, we are fully persuaded. So it is a little—or not a little—unpleasing when a ponderous, much-creaking piece of machinery is dragged out, and that somewhat aged truth—painfully true, we may call it—is violently driven into us, with every appearance of triumph on the part of the engineer. Surely it had several times before sunk through all our minds of its own weight. "The Allies Victorious!" Dr. Holmes makes the unfortunate *State Banner and Delphian Oracle* say. "The King and General Cialdini beat the Austrians at Palestro! 400 Austrians drowned in a canal! Anti-French feeling in Germany! Allgermine Zeiturg talks of conquest of Allsatia and Loraine and the occupation of Paris!" And here we are asked to suppose that Professor Gridley, a subscriber to *The Banner and Oracle*, seizes his lead-pencil and begins making indignant marginal notes; for the satirist says, putting what he says in brackets: ["vicious digs with a pencil through the above proper names"]. Well, they do make these mistakes in country newspaper offices; but should not one hesitate about raising up an aged emeritus professor and perturbing his probably serene spirit in order to chastise the poor editor and hold him up to scorn? As Mr. Gridley reads on, he reads, among other things, that "An interesting surprise party transpired"—["bah"] he writes in the margin over against "transpired"—"an interesting surprise party transpired on Thursday last at the house of the Rev. Mr. Stoker. The parishioners donated——" We knew donated would stop him. It has stopped so many. ["*Donated!*" he cries. "Give is a good word enough for the Lord's Prayer."] There is not a doubt of it; but it does occur to one to ask if the professor does n't make too much disturbance about it. Surely rather than wish that one's enemy had written a book, it would have been better to wish that one's other enemy would write a book, with wide margins, and one's dearest foe make annotations in a large-paper copy of the work. And, sure enough, it may have been a stroke of art in Dr. Holmes's work—his making his professor, when his lead-pencil is in hand, so stupid as he is. But it has not the appearance of being intended for stupidity. Thus Mr. Gridley goes on through his *Banner and Oracle*, advertisements and all; and with something of the same manner Dr. Holmes, as it appears to us, goes through his story—too often bearing on hard when only the lightest touch would have been pleasing, not to say sufferable; sternly breaking on his wheel the deadest of bugs and butterflies. For example, is a man "really *so* satirical" when he does this sort of thing? It is about Gifted Hopkins, the typical newspaper poet and village bard—a figure which has come to be, perhaps, the very least mirth-provoking of all with which satire deals. Satirists in kittenhood have played with it till the breath is long gone out of it:

"By the time he was twelve years old he was struck with the pleasing resemblance of certain vocal sounds which, without being the same, yet had a curious relation which made them agree marvellously well in couples: as *eyes* with *skies;* as *heart* with *art*, also with *part* and *smart;* and so of numerous others, twenty or thirty pairs, perhaps, which number he considerably increased as he grew older, until he may have had fifty or more such pairs at his command.

"The union of so extensive a catalogue of words which matched each other, and of an ear so nice that it could tell if there were nine or eleven syllables in an heroic line, instead of the legitimate ten, constituted a rare combination of talents in the opinion of those upon whose judgment he relied. He was naturally led to try his powers in the expression of some just thought or natural sentiment in the shape of verse, that wonderful medium of imparting thought and feeling to his fellow-creatures which a bountiful Providence had made his rare and inestimable endowment."

And we suppose the satirist of the Atlanta *Intelligencer*, or *Era* (Bill Arp he used to be called), is by this time big enough and strong enough to lash in just this way those familiar Calvinists of Massachusetts:

"'Give me one of the books, if you please, Cousin Silence,' said Miss Cynthia. 'It is Saturday evening. Holy time has begun. Let us prepare our minds for the solemnities of the Sabbath.'

"She took the book, one well known to the schools and churches of this nineteenth century.

"'Book Second. Hymn 44. Long metre. I guess "Putney" will be as good a tune as any to sing to.'

"The trio began—

'With holy fear and humble song,'—

and got through the first verse together pretty well.

"Then came the second verse:

'Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.'

"Myrtle's voice trembled a little in singing this verse, and she hardly kept up her part with proper spirit.

"'Sing out, Myrtle,' said Miss Cynthia, and she struck up the third verse:

'Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,
Dyed in the blood of damned souls.'

"This last verse was a duet, and not a trio. Myrtle closed her lips while it was singing, and when it was done threw down the book with a look of anger and disgust. The hunted soul was at bay.

"'I won't sing such words,' she added, 'and I won't stay here to hear them sung. The boys in the streets say just such words as that, and I am not going to sing them. You can't scare me into being good with your cruel hymn-book!'"

We cannot claim that the shocking wickedness of this sort of writing shocks us much; in fact, we doubt if there are many even of the dreadful New England people—and those there are do not read—who would not take sides against the traditional Miss Silence; but we do incline to think that to most readers' palates satire of this kind has by this time become rather tasteless. It must have been done to death.

Of this fault of bearing on too hard, we repeat, the book itself, taken as a whole, is an example. When he had written the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," Dr. Holmes would have done well, as it has since appeared, had he ceased from satire. That series of papers gave him a brilliant reputation which from that time forward he has gone on damaging, diminishing it by each new book; diminishing the brilliance of it, at any rate, though it may well enough be that he has extended it among more people. He has never stopped hammering at the same nail which he hit on the head when he first struck. "The Professor" took away something from the estimation in which we had been holding the Autocrat; "Elsie Venner" took away a little more; and "The Guardian Angel" takes away a larger portion than was removed by either of the others.

We speak of the author as a satirist. That he is, mainly; he is hardly to be called a novelist. His characters are figures labelled and set up to be fired at, or are names about which a love story is told, or they embody some physiologico-psychological theory; but they are never to be called characters in any true sense of the word. Never is rather a large word, perhaps. We can remember "the young man called John;" and we remember him as almost entirely and always human. But this can be said of no other of the personages—boarding-house keepers, young lovers, artists, soldiers, ministers, boarding-school girls—with whose names Doctor Holmes's books are filled. The incidents of his stories and their arrangement into a plot are generally better invented than the characters, and answer well enough the main purpose of the book, which is always essentially an attack on some theologi-

* "The Guardian Angel. By Oliver Wendell Holmes." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.

cal dogma, an attack made sometimes directly and sometimes by the setting forth of some such theory as this, for example—the one on which is built the novel before us: "It was the strife of her 'Vision,' only in another form—the contest of two lives her blood inherited, for the conquest of her soul." But the humorist and man of wit and satirist leads the novelist astray. Most of his incidents, invented or borrowed, are of no special importance to his subject, and he is often compelled to come forward in his own person and tell us what he intends by them.

Of "The Guardian Angel" as a novel, then, it is hardly worth while to talk. The theory above quoted is well enough illustrated by the incidents which the author has used in "The Guardian Angel"; the narrative part of the novel is at any rate as good as the narrative part of "Elsie Venner" or "The Autocrat" or "The Professor," and in all these novels the narrative part is good enough for the satirist's purpose. As to the doctrine which is put forward in all these works—the limitations of human moral responsibility, the effect on the soul of the bad company of the body—we profess ourselves believers in it as Dr. Holmes states it; as doctors generally state it, when they are not doctors of divinity, without humanity. He simply asks us to accept the facts of human nature instead of kicking against the pricks, in the fashion of the divines of a hundred years ago. If his persistence in preaching a doctrine now for a long time pretty generally accepted is going to be serviceable, we are not going to find fault with him in his capacity of preacher. Only, if it is permitted, we doubt whether his anxiety to preach is justified by the state of things around him; and very certainly we do not feel called on to say that his sermon is very new—in fact, we do feel called on to say that it is old, and old sermons have been said to be tiresome. It frequently happens to people to believe in a preacher's text, and even to accept the discourse of a preacher, without thinking the text the most valuable of texts, or the discourse extremely edifying to the hearer or creditable to the preacher.

Witty, Dr. Holmes is pretty sure to be; and the bright things in "The Guardian Angel" are numerous. The author is not above making Myrtle Hazard in her "Vision" work off such a joke as this: "Another figure was just like the one we called the major, who was a very strong, hearty-looking man, and who is said to have drunk hard sometimes, though there is nothing about it on his tombstone"; but, on the other hand, he says plenty of new things like this one, in which, as it seems to us, the adjectives are very well selected: "The strange union of trampling conservatism in some directions and high-stepping conservatism in others"; and like this one, the second half of which, as seen from a certain point of view, is good: "Ministers are men, come now; and I don't want to say anything against women, Mr. Gridley, but women are women." Indeed, from any point of view, this last *mot* is at least a *bon mot*. And in this saying—in reading which we italicize the "remember" of the "very young men"—we find no evidence of bearing on hard, and for that reason like it perhaps more than is proper: "She was a pretty creature, a light blonde, a little too light, a village beauty of the kind that very young men are apt to remember as their first love." This also, if not new, is at any rate well-pointed; it is one of Byles Gridley's "Thoughts on the Universe," commented on by that gentleman when he was thinking of publishing a new edition with emendations: "*Protestantism means None of your Business. But it is afraid of its own logic. Stet.* No logical resting-place short of None of your business." And so is this, which is another of the "Thoughts": "*The supreme self-indulgence is to surrender the will to a spiritual director.* Protestantism gave up a great luxury—— Did it though?" The answer, we suppose, must be in the negative, whether one speaks for male or for female Protestantism.

On the whole, "The Guardian Angel" is far from being unreadable, unless one is too fastidious. Each reader of this notice can, we think, judge fairly for himself. For our own part, the passages we have just been quoting, and others like them, are what we found in the volume worth reading, and we may say that we found enough of them and found them fresh enough to repay us tolerably for going through a good deal of triteness and dulness and flippancy.

UPHAM ON WITCHCRAFT.*

THIS admirable work is the result of the joint labors of a father and two sons, each of the contributors having a special gift for his own portion of the work. Thirty-six years ago Mr. Charles Wentworth Upham, of Salem, Mass., published, under the title of "Lectures on Witchcraft," a small volume, which, after appearing in several editions, has long been out of print. The author, though frequently importuned to allow a reissue of it, had declined to do so, being made aware, both by the interest which it had engaged and by his own fuller apprehension of the profound and momentous import of his subject, that it deserved a far more thorough investigation and treatment than he had given to it. We are left to infer—indeed the very structure, elaboration of the contents, and exhaustive details of the complete work now before us are evidence of the fact—that a large portion of the whole time which he could rescue from professional duties has ever since been given, with all of a true scholar's zeal, fidelity, patience, and thoroughness of research, to the collecting and commenting upon all that would illustrate his theme. The fruits of this continuous and faithful labor on his part—aided by his two sons, William Phineas Upham and Oliver Wendell Holmes Upham, in examining, digesting, and copying an immense mass of original documents, and in the survey of localities for the purpose of constructing an historical map exhibiting the homestead lots and farms of the old inhabitants, with engravings of dwellings, autographs, etc.—appear in two volumes which we do not hesitate to pronounce the most faithfully executed and the most intensely and painfully interesting in the whole library of our historical literature. The work is most fitly dedicated by the author to his brother-in-law, Dr. Oliver W. Holmes. The printer and the publishers have lavished upon the materials and upon the mechanical execution of the volumes the highest skill of art. Engrossed and almost spellbound as we have been in perusing the work, led constantly to lift our eyes from the page that we might recall and muse upon the deep problems of awful and harrowing interest which it involves, we have learned from it some sadly instructive lessons in the ever-engaging study of human nature. The year of darkness and woe for the people of one rural region which it chronicles has left a moral for centuries. The theme expands beyond the scene on which the terrific tragedy was enacted, and grows to one of the world's dramas.

The matter of the work is distributed into three very distinct parts. The first, occupying more than two-thirds of the first volume, gives us the early history of what was originally called "Salem Village," now principally South Danvers, with sketches of its occupancy by white settlers, the subduing of the wilderness, the manners, mode of life, domestic, social, and religious relations and experiences of the people. The second part, covering the remainder of the first volume, is an instructive essay on witchcraft, treated without local reference, as it stood once in the philosophy and faith of Christendom, with the laws and practices involved in it, thus merging what has too often been regarded as a delusion afflicting a single spot in New England, and as a peculiarly Puritanic superstition, in a fearful bugbear which affrighted the world and numbered its victims by the thousand in Europe, the most honored and revered names of philosophers and statesmen and jurists in Great Britain resting under its dark shadows. The third part of the work, filling the second volume with matter of the most painfully absorbing interest, rehearses in a masterly way the cases of individuals, and the judicial proceedings before magistrates and special and superior courts in connection with the trials for witchcraft, mainly the cases which originated in the localities that had been described and in families whose history had been given. The description of the old Salem Village is a unique performance. In the service of veritable history admitting only solid facts, it has the charm, the elaborateness, and the vivid human vitality which we find distributed among several choice books of fiction and semi-fiction, like Miss Mitford's "Village" or Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" or "Little Pedlington" or "The Chronicles of Carlingford" and "Salem Chapel." A law of the General Court of Massachusetts in 1647 provided for the taking of testimony in all cases in the form of depositions, to be written out at length, subscribed and attested by deponents and witnesses, before the cases came to a hearing. These papers were to be put on file *in perpetuam* with the local or general courts where they were used. The depository of the Essex County Court was especially rich in this class of documents, though some of those which properly belong there have found their way into the archives of the State House, and very many of them have been scattered. The value of these papers to an antiquarian or to one engaged upon a specialty of New England local history is, of course, supreme in regard to use and authority. The peculiar character, relations, and experiences of the people with whose affairs they deal and into whose inmost privacies of history and of domestic neighborly concern they enable us to intrude, make these papers of prime importance in their communicativeness to an inquisitive annalist. They relate to all manner of village feuds and altercations, cases of trespass, crime, and misfortune, disputes about land boundaries, inheritances, breaches of the peace and breaches of neighborly amity. Scandal, with its occasions, its workings and effects, and attempted ferretings out and redress or clearings up, enter largely into them. When

* "Salem Witchcraft; with an Account of Salem Village and a History of Opinions on Witchcraft and Kindred Subjects. By Charles W. Upham." Boston: Wiggin & Lunt. 1867. 2 vols. 12mo, pp. 469, 553.

a matter of dispute arose which might come before a local magistrate or a jury, these papers were carefully prepared, and the more detailed the contents, the more successfully was the purpose of them accomplished.

Mr. Upham has used a mass of such papers as they were never used before, and to a result which distinguishes his volumes above all that have been devoted to a like historical object. By their help, with the aid of testaments, title-deeds, diaries, letters, town and church records, with other manuscript materials, as well as the exhaustive use of all printed pages bearing on this theme, he has constructed the most remarkable monograph in our historical literature. Following the very ingenious map with the index of names and numbers marking the lots of the original proprietors in the village, prepared by his son, and then falling into the guidance of the father through the text, the reader has the past alive before him.

Mr. Upham has marvellously reproduced for us the old Salem Village, and resuscitated the ancient dwellers in its homes, the tillers of its fields, the magistrates, ministers, and artisans of every trade and handicraft, and even the vagrants in its surrounding forests and byways, and the occasional specimens of the black man and the Indian representing the first slaves in Puritan households. The author finds the scene a wilderness, and describes to us how it was cleared and humanized by the axe, the shovel, the trap, and the fowling-piece; how paths, first for the feet, then for the horse with pack and pillion, were opened, and how they grew to roads for carts and vehicles, first through the large estates of individuals, then to the meeting-house, then to the metropolis of the time. He traces out the original features of the soil, the rills and tidal streams for mill-work, the coves which were of avail for transit by canoes and for traffic with shallops, the watch-hill, where night and day for years the lonely guardian of the rising hamlet was alert to give the alarm of prowling Indians. Then, as one by one the first shanties which housed the settlers yielded to frame buildings whose beams, rafters, and plankings were hewn out by the axe, with no saw-mill to help, he places the families of the scattered dwellings in their groups of affinity, intermarriage, and descent, and gives them an organization as a distinct community, culminating in the provision of a meeting-house, a church body, and a minister of their own. It is especially an object with the author to trace out in that community the original causes and workings of the jealousies, feuds, domestic variances, private grudges, neighborhood animosities, and religious bickerings, to the latent or open influence of which he may afterwards refer for at least a partial explanation of the agencies wrought into the appalling delusion which visited upon the inhabitants such a train of direful horrors.

Ten girls, the youngest nine years of age, the oldest twenty years, the others being eleven, seventeen, and eighteen, had formed a little "circle," in the winter evenings of the year 1691, in the house of the minister of Salem Village, and occasionally in the house of a neighbor. These gilrs, afterwards known as "the afflicted children," and as the accusers of at least two hundred men and women as in league with the devil, had been amusing themselves with practising together the puerilities of palmistry, fortune-telling, and so-called spiritualism till they had become proficients in the tricks and arts of such trifling. The marvel is that, under the rigid discipline of Puritan households, their practices should have been tolerated one day after they were known. But the girls seem to have been not only indulged in their nonsense, but even to have been encouraged in it. They became objects of curiosity and wonder to neighbors who were invited to witness their foolery, or who took them to their own houses to perform there. It was the initiation of a series of direful woes for that neighborhood and for thousands beyond it. The girls were supposed, at times and on occasions at least, to be under a mysterious spell which was not at first regarded as diabolic, and their behavior was licensed. Two of them without rebuke spoke out impudently and irreverently in public worship. As the dangerous play became freer and bolder, physicians first and then ministers were called in and asked for advice. Their judgment was that the girls were suffering under "an evil hand." They had gone too far to retract with safety to themselves, and their own immunity was woe for others. The "afflicted children"—the reader feels a spirit of indignation and wrath tingling through his fingers as if he would like to have a clutch at them as often as he meets that phrase—were pronounced bewitched. The question was, "Who bewitches them?" It was easily answered. A poor, forlorn, desolate, and houseless woman, stricken with the woes of life, a female slave, and an unamiable or maltreated matron were pronounced against. Thus opened the Pandora's box. The "afflicted children" went into most frightful fits, convulsions, agonies, and horrid outcries in presence of the accused. Mr. Upham tells us that the Puritan spectators, who abhorred all scenic and dramatic shows, looked upon acting, mimicries, and simulated representations such as have never been surpassed on any theatrical stage. The literature and the accepted principles of demonology supplied the ministers and magistrates with methods, tests, and tokens and ways of proceeding in interpreting the signs of diabolism and detecting its agents. Here comes in another marvel. These "afflicted children," if the records are not colored or exaggerated, suffered extreme tortures in their actings; they constrained themselves into postures and manifestations for hours together, involving the most excruciating pains. What was the motive, the incentive, the reward? Why did they not actually part with sanity? Why did not one or more, at least, die under these agonies simulated too dangerously near to reality? Mr. Upham answers these questions more ably and philosophically than they have ever been answered before, by his deliberate and discriminating method of dealing with them. The fraud and the delusion spread jointly with an amazing and a desolating sweep and vigor. One year of time compassed its full atrocity and outrage; but it was a year that took in a century of dismay, cruelty, and desolation for human fortunes and sympathies. Old grudges, alienations, and private hostilities were made the occasion for the selection of victims, and accusation, unless met by a full confession of guilt, was sure death. A few doubted and distrusted from the first; but those who dared to say so were instantly accused. As the "afflicted" grew bolder and the spirit of the people became frenzied, a higher class of victims was selected. The aged, the revered, the honored, and the saintly, a terror to their dearest friends and relatives, were promiscuously crowded into loathsome dungeons and loaded with chains. The victims were of all ages and conditions, including a minister, church members, and little children. Shocking cruelties and barbarities marked the proceedings, and the most revolting inhumanities attested how deadly was the poison which was working in the grim superstition.

In the summer season of 1692 nineteen condemned wretches and wizards were executed by hanging, on the hill in Salem. A twentieth victim, the sturdy and heroic old Giles Corey, eighty years of age—the John Brown of the holocaust—was pressed to death in resolute refusal to plead to the indictment. It gives us a sublime regard for the nobleness and heroic firmness of these victims, men and women, to remind ourselves that the word of confession weakly, but not unnaturally, spoken by many would have instantly saved them. It was intended to have followed up the savage work by successive instalments from the hundreds of convicted victims crowded into the jails. But a most opportune delay in the sessions of the court, and a change in its composition and judicature, working with a strengthening spirit of distrust and a bolder questioning of the proceedings, gave time and occasion for opening the eyes of a distracted and well-nigh brutalized community to a sense of their infatuation. By the governor's proclamation a general jail delivery released one hundred and fifty chained men and women and children from their loathsome cells and dungeons. It is not accurately known how many in all had been imprisoned; but they are supposed to have been many hundreds. The mind and heart find little relief for the generation then on the stage, whether in the prisons or outside of it. Death, with its peace and its reawakening, could alone release them from the experiences and the memories of their woe.

SOME PRIMITIVE QUAKERS.*

It is no discredit to Mrs. Webb to say that of the characters which she studies the two who speak most for themselves are the most interesting of the family group. These are Mary Penington and Thomas Ellwood. Of William Penn's writings and public career enough is known to preclude much additional information, and his domestic life, strictly speaking, is the least attractive part of his biography—though not without instruction, certainly, and affording an admirable test of his character. His first wife, Gulielma Maria, was remarkable chiefly as the daughter of Mary Springett, and though her lineal portrait is given, and her girlhood dwelt upon, she is only a pretty ornament of the story, serving to connect the Penns and the Peningtons. As for her stepfather, Isaac Penington, a Puritan graduated to Quakerism, he lacks nothing of endurance or Christian patience and forgiveness under persecution, nor of duty to his family, nor of liberal ideas on education, nor of unobtrusive fidelity to his convictions. But he was narrow of conscience and serene almost to self-righteousness, as his letters to his Puritanical father bear witness; and all that he writes is pervaded, not—Mrs. Webb is right—by mysticism, but by that figurative phraseology destined in time to become the cant of the Friends' preaching, and which is dull even when sincere because of its vagueness. His utterances alone would, perhaps, have

* "The Penns and Peningtons of the Seventeenth Century, in their Domestic and Religious Life: Illustrated by Original Family Letters. Also, Incidental Notices of their Friend Thomas Ellwood, with some of his Unpublished Verses. By Maria Webb, author of 'The Fells of Swarthmoor Hall and their Friends.'" London: F. Bowyer Kitto. 1867. Pp. 439.

cost him little repose, but he held a leading social position among Friends, and was the object of private malevolence on the part of certain of the nobility, so that it is not strange that he was six times imprisoned, nor that his epistles to his persecutors, written during his confinement, contributed nothing to his release or subsequent immunity. From his hospitable and tender nature it is probable there are letters extant which are more readable than most of those here quoted; and, in fact, we are allowed one glimpse of him writing to his wife about their boys—how "Ned" was "looking very well and fresh, if not too well; I mean too fat;" and how to "Bill" "I said, 'If thou canst not get quiet, father will get all thy love from thee,' for he was exceedingly loving to me this morning in bed. He said, 'No! no! must not get all the love from mother.'" And then the good Isaac confesses that he is moved by his "natural love" to "express these things, yet not without some fear lest I should be instrumental to draw thy mind too much into that nature which I myself want to be daily further and further drawn out of."

Mary Penington's account of herself to her grandson, Springett Penn, which involves also the life and character of her boy-husband, Sir William Springett, is in every way delightful. She, a precocious little girl, who intuitively revolted from the forms of the Established Church, and groped her way artlessly but surely to the gate of natural prayer—helped by the excessively doubtful dictum of Preston "that in many things the world and hypocrites could imitate a saint, but in prayer they could not"—is brought up as a playmate and housemate with her future husband, who also, though more directly trained to Puritanism while at Cambridge, displays independent religious beliefs remarkable for his time and years. He denies to the midwife her formal prayer at the birth of his child, and gives thanks himself to the Lord "in a very sweet and melting way, which caused great amazement;" but not more than his refusal to let the parish priest baptize the child, and his taking it, "when it was eight days old," five miles to a Nonconformist preacher, who desired him to hold it during the ceremony. "It was a great cross and a new business, which caused much gazing and wonderment for him, a gallant and very young man, in the face of so great an assembly, to hold the child in his arms." And a month later, having taken the Scotch Covenant against Popery, he shares in the fight of Edgehill, and is afterwards made deputy-lieutenant of Kent. Taken fatally ill at Arundel, his wife journeys heroically to him from London, sometimes rowing in a boat over the flooded highway, first putting on board the things out of the coach, and again upset at night in a hedge opposite a precipice, and a quarter of a mile from the town delayed by "the wheel of the coach having pitched close into the root of a tree." The restless invalid, she found, had been only prevailed on to take to his bed by permission to shoot birds with his cross-bow out of the window; and he did this "till the spots went in and the fever got to his head." What followed is very pathetically told. A long season of mental disquietude intervened between Sir William's death and Mary's marriage to Isaac Penington and conversion to the principles of George Fox. Later she appears as an admirable business manager, and when she came to renovate and enlarge the homestead to which they were finally driven, after many vicissitudes, "I often thought," she writes, "and sometimes said, that if I had lived in the time when building of houses for the service or worship of the Lord was accepted and blessed, I could not have had in such work a sweeter, stiller, or pleasanter time."

Less austere than most Friends, and rightly to be styled genial, bearing his crosses not grimly but with philosophical humor, a friend of the classics, an humble follower of the Muses, Thomas Ellwood is a chronicler that any sect might covet. Like Penington and like Penn, he belongs to the plutocracy;—in this work we are not admitted to lowly hearthstones. Like both, he incurred the paternal displeasure, though his father, if sterner than the Alderman, never resorted to the cane like the Admiral. When Thomas, Quaker-true, would not take off his hat even to his father, his hats and caps were hidden from him, and his pocket-money, or anything that could be converted into money, withheld; so that when arrested, just before the restoration of Charles II., for travelling on Sunday, he is obliged to warn the constable not to make him incur the expense of an inn, for he carries no purse, and his horse and even his great coat are borrowed. And the warden who is to try him cries, "Bless me! I never met with such a man as you are before! What! were you set out by the parish?" Thomas gets easily out of that scrape, but into many others, and during his stay in London, where he reads Latin aloud, in the Continental fashion, to the blind Milton, is arrested in meeting and with his fellow-worshippers carried off to Bridewell. Here he would fain have starved on tenpence, but succor comes, and he employs himself making night-waistcoats for a hosier. Afterwards being transferred to the crowded Newgate, where the prisoners slept in three tiers of hammocks, he enjoys the providential and amusing retribution which fell upon the keepers, who had impressed "an ancient man, a grave citizen," caught hurrying past the jail, to make up the coroner's inquest on a victim of their inhumanity. He, insisting on seeing the place where the death occurred, said truly at the sight of it, "I did not think there had been so much cruelty in the hearts of Englishmen to use Englishmen in this manner!"—and that was the beginning of better treatment for those who were there confined. Thomas ultimately returned to his "dear master," Milton, who submitted to his judgment the manuscript of "Paradise Lost;" upon which the pupil asks where is "Paradise *Found*," and in due time gets his answer and the credit of the suggestion.

Ellwood's story of his courtship is full of that quaint solemnity of phrase and of feeling with which Friends invest even their most trivial actions. On parting from Mary Ellis for a fortnight's absence, after having confessed his love, he hoped, he said, "to receive a suitable return from her in the Lord's time; to whom, in the meantime, I committed both her, myself, and the concern between us. And indeed," he adds slyly, "I found at my return that I could not have left it in a better hand." Nor could Mary, let us agree, have fallen into better hands than his; for surely it was not wholly the Quaker sense of the equality of the sexes that made it his first care after marriage "to secure my wife what money she had, and which, with herself, were bestowed on me. . . . Wherefore with the first opportunity (as I remember, the very next day, and before I knew particularly what she had) I made my will, and thereby secured to her whatever I was possessed of, as well as all that she brought, with that little which I had before I married her." Does not this noble conduct plead against a hundred such distichs as—

> "Things subject to exterior sense
> Are to mutation most prepense,"

and other rhymes of which Thomas was guilty while yet a Quaker might be guilty of rhymes?

Penn is well presented to us by Mrs. Webb, and his contests with a corrupt and arbitrary judiciary, and advocacy of the rights of all Englishmen as a prisoner at the bar and as a Dissenter before Parliament, deserve to be for ever remembered with gratitude. For one who was probably familiar with all the temptations of the flesh, he carried self-abnegation to a high degree in declining the obvious and easy path to preferment which his father's achievements and his own talents opened to him at an early age. He never shirked the odium of his religious profession nor the sufferings which it entailed, and in which he associated and identified himself with the humblest members of the Society. He alone manifested a disposition to found, like the Puritans, a state policy upon his doctrines; and had no dispute arisen concerning his charter, so that he could have settled in America as he wished, the world had perhaps not been cheated of a valuable experiment in human government. For what he said of George Fox may be not inaptly applied to him: "I never saw him out of his place, or not a match for every service or occasion."

Mrs. Webb is to be congratulated on the scheme and on the execution of her work. The Quakers hold for ever the honor of announcing the perpetual and everyday inspiration of God. Their rule of conduct—as the spirit directs—is a great advance upon the constant appeal to Scripture texts or to the letter of the human law. But it is one thing to possess the rule, and another to receive the inspiration; and it is, we think, in confounding high with commonplace motives, duties with desires, aspirations with inclinations, that the Quakers have belittled their doctrine, and subsided into formally eccentric, dead-level sobriety, making the purchase of a field and the protest against wrong and violence equally a "concern," if not, indeed, making more of the former than of the latter. It is because we must go back to that bitter period from the time of the Commonwealth to the Revolution of 1688—in which so many religious ideas alternately predominated, and in which the Quaker was always abused and to be abused, no matter which was in power—in order to learn anew what conscience means, and what Milton meant by the unresistible might of weakness, that such a history as Mrs. Webb has elaborated is precious in the formation of character and in the purification of church and state. Fortunately she has so used her materials as to construct an entertaining as well as edifying narrative. In point of interest she leaves little to be desired.

A Treatise on the American Law of Easements and Servitudes. By Emory Washburn, LL.D. Second edition. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)—This is a new edition of a very useful treatise, covering an important branch of the law which is nowhere else adequately treated. The work is so well known by the legal profession that an extended criticism of it would be superfluous. It is only necessary to say that the present edition appears to have been carefully revised, and to include notes of all the decisions which have been reported since the first edition was published. It is a work without a competitor upon its peculiar ground, and is necessary to every complete legal library.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of The Nation *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE NATIONAL BANK CURRENCY.

The approaching session of Congress is likely to become memorable for the number of financial measures submitted to its discussion. The questions of currency contraction, of payment of the national debt, of further greenback issues, and of the substitution of greenbacks for the notes of national banks, will all be brought up for decision at an early day; but unlike the many financial measures passed during the last six years, those now to be brought forward are being discussed in advance of Congress, and there is a fair chance that we shall thus be saved from further legislative crudities such as now afflict us. The National Bank act is one of the many specimens of the blundering legislation sometimes extracted from Congress by ignorance, cupidity, and party zeal. Under the provisions of that act many honorable men have organized national banks in all parts of the country, and have invested in them time, money, character, and ability. The investment has generally proved a very profitable one, mainly owing to the privilege given to these banks to issue paper money, the now well-known national bank currency. This currency was at first very popular everywhere, but latterly public opinion has somewhat changed, and it has come to be generally understood that this currency, while very profitable to the banks, is also very expensive to the people: hence the proposition recently made, and certain to be urged upon Congress, to substitute greenbacks for the national bank currency, seems to be received with almost universal favor. It would seem natural that the owners of national banks should feel aggrieved at an attempt to deprive them of valuable privileges conferred upon them by law, and should use every legitimate means to defeat it; but the only open attempt so far made to defend their position, the letter of their great leader, Mr. Jay Cooke, is so thoroughly specious, labored, and unsound that it has had no effect upon the public beyond convincing it that the position of the banks admits of no defence. The question is, however, far from being as simple as the public generally seems disposed to consider it.

Stripped of all technicalities, the case stands precisely as follows: When the greenbacks or United States currency were first issued, it was generally understood that they were a temporary expedient only, that they were, in the phraseology of the times, emphatically a "war measure," and that with the end of the war the existence of the greenbacks was to come to an end likewise. An irredeemable paper currency was entirely antagonistic to the general feeling and judgment of the country; and although, in the total absence of all currency at the time the act was passed, the legal tenders or greenbacks were received as an inestimable blessing, yet there has been no time since when the sober thought of the people has not looked upon them as intruders to be expelled as soon as possible, and has not reverted with natural longing to the promised return to specie payments and a currency redeemable in coin. This desirable result, among others, it was thought could and would be obtained through the national banks. They were to be allowed to issue bank-notes or currency to the amount of three hundred millions (the amount of currency which it was supposed would be required in times of peace), and these notes they were bound to redeem on demand in "legal-tender" currency. As long as there were greenbacks in circulation, the national banks could redeem their notes in that kind of "legal-tender." But the supply of greenbacks was to be, and is now being, rapidly reduced by contraction; a time will soon come when there will be no longer any greenbacks out, and then the national banks will be compelled to redeem their notes in the only kind of "legal-tender" left, viz., gold and silver coin, and thus specie payments were to be restored. In order to have ample security that the banks would, according to agreement, redeem the notes so issued when called upon, they were required to purchase and deposit in the Treasury at Washington an amount of United States bonds equal to or a little larger than the amount of currency they were allowed to issue. These bonds of course belong to the banks, although temporarily pledged to the United States Treasury, and the interest accruing on them is regularly paid to the banks as it would be to any other owner. There seems at first sight nothing objectionable in this, but there is nevertheless much.

The original founders of a national bank contribute in greenbacks a capital of a million of dollars. With these greenbacks they buy a million of bonds; the bonds are deposited in Washington, where they draw six per cent. interest in coin or seven per cent. interest in currency. The bank thus secures six or seven per cent. interest on its capital, the same as any other capitalist who invests his money in bonds; but the bank in addition receives from the Treasury a million of national bank-bills, which are money in all parts of the United States, and which the bank can loan in Wall Street or anywhere else for another seven per cent. per annum. It is evident that capital invested in a national bank gets a double rate of interest—one seven per cent. from the people who borrow its bills, and another seven per cent. from the United States Treasury for interest on the bonds deposited with it. The seven per cent. paid by the Treasury is, of course, paid by the people at large, and it is this interest, amounting to over twenty millions of dollars per annum, which it is proposed to save by substituting greenbacks for the notes of the national banks. If, instead of selling to the national banks the three hundred millions of bonds, against which they are authorized to issue *their* currency, the Treasury had in the first instance issued three hundred millions of its own currency—greenbacks—it is evident that there would have been no more currency out and no less than there is now, that the total of the national debt would have been no larger than it is now, but that three hundred millions more of that debt would have been free of interest instead of costing, as they now do, over twenty millions of dollars annually, which are taken from the people by taxation to be put in the pockets of the national-bank stockholders. This is the great error, the great wrong, of the National Bank Act, and the all but unanimous voice of the country demands that the error should be corrected and the wrong redressed.

As matters now stand, a one-dollar national bank note is nothing more than a promise to pay a one-dollar greenback on demand. The popular argument is, that if the greenback itself is, as it must be, preferable to any promise to furnish it, no matter how substantial or well-secured, and the greenback, the actual thing, can be had without cost to the people, it is a self-evident absurdity to make the people pay a heavy tax for somebody's promise to furnish that greenback on demand. The argument, we take it, is unanswerable. But the remedial measure, so readily deduced from this argument, to substitute greenbacks for the national notes, to let the cheap actual thing promised take the place of the expensive promise, is more open to objection.

In the first place, the practical execution of the measure is fraught with great and serious difficulty. The bonds deposited in the Treasury certainly belong to the banks. Congress may withdraw the right to issue currency against these bonds, but it cannot compel the banks to sell them. It is true, if the banks are deprived of their currency they may be forced to sell their bonds from want of money, but they will then sell them in the open market and get the current price, which is far above the nominal par value of the bonds. If the Government declares its willingness to buy the bonds of the banks at market price, who is to fix that price, and which market price is to be taken—that of the day when the law is passed, or that of the day when the bank surrenders its currency, or that of any other day? And if the Government buys these bonds at market price, paying the heavy premium on them (what injustice to other bondholders!), why should the bonds of the banks alone be redeemed? Or if the banks are compelled or allowed to sell their bonds in the open market, what disastrous fluctuations would result from the sudden or even gradual sale of such an immense additional amount of securities, what loss would result to the banks and to a thousand other innocent holders! It is very easy to say the banks shall call in their currency, but do they control it? It is in the hands of the people, who want it for their daily business transactions, and who will not take the trouble to present it for redemption, unless compelled by a threat of depreciation. And what effect would it have on the business of the country if the national cur-

rency were suddenly threatened with depreciation? Why, every bank and private banker, every merchant or retail dealer, every manufacturer in the United States would be bankrupt in less than a month, and thousands of people thrown out of employment and brought to the verge of starvation. A cry of distress runs through the land at Mr. McCulloch's persistent contraction of four millions a month; but to compel redemption of the national currency is equal to contraction of three hundred millions in a day. We could fill a column with the enumeration of practical difficulties in the way of the measure proposed, but practical difficulties rarely trouble visionaries and demagogues.

We have said that the practical difficulties in the way of substituting greenbacks for the national bank notes will prove very serious and, perhaps, insurmountable. We now propose to show that the object sought to be obtained by the proposed substitution can be better obtained in a different manner. The real cause of complaint is none other than the excessive cost to the people of the currency furnished them by the national banks. If the banks desire to retain the business of furnishing the people with currency, let them offer to do it at less cost. The banks now get seven per cent. per annum on their currency from borrowers, and seven per cent. per annum on their bonds from the Treasury or the people at large. Let the banks be satisfied with seven per cent. per annum on their currency, and *three* per cent. per annum on their bonds. Let the National Bank Act be amended so that on all bonds deposited in the Treasury as security for national currency only one-half of the usual interest be allowed; or, in other words, that the banks be required to pay into the Treasury one-half of the interest on their deposited bonds in return for the privilege of issuing currency. They will still make money out of the privilege; not so much as they have been making, but fully as much as the people are willing to let them make, and much more than they will make if the privilege be entirely withdrawn.

Business throughout the country is in a very unsatisfactory condition. The natural reaction from years of wasteful national and individual extravagance is aggravated by the wretched condition of our currency. The currency can only be made worse and all its attendant evils intensified by violent changes now. It is not to the interest of the banks or of the people at large that these changes should be enforced; but enforced they will be, unless the banks meet the popular demand by voluntary concessions. The feeling pervades the community with almost perfect unanimity, that a law which gives to the national banks fourteen per cent. interest on their capital, in the midst of general depression in business, is an anomaly and absolutely unendurable. The difficulties in the way of substituting greenbacks for the national notes, and the indisposition to tamper with the currency now, incline the people to concessions. Let the banks meet them in a similar spirit, and they may still save a part of their valuable privileges; if not, they will lose the whole.

THE POLITICAL PROSPECT IN 1868.

The Republican party has sustained a series of defeats this year scarcely equalled in its history. When, on the 17th ultimo, we pointed out that it had lost 107,000 of its majorities last year, and predicted that it would lose the New York election, we were severely denounced both as false prophets and as enemies to the party. But our predictions are much more than verified. We foretold 15,000 Democratic majority in New York, desiring to make the figure as moderate as we honestly could. As soon as the registration was completed, we estimated the probable majority at 35,000. In fact, it exceeds 48,000. The returns from other States are very imperfect, but seem to indicate 25,000 Republican majority in Massachusetts, 16,000 Democratic majority in New Jersey, 40,000 Democratic majority in Maryland, 5,000 Republican majority in Wisconsin, 4,000 in Minnesota, and perhaps 5,000 in Kansas. The returns from Illinois and Michigan, where county officers only were chosen, are so meagre as to afford no indication of the results. Estimating the loss in these States at half the proportion shown by other States, the total loss upon the Republican majorities of last year, in the various elections of 1867, cannot be reckoned at less than 320,000, or three-fourths of the party's entire majority.

It must not be supposed, however, that anything like this number of voters have actually left the Republican party. The change has been effected by about 60,000 Democrats voting this year who did not vote in 1866, but were of the same politics then; about 160,000 Republicans who voted last year now staying at home, and not over 50,000 Republicans, at the most, voting the Democratic ticket, unless we include the 5,000 German Republicans of New York, who voted for Hoffman in 1866.

The voters who simply stayed at home are certainly *not* permanently lost to their party; and the Republicans who this year voted the Democratic ticket are not *certainly* lost. The former class may easily be brought out on the right side in 1868. The latter class may be won back, but not so easily.

If Presidential electors had been chosen at the recent elections, the result would have been as follows:

REPUBLICAN.		DEMOCRATIC.	
Illinois	16	California	5
Indiana	13	Connecticut	6
Iowa	8	Delaware	3
Kansas	3	Kentucky	11
Maine	7	Maryland	7
Massachusetts	12	New Jersey	7
Michigan	8	New York	33
Minnesota	4	Pennsylvania	26
Missouri	11		
New Hampshire	5		
Ohio	21		
Rhode Island	4		
Tennessee	10		
Vermont	5		
West Virginia	5		
Wisconsin	8		
Total	140	Total	98

We have omitted three small States—Oregon, because no election was held there, and Nebraska and Nevada for want of any returns. Each chooses three electors. We think Nebraska should be placed in the Republican column, and the others in the Democratic, making the vote 143 to 104.

If the Southern States should be admitted in season for the next election, their votes would (judging by the elections just held) be cast as follows, assuming that no change will be made in the law of suffrage:

REPUBLICAN.		DEMOCRATIC.	
Alabama	8	Arkansas	5
Florida	3	Georgia	9
Louisiana	7	North Carolina	9
Mississippi	7	Texas	6
South Carolina	6	Virginia	10
Total	31	Total	39

The vote in Georgia and Virginia would be very close if it were polled to-day and all voted. Possibly both might be carried by the Republicans on a full vote as they have been on a partial vote, but we doubt it.

The prospect for 1868 is still favorable for the Republican party, but the above statement clearly shows that it is by no means free from uncertainty. Much will depend upon the management of both parties. New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Illinois are all very doubtful States. Republican politicians count with great confidence upon New York, but with little reason. The cities of New York and Brooklyn have just given 75,000 Democratic majority. They will increase this in 1868 to 85,000, if not more. The largest Republican majorities ever rolled up by the interior of the State were 110,000 for Fremont in 1856, 82,000 for Lincoln in 1860, 81,000 for Dickinson in 1861, and 70,000 for Fenton in 1866. On no other occasion has the interior given more than 55,000 majority. In 1864, Lincoln had only 48,000 majority in the rural districts to overbalance the 41,000 and over given to McClellan by these

two cities. Can the interior poll 90,000 majority for any Republican in 1868? We must say that we consider it in the highest degree improbable. We doubt whether it can make out 70,000 majority, yet that figure will infallibly be overcome by the cities. Without going further into details, we are of opinion that Governor Seymour would certainly carry New York State, while Mr. Pendleton might possibly carry it, but probably would not if the Republicans were thoroughly united.

Pennsylvania and Indiana are always doubtful, as every one knows. The majority in both States in 1866 was comparatively small, requiring a change of only two per cent. of the electors to reverse it. It may seem strange, however, that we should set down Illinois as doubtful, when she gave 56,000 Republican majority last year. But Fenianism contributed largely to that vote, and will never do so again. Moreover, the southern part of the State, which has been so wonderfully converted within the last five years through the influence of General Logan and his friends, may be restive under the rapid progress of the Republican party toward equality of political rights. Nevertheless, we think the probabilities are in favor of Republican success in Illinois. Indiana seems to us more doubtful. Mr Pendleton perhaps might carry it, but we do not think he could carry Pennsylvania.

In fact, the great element of uncertainty in the contest of 1868 lies in the action of the Democratic party. The Republicans will pretty certainly nominate Grant. The Democrats will as certainly nominate Pendleton or Seymour. Their difficulty is that the former cannot carry the East, and the latter cannot carry the West. Nominating one for President and the other for Vice-President will not help the matter, as nobody expects the Vice-President to have any influence. We presume that Pendleton is the favorite; but New York and Pennsylvania are too important to be risked, and if they declare with emphasis that they cannot carry a repudiationist, the Democratic Convention cannot refuse to be guided by their advice.

If the Democrats should lose Pennsylvania, they would also lose Connecticut, and would have to carry Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and one other State at the West to make up their loss. The loss of *both* New York and Pennsylvania would make their prospects absolutely hopeless. It is, therefore, easy to foresee the paramount influence which the delegations from those States will exercise in the convention.

GOD'S WILL IN POLITICS.

We notice in some of the religious papers a disposition to take a despondent view of the condition of public opinion touching the negro, and to infer a reaction from the issue of the late elections. We confess we do not well see what warrant there is in the history of the last two years for any such conclusion. What has happened seems to us the natural and legitimate result of the view of their duties taken by many of the Republican leaders. They seem to have supposed that all that they had to do was to find out what the people *ought* to want, and then, if they could get hold of a majority, force it to have it. But finding out what the people *ought* to want is only one-third of a statesman's task; it consists, also, in finding out what the people *does* want, and in persuading it to leave the bad and embrace the good. The duty of persuasion, however, is one which many of the Radical leaders have sedulously eschewed. They have hardly made any efforts to win people over to their way of thinking, and have steadily refused to believe that men have to be governed as they are, and not as moralists would like to see them; so that we think that there can hardly be a doubt that the revolt of the rank and file is due not to a dislike to the direction in which they are being led, but to the behavior of their guides. People will not be bullied or humbugged even into the noblest courses. They will insist on having their reason and even their prejudices respected, and they will not accept Congressmen or popular lecturers as either apostles or evangelists whose utterances on political topics are to be received as gospel or mathematical demonstrations.

The case, as every one saw who examined it coolly at the close of the war, was simply this: The opposition to slavery, especially after the rebellion broke out, had a moral basis. That all men have received from God the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and that negro slavery was therefore immoral, was a proposition which was accepted over the greater part of the civilized world; so that although many fought against slavery on grounds of expediency merely, the position of those who believed with Mr. Lincoln that if slavery were not wrong nothing was wrong, was impregnable. If it were right, the generally received theory of God's character and of the objects of political society would have had to be revised. The question of maintaining it was not simply a political question; it was three-fourths a moral question.

Once slavery was abolished, however, and the question of how best to secure the negroes in the enjoyment of their freedom came up for dission, we had got into an entirely new field. This was a question which had to be decided by the aid of the usual methods of political enquiry. The misfortune of the Republican party has been that it has had to enter on the discussion of this, as well as of some kindred questions, under the leadership of some men who had been bred in the anti-slavery agitation and were therefore unfamiliar with the use of the ordinary political instruments—who have so long been accustomed to dealing with moral considerations solely that they were unable to see the force of any other. They therefore set about preaching equal suffrage with as lofty an indifference to the prejudices or opinions or traditions of the mass of the public as if they had been offering the gospel to a set of heathen. There has positively seemed at times to be a strife between them to see which could place his peculiar political views before the nation in the most repulsive and disagreeable shape. Compromise, argument, persuasion, patience, any of the arts, in short, by which statesmen are in the habit of carrying their point, were treated very much as a missionary would treat a proposition to sacrifice to idols for the purpose of conciliating the pagans.

Now, the public was not ready for this. It was not ready to accept universal suffrage as a legitimate deduction from the abolition of slavery, and was not ready to believe, no matter who preached it, that it was the will of God that every man ought to have a vote. When it had emancipated the negroes, it had carried its religious feelings into politics as far as it was ready to carry them, and no amount of invective from Mr. Stevens or Mr. Boutwell or Mr. Sumner was sufficient to induce it to carry them any further. This is, no doubt, partly due to prejudice, but it has other and more respectable causes. The traditions of the Anglo-Saxon race—the only race which has been successful, during a long series of years, in carrying on constitutional government—the experience of mankind, the conclusions of the wisest and ablest jurists and philosophers—all assure us that all we know of God's will in politics is that he intends the aim and object of civil society to be the happiness and development of the individual man. In other words, the only inalienable right of man in society of which we know anything is the right to be well governed. As to what is the best kind of government, or, in other words, as to the best means of securing the common weal, God has given us no direct light whatever. Nothing is deducible on this subject from his character. He has left us to find it out ourselves, and for this purpose has furnished us with the reasoning faculty. Therefore, all talk about the rule of the majority enjoying more of the divine favor than the rule of the minority is simply moonshine. Both are either good or bad as they produce good or bad results. In some stages of culture monarchy is best, in others oligarchy, in others democracy. What produced peace and prosperity amongst the Athenians would have destroyed civilization amongst the Persians; what produces the utmost happiness in America would establish anarchy in Ireland. No human being, and no collection of human beings, has any right to govern anybody, unless experience and reflection lead to the conclusion that his government or their government will be the best that can be had. The ballot is not simply a personal privilege; it is the means of helping to govern other people, and, therefore, no human being has a natural right to it.

The American people feel all this in their bones, even if they do not put it in words. They have never acknowledged or acted on the inalienable-right doctrine as regards the suffrage. They did not act on it with regard to the whites at the North. Property qualifications for the franchise were abolished in these States as a piece of political expediency, and not as a religious duty. The franchise is withheld from women because it is believed, wrongly, as we think, that they would

make a bad use of it. The whole government of the country in every part has been conducted for eighty years on the principle of expediency—on the principle that whatever seems likely to promote the common weal ought to be done, but nothing else. To ask the people to legislate for the negro on different grounds and for different motives, to concede to them what they have never conceded to men of their own race and what the experience of mankind forbids their conceding—the right to vote, no matter what use they are likely to make of their vote—is to ask something which there is not the least chance of getting.

Moreover, those who have sought to deal with negro suffrage in this way appear to have flattered themselves that when they proclaimed the inalienable-right doctrine they had made a grand political discovery that would serve as a sort of certificate of the sacredness of their mission, and under cover of which they could push their reforms in various other fields. In Massachusetts, for instance, they determined to make men temperate by law, and scorned to justify themselves by ordinary political considerations. They claimed religious sanctions for their course, and got a thousand clergymen to preach sermons in favor of the prohibitory law the Sunday before the last election. Now, granting—as we freely do—that we know that God desires men to be temperate, we deny altogether that he has furnished us with any guide but reason and experience as to the best mode of promoting temperance. If prohibitory legislation, on the whole, promotes the common weal—that is, diminishes intemperance without producing other forms of evil in its stead—there ought to be prohibitory legislation. If prohibitory legislation does not diminish the amount of intemperance or does promote other forms of evil, there ought not to be any prohibitory legislation. Whether it is desirable or not is to be decided either by experiment or by the ordinary process of political induction, to enable us to perform which the Almighty has given us the reasoning faculty and written records of human experience; but rhetoric and music and horrid pictures of drunkenness shed no more light on the question than they shed on the origin of evil.

Now, whether repressive legislation will or will not diminish drunkenness is a question on which clergymen, *as such*, have no more claims to be heard than other people. God has not given them any special instruction on this point. What they say about it in the pulpit has, therefore, no more value than if they said it in an arm-chair or from an open window, and we object to their saying anything about it in the pulpit at all—if the advocacy of prohibitory legislation in such a place is intended to produce on the public the impression that there is to be found in theology some special instruction as to the comparative value of political means. Any clergyman who tries to produce this impression does himself and religion an injury. His business is to keep men's eyes fixed constantly on the great end of political society—the good of the whole. The means of attaining this end is a science in itself, and needs special study.

We think it would not now be a bad plan for the advanced Radicals to come down off the theological platform and bring negro suffrage down with them. It will certainly improve their taste and temper. It will make them more tolerant of opposition, and will familiarize them with the use of the old weapons of political warfare; weapons which they certainly need not be ashamed to use, as most of the great victories of modern progress have been achieved with them. The arguments drawn from this source are arguments with which the public is familiar and which it can always appreciate, and with which we are satisfied the victory of equal rights can be secured more readily than with any other.

"THE GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL."

Of people looking for the millennium there are some who, if we may say so, shut their eyes and look; and these look forward. But most of us, when perfect and happy humanity is to be discovered, are apt with a pathetic faith, a faith which is not the substance of things hoped for, to turn our eyes backward. Necessarily, it is in ages of which man is ignorant that he finds the golden age, and this being so, there are numerous reasons why, when he has to choose between the past of which he is ignorant and the future of which he is almost equally ignorant, he should place his time of ideal happiness and goodness in ages gone and not in ages to come. One reason suffices. Is not the future the child of the present? It is hard to believe on Saturday night—and on Sunday it is only a little easier—that the six days preceding have been at all effective as progenitors of any very good time coming. What the present is we know, or think we know, and we know how indefinitely far off must be any approximately perfect future lineally descended from it. "Know thyself" is the best recipe for getting up a contempt for posterity. But when we are looking backward and inscribing the tombstones of past ages, it is only human to attribute to them all the millennial virtues.

It was in the old times, then, that we had the best of husbands, the kindest of fathers, good masters to their servants, benefactors to the poor, pillars of the Church, true patriots, who died full of years and honor in the hope of a happy resurrection, and left afflicted families to mourn their loss. Then there were mothers in Israel, attentive to their own households, faithful wives and widows, the virtuous relicts of husbands such as the aforementioned. It was then we had no such weather as the oldest inhabitant now, *ex-officio*, deprecates every winter and summer of his life; then was the era of faith; and the epoch of good feeling; and the phœnix; and there were giants in those days, and the beef was better; and there was no enjoyment of bad health, and no business hours in all the old times, but leisure and latitude in the highest degree; and no poor people and happy rich people, and all the maids were kind, and every day was May, and all the men were brave; and there was no money and no credit, and Justice had only her scales, and the Kingdom of Heaven came not bringing a sword, and Righteousness had no thought of self, and also kissed Peace, and life was longer and death not so long; and, as may be seen in *The Globe* of the period, there were gigantic intellects in the halls of Congress which used to burst forth in streams of eloquence unstained by the foul waters of sectional fanaticism; and there was good government, or none, and franker simplicity and keener wit, and, in brief, the Saturnian reign was jovial, and, to break off short an endless list of lost blessings, "the gentleman of the old school" grew in the land spontaneously in boundless profusion.

We still get a sight of him occasionally; like the last survivor of the Revolution, he dies every little while, and we are able to see how much it is that we have lost in losing the world of which he was a part. Unconscious of him till he had left us, and a fellow-passenger told us what he was, we met him once in South Carolina, near Newberry, in a stage-coach. He told us, while we listened to him, that Daniel Webster, walking on one occasion near the sea-shore at a place which he owned, and which, by-the-by, was never paid for, he believed, said that he seemed to himself like he was a child picking up pebbles, as it were, on the shore of the boundless ocean of truth; he told us also, passing to the subject by an easy transition—Mr Webster having been a Massachusetts senator—that Preston Brooks, whom he had known as a boy, was one of the most gallant, high-toned gentlemen that Edgefield ever produced; he related anecdotes of Mr. Butler, who married so-and-so, and who adorned the United States Senate before the old school went out; other anecdotes he related which gentlemen of the new school are not able to relate; his profane language, much of it, was used in behalf of revealed religion as compared with certain forms of infidelity widely prevalent in the free States; in a sense he had, as a late clergyman of Boston is said to have had, all of religion which is essential to damnation, so far, at any rate, as damnation forms a part of conversational eloquence; he doubted if Mr. Bancroft ought to finish Mr. Bancroft's "History of the United States" now that the country had gone to ruin, Mr. Davis, of the Episcopal Church South, being in Fortress Monroe; he was polite to roadside negroes and negresses; but of the colored race he spoke much as ungentlemanly people do whose ancestry and posterity are of different colors; he was polite to us also, making us all free of his travelling case; his manners were great, that is, speaking relatively, they were not minor morals, as is the case with the manners of new-school gentlemen; he was clothed in black from head to foot—we shall be pardoned for describing minutely a specimen of a rare genus—his chin was bristly, he chewed tobacco as if everybody liked it chewed, his nose was reddish, and without one dissenting voice he was pronounced, as he bade us farewell, a true gentleman of the old school.

Up North the gentleman of the old school generally appears as the chief ingredient in funerals; were it not for obituary notices we should hardly know that he still lingers among us. He does, however, though we, being less nobly, or ignobly, credulous than our Southern brethren are, see him but seldom. But the Democratic majority last Tuesday week, in this and other States, would have been smaller by several votes had there been no gentlemen of the old school. For they are not, so far as we have observed their habits, Republicans in politics. Perhaps, being part and parcel of the

old millennium, they naturally dislike its rival. At all events they subscribe to the Boston *Post* and the New York *World* and the Louisville *Journal* as nonchalantly as if all responsibility for any millennium to come were removed from their shoulders. They are in doubt whether or not a monarchical government is not the best one; they expect a negro insurrection; they admit that Mrs. Lincoln was a Todd, of Kentucky, but Mr. Lincoln was not, they are obliged to confess, a gentleman, and they seriously fear he may, at one time and another, have shocked several foreign ministers—we do not recall their names; they think the mob spirit must be resisted, and if they live in New York they think the mob spirit must be resisted and vote for one of the Messrs. Wood—as if a man could be forgiven for voting for one of those gentlemen merely because the one he voted for is not the other one; they read letters which the late John Bell, of Tennessee, defiling by columns, as they say in the army, still writes Western and Southern papers; they believe in a specie currency, whether there is any hard money or not; they all regret the late unpleasantness between the North and South, and, at any rate, that between Mr. Johnson and Congress they think very much to be regretted, only they think it is Congress which ought to regret it; when biblical criticism is mentioned they speak of Tom Paine, and say that the great mind of Newton was satisfied as regards the plenary inspiration of the King James version of the Scriptures; "The Federalist" and the works of Washington Irving, Mr. Cooper's novels and *The Spectator*, they think should be in every intelligent family; we are afraid to say—for we rather like them—how unsound they are on the "woman question;" they talk, these gentlemen of the old school, as if the Apostle Paul had been a woman, and able to present the female as well as the inspired side of the question; "her desire shall be unto her husband," they say, and they chuckle when Miss Dickinson speaks about "Idiots and Women," but we fear they stay away from her lecture and content themselves with the title of it. A thousand characteristics of "the gentleman of the old school" we might give, but it would answer no useful purpose; he is dying every day, and, as he would say himself, quoting the immortal Pope, "Whatever is, is right;" we are glad to see him go.

It is the other millennium we believe in, and the gentleman of the old school is to us a stumbling-block and a rock of offence, like many another delightfully sentimental creature. He was not the soul of honor, as they say he was—that is, he was not invariably the soul of honor, any more than we are who are his descendants; it is the gentleman of the new school as often as he of the old who is strictly honest and high-minded in all matters of business; it is he also as often as his elder who is forward in good works of every kind; he gives up his seat in the street-cars to ladies of any school or none, and that, at any rate, the gentleman of the old school has only lately begun to do: and if this last seems to any one hardly a fair thing to say, we explain that in saying this we mean to say briefly that the gentleman of the old school, as such, never knew or did the things of the present, and the present is the time which gentlemen, as others, have to know, and all the time in which they have to do.

But there never was any gentleman of the old school. The old school there has been, the old school of law, of religion, of everything, including manners; but the gentleman is dateless; so much of him as is of any school is temporary and fleeting, and, whether worthless or not, does not partake of his essential nature. As to what it is precisely that constitutes essential gentlemanliness there are many opinions, but no statement that briefly defines it. When, in a little while, the young men at Princeton have to award the medal for the prize gentleman of their college, we commend to their attention this proposition—the best we can find relating to the subject—that the true gentleman is he who never makes an unjust or unkind use of his power over another. It may be any sort of power, from the power to put to death to the power to cause a cheek to blush; but the use of it, whatever it is, settles the question of essential gentlemanliness. It might be a good exercise for the graduating class at Princeton to examine critically all the "Guides to Deportment," keeping the proposition above laid down well in view. Unfortunately there is conventional gentlemanliness; so it may be that they will go wrong in this examination; and just there, too, as regards awarding the medal, there may be trouble for them.

ENGLAND.

London, October 25, 1867.

The chief interest of the papers lately has been concentrated upon foreign affairs. We have been following day by day the reports of the mysterious drama which is still being enacted in Italy. I think I may say that English sympathies are more distinctly upon the Liberal side than has been the case in some recent difficulties. Garibaldi's arrest was, indeed, generally approved, because it was believed—and probably, as I must still say, rightly believed—that the insurrectionary movement was premature. There has, however, been of late a very unanimous desire that a settlement may in some way be reached favorable to Italian unity. Perhaps the liberality thus evinced would deserve a little more credit if it did not fall in very conveniently with two good old-fashioned prejudices—a dislike to the Pope and a jealousy of France. I hope that we are gradually drawing nearer to France in many ways, and becoming convinced that the true policy of both countries is to cultivate a solid alliance; still we cannot see the Emperor stumble without a suppressed chuckle veiled under a decorous exterior of sympathy. And, to say the truth, it is perhaps as pleasant to see this sentiment as that which sometimes replaces it—an exaggerated respect for the energy of a despotic government.

It is, however, beyond my province to touch upon foreign politics, except as they afford some indication of the prevalent tone of feeling in England. I therefore turn to two or three of the miscellaneous controversies which are amusing the public during this fag end of the vacation. I take up *The Times* at breakfast time (for I like to perform duly all the superstitious rites of my country, as Socrates considered it proper to sacrifice a cock to Æsculapius) and glance over its columns. First there comes a controversy between *The Times* and Mrs. Norton. There are, I have been credibly informed, some persons who have followed the story of "Old Sir Douglas," which has been leading a strangely intermittent existence in the pages of *Macmillan's Magazine*. *The Times* critic asserts, though Mrs. Norton doubts, that he has himself performed this remarkable feat. Unluckily, the conclusions to which it led him were not altogether satisfactory to Mrs. Norton. I think she was ungrateful; for even an unfavorable review in *The Times* is better than none. Its literary department has of late been singularly weak, partly, I imagine, in consequence of the extraordinary power which it wields. A review, as I have been told on competent authority, in any other paper—even in *The Saturday Review*, whose critical department is, perhaps, its strongest point—may sell two or three dozen copies of a book; whereas a review in *The Times* will often sell an edition. Consequently, it is the ambition of all authors to be noticed even contemptuously in this great leader of public taste, and, as another consequence, *The Times* frequently condescends to puffing its friends after a fashion of very doubtful morality. A novelist who has such a connection with *The Times* as enables him to count upon a notice has a great advantage in bargaining with his (or, perhaps, in the case of novelists, I ought rather to say her) publisher. *The Times*, however, though handling Mrs. Norton's book with the delicacy which her previous literary reputation deserves, unluckily said that certain of her characters were unnatural. She replies that they were drawn from life, and that critics are fallible and vary much in their opinion of her book. *The Times*, I think, replies very fairly that a character drawn from life is frequently made most unnatural by inserting it as a crude lump amongst the author's own imaginary beings and circumstances, and declares that her book had been carefully read and was judged on its merits. From all which I am content to draw the morals, first, that it is rash to argue with a newspaper in its own columns; and, secondly, that the varying opinions of the critical fraternity may prove many things. Sometimes it shows that critics make sheer blunders and sometimes that they have certain human feelings which forbid us to say that their judgments are perfectly unbiassed. Any one who has often discharged the thankless duty of criticising knows by sad experience how many ingenious little wiles are practised by authors who wish for a graceful puff of their productions. The most singular example I have lately seen of the art is the extraordinary favor accorded to Mr. Dixon's smart and superficial book on America. I do n't suppose that Mr. Dixon condescended for a moment to any unfair means of prejudicing the public mind, even if such means had been in his power; but the unanimity with which a book offering many temptations for assault was applauded by literary reviews suggests that a gentleman with a large literary connection is likely to fall very soft upon editorial tables.

The next topic that strikes my eye transports us to a very different but, perhaps, more widely interesting discussion. The British public, if I may judge by the columns of *The Times*, is in a state bordering on revolt. It will no longer stand the oppression under which it is groaning. It is ready to do something desperate; not, perhaps, to imitate the proceedings of the mob at Paris, where, it is said—I know not with what truth—that placards have lately been posted up with the ominous inscription, Bread or death! Our cry is for meat. The butchers to the gallows, or, if the gallows is not strictly available, we will say to the Court of Bankruptcy. We can 't stand their impositions any longer. It has been demonstrated over and over again, by arrays of statistics enough to strike even butchers with terror, that meat, instead of being 10d. a pound, ought to be 6d. An indignant

gentleman, *unus e multis*, declares in the largest of type that the spectacle is more than he can bear. He wishes that his parents had brought him up to the profession of a butcher; he would have made a fortune in ten years instead of toiling for a pittance at the bar or in a public office. Our hardships are owing to their detestable greed; they wish to get rich in a third of the time which satisfied their forefathers, and they accordingly take their bills and add on quickly twenty-five per cent. to fair prices, and thereby become so wealthy that they are rapidly buying out our native aristocracy. Fancy the Stanleys and the Howards supplanted by a race whose fortunes are founded upon tripe or even on the roast-beef of old England.

This appears to me to be very much like nonsense. I have as yet met none of these butcher aristocrats. I fancy that prices, which have been inflated by various causes—especially by the panic due to the cattle plague—will presently fall to their natural level, and that butchers, like other people, will succumb to the laws of supply and demand. Meanwhile, various means of escape from this galling tyranny have been devised. A company has been started in the city which promises excellent luncheons to city clerks for a shilling. It is in imitation of the remarkable cheap dining-rooms which have succeeded admirably in Glasgow. By dint of a good system, of careful organization, and by always supplying good things of their kind, it has there been demonstrated that good meals may be had at ridiculously cheap rates. Hitherto similar attempts have failed in London for want of the intelligent supervision which has led to their success in Glasgow. Perhaps the instinct for economy is not sufficiently developed south of the Tweed. Another prospect is held out to us which perhaps promises better. Meat in Australia and South America is, of course, at a price which bears no comparison to that upon this limited, if in other respects extremely desirable, island. Many experiments have lately been made for importing it in a tolerably eatable form. For the present, it has only resulted in producing very tasteless compounds, which will not attract even the poorest of the meat-eating population. There is, however, every probability that the thing can be done, and before long will be done, and the effect here would be of more importance than that of many more conspicuous changes. The high price of meat has been a great set-off to our farmers against the cheapness of corn produced by free trade, and they would, no doubt, regret the introduction of a new element of competition. But the advantage to the laboring classes, who, especially in the agricultural districts, sometimes only know the taste of meat by tradition, is obvious.

Another turn of a page and I come upon another very animated controversy. A distinguished surgeon, Mr. Skey, has written to *The Times* to denounce the practice of university boat-races. They involve, he says, the greatest cruelty to animals of any known amusement, and their constant result is to produce heart diseases, or to lay the seeds of disease which is developed in after-life. The question is really one of some importance in the present passion for athletic exercise. All the devotees of muscular Christianity, or of muscularity without the Christianity (which is a commoner form of the complaint), are of course up in arms. In two or three matters I think they have decidedly the best of Mr. Skey. He appears to have supposed that the two crews started at the top of their speed and raced for the lead from start to finish—a theory which, to any old oarsman, is simply absurd. In all racing, of course, the necessity of proportioning the pace to the distance is understood by every one who has ever practised the amusement. Nor does he allege any special cases from which the effect can be very well decided. There are many legends current here—I do n't know whether they cross the Atlantic—of crews of fine young men who have all died within a few years of the contest. So far as I have investigated them—and I have had special opportunities for seeing a great deal of university oarsmen—I have found them to be without foundation. Many of the healthiest and strongest men of my acquaintance have been great rowers in their youth. With all this, however, there can be no doubt that some men do injure themselves, and that the extraordinary interest taken in what has now become a "national institution" stimulates young men to very imprudent efforts. I have known men who were threatened with heart disease, or with weakness of the lungs, persist, in spite of all advice, in efforts which could hardly fail to be seriously injurious. When a young man is involved in a crowd of enthusiasts he forgets how things look from an external point of view, and fancies that it is worth while to sacrifice health and comfort to give one more victory to the light or dark blue. The obvious conclusion seems to be not that the university boat-race should be put down, for we really could not find it in our hearts to carry out so stern a proposal, but that tutors and persons in authority should exercise a more stringent supervision over young men under their care. At present they have abandoned the old extreme, under which all sports were considered as more or less criminal, and rushed into the other of positively encouraging them. At Eton the work of the school is positively made to give way to the practice of the noble art of cricket; and even at the universities there is too much of the same spirit prevalent. But the theory of an English university is, that the young men should be left very much to their own devices so long as they comply with certain regulations of discipline; and they at present throw themselves with such eagerness into every variety of athletic pursuit—especially if it is at all likely to hurt them—that there is much difficulty in judicious interference. Nor should I wish to see their energy diminished, though perhaps it would be well if a little more of it were diverted in the direction of intellectual studies.

The only other subject which I have room to mention amongst these miscellaneous topics is that the Lord Mayor and aldermen have been inspecting the Holborn viaduct; from the result of their investigations it appears that in a year or two the dangerous valley of the Fleet will be crossed by a satisfactory roadway. Visitors to London who have descended Holborn Hill on a frosty night, when the road is a sheet of glass on which one might pursue the amusement of the "Montagne Russe," will, I hope, be glad of this intelligence. It is really a great improvement, and, added to the Thames embankment, the new law courts, and the opening of some new streets in the city, shows that the works on foot in London may almost be compared in magnitude with those which are transforming Paris, only in our unwieldy wilderness of squalid bricks and mortar they make by comparison very little show.

Correspondence.

THE "VETERAN OBSERVER" AND THE OHIO ELECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The "Veteran Observer" of the New York *Times* may be very funny, and may be worth listening to on such a subject as the Ohio election, but I think he is mistaken somewhat in his views of the ends sought after and the results gained in the recent loss of the amendment to the Constitution as voted upon at the late elections.

There certainly *is use* in talking about "logical sequence" and the "rights of suffrage" to a people who do not know what a "logical sequence" is and do not care about suffrage for others. It has had its good effect in this State. Although the point at issue has been lost at this election, a certain awakening up, a kind of educating of the people up to the point, has been gained, which is worth much in the final settling of the suffrage question. The people who are opposed to negro suffrage were forced to produce their best arguments in defence of their position, and when these best arguments proved to be mostly made up of such poor stuff as false notions of society and prejudice, these very persons were forced many times, through the perception of their errors, to an admission of the error and injustice of their position.

I have talked with several men who did not and would not vote for negro suffrage, who said they were perfectly convinced that negro suffrage, and even universal suffrage, must finally come; that it was no more than just to all human beings governed to have a voice in the government. That is just where we gained in our loss. Convince men that they are voting for an unjust measure, and they will shortly abandon their position and do better. Men must be made to think upon suffrage before they can act intelligently. The election in Ohio set the people to thinking, and the thinking is still going on although the election is over; and at our next election we hope to show that our sober second thought has been at work.

Our State is not to be so much condemned for its ignorant voters as for the Southern taint which is especially apparent in the south part. There are many staunch and intelligent voters among the people who must be convinced by a deal of argument, and nothing has told so much upon them as the last election. Men who were too much men to scratch the amendment, although not very friendly towards the negro, became earnest defenders of human rights after the election. An apprehending of "logical sequence" can be seen in this, and a growing respect for others' rights is perceptible. It is but a few years since Lovejoy had but a few friends and was put to death; give us but half as many years more, and we will be all right in a suffrage point of view.

Yours very respectfully, James S. Palmer.

Yellow Springs, Ohio, October 25, 1867.

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The Week.

There has during the week been some talk of a "compromise" between Mr. Johnson and the majority in Congress, started, we believe, by the Washington correspondent of the Charleston (S. C.) *Courier*. The proposal, as well as we can make out, is that the President should "modify his plan" so as to confer the suffrage at once on blacks paying taxes or knowing how to read and write, and on all others as soon as they could qualify, good schools being provided for the purpose of teaching them. All this, however, rests on the assumption that the President has some power in the premises, and that therefore something may be gained by meeting him half-way. In reality, however, his "plans" and "policy" are simply the speculative opinions of a high official as to what ought to be done, and they therefore afford no basis for a compromise. It would be a great mistake for Congress to admit, even by implication, that when he vetoed a bill he had not exhausted his power with regard to it. We say nothing here about the possibility of Congress retreating from a position which it has assumed after so much deliberation as the one it now holds.

As might have been expected, the election news from Mississippi—a State, perhaps, as late in getting news from the world at large as any State in the defunct Confederacy—shows that the Conservative voters generally, in fact almost unanimously, stayed away from the polls. Only one delegate not a Radical is known to be elected. The convention is certainly called, however; for even in the half of the State which has up to the present moment been heard from 9,000 more than the required majority of all persons registered have voted on the question. So, though it will doubtless seem incredible to the average Mississippian, the convention will meet, will frame a constitution which Congress will approve, and under which Mississippi will have to live for some time to come. Apparently this is not just now believed in any part of the South. Arkansas, also, has voted on the question whether or not a convention shall be summoned, and has voted yea. In Arkansas, as in Virginia, there was something like a contest; but the Conservatives—conservative of the things of 1850 *et ante*—were beaten. In Florida there seem to have been no votes cast by white men of Southern birth; out of 3,500 votes polled in the three counties which have so far been heard from, only 30 were polled by whites, and, as every vote of the 3,500 was in favor of a convention, it is safe to suppose that it was the Northern men resident in Florida who polled that thirty. In Georgia the case is better. There, out of 106,410 persons who voted, nearly 36,500 were whites. But the white Conservatives who thought fit to go to the ballot-box were no more than 4,127. Every excluded State, then, which has thus far held an election under the military reconstruction bill—Louisiana, Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, and Arkansas—is Radical, and there is little doubt that the Carolinas will go the same way, though there is some talk of a Conservative victory to come in North Carolina—talk which, as we believe, will not be verified. With the possible exception of Texas, we suppose that every State lately in rebellion is going to send to the next National Convention of the Republican party "a Chase delegation" able to pledge the electoral vote of the State to that candidate for the Presidency. That before 1868 is half gone the South will be reconstructed to such an extent as to go into convention seems tolerably certain.

We hope it is not, as a *Tribune* correspondent implies that it is, the National Republican Committee which is responsible for the presence in the South of Mr. Bradley, of Savannah, and others of his sort—low adventurers who constitute, perhaps, the very most odious class of demagogues now anywhere existing; for they disgrace as good a cause as men often fight and work for, and they get their living by preying on people certainly well meaning, but in many cases ignorant enough to be completely fooled by any rascal, with or without brains, who sets himself up as a representative of the North and a friend of the negro. Every Southern State has been for the last few years more or less infested by them, some preaching, some trading, some devoting themselves to law and politics, and all doing little but the meanest mischief. For example, it is no good to any one, but harm to every one, black and white, when such things happen as this which we find related by the correspondent above referred to: On the day when the polls opened in Savannah, a delegation of 120 colored men came in from the Ogeechee River, marching in military order, and each man provisioned with a joint or two of sugar-cane and some sweet potatoes. They entered the square where the voting was done, and, after casting their ballots, camped out for the rest of that day, the next day, and the next, waiting till they should receive a mule apiece and a deed conveying to each forty acres of land. Mr. Bradley had promised them, they said, that if they would vote his ticket those things should be given them. They went back to the Ogeechee despondent, believing themselves deceived and cheated by the North through its agent, Mr. Bradley. It is, no doubt, possible for Bradley to assert that he never bound himself or his party by any such promises; and, on the other hand, it would, no doubt, be perfectly easy for the negroes to show that they honestly believed that such promises had been held out to them. For it is just as well to understand that the average plantation hand is not as yet well enough informed to protect himself against the Bradleys till he has once or twice found them out for himself by experience. It is not, however, an experiment that the Republican Committee need wish to encourage, or indeed can long afford to encourage. There is no denying that an appreciable part of the obstinacy of the Southern whites as regards reconstruction can be best accounted for by a consideration of the words and acts of men, as dishonest in their politics as in everything else, who have assumed the guidance and protection of the negro; and it is not very hard to justify all that part of their action which can be so accounted for.

The Constitutional Convention of this State has recommenced its sessions. Mr. James Brooks, as self-assumed leader of a party every honorable tradition of which he has opposed through life, announced his belief that it was *functus officio*—an extinct body—not having had the gracious permission of the Legislature to sit after November 5. This is admirably consistent with the past record of the Democratic party, which has always been the most rampant advocate of the absolute supremacy of constitutional conventions, and in 1862 was nearly ready to plunge Illinois into civil war in support of this doctrine. But there happens to be a Republican majority in the convention now sitting at Albany, and the Democrats, unable to forego a petty advantage in the present for the sake of vindicating their past history or paving the way for future power, allowed Mr. Brooks to speak on their behalf in a manner that shows all their past professions on the subject to have been hollow and insincere. Judge Jameson's book seems to have converted the Democracy to the ancient Federal faith.

Mr. Seward, who very probably has by this time given up expectation of further political advancement, seems to have taken up the idea of leaving public life in a little blaze of that glory which will always, among people of our race, attach to the statesman who adds to the superficial area of the national domain. It is reported from Washington that he has negotiated successfully for the purchase of all the Danish West India Islands—Santa Cruz, St. Thomas, and St. Jan. We know of no sufficient reason why the purchase should be made, but if, as also is reported, the validity of the bargain is made dependent on its ratification by a popular vote, there is no reason to doubt that our Anglo-Saxon earth-hunger, as the Germans say, or our passion for territorial aggrandizement, as they say in the editorials of the Latin races, will lead us to back Mr. Seward in buying anything he likes. Our own preference seems to be for the Sandwich Islands.

The Tribune has been belaboring Mr. McCulloch very hard for "hoarding" gold in the Treasury, to the loss and damage of everybody concerned. The facts are, however, that there was in the Treasury November 1, including bullion in the mints, only $111,560,317, of which $14,514,200 belonged to depositors. Since then receipts from the customs have been light; $25,000,000 have been paid out for interest on government bonds; Walrussia, too, has still to be paid for, and in January large instalments of interest fall due, so that the "hoarding" proves after all to be nothing very serious.

Some months ago, while the case was fresh, we gave the principal facts of the suit of Mary Miles against the West Chester (Pennsylvania) Railroad Company. The plaintiff, a respectable colored woman, was ejected from a steam-car because she refused to take another and isolated seat at the whim of the conductor. Judge Allison, of the Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas, charged the jury to return her damages, which they did to the sum of $500. Judge Agnew, speaking for the Supreme Court, has just reversed that decision, on the ground that "never," in Pennsylvania, "has there been an intermixture of the two races, socially, politically, civilly, or religiously," and that "at the time of the alleged injury there was that natural, legal, and customary difference between the black and the white passengers in a public conveyance, the subject of a sound regulation to secure order, promote comfort, and preserve the peace." It is hard to discover whether the court relies most upon nature, custom, or the law; but we have only to suppose the plaintiff a Jew, and this century the thirteenth instead of the nineteenth, and the decision would be both pertinent and in place. God has made the Irishman different from the native non-Celtic Pennsylvanian; until he is naturalized there may be as little "intermixture, socially, politically, civilly, or religiously" between them as between the colored and the white American. It is not an elective judiciary like the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, however, that would dare to put him on the back seat because he was Irish. The same body, in affirming the right of the people to ride in horse-cars on Sunday, cite the similar practice in the chief cities of the country, and conclude that it cannot be "a nuisance and an injury to private property" in Philadelphia alone. Then, in face of the fact that nearly every one, if not all, of the cities named permit colored people to ride without interference in their horse and steam cars, they add:

> "We can more readily believe that they are not a nuisance at all than that those communities are less devotional or less careful of their interest than ours. If we are to hold them all equal in intelligence and morality, we must regard it as a further testimony that running passenger cars is not a nuisance, or becomes one by the practice of running them on that day."

Where, if not here, shall we look for a Daniel come to judgment?

Some jocose person has been making a sensation by signing himself "H. S." in *The National Intelligencer*. That is the scientifically accurate statement of the fact. The particular form in which he did it is of little consequence. It was, however, by writing an article "demonstrating" that Congress is not allowed by the Constitution to appoint the 4th of March for its annual meeting unless it at the same time forbids itself from meeting on the first Monday of December. The "argument" by which this is established we do not propose to quote. The whole importance of the document, for sensational or other purposes, consisted in the signature, which was intended to make the world believe that it was written by the Attorney-General. Of course it was not. Mr. Stanbery is a good lawyer, and no doubt made the acquaintance of "H. S.'s" ideas for the first time when he saw them in print in *The Intelligencer*.

The Society of the Army of the Tennessee made a happy choice when they selected General Sherman as their orator, and enticed him from peace councils among the Indians to their annual celebration at St. Louis. He had his usual brilliant success in overcoming the commonplaces of the origin of the war and the origin of slavery, had one or two interesting anecdotes—revelations they might almost be called—to communicate, and at times was fairly eloquent without extravagance or want of taste. Ingeniously avoiding politics, and recommending in a vague way a return to the Constitution, he said nothing to commit himself to either party or to any policy. Those Republicans who distrust Grant because of his reticence will not be likely to nominate Sherman for President because of this speech; but neither will the Democrats. The absurd rumor that their candidate is to be Gen. Steedman shows, at least, that the real heroes, the commanders whose names are to live and can never be separated from the glory of our victory, have retained their military sense of enemy's and friendly lines. It was not as the would-be standard-bearer of a party which sympathized with the rebellion and gave it all the aid in its power, both moral and material, that General Sherman dwelt with pride upon the achievements of the Army of the Tennessee, denounced those who boasted of the "lost cause," and offered to welcome back the Southerners as "our equals, but not our superiors," provided they could adapt themselves to the manifest destiny of the country. We fear neither a Democratic nomination of General Sherman nor his acceptance of it.

In a letter signed by Mr. Peter Cooper, but apparently written by a gentleman of legal acumen, the Citizens' Association relate, for the instruction of their fellow-citizens and the entertainment, we presume, of Mr. Richard O'Gorman, the story of that worthy's official life as corporation counsel. In November, 1865, he "gratefully and proudly accepted" the nomination which the association gave him, and pledged himself, in language slightly florid for naked sincerity, "to defend the rights of our noble city," "to protect its finances from adverse influences," etc. The letter is devoted to showing by a minute detail of Mr. O'Gorman's doings during the last twenty-two months how well his actions correspond with the impassioned accents of his bosom when he succeeded in getting the association's "endorsement." We advise even the general reader to turn to it. It is a companion picture to several others which the association has shown to us, in which is depicted in lively colors the worst government extant

among people who speak English. The charges brought against Mr. O'Gorman are very numerous and very specific. They may be summed up in two words, however—habitual idleness and habitual stealing were his errors; and it is moving to note the tone of pained expostulation with which Mr. Cooper reprehends the bad behavior of the prodigal, and to know, as we all do know, that his erring *protégé* will put his metaphorical tongue in his cheek and deride all these monitions.

It appears that an unchivalrous public has been doing gross injustice to two of its most high-toned young men. It is not true that the Wises fired at Pollard of Richmond, while Mrs. Pollard was on his arm. He was alone, and armed. In fact it was he who, having heard from his wife that two gentlemen wished to "see" him, executed a movement to the flank and rear through the hotel window, got a pistol, we may presume, or some more pistols, and advanced to attack his pursuers. It was intended at first that he should only be beaten, the Wises now say—for, of course, "cards" begin to make their appearance—and, had he not been the first to draw his weapon, he would have been let off with a caning. But we suggest—if an opinion in such matters may be permitted us—that even that mode of criticising the historian would seem to be a proper one only in case he had written his "Lost Cause" and so on while yet he was a small boy. It is funny to see how completely unconscious the Wises are of having done a stupid thing. They plead that they were only going to club a man for criticising the political and military course of a gentleman who is their relative. It is funny, too, to find Pollard of Richmond, who has written extremely eloquent words, which we would not willingly let die, about the folly of a writer's replying to his critics, when he is attacked by so notorious a person as ex-Governor Wise, launching out in a letter which is truly Southern. And it is funny to find Wise thinking Pollard's ill word of any account—the whole thing is too ridiculous.

A piece of news regarding a matter which unfortunately has become of considerable public interest we find in a late Western paper. The Hon. David Davis, administrator on the estate of Mr. Lincoln, has just made a final settlement, from which it appears that, after all debts are paid, there remains to Mr. Lincoln's heirs $110,294 62. Of this sum, Mrs. Lincoln's portion is $36,765 30, which, invested at six per cent., gives her an annual income of about twenty-two hundred dollars. The possession of this much of revenue yearly would have prevented some people from doing certain things which are fresh in everybody's memory.

The impossibility of making a yoke of oxen draw an inference has been already more than once commented on; but what else it is that draws some of the inferences one meets with, one is really not quite able to say; unless one is willing to be impolite. We should say, for instance, that to call the editor of the Savannah *Republican* a yoke of oxen would be almost the extreme of courtly suavity. He derives the custom of prize-fighting from the institution of universal suffrage. To borrow a quotation: "The happiest mood of that man's mind, what can it be?" when he does such things as the above-mentioned in a mood which obviously is not the happiest; nor even happy, for he is moved to say that both the P. R. and universal suffrage are "blots on the escutcheon" of any nation which tolerates them. "Let us hope," he cries, with a sad, indeed a septentrional and Thaddeus Stevens-like disregard of the Constitution of our country—"let us hope that the day is not far distant when Congress will show its appreciation of humanity and its desire to check the spread of barbarism by passing a national law which shall make it a capital offence"—"punishable with death," he adds—"for any party to participate in a prize-fight." What does Mr. Herschel V. Johnson say to that, we wonder? To our mind, nothing is clearer than that the wise framers of the Constitution never intended that the legislative branch of the Government should interfere with the practice of the manly art. The Jeffersons, the Madisons, the Masons, the Pinckneys, the James Monroes were gifted with gigantic intellects of a large size. "Pray, let us dispense with all such manly arts," the editor continues, "and learn to defend ourselves as our Creator intended we should." This means six-shooters.

The news from Italy proves the Garibaldian expedition against Rome to have been morally as well as militarily a disastrous failure, unless, indeed, the King's Government should display both more pluck and more skill than they have yet done. In the first place, the defeat at Monte Rotondo may be said to have given the finishing stroke to Garibaldi's military prestige. His name will no more be the tower of strength to the volunteers that it has hitherto been. In the next place, the invasion forced on a crisis in the Roman affair before the Italian Government was prepared to meet it in the only effectual way, by entering Rome and setting France at defiance. It is not impossible that such a step would have proved successful, but the condition of the Italian finances and of the Italian military organization is such that it would have required a Cavour to venture upon it. Ratazzi dared not venture on it, though he threatened it, and the result has been simply and solely humiliation. The only gainers for the present by what has occurred are the republicans, who are making a good deal of capital out of the King's want of nerve; but, whatever they gain, they gain by breaking down the popular respect for order, for unity, and governmental authority—the very things which Italy can least spare. Mazzini has issued one of his characteristic manifestoes, calling on the people first to overturn the monarchy and then drive the French out of Rome. The monarchy might be overturned in this way, but unfortunately the French army does not retreat before windy declamation. M. Mazzini seems to draw much hope from the example of Mexico, and, with characteristic disregard of the hard facts of life, talks of it as if there was no such thing as the Atlantic ocean, or the Terra Caliente, and as if the Pope had no more hold on the imagination of the world than Don Benito Juarez. Napoleon is still calling for a congress, but the Pope refuses to submit, and the old man's obstinacy may probably save the temporal power during his lifetime. He still threatens Christendom with a retreat to the Catacombs, but this would hardly be effective unless Victor Emanuel could be got to repair the Coliseum and give the cardinals to the lions and tigers in the arena.

The reports about the attitude of Prussia on the Italian question are conflicting. The probabilities are that if Italy had had any reason to expect support from her in violent measures she would have been more adventurous. What seems certain is, that Prussian influence is being used in favor of a prompt settlement of the Roman question, but by pacific means. Russia, so far as she speaks at all, speaks on the same side; and, in fact, the only power in Europe which is for the Papacy in any event and under all circumstances is Spain, from whom, however, neither party fears or hopes anything.

The dull season in England still continues, and there will, probably, be nothing more striking to attract public attention till Parliament meets than the exposures of workhouse management made by *The Lancet*, the leading medical journal. There appears no doubt that three of the Manchester Fenians will be executed on Saturday next. It was impossible to expect anything else. If such offences were passed over, it would go a good way to dissolve society in England, for it would put it in the power of any Irishman to knock anybody he pleased on the head, and excuse himself by pointing to the "six hundred years of wrongs" endured by his native land. A Frenchman who was informed, not long ago, that the Greek brigands who infest the roads round Smyrna, and rob and murder all comers without distinction of race or nationality, were driven to it by the oppression of the Turkish Government, replied very aptly, that if his own throat should be cut by them "there would be no use in telling him that it was done for the purpose of giving a lesson to the Sublime Porte; that he would never accept such an excuse." The English police, who are hired to protect life and property in the English towns, may fairly make the same reply to the agents of the "Irish Republic."

Notes.

LITERARY.

G. W. CARLETON & Co. announce a new novel by Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard, the author of "The Morgesons" and "Two Men"; also a novel by a new author, a Southern woman, Miss Agnes Leonard. "It bears," the publishers say, "the significant title of 'Vanquished.'"——Another Southern novel is "Randolph Honor," by the author of "Ingemisco," a pleasing story in which the one Yankee of the *dramatis personæ* was not made to suffer much. It will be published by Richardson & Co.——Messrs. Ticknor & Fields announce a life of the late Governor Andrew, which Mr. E. P. Whipple is writing; and it is Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, we suppose, who will publish Gail Hamilton's "Woman's Wrongs."——Messrs. George Routledge & Sons will issue, in England and America, a Christmas annual, containing articles by F. W. Robertson, Tom Hood, Samuel Lover, Arthur Sketchley, and other British writers.——The American News Company will publish Miss Olive Logan's Christmas story, "Somebody's Stocking."

—It is stated, on the very respectable authority of the editor of *The Massachusetts Teacher*, that in Cambridge—which is supposed to be the eye of Massachusetts, as Massachusetts of the world at large—the city schools are kept, some of them, in old church vestry-rooms in which small children are made to sit on settees adapted only for the use of grown persons; in attics in which the teachers can stand upright only in the middle of the room; in old buildings dangerous because manufacturing machinery is in motion below. Cambridge cannot, the editor thinks, expect that good teachers will long work for her if, in addition to the hardships of teaching in such school-rooms as those above mentioned, they must take "the risk of being dragged before the police-court if they try to do their duty." For it appears that a teacher has recently been brought before Justice Ladd, and afterwards before the school committee, for what the newspaper reporters call "child-whipping." The justice refused to entertain the complaint until the school committee had had an opportunity to take action in the matter; and the committee, when the case came before them, dismissed the young lady from her place, adjudging the punishment too severe. The school in which it was inflicted was mainly composed of Irish children, is described as a very ungovernable one, had recently been given up as unmanageable by two teachers, and was, a little while since, put into the hands of the young lady just now dismissed, because she was known as a successful teacher and a friend and professor of "moral suasion" in school government. She beat, with a thin ruler, an excessively outrageous child, and produced a black-and-blue spot on him. A Boston or Cambridge medical man, much opposed to corporal punishment, seems, in default of the child's father's taking any interest in the case, to have given his own personal attention to it, and to have effected the teacher's dismissal. The young lady may very probably be right in believing herself rather hardly used, and the physician's behavior may be not pleasing to the most judicious of his friends; but they both have the satisfaction of knowing that by their private griefs and misfortunes they advance a good cause—albeit one which its friends are just at present making more or less ridiculous. Of the blame attaching to the city of Cambridge for the inadequate provision made for its schools, there would seem to be no sufficient extenuation. It is not a city which grows extremely fast; it is not to be called a poor city; and certainly it is not able to plead that it lies in darkness.

—The latest European papers bring us intelligence of the death of another great scholar, one of the shining lights of our century. Franz Bopp, professor of Sanskrit and of comparative philology in the University of Berlin, has passed away, full of years and of honors. As one of the earliest and most efficient promoters of Sanskrit study in Europe, and, more especially, as chief founder of the science of comparative philology, he is known and reverenced throughout the civilized world. He was born in 1791, and at the early age of twenty-five (in 1816), after preparatory studies in Germany and France, he published his conjugation-system of the principal Indo-European languages, forerunner and nucleus of his great "Comparative Grammar." The semi-centennial anniversary of its appearance, as of the birth of a new department of human knowledge, was commemorated last year by the establishment of a foundation for the promotion of linguistic science, called by Bopp's name, and raised by the contributions of his pupils and admirers, in every continent and clime, to the amount of more than ten thousand thalers. His "Comparative Grammar," in which are summed up the main results of all his researches, has gone through two editions, and he was conducting a third through the press at the time of his decease. His Sanskrit grammars and glossary, and the texts he edited, were for a long time the most useful means of Sanskrit study, nor are they even yet wholly superseded. He was born in a happy time, when everything was getting ready for the crystallization into regular form of the facts and principles regarding the history and connections of the Indo-European languages which had for some time been gathering, and when the chief means of facilitating the process—namely, the knowledge of Sanskrit—had just been placed within reach; and by his hand was the work in great part accomplished, with infinite tact and industry, with clear insight and genial method. Among such men as Rask, Grimm, Pott, Burnouf, he won incontestably the first place, though each of them was doubtless his superior in certain qualities and walks of scholarship. At present, however, it is the man, more than the scholar, whose loss we have to deplore. Unlike Humboldt, Grimm, and Pott (still living), whose productiveness failed not to the end, Bopp has for many years done no new work which was calculated to increase his fame or to advance in a noteworthy manner the studies he had founded. The new editions of his former works, with which he has been chiefly occupied, are but slightly retouched, and by no means brought up to a level with the learning of the day—doubtless a result, in part, of his feeble and precarious health. The best account of his life and estimate of his labor that we know of is given in M. Michel Bréal's introduction to his French translation of the "Comparative Grammar."

—Messrs. Bell & Daldy announce, to be published in November, two new historical works by Arthur Helps; and a novel by him is to begin in the next number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. One of the wisest thinkers and truest reformers of the century, the author of "Friends in Council" confers a real benefit upon the world of readers by this new literary activity. The new books are "The Life of Pizarro and Conquest of Peru" and "The Life of Las Casas, the Apostle of the Indies." Mr. Helps has made his especial study the history of Spanish aggression and of negro slavery in America. These books are closely connected with his formerly published histories—"The Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen" being a narrative of the principal events which led to negro slavery in the West Indies and America, published by Pickering in 1848–52; and "The Spanish Conquest in America and its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies," published by Parker in 1855–61. The novel we can only wait for with anticipations of great enjoyment to come from it; so far as we know, Mr. Helps has never published a work of fiction, unless three semi-historical dramas can be so called. For many years Mr. Helps's important works were published with no author's name upon the title-page. They have never been collected in a uniform edition, nor do we know of any library, public or private, in America, which contains every separate volume, while sets at all nearly complete are exceedingly uncommon. Therefore, as few persons can know what works of his there are, we make this note long enough to include a catalogue *raisonné* of all, so far as we know, of his published writings, taking titles and dates from the volumes themselves, except in two cases, and in those from William Pickering's book-list of 1852. In 1841, the author being then about twenty-four years old, appeared "Essays Written in the Intervals of Business," of which little book five editions appeared before 1852 in England, and at least one edition was published in America. In 1843 and 1844 came two dramas, "King Henry the Second" and "Catherine Douglas." In 1845 appeared "The Claims of Labor," an essay on the duties of the employers to the employed, the second edition, to which is added an essay on the means of improving the health and increasing the comfort of the laboring classes. We have never met with the first edition of the former of the two essays; and the two together form a stout little foolscap octavo of 288 pages, and a valuable and noble book. In 1847 appeared "Friends in Council," in two volumes, of which a fourth edition was published in 1851. In 1848 the first volume of "The Conquerors of the New World," mentioned above. A sort of sequel to "Friends in Council" was issued in a single volume, called "Companions of my Solitude," in 1851—at least the edition of that date seems to be the first, although a third edition was announced the next year. In that year we have the second volume of the "Conquerors of the New World." This was the last of his books published by Pickering; his new publishers were, and have remained until recently, John W. Parker & Son. The first and second volumes of his larger history, "The Spanish Conquest," etc., also named above, came out together in 1855. His name appeared for the first time on the title-page of this book. Two years afterward came the third volume of that work, and either in that year or in 1858 the second series, in two volumes, of "Friends in Council," of which a second edition was issued in 1859. In 1858, also, "Oulita the Serf: a Tragedy." In 1861, the fourth volume of the "Spanish Conquest." In 1862, an essay, printed before that time for private circulation, called "Organization in Daily Life."

So far as we know, these are all his published works; but at Robert H. Johnston's bookstore there was, a few weeks ago, a uniformly bound but incomplete set of the above-named books, and with them a little privately-printed, undated pamphlet, called "Friends in Council, some Thought for Next Summer." From internal evidence we judge that this was printed about 1852. Besides the essays, "Friends in Council" has been reprinted in America by James Miller, New York. A criticism on "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which Mr. Helps wrote for *Fraser's*, was privately printed here by Mr. C. E. Norton. The earlier books are, in the English editions, among Wm. Pickering's daintiest volumes, and, of course, without the fault of imperfect editing, justly chargeable upon his elegant but inaccurate "Aldine" editions of the British poets.

—"Butterflying with the Poets" is the title of a pretty volume among the choice books to be seen at Scribner, Welford & Co.'s. The peculiarity which makes it worth mentioning is its "Nature-printed illustrations," as the title-page says. The butterflies themselves are prepared with extreme nicety, so that the most delicate tints are preserved, and every part of the insect remains perfect; are gummed to the page, or rather to a thin lining behind it, and are visible through an opening cut in the page itself. The thing has been done before in the case of books on one and another branch of botany, but we believe no other entomological work was ever thus illustrated.

—Some French announcements of new publications promise a variety of sensations to the reading public. The first is not new, but it fixes a date for the appearance of the Countess Guiccioli's "Memoirs of Lord Byron"—in the early part of the winter. At Brussels will be issued a collection of all the documents, official acts, reports, and statements transmitted by Juarez concerning the war in Mexico. M. de Kératry's vindication of Marshal Bazaine may or may not do to bind up with this volume; but the Emperor will probably enjoy them as much under one cover as separately. Finally, the late M. Dupin, who denounced so vehemently the luxury and extravagance of the day, left among his papers a work entitled "Mes Contemporains." As the senator indulged very freely in irony towards others, it is expected that his portraits will not be flattering; and that, of course, will ensure their being read by the multitude. The frank criticisms on each other of public men who are yet in the flesh—like the Wises and Pollards—are always relishable; and the zest is increased when one of the parties is so fresh under ground as to be still a "contemporary," and yet deep enough to be safe from the revenge of those he attacks.

—Among late German publications imported to this country we notice these, of which neither is likely to be of general interest, but one at least is valuable. G. Rasch describes, in a series of lively and instructive sketches, the nationalities on the Lower Danube, and treats of the Eastern question ("Die Völker der untern Donau und die orientalische Frage"). The author, a genuine democrat, gives an account of his travels through the countries of the Hungarians, Servians, Roumains, Turkish Southern Slavonic tribes, the Transylvanian Saxons, and the Banate, and patriotically vindicates their struggles for independence from Osmanic rule. He does not place the least confidence in the ostentatious promises of great reforms on the part of the Turkish Government, but attributes all the sufferings of these nationalities less to the central Government than to the all-powerful pashas and kadis in the provinces. This attractive little book gives altogether a clear insight into the life, aspirations, and manners of nations who are destined to play an important part in the forthcoming Eastern imbroglio.——Dr. H. Grothe gives highly scientific and detailed accounts in his "Jahresbericht über die Fortschritte der mechanischen Technik und Technologie" (Annual Report on the Progress of Mechanical Technics and Technology) for the years 1864–1866. This report contains articles on motional mechanisms, steam machines and boilers, gas, weaving and spinning, mills, workmanship in woods and metals, tools and machines, paper, presses and pumps, bricks, water-wheels, etc. Due attention is paid to the literature of technical science, and the author is assisted by the contributions of men eminent in the technical and mechanical departments. A valuable feature is its 150 wood-cuts and 12 lithographic tables.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE NATIONAL SCHOOLS OF SCIENCE.

TWENTY-TWO of the States of the Union have now accepted the land grant of Congress, made in 1862, for the promotion of education in those branches of learning which are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts. Much curiosity has been manifested in respect to the different modes in which the several States are beginning to carry out the Congressional purpose. As a preliminary answer to this natural enquiry, we compile, partly from a circular of the National Department of Education, and partly from data which have reached us otherwise, the following summary:

California, March 31, 1866, incorporated the "Agricultural, Mining, and Mechanical Arts College," to be located at such a place as the directors may select, provided that the institution shall not be united or connected with any other institution of learning in the State. The bill, as passed, minutely prescribes the characteristics of the proposed foundation.

Connecticut, June 24, 1863, bestowed the grant on the "Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College," begun at New Haven in 1846. Two annual reports of the progress of the institution in its enlarged circumstances have been printed.

Delaware, March 14, 1867, selected "Delaware College," at Newark, as the recipient of the grant, the former trustees giving to the State a joint interest in all the college property.

Illinois, by successive enactments dated January 25, 1867, February 25, 1867, and March 8, 1867, organized the "Illinois Industrial University," which is to be located at Urbanna, Champaign County, in accordance with certain conditions; and in case these were not complied with, the university is to be established by the trustees in McLean, Logan, or Morgan County.

Indiana, March 6, 1865, incorporated the "Indiana Agricultural College," without making any provision for its local establishment. Principal and interest were to remain invested till the further action of the Legislature.

Iowa, March 24 and March 29, 1866, conferred the grant upon the "State Agricultural College and Model Farm," which had been incorporated in 1858, and located in Story County.

Kansas, February 16 and March 3, 1863, organized the "Kansas State Agricultural College," making arrangements to accept as part of the endowment some of the property of the Beaumont Central College Association, in Riley County.

Kentucky, February 10 and February 22, 1865, established in the Kentucky University, at Lexington, the "Agricultural and Mechanical College of Kentucky." Transylvania University had previously been united to the State University.

Maine, February 25, 1865, constituted the "State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts," to be placed on such a site as the trustees may procure. The town of Orono is the probable location.

Maryland, March 21, 1865, granted the proceeds of the scrip to the Maryland Agricultural College, which had been founded in 1857, in Prince George's County.

Massachusetts, April 27 and 29, 1863, and May 11, 1864, divided her portion of the grant, giving three-tenths to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, instituted at Boston, in 1861, and seven-tenths to the Massachusetts Agricultural College, a new institution established in the vicinity of Amherst College.

Michigan, March 18, 1863, gave her share of the grant to the "State Agricultural College," commenced near Lansing in accordance with a charter dated February 12, 1855.

Minnesota has established an independent institution, the "Agricultural College of Minnesota," on a portion "of section sixteen, in township one hundred and fifteen, range twenty-eight."

New Hampshire, July 7, 1866, incorporated the "New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts," to be organized "in connection with" Dartmouth College, at Hanover.

New Jersey, April 4, 1864, conferred this endowment upon that department of Rutgers College, at New Brunswick, which is known as Rutgers Scientific School.

New York, April 27, 1865, with the aid of half a million dollars and the offer of a site from Mr. E. Cornell, founded at Ithaca the "Cornell University," which will go into operation in the autumn of 1868.

Ohio, April 13, 1865, and April 5, 1866, appointed first commissioners and then trustees to consider and report in respect to the location of an agricultural and mechanical college.

Pennsylvania, April 1 and April 11, 1863, directed the income of the public grant to the "Agricultural College of Pennsylvania," opened in 1859 near Bellefonte, in Centre County.

Rhode Island, as early as 1863, assigned the scrip to Brown University, at Providence, for the purpose of providing in it a scientific department or College.

Vermont, November 22, 1864, and November 9, 1865, constituted first the "Vermont Agricultural College," and subsequently united it with the pre-existing "University of Vermont," at Burlington, under the general designation of the "University of Vermont and State Agricultural College."

West Virginia, February 7, 1867, instituted the "Agricultural College of West Virginia," and accepted as the basis thereof the property of Mon-

golia Academy and Woodburn Female Seminary, in Morgantown, Mongolia County.

Wisconsin, April 12, 1866, enlarged the University of Wisconsin, at Madison, by the bestowal of this grant upon it.

From this summary it will be seen that Connecticut, Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont, eleven States in all, have united the new Congressional endowment with funds already assigned to kindred objects in institutions already chartered in the several States. The other half of the States, which have acted on the matter, propose new institutions, which, in most cases, will probably sooner or later unite with institutions already existing; but in some cases (for example, New York and California) will be likely always to remain independent.

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.*

Mrs. Davis intimates in her dedication that her book treats of "the weak and wronged among God's creatures," and that it is written in their behalf. It can hardly be said, however, that the persons she has brought upon the scene have, with perhaps one or two exceptions, any great wrongs to complain of or any extraordinary weakness to contend with—unless it be that their grievances may be resolved into the fact that Mrs. Davis has undertaken to write about them. The exceptions, of course, are in the case of certain individuals of negro blood. The story moves on two distinct lines, each with its separate hero and heroine. To begin with, there is Ross Burley—Miss Rosslyn Burley; "the name," we are told, "had a clean, clear ring in it which became her." This young lady is introduced to us at the age of nine years, as a little market-huckster in Philadelphia, living alone in the country with her grandfather, and raising vegetables and poultry for town consumption. We gather from the first that a mystery hangs about her birth. She turns out to be the daughter of a Southern planter of aristocratic tastes, a reader of "the rare old dramatists of Anne's time," whoever they were, who has seduced a Pennsylvania country girl. Her father flits through the story at intervals as a representative of the old effete Southern society, in contrast with the buoyant freshness and vigor of that section of our own dominion in which abolitionists, emancipated Quakers, and reformers of things in general stand surging in glorious fermentation. From the childhood of the young girl in question to the epoch of her maturity we take a long leap and find her, in the first year of the war—through a process of which we confess we have derived but a very vague notion—reclaimed from her vulgar associations, and a perfect young lady, with "the manners of a princess of the blood," a "rose-flush in her palms," and a dozen more fine qualities. She encounters at this moment a certain Garrick Randolph, a young Kentucky gentleman, a professor in a college, an *amateur* of the fine arts, and a person of aristocratic sympathies. He is vastly impressed by her earnestness, her nobleness, and the various whole-some qualities by which she is distinguished from her Southern sisters under the old régime. "This girl's education had been different; wherever her home might be, the air in it, he felt, was electric with energy; it was but a focus from which opened fields of work—fields where help was needed. There was no dormant, unused power in her brain; her companions had been men and women who entered the world as thorough-blooded competitors once sprang on the green, springy turf in the grand old game, every natural strength severely trained, every nerve pulsing with enjoyment, etc." He loves her, woos her, and wins her, and is made a convert to democracy and energy and practicality and all the Northern virtues.

This wooing has, of course, its ups and downs, especially when Rosslyn plucks up courage to tell him of her shameful childhood and of her having kept a vegetable-stand in the market-place. But the young man bears the shock bravely and assures her that it makes no difference. The young couple is thus happily disposed of. With the second couple the relation of the parties is ingeniously reversed, and the issue is far less satisfactory. Miss Margaret Conrad is a young lady of Kentucky, a cousin of Garrick Randolph, for whom she has a sort of *penchant*, and a prodigiously fine woman. The author has intended to effect a strong contrast between Miss Conrad and Ross Burley, and if she has not succeeded, it is not from a failure to emphasize the peculiarities of each. Miss Conrad is a tall and statuesque person, slow of utterance, calm of eye, dressing in heavy corded silks, and keeping her feelings to herself. She is encumbered with a very eccentric and vulgar person in the way of a father, a Methodist minister by profession, who is suffering from an affection of the eyes, and whom she accompanies to Philadelphia to ask the advice of an eminent surgeon, one Doctor Broderip. Upon Dr. Broderip the author has lavished the most precious resources of her pen, and he is indeed the most ambitiously conceived figure in the story. A gambler, a betting-man, a dilettante, a *mauvais sujet*, a clever surgeon, now practising for nothing, now refusing to practise, a mystery, an enigma—Dr. Broderip is all these and a great deal more which we have no time to tell. We may let this description of his drawing-room at an evening party fill up the blank: "There were no filagree prettinesses in Broderip's rooms, no glittering surprises or fatiguing beauty; they were warmly colored with clear tints, large and liberal; there was a bust here, a picture there; their meaning was pure and quiet, but unassertant as the atmosphere about a thorough-bred woman. You were not conscious of them while present, but when you were gone you remembered them as the place of all others where you could surest find a great rest or a great pleasure." In these apartments Miss Conrad makes her appearance in "cream-colored, lustreless drapery." Dr. Broderip falls madly in love with her, and she is gradually brought to think of him. He pushes his suit, and she accepts him. But like poor Ross Burley, the famous surgeon and fine gentleman has also his dreadful secret, only that his is many times more dreadful. There run in his veins a few drops of negro blood. It rests with himself to make the avowal to his *fiancée* and run the risk of her contempt, or to keep his secret and turn his back upon his negro brethren. He decides upon the former course—very unnaturally, we think—and Miss Conrad casts him off. He joins a negro regiment, goes to the war, and is killed.

Such is a rapid outline of Mrs. Davis's story. The subject—the leading idea—strikes us as a very good one. It was a happy thought to attempt to contrast certain phases of the distinctively Northern and Southern modes of life and of feeling, and to bring two intelligent Southerners, such as Miss Conrad and Garrick Randolph, into contact with Northern manners in such a way as to try their patience and their courage. The chief fault, artistically, in working out this idea is that she has made two complete plots with no mutual connection. The story balances in an arbitrary manner from Ross Burley to Margaret Conrad and from Randolph to Dr. Broderip. The authoress might have strengthened the links between the two parties by making more than she has done of the relations between Randolph and Miss Conrad. This young lady's rich allurements would have formed a very valuable item in the associations from which the young professor detaches himself for Rosslyn Burley's sake. Nevertheless, we say, the idea is good, and if the execution had been on a level with it, "Waiting for the Verdict" might have claimed, without reproach, that much-abused title, "A story of American life." As it stands, it preserves a certain American flavor. The author has evidently seen something corresponding to a portion of what she describes, and she has disengaged herself to a much greater degree than many of the female story-tellers of our native country from heterogeneous reminiscences of English novels. She has evidently read Dickens with great assiduity, to say nothing of "Jane Eyre" and "Wuthering Heights." But these are great authorities, and on this ground we suppress our complaints, the more readily as we find ourselves in conscience unable to give the book in any degree our positive commendation.

Mrs. Davis has written a number of short stories, chiefly of country life in Virginia and Pennsylvania, all distinguished by a certain severe and uncultured strength, but all disfigured by an injudicious straining after realistic effects which leave nature and reality at an infinite distance behind and beside them. The author has made herself the poet of poor people—laborers, farmers, mechanics, and factory hands. She has attempted to reproduce in dramatic form their manners and habits and woes and wants. The intention has always been good, but the execution has, to our mind, always been monstrous. The unfortunate people whom she transfers into her stories are as good material for the story-teller's art as any other class of beings, but not a bit better. They come no nearer doing the work for themselves and leaving the writer to amuse himself than the best-housed and the best-fed and the best-clad classes in the community. They are worth reading about only so long as they are studied with a keen eye versed in the romance of human life, and described in the same rational English which we exact from writers on other subjects. Mrs. Davis's manner is in direct oppugnancy to this truth. She drenches the whole field beforehand with a flood of lachrymose sentimentalism, and riots in the murky vapors which rise in consequence of the act. It is impossible to conceive of a method of looking at people and things less calculated to elicit the truth—less in the nature of a study or of intelligent inspection. The author is oppressed with the conviction that there exists in the various departments of human life some logical correlative to that luxurious need for tears and sighs and sad-colored imagery of all kinds which dwells in the mind of all those persons, whether men or women, who pursue literature under the sole guidance of sentimentality, and consider it a sufficient outfit

* "Waiting for the Verdict. By Mrs. R. H. Davis." New York: Sheldon & Co. Pp. 368.

for the pursuit. Nothing is more respectable on the part of a writer—a novelist—than the intelligent sadness which forces itself upon him on the completion of a dramatic scheme which is in strict accordance with human life and its manifold miseries. But nothing is more trivial than that intellectual temper which, for ever dissolved in the melting mood, goes dripping and trickling over the face of humanity, and washing its honest lineaments out of all recognition. It is enough to make one forswear for ever all decent reflection and honest compassion, and take refuge in cynical jollity and elegant pococurantism. Spontaneous pity is an excellent emotion, but there is nothing so hardening as to have your pity for ever tickled and stimulated, and nothing so debasing as to become an agent between the supply and demand of the commodity. This is the function which the author of the present work seems to have taken upon her, and we need no better proof of our assertion than the pernicious effect it has wrought upon her style. We know of no style among story-tellers more utterly difficult to read. In her desire to impart such reality to her characters as shall make them appeal successfully to our feelings, she emphasizes their movements and gestures to that degree that all vocal sounds, all human accents, are lost to the ear, and nothing is left but a crowd of ghastly, frowning, grinning automatons. The reader, exhausted by the constant strain upon his moral sensibilities, cries aloud for the good, graceful old nullities of the "fashionable novel."

SLAVE SONGS OF THE UNITED STATES.*

This book, of which we had the pleasure of first announcing the inception, is a remarkable proof of the stringent separation of North and South, in consequence of slavery, before the war. Not a few of its songs, contributors testify, are at least a quarter of a century old, and the greater part of the collection may easily be older. A very small proportion belong to the Jim Crow category, the remainder being religious hymns or "spirituals." If intercourse between the two sections had been unrestricted; if the Tract Society and the Bible Society had performed their mission as faithfully in South Carolina as in Timbuctoo; if other ministers than South-side Adamses could have gone to the plantations to pray or to preach the Gospel of Christ, we should have had something besides the gospel of Christy. But the whites who attended the negro camp-meetings were present from other motives than a love of harmony; the planter's guest was naturally content to hear from a distance, and to cherish as simply a pleasant recollection, the airs that floated up to the house from the "nigger" quarter; and as for the wanderer who would have stopped to listen and note down, the suspicion of tampering with happy but credulous laborers was not to be incurred with impunity. Moreover, most men are curious, many and many again have a fondness for music, but those who are musically educated are comparatively rare, and those who are capable of notation by ear are very seldom to be met with. To know two in one's circle of acquaintances (which may embrace several who can sing from notes at sight) is a rare thing. But given this capacity, without a certain amount of sympathy for the slaves, and without the courage to endure the odium of abolitionism, you lack the impulse necessary to an undertaking of this character. And having all these qualities, there would still be wanting an opportunity. We do not speak positively, but our impression is that on the plantations the slaves were obliged to be quiet in their cabins after a certain hour of the evening, and their greatest license in singing was on Saturday nights and during the Christmas holidays. If this be the case, their freedom has produced a striking reaction, and the "praise-meeting" now keeps hours which would wear out the *habitué* of the most fashionable balls. At Port Hudson it was not uncommon to retire for the night, leaving such a meeting in full blast, and to wake at sunrise to the same monotonous beat that was last heard before closing the eyes. Indeed, some of the officers were compelled, in order to get their rest, to procure an order prohibiting these unseasonable performances.

These remarks were suggested by the opening sentence of the preface, and their length warns us that we must not enlarge upon an essay which is full of suggestiveness. Putting aside the Zip Coon or "secular" period as out of the province of the present research, although it overlaps it at a few points, Professor Allen relates the history of the various collections which are here united, and discusses the nature of the music, the source of the words, and the religious significance of the "spiritual;" describes the "shout," and indicates the "shouting" tunes, and offers some evidence as to the spontaneity of these compositions. There follows, from the same pen, a valuable and amusing monograph on the dialect of the Sea Islands, for which we bespeak the attention of philologists; and at last—the reader, we believe, will say too soon rather than too tardily—after some directions for singing, the songs are reached. They are one hundred and thirty-six in number, divided under groups of States into four parts, and exhibiting characteristically the music of each group. By far the greater number (eighty-eight) belong to South Carolina, Georgia, and the Sea Islands—the result, plainly, of accident, though possibly this region was more fertile in musical expression than any other part of the South. The remainder were obtained from States among which Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, Missouri, and Kentucky alone do not figure. In two or three instances the editors have been able to present varieties of the same tune as sung in different States.

We utter no new truth when we affirm that whatever of nationality there is in the music of America she owes to her dusky children. Negro minstrelsy sprang from them, and from negro minstrelsy our truly national airs, of which "Yankee Doodle" and "The Star-Spangled Banner" are *not* specimens. The negroes in their turn imitate the whites, but they show their peculiar musical genius as much in their imitations as in their compositions. A "white tune," so to speak, adopted and sung by them—in their own way—becomes a different thing. The words may be simply mangled, but the music is changed under an inspiration; it becomes a vital force. Hence the difficulty in accrediting authorship: to say how much is pure African, how much Methodist or Baptist camp-meeting. Where did the camp-meeting songs come from? Why might they not as likely emanate from black as from white worshippers? Doubts such as these, in the absence of certain proof, can alone account for the admission into this volume of songs like "The Old Ship of Zion," "Almost Over," and several others of the same stamp. Suggestive as these are, they are the least interesting of the collection. The host of unmistakably negro compositions, of which "Poor Rosy" and "Becca Lawton" are two pertinent examples, are a reward to the slowest decipherer of notes and the most backward conceiver of *tempo*. The opening songs are rich in illustrative variety. What better adaptation of music to words than in "Jehovah, Hallelujah"—"De foxes have-a hole, and de birdies have-a nest"? What more rousing than "Blow your Trumpet, Gabriel," and "Praise, Member"? What more truly spiritual than "The Lonesome Valley"? Then there is the quaint "O Deat' he is a Little Man," which we remember ourselves to have heard sung by a crew rowing across the ferry between St. Helena and Beaufort. The fugleman on that occasion—a fellow of inky blackness, with the sweat of a summer's day streaming from every pore, and his eyes squinted under the sun's glare—can never be forgotten as he poured forth energetically, "O Lord, remember me; *do*, Lord, remember me!"

A great deal has been said about the predominance of the minor key in the songs of the slaves, attributable, it has been supposed, to their misery. The misery, surely, was not wanting; the minor key, on the contrary, is, to anything like the extent supposed. The mistake has possibly arisen from the latitude with which the term has been applied, by persons who did not understand its technical use, to all those strains which sounded wild or mournful; as, for instance, the "Graveyard," p. 15. There is also a theory that barbaric (or, as some call it, natural) music is always minor. But if these views are mistaken, equally so is the opinion that these negro songs evince the easiness of the yoke of bondage. They are, rather, the embodiment of the mental and physical anguish of a bruised race—the safety-valve of their complaining and revolt against oppression. "Heaven" is to the slave not merely nor principally the reward of virtue, but a refuge from the lash. "Heab'n shall-a be my home" is the solace of "Poor Rosy, poor gal." And it is no moral conflict, no striving of conscience, alluded to in

> "Nobody knows the trouble I 've had,
> Nobody knows but Jesus,"—

it was trouble with "maussa," trouble with the driver, trouble with the Government halting in its policy of confiscation. But in these considerations we must not indulge. Let us be permitted to point out some of the songs with which we have been particularly struck, first premising that the average excellence of the collection is surprising, and that no one who has not explored it to the end will be acquainted with all its beauties. At the very close, in fact, are the Louisiana negro creole songs, with an obscure patois but delightful melodies. We specify: "Meet, O Lord," p. 43, "Day of Judgment," p. 53, "Nobody knows," p. 55, "Let God's saints come in," p. 76, "The Gold Band," p. 83, "I want to die like-a Lazarus die," p. 98, and "God got plenty o' room," p. 105. The illustrative and exegetical notes and the parallel versions make the book thoroughly readable. We shall be disappointed if many of the airs do not become popular, and the effort of the editors to make that permanent which is now transient be not crowned with signal and merited success.

* "Slave Songs of the United States." New York: A. Simpson & Co. 1867. Pp. xliv., 115.

Speeches and Papers relating to the Rebellion. By Geo. S. Boutwell. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)—Few public orators would dare, we should think, to republish all the speeches which they made during the late civil war. How absurd were the predictions made on all sides in the first six months of 1861! How ludicrous were the confident assertions of Northern sympathizers with the rebellion in 1864, when compared with the events of 1865; and how ghastly do the jests of zealous Republicans in 1860 look beside the graves of three hundred thousand men!

Governor Boutwell has had the courage, nevertheless, to collect the principal speeches, addresses, and publications which he made during and after the rebellion, and to give them to the world in a permanent form, so that it might judge of his claims to a reputation for political foresight. And, upon the whole, we are not sure that we could name any member of Congress whose utterances during the same period would be more creditable to his prophetic instinct. All were more or less deceived as to the future; Mr. Boutwell not more than any others, nor so much as some. He correctly foretold, in the Peace Congress of 1861, that secession involved war, and he also seems to have foreseen that the war, however "sharp," would not be "short." Yet, in common with most of his political associates, he formed delusive expectations as to the extent to which emancipation weakened the rebellion. He seems to have anticipated a general *hegira* of the freedmen from their masters, and a total destruction of the Southern social system. Nothing of the kind occurred, except in districts actually reached by our armies.

Looking backward, we can all now see that the real value of the proclamation of emancipation was in its ultimate, rather than its immediate, consequences. It did not destroy slavery until the war was ended. But it was an indispensable prerequisite to the employment of colored soldiers, and it afforded a guaranty against the renewal of insurrection after it should be once suppressed. It unbound the hands of the North, and made it possible for the first time to employ all legitimate means of warfare, while it ensured the permanence of success when success was gained. We are far from placing an exaggerated estimate upon the aid rendered by negro troops; but no man of sense can fail to see that if Grant and Sherman had been obliged to detail to the duties performed by negro soldiers an equal number of white troops, they could not possibly have achieved the victories of 1865. Reckon the force thus added to the army as low as we please, yet the events of the late war afford a new illustration of the old saying that "it is the last feather that breaks the camel's back."

The language of Mr. Boutwell is not particularly eloquent, yet it is so generally free from the inflated style of some Congressional orators that we are not disposed to find fault on this score. Here and there he has a "classic allusion," but in general he confines himself to the range of common sense. That he was always very much in earnest is evident, and he also had a very clear idea of what he wanted. On some minor questions, such as the sale of gold, he manifested much sounder judgment than was common at the time. The man who could say in Congress, in March, 1864, that the gold speculators did not, in the long run, materially raise the price of gold, must have had a good deal of courage and common sense. On the question of a sinking fund he was not quite as sensible, since it is now a well-understood dogma of political economy that sinking funds, while the nation is steadily borrowing money, are a mere farce. We ought, however, to be thankful for a statesman who understands addition. To expect him to understand multiplication also would be too unreasonable. Moreover, Mr. Boutwell was not responsible for the pledge of a sinking fund. That was the act of a previous Congress. He simply urged the duty of fulfilling the promise thus made. Secretary Chase saw the absurdity of it, and did not feel bound to comply; and upon the whole, we think he was right, though it is a delicate thing to say that any executive officer may rightly disregard a statute, however palpable may be its folly.

Mr. Boutwell's speeches since the close of the war have been generally upon the right side, though subject to the criticism that they went a little too far in that direction. They are not particularly able or profound, but they deserve the respect due to sincerity, candor, and earnestness.

Original Poems. Illustrated. (London and New York: Routledge. 1868.)—Twenty-five years ago a favorite book with children, much studied by small heads and severely thumbed by small thumbs, was "Original Poems for Infant Minds, by J. and E. Taylor." It was a little duodecimo, if we rightly remember it, with a few homely scraps of wood-cuts. But it was full of verses fluent and graceful enough, and with meaning enough to please young and old alike. In it were poems easy to understand, and with a pithiness of language which made them wonderfully easy to remember. The little people to whom these poems were read aloud would be found, after one or two hearings, with the more striking verses on the tongue's end. Mammas who twenty years ago read these poems to their children, and the then children who are now grown up, alike remember the lines about the chatterbox:

> "From morning till night it was Lucy's delight
> To chatter and talk without stopping;
> The whole of the day she would rattle away,
> Like water for ever a-dropping."

So of Meddlesome Matty, whose name has passed into a proverbial saying in some households, it is said:

> "Sometimes she 'd tip the teapot lid
> To peep at what was in it,
> Or tip the kettle if you did
> But turn your back a minute."

So the vain little girl who had hoped to attract admiration for her dress at a juvenile party found that

> "——they were all too intent on their play
> To observe the fine clothes of the lady so gay,
> And thus all her trouble quite lost its design,
> For they saw she was proud, and forgot she was fine."

The last line is masterly. We make these brief quotations merely to show the compact and straightforward character of the wording, which makes the lines, as we have said, very hard to forget. So hard to forget we have found them, that, although our friendly old copy had been lost for twenty years when this new edition came out, the alterations which have been made in the poems, and which this new edition gives, are very disagreeable to us. Some few of them are improvements in the one respect in which the poems need improvement—in rejecting absolute vulgarisms and platitudes, although this improvement has not been carried out with any thoroughness. The new edition is elaborately illustrated, and the pictures are far superior to most of those we meet with in inexpensive books, whether for children or for grown folks. No names of artists are given, and there are but few of the cuts in which we can recognize the hand of any one whose work is familiar. But many of them are very well designed, and nearly all are expressive and spirited. The blocks have been much better cut than is the fashion now. The pictures really add to the book instead of harming it, as is more commonly the case. We do not know why the authors' names are suppressed, nor whether the E. Taylor of this pair is the Edgar Taylor who translated "Grammer Grethel," described in THE NATION for October 24. J. Taylor of this book is, we believe, the somewhat well-known Jane Taylor.

Christendom's Divisions. Part II. Greeks and Latins. Being a full and connected history of their dissensions and overtures for peace down to the Reformation. By Edmund S. Ffoulkes, formerly fellow and tutor of Jesus College, Oxford. (London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1867.)—This work appears to be a product of that interest in the "reunion of Christendom" in which a portion of the Anglican Church so warmly participates. Mr. Ffoulkes adverts in his preface to the treasury of materials on the great division, or "Greek schism," as the Roman Catholic writers are fond of terming it, which is locked up in the Vatican library. Were the documents in the Vatican collection opened to scholars, the history of every European nation would have to be rewritten. If the political agitations in Italy should result in throwing open the riches of this library, this benefit alone would almost be worth the cost of a revolution. Mr. Ffoulkes does not give us a dry chronicle, but he aims to establish several propositions, one of which is that the division of Christendom is chiefly due to Charlemagne and to the division of the empire consummated under him. The effect of this political change was to transform the Pope from being the head of the Church into a party leader or spiritual head of the Latins alone. He holds that the Popes did not deliberately abandon their high position in deference to the demands of secular rulers, but were gradually led or betrayed into this disastrous step by the force of circumstances. One consequence was that, by the aid of pseudo-decretals and the pretended devotion of Constantine, the Popes were made to usurp a sort of ecclesiastic control not belonging to them, and, what is worse, to exercise a temporal power which has tended to degrade their spiritual office. The Latin Church in the Crusades acted more as the enemy than as the deliverer of its Eastern brethren, and the Popes were compelled to acquiesce in this gross perversion of that great religious enterprise. Mr. Ffoulkes thinks that the Greeks have been atrociously treated. The Latin doctrine of the procession and the Athanasian Creed he considers to be monuments of an unauthorized departure from ancient orthodoxy, and as justly offensive to the Greek Church. Whatever may be the sympathies or antipathies of the reader on these controverted points, he can hardly fail to be instructed by Mr. Ffoulkes's narrative, which is not only learned and scholarly, but at the same time able and spirited.

The Ghost: A Christmas Story. By W. D. O'Connor. (New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.)—This little story, that comes to us in such a neat and tasteful dress, originally appeared in *Putnam's Magazine* about ten years ago. It is worth reprinting in its present form. Without being very strong, it is very tender, sweet, and beautiful. But the name is little more than an advertisement, and not, it seems to us, a very happy one. It will attract readers for whom the writer has little, if anything, to say, and repel those for whom his story is especially intended. However this may be, we are bound to say that Mr. O'Connor's ghost is a superfluous appendage to his story. It says nothing, it does nothing. By its unseen presence nothing is accelerated or retarded. Nothing happens differently on its account from what it would otherwise have happened. For the rest, the accepted recipe for a good Christmas story has been pretty closely followed. The contrast between rich and poor is made very sharp; the rich man, as usual, very hard-hearted—another Scrooge. But the new changes that are rung on these old forms are very pleasant, and of a sort that it is profitable to hear.

Recent Republications.—Mr. C. D. Cleveland is not so much a critic for the more advanced classes as a compiler for the more advanced classes in high schools and academies. So perhaps we ought to forgive him for saying of Mr. Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" that "a book more replete with sound practical wisdom is hardly to be found." And then he quotes:

> "Equal is the government of Heaven in allotting pleasures to all men,
> And just the everlasting law that hath wedded happiness to virtue."

Of the same author's "Crock of Gold"—which "remarkable story was finished"—by Mr. Tupper—"in less than a week"—Mr. Cleveland gives a synopsis, and then he says: "With such simple threads does genius elaborate the richest and most gorgeous tapestry!" Yet we are not sure that such things are to be more easily forgiven in preceptors than in others, or even so easily forgiven in them. Perhaps only the very soundest criticism ought to be set before young people; it may be a mistaken kindness which would inure the youthful mind to twaddle, and it may be that this book should be condemned severely. We will quote some more of it. Speaking of Byron, the editor says: "Indeed, if any one should possess the fiendish desire to break down the principles of virtue in any young man or young woman, the best way to begin would be to put a copy of Byron's works into the hands of the destined victim." Of Thackeray he remarks: "He has little of Dickens's geniality; for his moral nature, as a writer, was inferior;" and again of the same man: "We care not to meditate upon his creations." Speaking of Tennyson's poetry, he says: "Some of what he has written is misty, obscure, and enigmatical;" and he adds: "Some of his critics are to me as enigmatical as the poet himself." To us also—some of them.

But there is this to be said of the edition now before us of "The English Literature of the Nineteenth Century": it is considerably better than the edition of 1855. We are sorry to see, or pleased to see, that Mr. Cleveland now speaks of Mr. Tupper with a less abandoned admiration than is visible in the judgment above quoted; and of Byron he speaks now in a way that will not attract so many youthful readers of both sexes as his injudicious remarks of twelve or fifteen years ago undoubtedly attracted to the works of that poet. In this edition, as in the other, there apparently is accuracy as regards names and dates, and so far the biographical notices are good; and when they are critical they are not generally worse than worthless, for the criticism is, of course, as was unavoidable, mostly borrowed, but much of it can fail to do a good deal of harm only because those who read and recite it will go away and forget it speedily. It will do some harm. Let us all admit, for instance, that Byron wrote many things not to be praised—things capable of hurting all that sort of people whom it is hard to help hurting. But may it not very well be doubted if the bad effects of his complete works has been greater than the bad effects of a volume of this kind of thing, for example? We do not seek for a suitable passage, but open the book at hazard. Professor Wilson is undergoing description: "With a high, broad, and round brow, with a brilliant eye, and with a nose, chin, and mouth expressing by turns determination, feeling, humor, and rage, he seemed to combine all those qualities which go to constitute the perfect man. But all these could not save him from the 'last enemy.' He died on the 3d of April, 1854." A few volumes of such matter, and, as it seems to us, the onward progress of the race is dreadfully retarded, the millennium delayed indefinitely. Thus it is that man is encouraged in unintelligence; and bad as Byron was, his sin seems to us not so great as that committed by such commentators as we see Mr. Cleveland to be in the case of Wilson, Byron, and Tupper, and as he is in most other cases. Therefore we are compelled to look on it as a thing to be deplored that of all the teachers who have carried classes of young ladies and gentlemen through the volumes of this series, no one has yet felt himself called upon to prepare a work to replace them. If for no other reason, one would think that the need of such a work would be felt by any tolerable teacher when he sees six pages of Mr. Cleveland's book given to Mrs. L. E. Maclean and Miss Eliza Cook, nine lines given to Buckle, and ten lines to J. S. Mill. The work is published by J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., of this city.

Of Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England" we have already once spoken. The edition now before us is the republication by Harper & Brothers of the author's abridgment, in one volume, which is smaller by five volumes than the original work. It is revised and edited by Caroline G. Parker. As regards the purpose for which the preface says it is well fitted—namely, to teach "the domestic history of England from the Norman Conquest to the death of Queen Elizabeth," and of Great Britain from the days of James VI. and I. to the days of Victoria—there can be no question that the book is of trifling value. What it does give is some information about the domestic history of the British sovereigns, and incidentally of the general political history of Great Britain, and this, as here given, we have never thought extremely profitable matter of study for pupils in schools. It is unprofitable as excluding studies of vastly greater importance. For the rest, Miss Strickland's writings are not more partisan and misleading than most histories, whether intended for the youthful or the adult reader, and they may, we should say, better be bought and read in this brief abridgment than in their original form. The wood-cuts which are scattered with a free hand through the volume injure it considerably.

Hurd & Houghton's republication of "Undine" is in the form of a serviceable little volume, stoutly bound, and with good paper—a book to stand the wear and tear which we hope each copy of the edition may get from many small hands. The illustrations, which are fair, are by Mr. H. W. Herrick. Altogether the book is one that ought to be lavishly given away this Christmas and on many a Christmas after this.

"One Thousand and One Gems of Poetry" is perhaps hardly to be called a republication. It was issued a little while ago in London by Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, and that house has here in New York a branch house which is rather to be called an agency for the sale of the London publications of the firm than a republishing office. The work is edited by Dr. Charles Mackay, and we know of almost no person with any qualifications whatever for such work whom we should be more unwilling to accept as a selecter of poetical gems for ourselves. He himself has published verses of a kind which, to be willing to publish, shows one completely destitute of critical delicacy. What is there to be said for a man who finds gems of poetry in the writings of Professor Beattie? who among the poems of Herrick discovers four gems, while among the works of Gerald Massey he finds six? who thinks Mrs. Hemans has produced fifteen, and Lord Lytton twelve poems worthy of remembrance, and that M. F. Tupper and George Herbert have each produced one such? who finds poetry in F. W. N. Bayley and Park Benjamin and Robert Pollok, and none at all in Matthew Arnold or Robert Buchanan? who discovers one more gem among the works of Mrs. Browning than in those of Mr. Browning, and who thinks Henry Kirke White more of a poet than Edmund Spenser? The blame of putting Dr. Mackay's own performances among the gems is, he says, to be visited on his publishers rather than on himself. We have never, we believe, seen a more unsatisfactory work of the kind than this one. Of course there are hundreds of fine poems among the "One Thousand and One Gems"; but we advise readers who wish for such a work to buy, instead of this, Mr. Dana's collection, or Mr. Palgrave's, and to add to either, or both, of these two the collection not long since made by Mr. Stoddard.

"Father Tom and the Pope" can hardly be classed with the works of Rabelais, for instance, as being good art but bad morals. Speaking as a "Prodesan," we do not know that we should pronounce it of even doubtful morality; it is only once or twice that its humor is too broad for ears polite, and then a Latin fig-leaf is clapped over it. The Pope, of course, is scandalously abused, and Father Tom is allowed to "sack" him in theology and logic, and "make a hare" of him in Latin, and generally to get the better of the "swaddling ould sinner of a saint" except in matching his dog against the mule of his Holiness. The caricature is so preposterous that the Pope himself, if he were to read it, would grant absolution to the author between fits of laughter, and the cardinals alone might consign it to the *Index Expurgatorius*. Messrs. A. Simpson & Co. have made almost an *édition de luxe* of this amusing and, in its way, inimitable book, which not for the first time is honored with thick paper and elegant typography—in this case, in the impression at least, not quite up to the standard of the Agathynian Press. Mr. Cozzens contributes a preface which, if it fails to settle the authorship, tells who Father Tom was, and where the story was first published; which the reader will be glad to know.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of The Nation *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE IMMEDIATE DUTIES OF CONGRESS.

Congress assembles this week under circumstances far different from any which either this or the preceding Congress ever had to meet. Sustained by the consciousness of popular favor, and fearing only to seem too slow for the popular will, the majority in the last two sessions were careless upon some points which careful thinkers knew were of vast importance to the country, and which, as the last few months have proved, were of no small importance to the party. For though it is singularly difficult to interest the American people in the philosophy of finance, and hard to make them appreciate any abstract propositions on the subject, they are quick enough to appreciate results, and perfectly ready to visit all their political managers with wrath if the course of public affairs is injurious to business.

It is well known that the past year has been a very unsatisfactory one to the commercial and manufacturing classes in every respect, and that the farmers have felt their taxes, direct and indirect, to be a load disproportioned to their income. The dissatisfaction thus excited, as every intelligent politician knows, has had a very large share in bringing about the reverses of this fall. Many of those Republicans who have deserted their party on account of the untoward results of its financial policy have been eager advocates of the very worst features of that policy, and have not now the least idea of the points in which it is really at fault. All this is not to be wondered at, nor will it be of any use to demonstrate to the grumblers that they could have done no better. Men who take the position of leaders in public affairs are bound to know how to succeed, and cannot excuse their incompetency by proving the equal incompetency of their censors. The Army of the Potomac was long cursed with commanders who abounded in excuses, when the best excuse they could have given was to resign positions for which they were totally unfitted by nature. The Republican party cannot afford to run the same career, for in politics Chancellorsville and Cold Harbor are rarely succeeded by Five Forks and Appomattox.

Congress assembles under the influence of a strongly adverse public sentiment, in appearance, at least. The splendid majority of 450,000 which sustained it twelve months ago has dwindled to almost nothing. What can be done to meet the wishes of the people, to restore public confidence in the party which Congress leads, and to give to the country that stability which parties are worse than useless if they do not subserve?

The answer can be given wisely only by first ascertaining what are the grounds of popular discontent, and in what degree Congress is censurable for their existence. These grounds may, to the best of our comprehension of them, be briefly described as the negro question, taxation, currency, corruption. Local issues we omit, although important, because not within the province of Congress.

1. The negro question has had a more widespread influence than any other, although we do not think it has had so much effect in most of the States as other motives to discontent. We propose to deal fairly with this difficulty of politics, and to acknowledge frankly the extent to which it has interfered with party success, and also our own share of responsibility in the matter. It would be vain to deny that the fidelity of the Republican party to the cause of equal rights, in its application to the negro, has been one of the chief causes of its heavy losses in Ohio, California, New Jersey, and Maryland. The superior strength of the sentiment of vengeance in the popular mind over that of simple justice is strikingly illustrated by the result in Kansas, where the people have refused to enfranchise the negro, by over 8,000 majority, and at the same time have disfranchised deserters and disloyal men, by over 1,000 majority. It is still twice as popular to hang your enemies as to help your friends.

Negro suffrage at the North, moreover, is evidently intolerable to many who are willing to force it upon the South. Such has always been our own impression of the public mind. It is not a very generous or very creditable state of feeling; but it exists nevertheless, and must be taken into account in studying political forces. Nor is it prudent or even just to denounce with bitterness those who participate in the sentiment. Some good and kind-hearted men, who oppose negro suffrage at the North because it would increase the corruptible elements of the Republican party—already too numerous—favor it at the South because they see no other way to secure equal civil rights or the permanence of the Union. But negro suffrage is none too popular, whether existing North or South. It is not to be denied that the complete supremacy of the negro in some of the Southern States is extremely repulsive to many Republicans, and is deprecated by many more. We have on previous occasions expressed the opinion that the negro is not to be blamed for the course which he has taken; but for all that a wiser course was possible, especially in Virginia; and the Republican party may have to pay dearly for the want of more prudent management at the South. The consolidation of the negro vote was a desirable and indispensable means of reconstruction; but the co-operation of white men, even if a little tardy, should have been cheerfully accepted, and they should have been allowed a weight in the party proportioned to the numbers of their race, and not merely to their own number.

The practical question now, however, is whether Congress shall recede from the ground it has taken. We say emphatically, No! Congress, in so far as it embodies the ideas of freedom and nationality, has never had any option except between the path which it took last spring and total ruin. We do not mean that all the details of the reconstruction acts were essential; but their main ideas, other than the disfranchising clauses, were of vital importance. We certainly do not advise the desertion of a wise and necessary path merely because it proves to be a little more difficult than was expected. This is an issue of life and death, and Congress would commit suicide if it should draw back from the work of Southern reconstruction. On this issue the leaders must fight to the last, waiting for the people to draw up to their support, and confident of final victory, no matter how long delayed.

But the people will not long hesitate upon this question if the political action of the colored race at the South is guided by wise counsels. The zeal of the negro has been sufficiently roused. He has shown that he knows his friends at the North. He must now be so guided as to demonstrate also his prudence, forbearance, and deference to superior wisdom. He must show his fitness to share in the government of the whole country as well as his ability to protect himself by means of his vote. And this can be brought about, we verily believe, by a judicious example at Washington, and a little wholesome advice from the leading members of Congress.

2. Taxation in all its departments is a subject which Congress ought to deal with on far different principles from those which have hitherto guided its action—if indeed it can be said to have had any principles on the subject. It is well known that the intolerable pressure of taxation has had much to do with the untoward political results of the year. Many branches of business, once active and profitable, have been taxed into stagnation, and some have been actually taxed out of existence. Commissioner Wells, in his able report of last year, founded upon careful study of his subject, both theoretically and practically, pointed out in the clearest manner both the disease and the remedy. His labors were treated with contempt, and rewarded by a mean plot to abolish his office, one of the most useful and usefully filled of any in the United States. The plot failed, happily for the country; but his advice was discarded in favor of the crude notions of men who knew nothing whatever of the science which lies at the foundation of a sound fiscal system, and who cared for nothing except to push their own private schemes. We hope for a somewhat wiser course of action now. Political success, it is plain, cannot be had without a reform in the mode of raising revenue. And if the majority of Congress are not yet satisfied that it is their best policy to follow the advice of the few men who, like Mr. Wells, understand the subject, instead of exercising their own intuitive genius at the expense of the country, they have not as much sense as we give them credit for.

3. The currency will probably be the first subject with which Con-

gress will occupy itself; and we must frankly say that we expect no good from its action. The West is eager for "money;" and the lower House will undoubtedly do its best to reopen the currency mill which Mr. McCulloch keeps closed so firmly. It will do its utmost for inflation; and inflation, no matter in what degree, means bankruptcy and disgrace. As the New York *Times* lately said, no issue of $2,500,000,000 in currency is needed to decide our fate. $400,000,000 will do it just as effectually; indeed, $100,000,000 would pretty nearly settle the question. If the country once revives, in time of peace, the practice of debasing the currency by the issue of new legal tenders, it can never stop short of total repudiation. Our reliance is placed upon the sound sense and integrity of the Senate, and that failing, we shall look hopefully, for the first time, for a veto from the President. It is his last chance for vindicating his reputation, and for making the veto honorable; and we sincerely pray that he may not let it slip if the occasion comes. But we also trust that the Senate will not let him have the occasion. The House, we fear, is past praying for.

4. The corruption which deeply affects both the political parties of the country is naturally and properly avenged by the people mainly upon the party in power. It would be idle to ask our public men to do anything against this monstrous evil directly. They are all cowards in its presence. But many of them are really desirous to put an end to or limit it, if they can do so without attacking it directly in the persons of its representatives. Even some men who have grown fat upon public plunder are heartily willing that all *future* robbery should be prevented; and some of them will render material aid in preventing others from profiting by their example. The most effective way in which Congress can do anything for this purpose, so desirable for the interests of the public and of the dominant party, is by simplifying the business of the revenue department and the machinery of public business in general. Every new tax is the parent of new frauds. Every superfluous official is an ally of corruption. He generally maintains his position by corrupting others, and his family by corrupting himself.

With local issues Congress has nothing to do. It has an abundance of work before it in the fields of which we have spoken, and others which fall within its province. All considerations of public good, and, as a means to that, of party success, appeal to its courage, its moderation, its prudence, its integrity, for the full performance of its duty at this time. The maintenance of the Union, though probable, is not infallibly assured without guaranties for the maintenance of liberty and national good faith. To perfect these guaranties, to clear away the financial difficulties of the country, to purify the administration of public business—these are the duties of the present Congress. It will have the prayers of all good men for its success, and the blessings of all if it succeeds.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND THE CITY GOVERNMENT.

We are, we fear, about to have in the mayoralty election in this city a new proof of the injurious influence which the delay in reconstruction is exercising on local reforms. We drew attention some weeks ago to the way in which the Constitutional Convention of this State had been half paralyzed by the question of negro suffrage. Every reform was made to tarry while the admission of colored people to the franchise was being debated, and it was not for one moment debated on its merits or with reference simply to its effects on the government of New York. There is no doubt that the distribution of the franchise as determining the seat of the sovereignty is the first thing to be settled in framing a constitution; and if any attempt had been made to determine it in the Convention with reference to the wants or wishes of the people of this State, we should not have had a word to say. But it was debated mainly with reference to the probable influence of the manner of its settlement on the process of reconstruction, and the difference of opinion on this point being irreconcilable, nothing worth mention has been done, and we may now be thankful if the Convention does not break up without having accomplished anything whatever, not only leaving the colored people of the State under their old disabilities, but leaving the whole population suffering from the serious defects in the present constitution.

The condition of this city is the greatest political scandal not only of the State but of the United States. It is a veritable sink of corruption, which helps to debase and degrade the political life of the whole country, and it has done more to shake confidence in democratic government at home and abroad than any incident in American history or any feature in the American system of government. It has produced the only mob of veritable *prolétaires* that has ever been seen on this side of the Atlantic, and the only demagogue of the old European type. "The people" of New York are in all respects what the enemies of democracy, from the earliest classical times, have always painted "the many," and Fernando Wood is the nearest approach which has been made in modern times to the mob leader of antiquity. There is no man of our time who can very well be compared to him except James Fazy, of Geneva; but we nevertheless owe an apology to M. Fazy for mentioning them both in the same sentence. M. Fazy is a demagogue, but he is a demagogue who works on passions and convictions and prejudices and traditions that one cannot help respecting, and his followers, if turbulent, are honest. Moreover, M. Fazy is himself a respectable man. Fernando Wood, on the contrary, is notoriously a person of the worst character, and he appeals to the worst passions of a population of extraordinary ignorance and viciousness, and his political life has been one long record of attempts to plunder the treasury for his own benefit or that of his creatures. During the war he was a fierce and bitter Copperhead. In fact, he has done everything he can to prove his hostility to the nation except bear arms against it, and there were thousands of men who bore arms against it who were patriots in comparison with him. One would think that the mere appearance of this personage in the arena would be sufficient to unite all good men against him, and that all good men would feel, and none more strongly than Republicans, that the very best service they could render to the cause of good government at the South, as well as everywhere else, would be to maintain good government at their own doors. They are certainly poor friends of freedom, and poor friends of the negro, who think any of them can be benefited, however remotely or indirectly, by the election of Fernando Wood to the Mayoralty. Nevertheless, the Republicans in this city seem to think so. They have nominated Mr. Darling for the Mayoralty, well knowing that there is not the smallest chance of his election; and of the two Democratic candidates opposed to him, Wood and Hoffman, the principal Republican organs pour their heaviest fire on the latter, he being the respectable one—the one who lays any claim to honesty or decency or has any character to maintain.

Now, the reason of all this is, that Hoffman is the nominee of the regular Democratic organization, and the regular Democratic organization is the deadly foe of equal rights at the South and of the Congressional plan of reconstruction. Therefore it is supposed that the defeat of its candidates anywhere is somehow a great gain for the negro and for Congress. Now, nothing can be a gain for the negro which does not help the cause of good government. If white politicians are not pure, but if swindlers and forgers and embezzlers can obtain the chief places in the government of the leading commercial cities of the Union, nobody is or can be helped by it, except the devil; and the greatest curse of the Republican party has been the facility with which it allows itself to be persuaded by roaring editors and stump orators into the belief that, no matter by what means it wins victory or annoys the enemy, every victory and every bit of annoyance of the enemy is so much clear gain. The folly of this has been again and again demonstrated. The party has never elected a bad candidate of its own, or helped others to elect a bad candidate, has never resorted to a doubtful trick or dodge, which has not in the end told against it. "Shrewd politicians," when they are pulling their little wires, playing off this candidate against that one, or drawing votes from this man for the benefit of that one, so that there may be the appearance of weakness created amongst their adversaries, think that, on the appearance of strength amongst themselves, the country is so charmed with their dexterity as to be satisfied with the result, no matter what it may be. They think just now that if Fernando Wood gets into office through their connivance, all they have to show is that Hoffman was a more

dangerous enemy of the black man than Wood. But there never was a greater mistake. The public often pardons political trickery when the immediate result is unmistakably good; but it does not pardon trickery when the result is unmistakably bad. Moreover, we repeat once more, that there is not enough love of the negro at the North to induce people to pardon all follies, all absurdities, and all knaveries, if only they are committed for his sake. We have said all along that it was this delusion amongst the leaders of the Republican party which would in the end ruin it, and we have proved, certainly, not far wrong. The party is not an army; it will not leave the shaping of its policy to its editors or voters. It will not allow them to do what they please, on their assurance that in the end all will turn out well. It will not wait for the end for things to turn out well. It wants all to turn out well at once, as they go along. It does not look on the negro as the final cause of the American nation, or of any part of it; and the spectacle, therefore, of a personage like Wood helped into power through the covert aid of its organs will not help the negro, but seriously injure him. We are as warm friends as he has got, if not the most useful. We desire to see him relieved of every vestige of disability at once and all paths to wealth and honor thrown open to him. But it is because we desire this, and desire it most heartily, and mean to labor for it in our humble way till it is accomplished, that we protest against all attempts to advance his cause by chicane or base compliances or intrigues.

CATHOLICISM AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A few weeks since (Nation, Sept. 19) we called attention to the reactionary tendency of the Catholic Church as manifested in the Encyclical and Syllabus of December, 1864. Those of our readers who remember the character of the extracts which we then gave from those authoritative expositions of the Papal policy will find a curious contrast to them in a letter just made public by Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati. This contrast affords an instructive illustration of the skill with which the Church, notwithstanding the rigid immutability of its pretensions and its discipline, can adapt itself to circumstances. Where it is dominant in Europe, it defends its old exclusive rights by invoking the principles which enabled Alexander III. and Innocent III. to tread on the necks of princes and peoples. Where it is on probation, and is winning its way in the face of an antagonistic public sentiment, as in the United States, it yields to the necessity of the occasion, and permits a latitudinarianism which must be sadly shocking to the conservative spirits of the Roman curia.

Thus Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, boldly declares his adhesion to the great principle of toleration—a principle unknown before Protestantism, and which even Protestants were long in recognizing:

"There is no power, human or divine, that forces a man to believe a religion, or anything else, against his own honest, enlightened convictions. . . . I do not believe that the Church has any right to employ force to coerce conscience."

Now, the 15th proposition of the Syllabus condemns, as a most pernicious error, the belief that

"Every man is free to embrace and profess the religion he shall believe true, guided by the light of reason (Apost. Lit. 'Multiplices inter,' June 10, 1851; Alloc. 'Maxima quidem,' June 9, 1862);"

which shows that the first clause of the archbishop's creed is heretical. As for the second, it is disposed of by the 77th and 78th propositions, which formally condemn the practice of toleration, in pronouncing erroneous the opinions that,

"In the present day, it is no longer necessary that the Catholic religion shall be held as the only religion of the state, to the exclusion of all other modes of worship (Alloc. 'Nemo vestrum,' July 26, 1855).

"Whence it has been wisely provided by law, in some countries called Catholic, that immigrants shall enjoy the free exercise of their own worship (Alloc. 'Acerbissimum,' Sept. 27, 1862)."

So Archbishop Purcell declares:

"I do not want a union of church and state—I deprecate such a union."

In thus abnegating for the Church all claim to share in civil supremacy and all power to enforce persecution, the worthy archbishop falls directly into the error condemned in the 55th proposition of the Syllabus, that

"The Church must be separated from the state and the state from the Church (Alloc. 'Acerbissimum,' Sept. 27, 1862)."

If the archbishop on his next visit to Rome be summoned before the tribunal of the Holy Inquisition for thus publicly raising the banner of revolt against the decrees of an infallible Church, he cannot plead that the Church is only infallible in matters of faith, and that latitude of opinion is allowed in matters of discipline, for the Encyclic which accompanies the Syllabus formally declared the imprescriptible authority of the Papacy over the one as well as the other, and that dissidence in either is equally fatal:

"Neither can we pass over in silence the audacity of those who, insulting sound doctrine, assert that 'the judgments and decrees of the Holy See, whose object is declared to concern the general welfare of the Church, its rights and its discipline, do not claim the acquiescence and obedience, under pain of sin and loss of the Catholic profession, if they do not treat of the dogmas of faith and morals.'"

By the formal judgment of the Pope, therefore, Archbishop Purcell, as he will doubtless be surprised to learn, is in a state of sadly unarchiepiscopal error. We do not anticipate, however, that in his case the judgment will be enforced. A wise regard for the necessities of the establishment, struggling amidst a godlessly progressive democracy, sees in such men as the Archbishop of Cincinnati the fitting bearers of the ark through the wilderness. Should the promised land ever be reached, however, it may safely be assumed that their independence and catholicity of spirit will no longer be endured.

The *Examinatore* of Florence—the organ of the reform within the Church, or "Neo-Catholicism," as its opponents style it—recently held up to its readers the organization and discipline of the American Church as the ideal for which they were to strive. The motto of these reformers is Cavour's well-known declaration of policy, *libera chiesa in libero stato;* they are waging deadly battle with the Roman curia, and their efforts to liberalize the Church are met with the fiercest hostility by all the recognized ecclesiastical authorities. They would hail Archbishop Purcell as a worthy ally in the struggle with the reactionary tendencies of the Papacy and in the effort to throw off the crushing supremacy which Rome claims over the consciences of men. Were he an Italian, with his present views he could not but range himself under their banner, and, instead of being an honored prelate, he would be classed with Cardinal Andrea and Father Passaglia, and would share their fate.

Fully believing that the Latin Church has still a great part to play in the history of humanity, we sincerely hope that the words so nobly and so boldly spoken by Archbishop Purcell may in time become adopted by the establishment which he adorns. We wish also that we could see grounds for sharing his belief "that the Pope has no need to reconcile himself to progress or to true Christian evangelical liberalism, for he never was, and is not now, opposed to either;" for this is an opinion distinctly disavowed in the final proposition of the Syllabus. If, therefore, the archbishop should take part in the approaching Œcumenic Council, we trust that in that august body he will have the courage of his opinions, and that he may not be made to suffer for their expression.

REASONS WHY WOMEN SHOULD VOTE.

[The following argument for female suffrage is from the pen of the same lady who replied to Dr. Lieber some time ago in our columns on the same subject. This paper is no less remarkable than the former one for what we hope we shall be pardoned for calling its masculine vigor of thought and statement.]

The strength of the negative argument in favor of the extension of the suffrage to women—the argument, that is, founded on the ease with which the objections brought against it can be refuted; the difficulty, indeed, of finding one worth a serious refutation or which is more than an appeal to those popular prejudices with which any radical reform must at first contend, has led me not unnaturally to a consideration of the positive argument, what can reasonably be said for this change when so little that is reasonable seems to be urged against it. For the proposed change is of so radical a kind, involving consequences of so much importance both to men and to women—consequences far beyond its immediate practical results—

that the whole conservative instinct of humanity inevitably recoils from it; the desire to "let well alone" is so strong that it needs a decided conviction that the present condition of society is far from being well enough to be let alone, and that this extension of the suffrage is a measure which justice and expediency alike demand, to lead one to desire it. Though, indeed, when we consider what this question really is—that it is simply whether a class, comprising about half the inhabitants of the country, whose members hold property, pay taxes, teach in the public schools; which has shown, during the last few years, in the working-rooms and on the executive committees of the Sanitary Commission, with its numerous branch societies throughout the country, as well as in the care of the wounded in hospitals and on the field, no small amount of intelligence and of patriotism—whether this large class of women shall be excluded from all direct influence on a government which claims to represent the whole people, does it not rest with those who favor the exclusion to make it clear to us why this thing should be, why the democratic principle of self-government, so broadly applicable to one sex, is totally inadmissible as regards the other? And when they fail to give us any better reason than that it must be, because it has been, because it is, because most people who have never thought about it at all think it should be, is not this want of reason on the one side in itself almost a sufficient proof that both reason and justice are on the other? In this country, where progress is the corner-stone of our civilization, whose government is founded on democratic principles which the world has very recently begun to tolerate; where slavery has been abolished, a most time-honored institution, sanctioned by the usage of thousands of years, maintained in the palmiest days of the Greek republics, and mentioned in the Old Testament—shall we say of any reform that it ought not to be, simply because it never has been?

The question whether or not the right of suffrage is a natural right, which occupies so prominent a place in the recent discussions about female suffrage, seems to me, I confess, to have very little bearing on the subject. Unless those who maintain that the right of suffrage is not a natural right can deduce as a logical conclusion from their premises that the male sex alone have a natural right to acquire it, I do not see that any amount of definition of a natural right—interesting and valuable as such definitions doubtless are in themselves, as matters of political philosophy—is of the slightest practical importance in discussing the present question. It is just, it is expedient (though, indeed, what is just cannot fail sooner or later to be expedient) that women should share with men a right which, whether natural or acquired, undoubtedly exists here; and here alone lies the real gist of the question.

Whether the right of suffrage is or is not a natural right, it can hardly, I think, be questioned that, according to the principles of a democratic government, political rights should be shared by all classes of the citizens not incompetent to exercise them; that every class has a right to the protection of its own interests as interpreted by itself, in so far as this end can be secured by the votes of its members; that every class has a right to its share of influence in those public questions which affect the whole community; that it is, moreover, for the advantage of the state that each individual citizen should have an intelligent and responsible interest in general questions. Now, these principles must apply to women as to men, unless it can be proved that they are incompetent to exercise political rights; that, unlike all other classes, they have no special interests requiring protection; that those public questions which affect the whole community do not affect them; or that it is for the advantage of the state that women should not take an intelligent and responsible interest in general questions, that the great influence which they inevitably exert should be as far as possible an irrational influence. It is on these four grounds, accordingly, that I propose to argue this much debated question.

First. Are women competent to vote? Women are unquestionably inferior to men in physical strength to an extent which unfits them as a class for military service and for many of the more arduous professions, and it is often urged that they are on this account rightfully excluded from the polls; that the bullet and the ballot should go together, though it is difficult to see on what ground this principle applies to women only; why men whom age or physical weakness exempts from military service should not also be disfranchised. In ancient times, when a state of war was the normal state of the community, when a citizen and a warrior were synonymous terms, and men proved their right to vote by coming armed to the polls (a custom which still survives in one of the Swiss cantons), a theory of citizenship which confined its rights and its duties to those who were able to defend them by the sword was the inevitable and logical deduction from the social condition which accompanied it. But with the progress of civilization the condition of society has changed, and a change in political theories naturally follows. The great republics of antiquity and oligarchical states, in which a minority of the citizens, carefully trained to the highest point of physical and mental superiority, maintained and defended their government and the interests of civilization against the hostile nations around them, though republican, were in no sense democratic states; and the great republic of to-day has just fought through one of the bloodiest wars on record to put down for ever the theory of government founded on barbarism and slavery, and which only the prevalence of barbarism and slavery can maintain and excuse, that one class is justified in governing others by virtue of its power to do so.

If women formed a separate body in the community, cut off from close social ties like the priesthood in Catholic countries, then indeed we might fear to trust power over the government to a large class who could not be called upon to risk anything very dear to them in its defense. But until domestic ties cease to exist, women, though unable to risk their lives for their country, are in time of war called upon no less than men to sacrifice themselves in its defence. When a man enlists, leaving his wife with the care, and, in case of his death, the maintenance, of a family of children, does he risk only his own life for the cause he serves? Who that has lived in this country since 1861 does not know that when our soldiers marched out to battle it was not their own lives alone that they carried in their hands, that in the graves which cover the lonely battle-fields of the South or crowd our national cemeteries, not men's bodies only but women's hearts and hopes lie buried? And if this is so, for those women whose homes never became the seat of war, when we think of all the personal danger that war must bring to the women amongst whom it is carried on, can we doubt that in questions of peace and war women's interests are at stake no less than men's? At the ballot-box men cannot represent women, for in the expression of opinion one class cannot represent another; but on the battle-field, when the interests at stake are those of the whole country and of each individual in it, men do, indeed, represent women, or if they do not they have no business to be there. The men of the country have no more right to exact of women without their consent the sacrifices which a war involves than the women to send the men out unwillingly to the field. It is as much the interest of women as of men that a just and necessary war should be fought through to its legitimate end, a righteous peace; and this the women of America have proved their capacity to understand;—it is as much their interest as that of men that the strength and resources of the country should not be wasted in unjust and unnecessary wars, and I see no reason why they should fail to understand this issue as well as the other.

Another argument against women's capacity to vote is found in the fact that, owing to the natural division of labor between the sexes by which domestic occupations and the early education of children (that is, of the whole human race) are almost entirely in their hands, a woman's life is usually more retired and domestic than a man's; that, mixing less than men in active life, they acquire less practical experience in reference to public questions. This is plausible and, to a certain extent, undoubtedly true; though, practically, I hardly see that the greater part of men's avocations are any more calculated to make them wise lawgivers than those of women. Why should a carpenter, a blacksmith, a mechanic necessarily acquire in the exercise of his trade more lucid political views than his wife who manages the household expenditure and governs a family of children? As regards daily experience in financial matters, men should know better than women where money comes from, since they have much better opportunities of earning it; but women know as well or better where it goes to, and how far it can go; and for the state as for the household one branch of knowledge is as important as the other. Most men are undoubtedly more interested in the minor and daily questions of politics than women; but this, I think, is owing not so much to their occupations as to the fact that they have been all their lives made to feel that such questions are their business. Women, on the contrary, having been taught from their cradles that it is *feminine* to show a charming ignorance on all such subjects, or just that amount of knowledge which shall enable them to accept with deference (by no means to question) the views of their male relatives, are naturally enough very little interested in details about which they are not expected to have an opinion. A large part of the work of the Sanitary Commission, involving extensive and complicated business arrangements, was organized and carried on by women—many of them very young women—without any sort of business education, and belonging to the class in society in which women, though well educated intellectually, are least likely to acquire practical experience; and I cannot but think that, since so many women are to be found capable of doing business, they may as a class be capable of sharing with men in the making of those laws by which business interests are regulated. To suppose that women are now, as a rule, as competent to vote as men, is to suppose that they are not merely equal to men intellectually, but very much superior, since men have all the advantage of that education for the suffrage which only the suffrage can give; but that women in this country are as competent to use this right as any other body which has never exercised it (if not more so), and that they are as capable of being educated by the use of it to use it with advantage to themselves and others, I see no reason to doubt. If it were a question of reversing the present state of things—taking the vote from men to give it to women (and the subject is usually discussed as if it were)—the undoubted superiority of the male sex in physical strength, and the more extensive experience given by their more active lives, might well lead us to pause; but since it is merely proposed that instead of one sex governing the other, both sexes shall govern both, the essential differences between the two seem to me an argument for the change rather than against it.

But, it is urged, voters are liable to be voted for; and is it desirable that women should leave the care of their homes and children for seats in the Legislature or in Congress? Undoubtedly not. But there are many men whose professional duties prevent them from taking an active part in politics, and I see no reason why a woman, whose duties lie elsewhere, should accept a nomination any more than a man would in the same case. There are many women who have no children and no paramount family claims, and why should not such women hold office as well as men? But ignorant and incompetent women will vote! No doubt; but so do ignorant and incompetent men. But incompetent women will be elected very likely; but are incompetent men never elected? Does not history, and that of recent date, prove that an incompetent man (elected by male suffrage) may occasionally find his way even into the Presidential chair? But a woman may now and then be elected to an office which might have been better filled by a man! Probably; but unless we suppose that there is no office in the gift of the state which men are not more competent to fill exclusively than women to share, the same thing may happen in the future, and must continually happen in the present, with reference to women, and I hardly see why society should suffer more in the one case than in the other.

I have dwelt at some length on the question whether or no women are competent to vote, because it is only on this ground that any serious argument against the justice of the proposed change can be based. That women have, as a class, special interests requiring protection, cannot be seriously questioned; that those public questions which affect the whole

community affect them is self-evident; and this brings us at once to the fourth and last ground on which their right to vote can be claimed or denied:

Is it for the advantage of the state that women should *not* take an intelligent and responsible interest in general questions? In other words, is the community, as a whole, in danger of becoming too intelligent and rational? For otherwise, since the great influence which women exercise in the community is undoubted, the natural conclusion seems to be that to educate them as rapidly as possible to a responsible and rational exercise of this influence is of the utmost importance, and experience has proved that to give the suffrage to a class is the surest way to rationalize the individuals who compose it.

But, say the opponents of female suffrage, to rationalize women is to deprive them of those feminine qualities by which their influence is maintained, and society of the benefit which it derives from this influence as at present exercised. A man does not cease to be manly by becoming an intelligent citizen, therefore a woman cannot be an intelligent citizen without ceasing to be womanly. The logic may be convincing, but my feminine mind fails to appreciate its force. That it is in accordance with the eternal laws of Providence that women should not be "equal to men in the sense of being like men," I most earnestly believe, and I have perfect confidence that, in this respect as in others, the eternal laws will assert and maintain themselves, that voting will no more unsex women than it will discolor negroes. The present system, by depriving women of the suffrage and of those opportunities for occupation and education which men enjoy, tends to force women of independence and character, or whom circumstances have deprived of male protectors, to choose between an aggressive and unequal competition with men (which may not develop their most feminine qualities) or wasting in weariness and vexation of spirit the capacities the Lord gave them. In one of the recent arguments against female suffrage it is urged that "the destiny of the woman is to rely, to be protected, to harmonize in society with her attractions the jarring elements brought by men from the sterner and not unfrequently coarser pursuits of practical life"—in other words, to be taken care of by men and to make them comfortable. I prefer, myself, the Bible definition, according to which woman is "a helpmeet" for man. Efficient help is indeed a great comfort, and the latter definition really includes the former, but to be made comfortable is not always the most efficient help. To keep a man's aims and standard high by raising her own, to stimulate his intelligence by contact with hers, to honor him and be honored by him with mutual esteem and reverence, to share the burdens of his life and rely on his support in bearing hers, is all this inconsistent with true womanliness in women or true manliness in men? "I hate," says Emerson, "when I look for a manly furtherance, or at least a manly resistance, to find only a mush of concession." Do men never long for a womanly furtherance at the price now and then of a womanly resistance, in place of the mush of concession which they usually demand and receive from womankind? A woman may be none the less womanly because she knows her own opinions and can express them. Some of the gentlest and most attractive women I know are among the wisest and most intelligent, and one of the most feminine women I ever met was one with whose intellect few men of her generation could stand comparison—Mrs. Browning, of whom Thackeray said that "it was strange to see that little woman and think what a great man she was."

The theory that the chivalrous feeling of men toward women must vanish before the acknowledgment of their social equality, that to claim women's rights is to abandon women's privileges, naturally follows from the impression that women will cease to be women; and, not expecting the latter result, I do not dread the former. History proves that in the progress of civilization chivalrous feeling in men has steadily increased in proportion to the increasing influence of women; and the two facts in American society which are most striking to a foreigner are the freedom of the women and the courtesy of the men. When our civilization has gone a step further, and respect for women is embodied in laws by which complete social and political equality has secured protection of their rights to those who cannot otherwise enforce them, men will not be less courteous to those whose claim to respect has been thus emphatically acknowledged. It would be as sensible to deprive men over sixty of a vote, for fear old age would not be sufficiently honored if it shared the rights of youth, as to favor the exclusion of women from the polls lest men should lose their chivalrous instincts toward them.

That the admission of women to the suffrage is an inevitable and rapidly approaching change in our political system I believe as earnestly as that justice and expediency alike demand it. That comparatively few women have any personal desire to vote is evident; but this, which would be a strong argument against forcing a privilege upon them, is no valid reason for depriving them of a right; for injustice to any class is a disadvantage to the community, and none the less so because the majority of the class in question are not enlightened enough to perceive it. If women's rights are really what they claim to be, they are but another name for women's duties, and the sooner they are acknowledged the better. Nothing is more natural than that most women should not personally desire to vote. Conservative prejudice has surrounded the subject with every disagreeable association, and, moreover, while the love of a new responsibility, for which they are imperfectly prepared, and all the trial which the transition from old customs to new must involve, fall exclusively upon the generation which first exercises the right, the benefits to flow from it must be for their children rather than themselves. But if this change is to come, some generation of women must be the first to face it, and it is of the utmost importance that it should fall upon one not wholly unprepared for a wise use of it. If women vote in this country within the next ten or twenty years, the transition period comes upon a generation educated to an interest in political questions by living in a time of political convulsion, and better fitted for the exercise of such rights than women who have not been taught by the suffrage to use the suffrage, could be in ordinary times. And since, when a great reform must come, the sooner it comes the better, I sincerely trust that the right of suffrage will yet be exercised by the women of this generation.

THE RATIONALE OF THE FASHIONS.

THE establishment, by a great publishing house, of an illustrated paper devoted to the diffusion of the latest Paris fashions over the whole country, accompanied with minute directions for the home manufacture of difficult "underclothes," suggests some reflections as to the use made of the fashions in democratic communities, and which, we think, Harper's *Bazar* itself would do well to discuss in that portion of its space which is devoted to general instruction. The complaint that the spread of the same cut of clothes through all countries and all classes of society is destroying picturesqueness and variety is now so old and well-worn that we shall not repeat it. National costumes were very pretty things, but they were the outward sign of things that were not pretty. It is a lamentable fact that the more diversity there was in the attire of the different nations of the world, the worse they behaved. The time when every country had its own dress, when there were as many costumes as languages, and when a journey through Europe was a succession of effects in color and form, was certainly a delightful time for artists and travellers, but it was a shockingly bad time for the rest of mankind. Nations dressed differently because they thought and acted differently, and although nobody can love diversity and hate uniformity and monotony more than we do, yet inasmuch as diversity of manners seemed a promoter of ferocity and hatred, and a constant incentive to throat-cutting, we, with the rest of the world, are witnessing its departure with little or no regret. As long as similarity of costume helps to draw men together, as long as they feel less compunction about blowing out the brains of a person with a turban or bournous than of a person with a stovepipe or a wide awake, we cannot, as moralists, regret to find the population of Western Arkansas wearing as their daily working-clothes "the full evening dress" of more civilized regions, including patent-leather boots, however unpleasant the sight may be to the merely carnal eye.

But then similarity of costume does not necessarily require the immediate diffusion and adoption through all parts of the world reached by railroad and telegraph of the latest Paris fashions. People's clothes may and do belong to the same general type without following the minute changes in cut and color which "the leaders of society" introduce into their clothes nearly every month; and these minute changes ought not to be copied by persons of all conditions and callings for divers weighty reasons, some moral and some material, which those who claim for the diffusion of the fashions the position of a work of civilization would do well to note. First and foremost, we make so bold as to say that not two per cent. of the women who endeavor to follow the fashions, or, in other words, to keep what is called "well dressed," are capable of doing so and at the same time reserving much attention for anything else. In saying this we cast no reflection on the feminine mind. If Gladstone or the Emperor Napoleon or Chief-Justice Chase or the Honorable Ben Wade were to change their clothes as often as the fashions require women to change them, and follow, as women have to do, the thousand-and-one modifications of cut, arrangement, trimming, buttons, which make their appearance every month, even at a long interval, they would have little or no time to spare for affairs of state. It is only by following the changes at a very long distance and wearing the same dress for half a year or a year at a time, or else leaving the whole matter to their tailors and putting on whatever is sent to them, that these eminent men are able to save any time for "search of deep philosophy, wit, eloquence, and poesy," even for those pleasing reminiscences of early years with which Mr. Wade loves to fill the leisure hours of his vacations. It may be safely said, too, of the lady leaders of fashions in the great capitals—the persons on whom the fashions first appear—that few, if any, are able to devote much attention to the invention or arrangement of their own toilettes. All this is done by "artists" trained to the business, whose brains are constantly occupied with the invention of new combinations, the study of effects, the trial of experiments in material and arrangement. All that the empresses and duchesses and other high personages do is to wear what is sent home or at most to express disapproval of what is offered for their inspection. If they tried to do more they would have to give up most of their social duties and pleasures, their morning visits, their afternoon drives, their dinners, their evenings at the opera and in society, and fag as hard as any architect's draughtsman or hack-writer. The most powerful minds are rarely capable of doing more than one thing at a time. A man or woman might be capable of predicting the appearance of a planet, and yet if obliged to devise a fresh costume every day would certainly have neither time nor attention for anything else.

When one applies all this to the case of the great mass of American women, even to those richer ones who, in the large cities, feebly attempt to keep pace with the great ladies of European society, one sees more clearly how hard it is for the latest fashions to do the world much good. There are few, if any, women in America who are rich enough or have social weight enough to be able to commit the entire charge of their dress to their milliner or their dressmaker, and keep their minds free for ordinary household and social cares. There is hardly one of them who has not to "think out" her clothes article by article, down to the minutest details of trimming. Now, if all this toil were expended really in devising artistic combinations, it would be hard to say that it was not well spent. But the problem on which so much labor is expended is not the simple one of producing a becoming costume; it is of producing a becoming costume within the limits prescribed by the latest fashions, and this may be, and generally is, with people of moderate means, an ignoble problem. The fashions have no necessary connection with becomingness. They originate in a dress or bonnet made for one person, and that person they are made to suit according to dressmakers' notions of suitableness; but when they spread they have to be worn by all women of all heights, breadths, and complexions, and the result would, if the public in any modern country had an artistic eye, be simply frightful. The public, however, has not an artistic eye. It really cares very little for artistic propriety in costume. What it does care for is "style," and style is a conventional thing in no way dependent on form or color. It means resemblance in general effect to the dress of persons of wealth or rank who pay a good deal of attention to externals, whether that general effect be produced in accordance with the rules of art or not. If the Empress of the French wore her hair in a pigtail, pigtails would be "stylish," and the failure to wear pigtails would be called "odd," a term which has become synonymous with ugly or repulsive. Strangely enough, too, odd things *are* ugly and repulsive. There is perhaps no more remarkable illustration of the power of habit on the mind than the rapidity with which the eye adapts its standard of beauty to the fashions, and learns to think that, and that only, beautiful which everybody wears. It would be hard for two head-dresses to differ more widely than the bonnets of the past year and the bonnets, say, of 1860, and yet both were considered while in vogue perfectly becoming to every woman, and no woman liked to be without one. Nothing but a very high degree of æsthetic culture combined with a very high degree of individual freedom will ever put an end to this state of things, or ever enable women to strive after anything or desire anything but "style," and journals devoted to dress, which simply reproduce the last fashions as models, seem to us likely simply to increase and spread the tyranny of style and postpone the reign of "the Beautiful," as Bulwer would say, longer than ever.

Of course it may be said, and it is said, that by inspiring the masses with the desire, and at the same time supplying them with the means, of dressing like the favored ones of the earth, you do something towards raising them in their own estimation, and by helping them to cultivate externals do to a certain extent cultivate their taste. This is in a measure true; but it also puts out of sight, and keeps out of sight, the element of utility which ought to underlie all good dressing, and, in fact, from what ought to be the rationale of the fashions. Now, amongst the people who make the fashions utility may be, and often is, disregarded for the sake of mere ornamental effect. In other words, what was made fashionable in the higher circles, because it was useful, is blindly adopted and practised by the classes amongst whom it loses all tincture of utility whatever. Take, as an example, the long dresses which, until very recently, were constantly seen in our streets. Anything more repulsive than the spectacle of their sweeping the sidewalks, gathering up the filth for transportation into decent parlors and bedrooms, it would be difficult to imagine. Their inconvenience, too, in walking was patent, and acknowledged by every woman who wore them, and the only reason why they were worn by women here was, that women of high rank in Paris wore them. But in this, as in many other things, women of rank in Paris are not good models for the mass of women in America. The women who lead the fashions in Europe, it ought not to be forgotten, are rarely, if ever, seen on foot in the streets or on high roads. They go everywhere in carriages, and their dresses are consequently generally adapted to carriages and to their own homes. They can, consequently, arrange their skirts, as well as every other part of their costume, to suit their taste, or rather their milliners'; but the literal adoption of their costume by women who do not keep carriages and rarely enter one, and who perform their journeyings to and fro on foot, or in stages or street-cars, perhaps with a market-basket on one side of them and a hod-carrier fresh from the mortar on the other, often produces the most deplorable effects. Illustrations of the same kind might be multiplied almost indefinitely. It may, in fact, be safely asserted, that while the general diffusion of the same costume over the world as part of the graceful process of assimilation going on among the nations of the earth is something that the friends of humanity and civilization may rejoice over, the diffusion amongst the women of the civilized world of a sense of the necessity of changing the cut and arrangement of their clothes as often as the ladies of one or two courts change them, and of faithfully copying the attire of persons of entirely different habits and surroundings from their own, is a misfortune. In other words, the feeling which prompts the American country girl to desire to efface from her dress, as far as she can, traces of inferiority in taste or in attention to the decencies of life, is a highly respectable one; but the feeling which prompts her to wear whatever the Empress of the French wears, no matter whether it suits her figure or her occupation or her purse or not, is not a highly respectable one, and ought not to be encouraged. It must be borne in mind that following the fashions does not mean improvement; it means simply change. No more attention was paid to the rules of art in devising the high bonnet than in devising the flat one; in prescribing large hoops than in prescribing small ones. Moreover, the persons who devise fashions are not artists in the best sense of the word, nor are they persons of culture or taste. Their business is not to provide beautiful costumes, but new ones; and of all the senseless things which women do, or rather which that compound of men and women called "society" exacts of women, following closely the lead of the fashion-makers without reference to individual peculiarities, is perhaps the most senseless.

We say all this without the smallest expectation of seeing in our time any change. Before women are released from the tyranny of fashion the love of individual freedom would have to be much more widely diffused than it is now, and so would æsthetic training. In the present condition of popular taste we have apparently, in order to prevent people making "guys" of themselves, to have either a stereotyped national costume, coming down from generation to generation, or else a copying of the Paris fashions such as we have now. Liberty without knowledge is simply license, and the costumes supplied by Paris dressmakers are, no doubt, on the whole, better than individual taste is as yet competent to supply.

Correspondence.

"THE INTERFERENCE THEORY OF GOVERNMENT."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Dear Sir: In noticing my "Interference Theory of Government" you say that the account given in the first chapter of the reaction against *laissez-faire* is "incomplete." Very probably it is. I have myself admitted as much in the concluding paragraph of the chapter; but allow me to say that you have made it more incomplete by omitting from your synopsis of it the cause to which I assigned the last but not the least place, *socialism*, in its various modifications and dilutions, replacing which where it belongs, the difference between us as to the origin of the reaction appears to be this: that you assign as the sole and all-sufficing influence that which I only admit as one of several agencies.

Permit me also to state, as briefly as possible, that you use the term *d priori* in a sense altogether strange to me; also, that you charge me and those of my way of thinking with "manufacturing" as political *axioms* propositions about the functions of government which we only enunciate as political *theorems*, and then endeavor to prove.

Very truly yours, C. A. Bristed.

Charleston, S. C., November 12, 1867.

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The Week.

CONGRESS met on Thursday last, but was in no great hurry to begin business. Senator Edmunds, on that day, offered a joint resolution, which he hoped would be passed without a dissenting voice, declaring that the national debt, principal and interest, should be paid in coin. In the House, on Thursday, there was much debate about the swearing in of the Tennessee members. They were, however, sworn in, with the exception of Mr. Butler, who was once a member of the rebel legislature. Robinson, of Brooklyn, introduced a resolution for the instant recall, by message sent over the Atlantic Cable, of Hon. Charles Francis Adams, who, immediately on his arrival, Mr. Robinson wishes to have impeached: for allowing American citizens to levy war against the Queen, we believe, Mr. Adams is to suffer. On Monday, Mr. Robinson brought the matter up again, and his resolution was sent to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Mr. Seward was instructed that the purchase of any more territory is inexpedient. On that day, also, Mr. Boutwell presented the majority report in favor of the impeachment of the President, and two minority reports were presented —one by Messrs. Wilson and Woodbridge, and one by Messrs. Marshall and Eldridge. The House has put off consideration of them till a week from yesterday; meantime eloquence will be prepared. On Tuesday the Senate did nothing but resolve to adjourn on Monday next, and the House concurred. The House called on the President for full information about his granting pardons to rebels, counterfeiters, and perjurers, and for the correspondence between him and Grant about the removal of Sheridan, Sickles, and Stanton. For most of the day questions of taxation and currency were discussed, Mr. Butler ventilating his scheme, and Mr. Blaine insisting on the payment of the debt in gold. The Committee on Ways and Means were instructed to report on the expediency of stopping the contraction of the currency.

By a sudden and singular change of views on the part of Mr. Churchill, of this State, a majority of the Judiciary Committee reported in favor of the impeachment of President Johnson. We have not even a *résumé* of the evidence upon which this conclusion is founded, and cannot therefore say positively that no new light has been shed upon the subject, but, judging from the specific grounds assigned by the majority, we should say that they have discovered nothing new. The principal charge relates to the acts of Mr. Johnson in respect to reconstruction in 1865. We have repeatedly expressed our entire conviction that all his acts in that matter were unconstitutional and in usurpation of the prerogatives of Congress. But the evidence of Mr. Stanton shows that this view was not taken at the time by any of the cabinet; and we have seen no proof that any one ever expressed it to Mr. Johnson during the year 1865. That he understood his work to be subject to the revision of Congress, appears in many ways; but that he ever believed or was advised that his action was actually in violation of law, does not appear, and is probably not the fact.

If the removals made amongst the generals in command at the South had produced any evil results beyond the momentary encouragement given to the Southern malcontents, and if General Grant's appointment to the War Department had proved, as at first seemed likely, simply a stepping-stone to the appointment of an open Southern sympathizer, impeachment might have turned out both necessary and desirable. But Mr. Johnson has, since then, conducted himself in a perfectly harmless way, thus showing either that his performances during the summer were simply an expression of small personal spite or else that he was frightened by the expressions of public feeling which he called forth. As matters stand, he is not meddling with the reconstruction process, and it is going on as well as the Hunnicutts will let it; and all the mischief he is likely to do has been done. A renewed attempt at impeachment, therefore, we cannot but regard as an ingenious plan for producing next year a repetition of the disasters which have befallen the Republican party this year. There is not the slightest chance of the trial, if it ever comes off, being finished in less than four or five months; there is not one chance in ten that it would result in conviction. Whether it resulted in conviction or not, the excitement it would produce, the depressing effect it would exercise on business, and the disturbance it would create in politics and finance, would probably either increase the prevailing dissatisfaction with the Republican leaders or convert Mr. Johnson into a martyr. Either of these results would be a great misfortune, and possibly an irreparable one. We therefore trust there is enough good sense in the House to secure the consignment of the committee's report to oblivion. It may rest assured that the country will take vengeance for every hour which, in the present state of trade and the currency, is devoted to the discussion of Andrew Johnson's high crimes and misdemeanors.

The extracts from the testimony taken by the Impeachment Committee abound in revelations, among which we do *not* reckon Gen. Grant's sympathy with Congress in the reconstruction controversy. He, too, like Mr. Stanton, thought Mr. Johnson right in restoring the South to civil order, while waiting for Congress to reassemble; and, like the people at large, neither foresaw a conflict of authority, nor urged the President to quit dangerous ground by summoning Congress at once to an extraordinary session. In fact, if Congress could have approved the policy of the President, and he had been content to let it lapse into their hands for its final direction, he would have been easily forgiven if not praised. All the irritating efforts of Mr. Eldridge to extort from Gen. Grant an admission that he had offered suggestions or advice to Mr. Johnson except when called upon, and in the discharge of his proper office, failed signally. In the Maryland imbroglio Gen. Grant appears to have acted with true discretion, and to have deterred

the President from armed interference in favor of Gov. Swann's Police Commissioners. That was about a year ago, and it is curious to read of Mr. Johnson's alarm "for the protection and security of the seat of Government," which has not yet subsided.

The Hon. Jerry Black's unwilling confession that he furnished on request the substance of the veto of the Reconstruction act explains how it was that the President's vetoes sometimes contradicted each other. It is altogether likely that the gentleman who prepared the second, or the third, or the fifth, or the sixth, never took the trouble to read those which had gone before. Judge Black does not complain, but simply avers that his strongest sentences were considerably toned down—in fact, quite bleached—by the President or his more trusty advisers, especially those relating to the habeas corpus and the trial by jury. The judge adds that he "cannot speak of a violation of that portion of the Constitution without a certain amount of boiling and indignation." When asked whether he had ever discussed with the President the constitutionality of the XXXIXth Congress, he replied: "Never; I considered that a closed question with him." This is perhaps a little ambiguous, but not more so than Mr. Seward's remark that he had never discussed the President's authority to establish State governments because he felt "that there was no reason that there should be any discussion about it."

There was a debate in the House on Thursday last, in some respects entertaining, on the question of swearing-in the delegates from Tennessee. They were all opposed—singularly enough, too, by Mr. Brooks, of New York—partly on the ground that there was not a republican form of government in Tennessee, and partly on the ground that they were all either disloyal now or had on divers occasions in times past been guilty of disloyal conduct. The motion was of course a trap to secure from the Republican members a repudiation of what is called the "Brownlow Government," but its character was also made apparent by Mr. Brooks's appearance in support of it. There was amusing sparring in the discussion which followed. Mr. Dawes was reminded by Mr. Brooks's new-born zeal of "Paul's journey to Damascus." Mr. Chanler, of New York, was reminded by the proposal to examine the credentials of one of the delegation—Mr. Butler—"of the apostle at Ephesus," and made against the Republican members the grave charge of "having trodden under foot every right, human and divine." This led Mr. Dawes to retort that for fear of hurting Mr. Chanler's feelings "he would quote no more Scripture"—a dexterous reply, inasmuch as it leaves it in doubt whether Mr. Dawes's unwillingness to quote Scripture was due to Mr. Chanler's wickedness or his goodness. After this, Mr. Marshall, an Illinois Democrat, appeared on the scene, and mentioned as a "notorious" fact that Union soldiers had been disfranchised in Tennessee for the singular reason "that they would not put their hands on their mouths, and their mouths in the dust, and kneel suppliant to the negro government." If any such electoral test as this has been imposed on anybody in Tennessee, the matter certainly ought to be enquired into.

Mr. Robinson, a Fenian member of the House of Representatives from Brooklyn, is demanding the impeachment of Mr. Adams, our minister in London, and desires to have the President requested to direct that gentleman "to demand his passports and return home," thus hurling defiance at Great Britain and coming back to receive condign punishment simultaneously. His guilt consists in his failure to protect the Fenians from the Irish courts of justice by remonstrance and war. The difficulty Mr. Adams has had to contend with all along has been that he has never known in what character he was to treat the Fenian leaders who went over from this country. A Fenian general before he was caught, was always an "Irish Republic;" after he was caught, he became partly a prisoner of war, partly an Irish patriot, and partly an American citizen; but owing to his composite character it has been impossible to deal with him diplomatically. If Mr. Adams had taken him up as an American citizen, the British minions would have assailed him as an Irish patriot and so on. Still, we do not say that Mr. Adams ought not to be impeached. There is hardly anybody that would not be the better of being impeached, now that something is known about impeachment. In fact, we feel satisfied that General Butler himself would be improved, both morally and politically, by having a few "articles" filed against him.

We are glad to see that there is some prospect that the Constitutional Convention of this State will be able to continue its labors, and we trust it may yet draw up a constitution of the adoption of which there will be a good chance. Moreover, sufficient confidence seems to be felt in the willingness of the Democratic Legislature to pay its expenses, as one of the Albany banks agrees to advance money for the purpose to the Comptroller. Public sentiment, however, we fear, is not in as advanced a condition on the subject of negro suffrage as it appeared to be when the Convention met, and for this reason the Republicans will doubtless hardly persist in the effort to have the question submitted in the constitution itself, and thus risk the loss of the whole instrument in case the majority should be found to be opposed to this feature in it. The plan of carrying negro suffrage by a *coup de main* has been tried, and failed. The country is evidently not ripe for it, and the slow and dull work of persuading it into justice and common-sense on this subject has still to be done. But we object *in toto* to the plan of making all other reforms wait for this one, and therefore we trust the negro suffrage clause of the new constitution, if such a clause be inserted in it, will be submitted separately. We believe most firmly in the educating influence of good government, in its good effect both on the mind and morals of the community; and we therefore believe that there is no way in which the cause of "equal rights" can be better promoted than by reforming as many abuses as possible. The negro is not helped but hindered by those Republicans who refuse to work for anything else or accept anything else or think of anything else than justice for him. For instance, we firmly believe that the prolongation of the existing system of municipal government in New York City does more in two years to make men deaf to the claims of justice, indifferent to suffering, to corruption, and to villany, than ten years of lecturing and preaching and article-writing would remove. Moreover, we know of no worse enemy of the negro than anybody who helps to perpetuate, either by omission or commission, the present system of appointing judges. Bad judges are the scourge of the poor, and a scourge that makes no "discrimination based on color."

"W. E.," of the Boston *Advertiser*, has been usefully engaged, since his last letter on repudiation, in examining the national debt with a view to discover if it be, as is alleged, an "intolerable burden." Equally divided, the proportion of the debt to each person is $69 50, the interest on which amounts to about a cent a day. The increase of property in the two States of New York and Ohio, if continued at the present rate for three years, would be sufficient to pay the entire debt with three hundred millions of dollars to spare. All the hardship there is for laboring men grows out of the inflation of the currency, and the repudiation scheme involves indefinite expansion. General Butler, however, still has the last word. On Monday he sent to the Committee on Ways and Means a bill providing "that the national indebtedness be paid in exact accordance with the acts of Congress creating it." Of course such a bill is either unnecessary or fraudulent. General Butler's colleague, Mr. Eliot, will endeavor to get the House to pledge the faith of the United States to the payment in coin of the 5-20s. We do not know the strength of the repudiators in that body, but we suggest that a simple solution of the whole matter would be for the House to order, *sans phrases*, a certain amount of five-twenties to be paid off in gold. Then let somebody try to make a distinction between these and the unsold remainder.

Mr. Richard O'Gorman, the Corporation Counsel, has made an elaborate reply to the charges brought against him by the Citizens' Association, some portions of which seem tolerably successful, others not entirely so. He defends, for instance, the retention in their positions in the management of the legal business of the city of divers persons who figured prominently and unpleasantly in the abuses which he was expected to reform, on the comical ground that they knew all about the business, or "knew the ropes," to use a slang phrase. This, in

fact, constituted the strongest reason for shutting them out. Mr. O'Gorman also relies largely on his own right to exercise his discretion, which is not questioned. What is questioned is, whether he has made a right use of his discretion; and to say in answer to this that he has a right to discretion, is mere evasion.

We spoke last week of Mr. Bradley, the colored lawyer, who has been running so mischievous a career in Savannah, and took occasion to express a hope that the National Republican Committee is not, as a *Tribune* correspondent had seemed to say it is, responsible for his political activity. The particular committee which has charge of the business of organizing the party in the South is the "Congressional Union-Republican Executive Committee," and from a gentleman authorized to speak for it we hear that so far as that body is concerned Mr. Bradley has never been employed by the party and is not in any sense an authorized expounder of its principles. This everybody at all interested in the party's success will be very glad to hear; and so will everybody who is at all interested in the negro and knows how much harm has been done him by men like Bradley; and so may everybody who is interested in justice and decency in the abstract. Our informant is persuaded "that no cause was ever more judiciously managed or more efficiently served, both by those in Washington who direct its operations and by those who do its work in the field"—which is perhaps rather too sweeping a statement. One reads it and hopes, not without fear, that the cause may be in the hands of cool-headed men, and that sound judgment may be exercised in the selection of all subordinates. However, we gladly print this denial of the committee's complicity with Bradley, for it is a natural effect of such charges as have been made against it to create indifference to the progress of the work which it is carrying on, and to cause a stoppage in the necessary supplies. To help in doing either of these things we should be sorry.

The great pleasure party which left this country in June last on board the *Quaker City*, for the purpose of visiting the principal ports of the Mediterranean, and which was to have contained General Sherman and Henry Ward Beecher, and, failing these gentlemen, "Mark Twain," Maggie Mitchell, and the Drummer Boy of the Rappahannock, has returned, and revelations have been made about it showing that the "science of society," though still very imperfect, is nevertheless in a sufficiently advanced state to make it possible to predict how an expedition of this sort will end. Nobody who had any experience of human nature on a journey ever expected that you could shut up together sixty persons of all ages, sizes, and of various callings and antecedents, in a steamer for six months, without making them miserable, and their trip a failure. The passengers of the *Quaker City* have accordingly come back furious. They find that the Committee on Character and Social Position, Refinement and Culture, which was to have considered all applications for tickets, never sat; and that the only ordeal through which aspiring travellers had to pass in order to join the party consisted in providing a credit at their bankers' of $1,250; and that, consequently, each excursionist, instead of finding himself in choice company on his wanderings, was no better off than if he had taken an ordinary steamer. Moreover, the musical instruments they were promised consisted, we are told by a malcontent, of a "husky-voiced clarionet," a poor piano, and a melodeon; the "modified billiards" consisted simply in pushing about "disks of wood on the deck with forked poles;" and the library was made up of a few hymn-books of the Plymouth collection, and two volumes of *Harper's Weekly*. The passengers, it is said, thus left without resources in the way of amusement, wiled away the heavy hours with criticism of their fellow-voyagers, which does not seem to have been received in a kindly and docile spirit, or to have exercised any improving influence on mind or character. One gentleman, in his eagerness to accumulate facts on which to base his critiques, was detected, it is said, listening at the door of a state-room. The result is lamentable, and the manager has our sympathy. We trust this will be a warning to Mr. Oscanyan, who, if we remember rightly, tried to get up a similar enterprise in 1865, and besides promising a large crowd of persons select society and a variety of pure delights on board his steamer, held out to them the hope of unusual facilities for "seeing things" in the Levant, to be secured through his "high connections in the East." There are only two good reasons for ever taking a long voyage with anybody; the one is the recovery of health, and the other the desire of getting to some place which there is no other way of reaching. This has been already known to the thoughtful and observing for many generations. We trust the example of the *Quaker City* party will make it familiar to the giddy and unreflecting multitude.

The great event of the week abroad has been the opening of Parliament in England and of the Corps Législatif in France, by speeches from the throne, both highly pacific—the Emperor's particularly so. He accepts the unification of Germany with the best grace in the world; disdains all intention of bothering Italy or hindering her development; and expresses himself, in fact, very handsomely with regard to the whole of Europe. Something of this kind was absolutely necessary in order to put an end to the suspense and anxiety in business circles. The stagnation for the last six months has been terrible, and the approach of winter without any appearance of improvement was diffusing sinister rumors of an impending political catastrophe very like that which preceded the outbreak of February, 1848. The Chamber of Commerce at Rouen was so puzzled by the state of things that they directed their president to write to the Chamber of Commerce of Liverpool, asking for assistance in solving the mystery, and received a reply of considerable length, written with an air of remarkable wisdom and self-satisfaction, showing that the whole trouble was due to the high tariff in this country and the existence of large standing armies on the Continent. The Chamber at Rouen seemed not wholly dissatisfied with this explanation, and was about to protract the discussion when it was peremptorily forbidden by the police to correspond any more on any subject. The speech will probably do much to restore confidence, since the prevailing distrust has been largely due to political anxiety. It seems tolerably certain that the Western powers are fully determined not to allow Russia to meddle in Turkey beyond remonstrating.

Three of the Manchester Fenians have been executed, as everybody expected they would be. No other mode of meeting such an offence was possible, though to call it murder in the moral sense of the term was of course impossible. This severity will doubtless convert the prisoners into Fenian martyrs, which will be an untoward result, but, on the other hand, it will probably check bushwhacking in England as a mode of redressing Irish wrongs.

There seems at last reason to believe that a conference of the Catholic powers, at least, on the affairs of Rome will be held before long. Nothing else seems sufficient to release Louis Napoleon from the embarrassing position in which he now finds himself. Public opinion in France, and a prudent regard for his own prestige—or at least for what is left of it—forbid his relinquishing all charge of the Pope's affairs unless he can divide the responsibility, and this could not be done with so much dignity and effect in any way as through a conference summoned by himself. The two most likely solutions of the difficulty, in case a conference meets, are the settlement of the Papal territory on Pius the Ninth during his lifetime, remainder to Victor Emanuel, his heirs and successors, saving the Vatican and other ecclesiastical appurtenances, which would probably be declared sacred and inviolable under a joint guarantee of the powers. If the Papal authorities did not like this arrangement at first, they would have the remaining years of the Pope's life in which to reconcile themselves to it or else to provide a more suitable seat for the Papacy elsewhere. But, considering the ties which bind the Pope to Rome, a removal in our time seems impossible—undesirable, if it were possible. As long as so many millions believe in the Pope, he must live in Rome. The other probable solution of the difficulty is the surrender of the city to Italy at once, reserving to the Pope the above privileges and immunities, and possibly assigning him a splendid civil list, contributed in the main by Italy, and the rest by the other Catholic powers. If Garibaldi's enterprise should terminate in this way, it will give formidable encouragement to filibustering as a means of redressing grievances.

Notes.

LITERARY.

HURD & HOUGHTON announce several new books: "The Great Exhibition, with Continental Sketches, Practical and Humorous," by Howard Payson Arnold, author of "European Mosaics;" "Cakes and Ale at Woodbine," by the gentleman who calls himself Barry Gray; "Salome: A Dramatic Poem," by J. C. Heywood, the author of "Antonius;" "Letters on International Copyright," by Mr. Henry C. Carey, the political economist; "The Philosophy of Eating," by Albert J. Bellows, M.D.; "Sketches Abroad, with Illustrations," by F. O. C. Darley.——G. W. Carleton & Co. announce a translation of Octave Feuillet's "Monsieur Camors;" "Woman's Strategy," a republication of a late English novel; and "The Epistles of Corry O'Lanus," a Brooklyn humorist who has said at least one or two good things in his letters to the Brooklyn *Eagle*.——S. R. Wills will publish "Oratory, Sacred and Secular; or, Extemporaneous Speaking," by the Rev. W. Pittenger, and a book which might be good and may be anything, written by H. C. Meeker, and entitled "Life in the West; or, Stories of the Mississippi Valley."——Mr. Widdleton announces as a holiday book Burns's "Tam O'Shanter," with illustrations, very spirited as we remember them, photographed from Miller's designs.——D. Van Nostrand & Co. announce several scientific works: an enlarged edition of "Lowell Hydraulic Experiments," by J. B. Francis; a treatise by Col. R. S. Williamson "On the Use of the Barometer;" General Abbott's "Siege Artillery in the Campaigns against Richmond, with Notes on the Fifteen-Inch Gun," a work which forms the tenth paper of the "Professional Papers of the Corps of Engineers;" and the "New Method of Correcting Lunar Distances and Improved Method of Finding the Errors and Dates of Chronometers," by W. Chauvenet, LL.D.——Lippincott & Co. will publish "Ecce Deus Homo; or, The Word and Kingdom of the Christ of Scripture," and announce also republications of Arminius Vámbéry's "Sketches of Central Asia;" John Lesley's "Relations of the Modern Sciences to the Early History of Man;" William Hodgson's "Reformers and Martyrs;" and A. F. Ozanam's "History of Civilization in the Fifth Century."

—The Hon. H. C. Murphy possesses a copy of that edition of Major André's "Cow Chace" which was printed in 1780, by James Rivington, the Tory printer here in New York. Another copy we have heard of which, within a year, has changed hands for a consideration something like a hundred dollars. Still another copy—and if there are more than these three we do not know of them—is owned by Mr. T. H. Morrell, of Nassau Street. It is in a beautiful green morocco binding, full gilt, hand-tooled, the workmanship of Matthews. There is inserted a portrait of André, which represents him as a young man of about twenty-two or three years old, with a face intelligent but of almost girlish prettiness. The title-page of the volume reads as follows: "The Cow Chace, in three cantos. Published on Occasion of the Rebel General Wayne's attack of the Refugees' Block House on Hudson's River, on Friday, the 21st of July, 1780." Also in Mr. Morrell's collection is a copy of Rollin's "Histoire Ancienne"—in thirteen volumes, which seem to have been published at Amsterdam at various times between 1730 and 1739—which evidently belonged to William Lewis André, the brother of the unfortunate major, as his book-plate is pasted upon the inside of the cover. Several of the volumes contain John André's autograph. André's autograph is sufficiently rare and sufficiently desired to be very well worth forging, and it is not long since an attempt, nearly successful, was made at passing off an imitation. Mr. Tefft of Savannah, whose valuable collection we noticed some time ago, owned a genuine letter of André's which at his death, by Mr. Tefft's desire, passed into the possession of Mr. Dreer, of Philadelphia, who now owns it. A letter of André's as undoubtedly authentic as that one could readily be sold at a high price—say, fifty dollars.

—Speaking of autographs, we find in Mr. Morrell's collection many of Revolutionary heroes and many of artists, only a few of which, however, are to be called rare, and most of which are therefore valued at prices ranging from two to eight dollars. But he has, in a dress almost extravagantly fine, autograph letters of all the Presidents from Washington down to Mr. Johnson. The letters are none of them long; each is written on one page of writing-paper, and it was therefore possible to make of them an inlaid volume. Mr. Lincoln's is short and, characteristically, is expressive of that friendliness and kindness which constituted not the smallest of his claims to the admiration of his countrymen and all mankind. It reads as follows: "Whom it may concern. William Johnson, a colored boy, and bearer of this, has been with me about twelve months; and has been, so far, as I believe, honest, faithful, sober, industrious, and handy as a servant. A. Lincoln." Mr. Johnson's letter, a very short one, is to General Prosper M. Wetmore. The book contains portraits engraved on steel of each of the Presidents, and is a curiosity which it would be not easy to duplicate.

—Mr. Parton's article on "International Copyright" has naturally got a good deal of attention among the English, who of course declare their willingness to meet the Americans half-way whenever a proposition is made which looks towards the framing of a law on the subject. To Mr. Parton's assertion that not a dollar had ever been received from England by any American author whose works had been taken without leave by English publishers, *The Bookseller* replies that it thinks and hopes that the writer has made a mistake; it mentions the fact, which has recently come to the editor's knowledge, that Mr. John Henry Parker, of Oxford, some years since reprinted a book of American poetry and, unsolicited, sent its author, the present Right Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, the sum of twenty pounds.

—The interesting paper in the current number of *The North American Review* upon George the Third's correspondence brings again into light some of the characters and incidents of our Revolution; characters and incidents almost lost sight of in the dazzling brilliancy of our more recent and immeasurably greater struggle. General Burgoyne, for instance, it is pleasant to see as the king saw him before his military ruin in America—talented, graceful, and popular, distinguished for considerable successes in the Portuguese war of 1762, a leading member of the government side of the House of Commons, thought worthy rather than others to command the important expedition that was to cut off the Eastern from all the other revolted colonies and practically finish the rebellion. Probably it did not add to King George's approval of him that he was a dramatic author among his other accomplishments. But his plays still keep possession of the stage; and he would undoubtedly have preferred the immortality of quiet fame that they give him to the noisier and less flattering renown of having given to the American colonies the alliance of France and ultimate success in their struggle for independence. His plays were published in 1808, in two small volumes, printed by that Charles Whittingham who was afterwards the director of the famous Chiswick Press, but who, in 1808, was at work in Goswell Street, London. These volumes contain a life of the general, very entertaining to read in connection with the history of the times; "The Maid of the Oaks," a comedy which he wrote before he went to America; "The Lord of the Manor," which appeared in 1780; "The Heiress," which appeared in 1786, and lesser pieces, epilogues and the like. Burgoyne had married a daughter of the Earl of Derby, and when her brother, the heir to the earldom, was married, "The Maid of the Oaks" was written and acted to grace the occasion. The eldest son of that marriage seems to have been he who is now Earl of Derby and British Premier. The second play, "The Lord of the Manor," has a curious preface, all about the musical drama, taking the common-sense ground that people ought not to fight duels in operas, and that "song, in any action in which reason tells us it would be unnatural to sing, must be preposterous." The general seems to talk sense when he objects to "five or six fellows with fusils presented at a gentleman's head, threatening his life in bass notes, he resisting in tenor, and a wife or daughter throwing herself between them in treble."

—A recent writer in *Blackwood*, repeating things some of which have been often said before, justifies as old Anglicisms a number of so-called Americanisms. For instance, *bender*, which is sometimes used as a name for a course of drinking, is to be found, by implication, in Allan Ramsay, who says:

> ——"Come, gie 's the other *bend*;
> We 'll drink their health, however it may end."

And the same author calls a hard drinker a *bender*. To transfer the word from the man to the thing was not hard. *Full* for autumn is a word which reposes on the authority of Raleigh and Dryden, although an English journal of high critical pretensions and high critical authority recently laughed at an American book—"Homespun," we think it was—for using so ridiculous a word. *Muss*, meaning a squabble or confusion, is Shakespearian:

> "Like boys into a *muss*, kings would start forth,"

says that poet in "Antony and Cleopatra." Our *platform*, too, is Shakespearian, and was used by Hooker also, who says: "Conformably to the *platform* of Geneva." *Sag*, from which we get our *soggy*, as applied to marshy, shaky ground, is Shakespearian, and is likewise to be found in Fuller: "That it may not *sag* from the intention of its founders," he says. *Slick* occurs in Chaucer, who spells it *slike*, and makes it rhyme to *chicke*. Mr. Banks's metaphor in his famous saying, "Let the Union *slide*," was anticipated by Shakespeare, who, in the "Taming of the Shrew," has the

expression, "Let the world *slide*;" and before him by Chaucer, who makes Dorigene, in the "Franklin's Tale," say, "Let her sorrow *slide*." In "King Lear" Shakespeare says:

"She that herself will *sliver* and distraut,"

though *sliver* has been thought a New England colloquialism for *splinter*. *Splurge* turns out to be the Northumbrian *splairge*. *Squirm* is also an old English word. *Stent* or *stint* is used by Swift: "How much wine do you drink in a day?" he asks. "My *stint* in company is a pint at noon." *Squelch* claims the respectable authority of the ballad of "St. George and the Dragon":

"He was the cream of Brecknock, and flower of all the Welsh,
But Saint George he did the dragon fell, and gave him a plaguy *squelch*."

All these words, "with the exception, perhaps, of *bender*," the writer thinks worthy to be used by English authors. *Skedaddle*, too, one of the most disagreeable of words, he likes. Certain Americanisms, properly so-called, such as *caucus, buncombe, lobbying, log-rolling, wire-pulling*, he expects to see adopted into English speech now that England has "begun to Americanize her politics, and to travel down the greasy slope that leads to universal suffrage." It appears that "the persistent, not to say the impudent, Beales" has already helped to popularize *mass meeting*. We suggest an *indignation meeting* in Edinburgh. Or a *barbecue*, with Mr. Beales in the principal *rôle*. Others of our corrupt forms of speech he mentions to condemn very decidedly as "offensive to educated Englishmen"—whether in Britain or America, we would add, if we might. *Locate* is among these; so are *donate, approbate, orate*—which is a word good enough to live and be used—*posted*, in the sense of "well-informed," and *balance*, in the sense of "the remainder," of which last-mentioned pair Mr. D. G. Mitchell is guilty. Still other words with which the critic finds fault we do not speak of, for the reason that words made for humorous purposes he has often mistaken for words made in earnest. He evidently writes about us without having ever been among us and without knowing too much of us. But his mistakes are not very bad. None of them is as amusing as that one of Mr. Gerald Massey's, who, lately passing judgment on our poetry—in *The North British Review*, we believe—took Mr. Lowell's "essence peddler" for a *cimex lectularius*, and kindly aired his knowledge in a note. One can imagine how discriminative would be his judgment of the various excellences of our poets.

—When one remembers the good old times, and how then we had to use sealing-wax or vari-colored wafers for closing fast our letters; how the making and mending of quill-pens was a trade to be learned; how the proper folding of a letter in such form as would make it safe to entrust it to the mails was almost a craft and mystery by itself; when the "Young Man's Guides" and the "Guides for Young Women" were justified in their profuse teachings as regards epistolary correspondence—when one remembers this, he hardly knows how to be thankful enough for the present days of note-paper, of pens of steel and gold and mixed metals, of envelopes, of postage stamps and gluten. Certainly, the immense increase in the number of letters sent through the post-offices of Christendom which has taken place within the memory of men not very old, is not wholly due to the greater cheapness of letter-carriage and the greater intelligence of people generally. Not a small part of it is directly due to the ease with which one may now prepare the manuscript of a letter, shut it up tight, and prepay it. It would be curious to know just how much more mail matter has gone through the post-offices than would have gone through them if somebody had not invented that little machine for punching holes all round each stamp in a sheet of postage-stamps, thus making it possible to tear one off easily without spoiling it? Thousands yearly, no doubt. And so of the invention of envelopes, of cheap postage, of gluten, and the other aids to epistolary literature. They have made letter-writing indefinitely easier and more frequent. One might question whether they have not made it too easy for some purposes. Our Swifts and Popes are not going to sit down and produce those extremely elaborate letters of the old Swifts and Popes, who had before their eyes the wholesome fear of paying several shillings for the transmission of each package of their wit, or of begging a frank; of making blunders in the folding, of disfiguring their hands for life with a chance drop of boiling wax, of having to whittle a goose-quill, perhaps, in the midst of some fine sentiment or ingenious turn of thought. Our forefathers had to make a serious business of carrying on a correspondence, and the emotions with which they entered on the task of inditing must doubtless have been conducive to a careful performance of the task when entered upon. We, their descendants, are as letter-writers debauched by ease. The Swift of to-day, wherever he is, probably scratches off numerous little notes to which our Pope replies without deliberation. With mixed feelings, therefore, one may read of the latest improvement in envelopes. Anybody who is too sorry may console himself with the information that it seems to be not very much of an improvement after all. Messrs. Goodall, of London, to obviate the necessity of wetting with the tongue the gummed portion of envelopes, have invented and patented a new one which has the gluten not on the flap, but on the part over which the flap comes. So by wetting the same part of the envelope which we are now obliged to wet, and pressing it down hard, we close our letter without touching the gluten or gum at all.

—Rarely has more gratifying intelligence passed over the Cable than that of the assured safety of Dr. Livingstone. Since the rumor of his death, which at first seemed indubitable, a decided reaction has taken place in the public belief, and few will now question the prosperous tidings. The interest felt in this intrepid explorer is largely, but not wholly, personal. There are political reasons for the British desire that he should succeed, as there are for the Portuguese opposition to his progress; and all the world is concerned that he should destroy the slave-trade on the east coast of Africa. There remains the geographical riddle of which Burton, Grant, Speke, and Baker have read a part, and which Dr. Livingstone is now endeavoring to elucidate still further, and to connect his discoveries from the Zambesi northward with those of his fellow-explorers from Gondokoro southward. The following extract from the preface to his latest work will show the track of his present exploration:

"I hope," he says, "to ascend the Rovuma, or some other river north of Cape Delgado, and, in addition to my other work, shall strive, by passing along the northern end of Lake Nyassa, and round the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, to ascertain the watershed of that part of Africa."

We may expect him, therefore, to reach the southern shore of the Albert N'yanza, and to fix the limits of the basin which contains that magnificent reservoir of the Nile. There will then remain little of Southern Africa which is not known, and almost as little not traversed by Livingstone.

—The London *Building News* for October 11 contained two companion-plates explained by a short article, the general title of all of which was "Illustrations of Competitions, No. I." The example taken for this first of the proposed series was Retford Town Hall. The building has been erected; and now *The Building News* takes the accepted design, as built, and one of the rejected designs, prepares pictures of both from the same point of view, lithographs the two on the same scale, and presents the twins to the public with an explanatory article which says little more than "Look here, upon this picture, and on this." The public, accordingly, looks; and we wholly agree with the editors, who say that if "the corporate authorities of Retford are satisfied with their selection" it is not probable "that public opinion will endorse their decision." The editors say, in regard to their action, that, in "the hope of impressing committees and corporations with a sense of duty," they "intend to give, occasionally, specimens of competitions, by presenting illustrations of successful designs by the side of one of the unsuccessful ones, and so leave readers to judge of the taste and wisdom displayed by deciding bodies." Their selection of a first example is, therefore, a good one—for, absurd as are the results of nearly all architectural competitions both in America and in Europe, it seldom happens that any more ridiculous comparison is possible than this, between a really very good design rejected and a feeble and inane one accepted and carried out. The idea of the series is a good one. We are beginning to have specialist journals of some moment in this country, but when shall we have one capable of such an original idea and of such pluck in defying local interests and consulting the true interest of its readers? When, indeed, shall we have an architectural journal at all? The attempt has not been made, although *The Crayon* approached the matter from the artistic side, and *The Architects' and Mechanics' Journal* from the side of market prices and routine business. Both these journals are dead. The American Institute of Architects has discussed the need and the chance of success of a journal under their own management, but has done nothing—has not even printed its own sessional papers or proceedings.

LIFE OF FRANCIS WAYLAND.*

"A good enough biography of a good enough man" was the judgment we felt inclined to pass on this book as we were going through it. But as we read on into the second volume the biography seemed to us not so good as good enough, while the man seemed better than we had at first thought him. Such greatness as Dr. Wayland had was moral greatness, and that increases with a man's years. But the account here given of his

* "A Memoir of the Life and Labors of Francis Wayland, D.D., LL.D., including Selections from his Personal Reminiscences and Correspondence. By his sons, Francis Wayland and H. L. Wayland." New York: Sheldon & Co. 2 vols., pp. 429, 379.

early life is interesting; it is an account of a state of things now passed away, and of which we can all remember something, and of which we are in a sense the product. As one goes on, however, and reaches the five-hundredth or six-hundredth page, and the interest becomes more and more dependent on Dr. Wayland individually—Dr. Wayland's opinions and feelings and actions—the book, as we found it, grows to be a little tedious and dull. More than a little; in fact, as we read it we were for a while almost tempted to wish that the graduates of Brown University had been less numerous; were even almost tempted to wish that the members of the Baptist communion in the United States were not so many as we are glad to hear they are. For we suspect that if the "pupils, parishioners, and friends" of whom the dedication speaks had been fewer in number, we should have had a memoir with fewer pages; and, good and profitable as biography is, it is true—indeed, it is almost proverbially true—that to have fewer pages would be an excellent thing in nearly any biography as yet known. Generally it is the ex-pupil or the ex-parishioner or some other *ex-officio* worshipper who writes biography for the delight of the other ex-parishioners or ex-pupils. And to us, speaking in the interest of the general, and not necessarily Baptist, reader, it seems as if the life of ex-President Wayland could very well have been put into a single volume of the size of these. We could have done well enough with less of what he said to other clergymen—not the most important of men outside of their own denomination; and less of what they said to him; and less of what they said of him; and with a less detailed account of his own sayings and doings, which, as here recorded, sometimes are of some importance and oftener are of no importance, except as all men's words and actions are of some consequence to somebody. Let us say here that as regards putting themselves forward, there is no fault to be found with the writers of this memoir. They are chary of comment and disquisition; they modestly trust a great deal—a great deal too much, we think—to Dr. Wayland and his friends to be the doctor's biographers; and, if thus they made the work too long—if thus it was made easier for the writers and not so easy for the readers, they at any rate thus gave it a tone which many late biographies have wanted.

Francis Wayland was born in this city on the 11th of March, 1796. It was rather less than three years before his birth that his parents arrived in New York from England. But his father, a currier, was of democratic opinions as regards government; his mother, whose opinions on any subject were of at least equal value with her husband's, was an enthusiastic lover of liberty; and, although in their son's after life it is plain to be seen that—as his parentage would naturally lead us to expect—his heart was warmer towards England than that of very many Americans of his time, yet it is plain, too, that he was a republican and a thorough going American citizen. As regards religion, the influence of his father's house was not so good. Old Mr. Wayland was one of the strictest of Calvinistic Baptists; his son regrets that he himself was not freed from certain dogmas of that form of faith—which now are obsolete—till he had for some years been a preacher. Probably the father's abilities were not so eminent as his piety was ardent. He relinquished his trade—in which, by skill and industry, he was prosperous—and turned preacher, feeling it his duty to "make known to his fellow-men the riches of that grace of which he was a partaker;" but he never became distinguished nor even successful. The sick-room, and not the pulpit, was his place of vantage, and he had hardly an equal, we are told, in pressing religious topics on his neighbors during his pastoral visits. Mrs. Wayland, as we make her out, was a person of considerably higher intelligence. She, like her husband, was a self-denying Christian; but it may be doubted if she held on to the doctrines nearly so firmly as he. To her influence we may probably attribute an amelioration of the Rev. Mr. Wayland's doctrine as he advanced in years, and doubtless she did much, with her cheerful and lovable character, to render more attractive the home in which presided her husband, who, we are informed, rather liked unquestioning obedience from his children; whose only guests, his son says, were "deacons, ministers, and persons eminent for piety;" and who possibly, in his conversation as in his belief, "dwelt too exclusively on election and the sovereignty of God," ideas which once tended to make "sound theologians," but which seem to have always made rather rigorous heads of families.

Francis his parents sent to as good schools as New York afforded, and bad enough they would appear to have been. It is from Doctor Wayland's experience in the Latin and Greek classes of his boyhood that we trace a good deal of his iconoclastic theorizing as regards proper methods and aims in education. He was made to learn his Latin grammar by rote and his Greek grammar he memorized also, from a text-book written in Latin, and rarely had a teacher even tolerably good. At Union College, whence he graduated with a fair share of credit at the age of seventeen, the case was not much better than in the boys' schools, and probably he died without ever having known what it is to enjoy thoroughly any of the greatest works of the human mind—as he would not let us call them. He was not particularly brilliant as a scholar, though it is necessary to make some abatement from the disparaging tone when he says of himself: "I always think I can do what other men have done by taking two or three times the pains they have taken." It was not his way to speak otherwise than humbly of his own abilities, and he was really far from being overconceited or arrogant—as a man, at any rate; as a Baptist, he seems to us to have had quite a sufficient confidence in the doctrines held by his sect, and we observe that, as a citizen of our own mighty republic, he occasionally gives an amusing, rather than a too modest, judgment on the unhappy foreigner. Like others of our own countrymen—and other people's countrymen, for that matter—much of his travelling abroad seems as if done on the war-path. "From first to last," he says, "all my dealing with Frenchmen has shown me more and more their disposition to lying and dishonesty." And with Paris he is very angry: "I was glad to be out of a city without God, a city of frivolity, of heartless gayety, of thorough selfishness, of sensual appetite and savage passions; there seems to be among the people no moral basis." One would almost think him a Frenchman describing New York.

But, as we have said, he appears, as a man, to have been modest rather than arrogant, without, however, being too self-distrustful. No doubt he meant nearly all he said when he said he could do what other men had done by taking a great deal more pains than they had taken; but there is no doubt either that he could always justly depend on himself, and be depended on, to take the necessary pains. He had a good, serviceable intellect, hard worked at all times in its owner's life, deficient in imagination and humor, incapable, probably, of very high polish, strong rather than acute or delicate, and excellent in the executive faculties. The executive character of his mind might, by the way, be inferred from the pictures on the wall of his study, where he had two portraits of Napoleon, one of Wellington, and one of Cromwell, whom he held in great admiration. And the great works of his life, the management through many years of Brown University, which he raised from a low condition to a high rank among American colleges, and his labors in behalf of the prisoners in Rhode Island jails, which, as he found them, were slaughter-houses, and, as he left them, were houses of reformation; his labors for a dozen religious societies, for public and private charities, were all triumphs of energetic administrative abilities, guided and controlled by a moral and religious code in which he firmly believed and by which he habitually shaped his actions.

To return to the story of his life. On leaving college he studied medicine in Troy with a Mr. Burritt, who seems to have been the first to rouse his mind into activity. In 1816, when he was twenty years old, he was converted by the Rev. Luther Rice, and thereupon resolved upon entering the ministry. His father had become poor, and it was with difficulty that young Wayland could make the journey to Andover and support existence for a year in that seminary. He did so, however, but at the end of twelve months was obliged to think about leaving his studies and earning wherewithal to feed and clothe himself. Just in the nick of time came an invitation to go to Union College as a tutor. This fact is a proof that he was a meritorious student while an undergraduate. He went, and remained there for four years, teaching anything and everything, for there was a dearth of instructors in the various branches of what was then a collegiate education, working very hard in his temporary profession, as he always worked at whatever he had in hand, and meantime trying to do something in the way of preparation for the profession to which he looked forward. He tried hard to prepare sermons, laboring for months, sometimes, on a single composition. A good sermonizer he never became, and at the first it was a sort of work exceedingly difficult to him. The college he was glad to get away from, and in 1821, when twenty-five years of age, he accepted a call from the First Baptist Church in Boston. There he by-and-by got considerable reputation from a mission sermon, which was published on both sides of the water and very highly praised. It is now altogether forgotten, as are two other discourses on "The Duties of the American Citizen," which also were requested for publication, were much read and commended, and made their author known throughout his denomination as the most promising of the Baptist clergymen. But the work of the pastorate was not precisely what he liked; his health had become somewhat impaired; and after four or five years of service he was glad to go back to Schenectady and accept a professorship tendered him by Dr. Nott. He was then thirty years old, and not long before had married his first wife, Miss Lucy Lincoln, of Boston, who died in 1834. His second wife was a Mrs. H. S. Gage, of the same city, whom he married in 1838. His second stay at Union College was very short; for in the end of 1826, when he was in his thirty-first year, he was honored by an election to the presidency of Brown University, and at once complied with it.

This was his field of greatest usefulness. The institution needed a reformer, and in Dr. Wayland it got one of a radical sort, fearless in temper, with clear views of what he wanted, and very well able to keep the new system going after he had established it. "The first business which I undertook," he says, "was to frame a set of laws for the college." A change could hardly help being advantageous. There was great laxness of discipline; the instruction given was limited in amount and not of the best quality; a professor of the period is described as sitting in his class-room with the text-book open before him, following one by one the lines of the lesson as the scholar repeated it, and mildly saying, when the recitation outstripped his finger, "Not so fast—not quite so fast;" there was a barrel of ale kept in the cellar, to which all the students had free access; the plea of having made one at a late supper party used to be received as an excuse for failure in recitation; many of the instructors, among whom was no man of any eminence, lived outside of college and exercised no supervision over their pupils, who were the dread of the townspeople as brawlers, chicken-thieves, persons addicted to the use of spirituous liquors, profane, card-players, and otherwise reprehensible. All this evil Dr. Wayland vigorously attacked, and very soon had an orderly college with an increased number of students. He himself was a teacher in the institution, and was not only strict but in his severe way enthusiastic in the performance of every duty, making himself a good professor, and an active, able president, who kept an eye on everything and held himself ready to attend to everything, from the pecuniary interests of the corporation to the moral and spiritual welfare of the latest freshman.

It would be a mistake to suppose that his collegiate duties occupied all his time. He preached occasionally outside of the chapel, taught a Bible class, delivered lectures and addresses to religious, agricultural, and other associations; wrote books not profound or new, but widely useful as text-books in schools and colleges, on moral science, on political economy, on intellectual philosophy; wrote tracts, memoirs of missionaries, very many articles in reviews and the journals of his denomination, busied himself in improving prison discipline, and in a dozen different ways made his collegiate life at Providence, for nearly thirty years, most laborious and very useful. In 1855 he resigned his presidency, and his death occurred in September, 1865. The ten years between these two events were partly spent in filling the place of pastor of one of the Baptist churches in Providence, and with hard work of various kinds. For that matter, he never knew how to rest; it was rightly said of him that "he had a bruised brain." When in middle life he visited Europe, he said to Dr. Stow: "This visiting Europe is not what it is cracked up to be. You have come here for your health; that is well enough; but I do not think any minister has a right to spend six months for the mere purpose of sight-seeing. All the talk about mental improvement is the merest fudge. Life is too short to justify the waste of such a fraction of it. If I live to return, I shall set my face against the practice as wicked." He never was easy unless with a yoke of some sort on him; with him to live as in the sight of God was to live as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye.

Summing up his character, we should say that, intellectually, he was more than a common man, without being at all a great one; he wrote much, but he added to literature nothing of permanent value. Of his religious character we hardly feel able to make an estimate. At sixty-nine years of age he held fast, and apparently held it unchanged, the faith presented to him by the revivalist preacher, Mr. Luther Rice, when he was still a youth, and died as he had lived, an undoubting believer in the Baptist creed—a creed from which most men who grow seem to have been, during his lifetime, growing away. Morally considered, he was a man to be much admired; admirable rather than very lovable, perhaps, but certainly admirable, doing with all his might every duty which he thought to be laid upon him. The cause of good education, of good morals, had his intelligent, laborious, self-sacrificing service from his youth till his death; and, if it is true that he is not to be remembered by many generations, yet while he is remembered, he will be known as he would have best liked to be known—as a man who, in his own generation, worked hard to do good and did good.

BOLLER'S "AMONG THE INDIANS."*

Books of Indian adventure are generally popular and generally false. We hope the connection between these two facts is not a necessary one, for we have here a book which, as a whole, is evidently truthful and which we should like to see successful. The modest endeavor of the author has been "to narrate truthfully, and without exaggeration, such incidents as fell under [his] personal observation, and also to portray faithfully Indian life in its home aspect." The value and charm of the book lie in his success in carrying out this intention. And its picturings of Indian wild life have much more than transient value; they are worthy a place among the materials of Indian history. The age of hunting and fur-trading will soon belong to the past, and its peculiar phases of Indian life will go with it; for either the progress of civilization will do away with the Indian of olden time, by calling him up to a higher plane of life, or, failing in that, it will, to use the familiar language of Mr. Sprague, cause him rapidly to "climb the distant mountains and read his doom in the setting sun." In either case, such faithful photographic views of what was, before Pacific railroads and gold mines changed everything, are very welcome. Not that we are without books of a similar character, but, contrary to prevalent opinion, there is no one stereotyped phase of Indian life; and the tale of one tribe does not exhaust the story, or give a complete view, any more than all European life could be given through a description of a single kingdom. Hence, we welcome the addition to our gallery of these views of life among the Minnetarees and neighboring tribes on the Upper Missouri.

But just on account of its general excellence the errors of the book should be carefully noticed. The intimate acquaintance of the author being limited to the Minnetarees and those around them, he falls into mistakes about tribes more remote. Thus, when he says, on page 32, that "the Sioux are always roaming," and are unlike the Rees, who "have a permanent settlement which they occupy during the summer," he judges by appearances and not according to fact. Of course, when bands of Sioux appeared at or near the trading posts of the Rees and Gros Ventres, they, being away from home, would be "roaming." But a large number of the Sioux have the same kind of permanent summer settlements as the Rees. Again, page 118, he says: "The only wild prairie Indians that raise corn are the Ricarees, Mandans, and Minnetarees." But the Yanctons, Sissitons, and some of the Yanctonais do certainly plant, and the name of the Minnecanjus (those who plant by the water), a band of the Titons, indicates the same thing. These instances test the value of the opinion offered that the Indians of Mr. Boller's acquaintance have made most progress in civilization and deserve most attention. The affirmative testimony concerning their forwardness is acceptable, but the negative testimony concerning others is worth little.

If the author had studied more thoroughly into the nature and meaning of Indian customs, he would not use the word "medicine" as he does. That he has much company in his misuse of the word is no defence, but only makes it more necessary to criticise it. And we rightfully expect him to be more accurate than the newspaper reporters attending our Indian commissions, or the flying observers who spend a month on a buffalo hunt and dash back to write a book. That which is translated "making a medicine" is really an incantation of the spirits, an opening of the spirit-world for the reception of favors. The so-called spiritualism of our times and people has had, from time immemorial, a greater development, with much less humbug, among our North American Indians. It is essentially their religion. It pervades their whole life, and its incantations and demonolatry enter into every important decision. Of course it has an important part to play in the healing of disease. This has probably given rise to the misconception above noted. These healers are conjurers, and their healing is professedly by spiritual agencies and not by the use of natural remedies. There are Indian doctors who use roots, herbs, and sweats in their practice, and these are properly medicine men, but they are a different class from the conjurers who are miscalled the "medicine men." The term falsely translated "medicine" means the incomprehensible and supernatural. "Manito" is the word in the Algonquin, and "Wakan" in the Sioux family. It is only in connection with some definitive, as great or good, that it is used as a name for a personal God. The "Wakantanka" of the Dakotas is literally the Great Incomprehensible. But this idea of a supreme personal "Wakan" is not the original native idea. It has come in since their contact with Europeans. And hence the author's conclusion needs modification when he says, page 111, that "their numerous dances and ceremonies are but feasts and fasts to please the Great Spirit."

This is true only in small part. Indian worship, even now, is not often addressed to the Great Spirit. It is a worship of an unknown, mysterious power, generally incarnated or represented through bears, wolves, sun and moon, stones, and the like. Mr. Boller's view of this subject is superficial and incorrect. He also lays himself open to the suspicion that he knows as little of other religions as of that of the Indians, for he goes on to say, p. 111: "Thus their religion is essentially the same as that of more enlightened nations, differing only in the mode of its observance." If the religion of the "more enlightened nations" is one of works and penances, then it

* "Among the Indians: Eight Years in the Far West, 1858-1866. By Henry A. Boller." Philadelphia: T. Ellwood Zell. 1868.

may be the same. But this throws out of the account Protestant Christianity, which is supposed to have some place in the religious life of the enlightened nations of the world.

The author's estimate of Indian character is, in the main, a just one. "The Indians are only *Indians;* men of violent impulse for good or evil," page 425. Yet such hearty intercourse as his discovers many qualities which command respect, so that he is constrained to say (preface): "If in all my dealings with white men I had found the same sense of honor that characterized my 'savage' friends, my appreciation of human nature would be much higher." It would have been well if he had been satisfied with such honest and truthful statements of what he *knew*, instead of also indulging himself in some of the cheap, sentimental twaddle about the destiny of the Indian race and their melancholy future, of which no one knows anything. It is but natural that as, on his last visit, he sweeps down the rapid Missouri and sees a ruined because deserted fort, weedy and blackened relics of once lively villages, the momentary feeling should be sad regret, as though it were the last act of the drama and the final ending. But, aside from unreasoning sentiment, here is no proof on which to base such gloomy conclusions. The migration of Indian tribes is not an uncommon thing, and their last year's tent-poles argue nothing concerning their present or future numbers and prosperity. But, without any better proof, the assertion is made, page 425 and elsewhere, that the wild nature and habits of the Indians cannot be eradicated, and that their tribes must retire before the advancing tide of emigration and waste away. On the ground of these assumptions the author recommends, for their temporary relief, that they should be furnished with flocks and herds, so that, as a pastoral people, they could travel as of old, and would not be wholly dependent upon game for their subsistence. But we may well ask, How would this help to solve the Indian question? Would changing them into Tartar nomads do anything to secure peace on the border, or make them any better neighbors? Or would it be of any permanent advantage to them? Undoubtedly it would furnish them for the present with better supplies of food, but in such a way as to increase their arrogance and natural hostility, and would only put off a little their evil day and utter destruction. They must be anchored on the land—grazing-land they may at first make it, and not arable land till afterwards—as owners in fee simple, and become integral parts of civilized society, bearing its burdens and protected by its laws, or they are, and ever will be, what their ill-wishers say of them—nothing but the scum on the advance wave of civilization, without a future and without a hope. But better things are in store for them and for us, if only reason and humanity can direct.

A GERMAN-AMERICAN NOVEL.*

Herr Grimm is already known to American readers by the English translation of his "Life of Michael Angelo." In the work now before us he seems to have taken leave for a time, at least, of the past, and, selecting a subject full of an immediate and living interest, he has produced one of the most remarkable novels that have recently appeared in Germany. The moral that the tale enforces is not, perhaps, new, but it is one that will very well bear repetition. It consists in the idea that a man's real, substantial worth lies in *character*, pure and simple, and that in comparison with this advantage other possessions are of very small account. We in this country are so well prepared to admit the hollowness of that idea which the narrative is intended to demolish—the idea of caste—that the trials of the hero are not likely to call forth as lively a sympathy in the American reader as they deserve. But he will find abundance to interest him in the incidental reflections and in the conduct of the story.

We are unable to follow in its details the intricate process—the bitter teachings of experience—through which the hero is led to cast off the trammels of his aristocratic birth and breeding, and to dissolve his high pretensions. He starts in life as a pure gentleman, in the old sense of the word, cherishing the sense of a certain absolute innate worth, independent of his actions, and which, were the world as it should be, he need only present himself to have recognized. Proud, chivalrous, and ready to pay his way through life with his person, he refuses to admit the existence of any rate of comparison between its value and those forces which reside in wealth and material possessions. But he has fallen upon hard times. He finds, after his father's death, that the family estate is ruined, and that he has but a pittance for his support. His aristocratic virtues are as naught without a few square feet of ground to stand on. He wraps himself in a proud reserve and immobility, becomes an object of antipathy to his friends, who gradually drop him, and the opening of the story finds him in a state of melancholy despair and misanthropy. In the course of time he falls in love with a young American girl whom he meets in Berlin, by name Emmy, and is brought to feel in her presence the very unsubstantial character of all that he has to offer her. In a paroxysm of aristocratic indignation—very naturally and skilfully introduced—and in her hearing, he puts a deadly affront upon her character. She returns to America, and he follows her to ask her forgiveness, but fails even to obtain an interview. But he has not come to this country quite in vain. He feels himself rapidly loosened from his old moorings by the strong breath of action exhaled from American life, and in particular by an accidental but most stimulating dip into public affairs at a mass meeting at Hoboken, to which he is provoked by an attack on his dear friend and host, a certain Smith. And now falls on him with a terrible sort of irony the discovery that he is not the son of the man whose name he bears. This the reader knows to be an error, but it plays a most important part in the development of the young man's history. He goes back to Germany, resolved to forget Emmy for ever, and to begin a new life which shall be all his own. He is hard at work with his books and pen when the war with Austria breaks out. He enters the Prussian army, is wounded at Sadowa, and during his convalescence meets with a number of very stiff examples of the inhumanity which may result from aristocratic convictions. He now hugs his base birth to his soul, and clings to it with as dogged a pride as that with which he formerly clove to his noble descent; so that when, having again met with Emmy and become affianced to her, he discovers on the eve of his wedding-day that it is all a mistake and he *is* the rightful heir, the flood of old emotions that rushes in upon him and meets the resolutions and inspirations of his new life makes a sad whirlpool in his mind. He wanders out to his family estate and feels that, not to succumb to temptation and relapse into his original state of temper, he must leave the country for a time. At this moment he falls in with a poor bastard relative, whose half crazed imagination sees in him the usurper of his own birthright and who tries to shoot him. Arthur gets rid of him, but the sight of the pitiful monomaniac brings him back to his senses. "A man," he cries to his friend, "must let nothing that is dead be master over him; nothing that, if he pleases, he can destroy, build up, and destroy again—neither thought nor stone wall. Here I stand, master—this ground belongs to me. Why go to America instead of living and working where you are born? Why for ever fumble in the past and be mastered by it? If I please I shall have the wood here cut down, no matter who may have planted it, let the recollections that hang upon it be what they will. A living man is free owner of the world!" Having brought his hero to this point on the road to emancipation, the author apparently thinks that he has done enough for him, and allows him to be killed by a bullet from his crazy enemy, who, lying in ambush, has overheard the above profession of faith. In a short sequel the fortunes of the other persons of the story are disposed of, and the climax of serene self-detachment from a superstitious regard for hereditary dignities, as well as from an equally irrational dread of them, is exhibited by the heir's friend Erwin, who, in his youth, has voluntarily abandoned his title, and thrown himself into the practice of medicine; but subsequently (since the war with Austria, that is) feeling a vocation for public affairs, and following the advice of a sort of impeccable American sage named Wilson (through whose very transparent disguise we detect the lineaments of no less a person than Mr. R. W. Emerson), he resumes his countship for the sake of the material assistance that it will yield him in his career.

Readers whose taste has been vitiated by the highly seasoned fiction of the French and English schools will be likely to find the manner of Herr Grimm's novel somewhat slow and tame; but to ourselves it has been very refreshing, after these strong doses of realism and physiology, to encounter what we find here: a limpid narrative with a plot thoroughly well-considered, and yet not above all things dramatic, and marked, perhaps, by a faint deficiency of "body," but rich in what painters call "tone," and in a certain personal nobleness, and moving to its end with leisurely firmness and decision. This almost Goethean repose and deliberateness render it difficult to illustrate our sketch of the book by short extracts. Towards the close, it must be confessed, this quality becomes excessive and tends to over-diffuseness. Here, however, is a clever description of the present condition of Germany:

"It is a time of transition. . . . An era of mental barbarism seems to be dawning. The moral influence of art hardly continues to be recognized. In my day it was perhaps overvalued. In my day Germany was like a monstrous university. Whoever had not studied was of no account, and whoever had was of account only in proportion to his scholarship. The time from 1815 to 1848 was a learned age. A thousand years hence, perhaps, when children are told of it, they will form a picture of it in their minds as a time in which no wind blew, in which the children never cried nor did any useless naughtiness, and no loud word was spoken in the streets, and in which naught was seen but processions of still old men and reveren-

* "Unüberwindliche Mächte. Roman von Hermann Grimm." Berlin. 1867.

tial youths wandering from library to library, teaching and being taught, until suddenly in March, 1848, a fearful hurricane arose, turned the heads of all, and for a while deprived them of their understanding. And when they came to their senses again the spirit of erudition had departed, and the Germans worked and kept house like other people, going so far as to make war, which previously would have been thought impossible, and even to be victorious! The present situation of our country renders it no longer possible for the old purely intellectual budget to cover the whole expenses of the national life."

Here, by way of contrast, is a picture of our own country. An American is supposed to speak:

"In your country the individual knows a thousand times more. He is obliged to, and he has infinitely better opportunities for learning. You have the repose, the refinement, the arts, the understanding; we have as yet only vital force and self-confidence. We challenge boldly the good-will of fate, and leave our boundaries unprotected. Germans, English, Irish, negroes, Frenchmen, all swarm without mixing through our midst; but before long they will be firmly welded together. It is just as in the primeval times, when the ingredients of the present peoples of Europe were brought together, and the turbid stream of intermingling nationalities flowed over the land and needed centuries to separate into clear water and fruitful soil. Our settlement is yet in the future; but with what certainty we may expect it! I think of then, not of now, when I speak of America; of those times when four hundred millions instead of fifty shall live here, all reading, working, thinking, striving forwards, and Asia long since subdued! Then will our true civilization begin. To-day there is naught but uproar and confusion. But even to-day I cannot forget that the thoughts are to be forged which shall deliver to those generations the best of what our time possesses."

It is extremely gratifying to see a scholar like Herr Grimm, whose life has been spent in almost purely historical and æsthetic studies, filled with so warm a sympathy with the life of the present time, even when the forms in which it resides are without beauty and harmony. Men of artistic (as well as of aristocratic) temperament are everywhere apt to be too exclusively sensitive to the form and manner of things, and to have no perception of that inward breath of life and health which blows through them, and which, tending as it does to the future, is often the one point in their composition that has any significance. In Herr Grimm the love of the study of history subsists on the best terms with his artistic sympathies, and the result is liberalism in its best sense, liberalism absolute—a judgment formed on a complete survey of the facts. It will be indeed fortunate for Germany if, in the era of hard work and disentanglement which now lies before her, there may be found many men on the pattern of the author of these volumes—men who, without ceasing to be students, are citizens, and who, while still sustaining the honor of their country in the domain of the intellect, lend a hearty voice and helping hand to those who are immersed in the dust and sweat of practical labor.

Lord Bacon's Essays. By James R. Boyd. (New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.)—This is the first attempt, we believe, to make a text-book of the essays of Lord Bacon. Mr. Hallam, many years ago, in his "Introduction to the Literature of Modern Europe," suggested that "they might be judiciously introduced . . . . into a sound method of education—one that should make wisdom rather than mere knowledge its object, and might become a text-book of examination in our schools." It is unnecessary to say anything of the essays as essays; Mr. Boyd thus sums up their merits as a text-book: "Abounding in classical learning, in occasional great felicities of style, in solid, weighty, and ingenious thought; also in forms of expression antiquated, obsolete, and obscure; in sentences sometimes elegant, sometimes decidedly the reverse, and these in many instances not well arranged as to length or structure, or distribution into paragraphs of suitable length. On these and other accounts these essays are admirably adapted for critical purposes, for the culture of judgment and taste, for the comparison of older forms of expression with those approved at the present day, and as a preparation for the intelligent and appreciative reading of the great English authors of the seventeenth century, so rich in thought, in learning, and in genius." However easy of digestion the essays may be to older minds, they are certainly rather solid food for the nascent intellect of the young. Mr. Boyd himself acknowledges that "the critical study of Bacon, in preparing the present work, has convinced the editor that Bacon is far from being so easily understood and appreciated by the common mind as Macaulay represents him." The editor has selected those of the essays which "are considered decidedly the most valuable," and has annotated them, borrowing largely from Archbishop Whately, suggesting improvements in Bacon's style, translating Latin quotations, and explaining the meaning of obsolete words. He has made analyses of three only of the essays, namely: those on "Truth," "Unity in Religion," and "Atheism," and proposes to the student to prepare similar analyses of the others. At the close of each annotated essay are questions on the notes and suggestions for rhetorical exercises Having not quite half finished his work, the editor publishes this volume, containing twenty-six annotated essays and thirty-three with no comment whatever, but simply with certain sentences numbered in the margin, that the reader may have the mental exercise of following out the editor's plan for himself. A short and rather flimsy "Life and Character," principally made up of quotations from Dr. Fischer and Lord Macaulay, and some critical estimates of the essays by different distinguished writers, introduce the essays. There are some evidences of carelessness in the volume. One is that of constantly mentioning Lord Macaulay as Mr. Macaulay. This is only the first of a series of English prose classics, and, as far as it goes, will be a valuable manual for advanced students.

Prayers of the Ages. Compiled by Caroline S. Whitmarsh. (Boston: Ticknor & Fields.)—We shall probably convey a tolerably clear idea of the merits of this work if we say that it is about as good as "Hymns of the Ages," a compilation made by Mrs. Whitmarsh in company with a friend to whom this book is dedicated. The same marks of haste that characterized "Hymns of the Ages" characterize the present work. As among the hymns there were many that did not deserve a place in such a collection, so there are here many prayers wherein the words are so much more abundant than the spirit that the collection would be better without them. Both works follow the conventional streams pretty closely. But the collection of prayers is very catholic, embracing quite a number from the heathen world. One of the best prayers in the book is that of a negro who goes straight to his point, not wasting a single word, his subject being the death of President Lincoln. Theodore Parker here prays with Augustine, and in a much more homely way—not therefore, we trust, with less acceptance. Why the heathen prayers should have been fenced off from the Christian portion of the book with a chapter of paragraphs about the nature of prayer, we have not been able to discover; nor, any more, why Shakespeare should be put among the heathen as he is. But these are trifling faults. The book is a good book, and is destined to serve a good purpose.

Thiodolf, the Icelander: A Romance. From the German of the Baron de la Motte Fouqué, author of "Undine," "Sintram," "Aslauga's Knight," etc., etc. (New York: James Miller.)—Fouqué's "Undine" and "Sintram" have secured for him a great many readers and a great deal of admiration from the best readers. "Thiodolf" he felt to be his most successful work. But it has never had the popularity of his smaller books, and very certainly does not deserve the popularity of "Sintram" or of "Undine." But it is worthy of the author of those delightful tales. Especially he retains in "Thiodolf" the same sweetness of recital that characterizes "Undine." Even in this English translation, which Mr. Miller has borrowed from across the Atlantic, the story reads like music. It is a romance of the good old sort; and of that good old sort it is one of the best that was ever written. "Thiodolf" is the story of a gentle soul in a tumultuous body. This is the antithesis on which the interest of the book mainly depends. Another antithesis, scarcely less interesting, is that between the simplicity of the Icelander and the luxury of Constantinople. The plot of the book is sufficiently improbable, but not more so than that of half the books which pretend to be written in the interest of realistic art, while the mental states of the various actors are depicted with marvellous felicity and truth.

The Rob Roy on the Baltic. By J. Macgregor, M.A. Second edition. (Boston: Roberts Bros.)—We are rewarded for a conscientious reading of this book by being able to reverse at the end the judgment of it which we had formed in the middle; and we are now disposed to praise it above "The Rob Roy in Central Europe," although the canoe is oftener exchanged for other modes of conveyance than on the former trip. In reality only a small portion of the distance between Christiania and Stockholm was traversed in the *Rob Roy*. From the Swedish capital to the Danish Isles, to Hamburg, and finally to the queer little province of Heligoland, two stories high and sea-begirt, the interest of the voyage is well sustained. The reader is tantalized no longer with maps referred to but not inserted; nor is his curiosity to know the shape, dimensions, and make of the canoe left unsatisfied. Full particulars are given in the appendix.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

GENERAL GRANT'S TESTIMONY.

THE published testimony of General Grant before the Judiciary Committee is in every way creditable to him. It shows that he had the good sense to perceive, at the moment of victory, both the duty of the Government to show magnanimity, in abandoning the right to punish the military leaders of the rebellion, and his own duty to abstain from committing the Government to anything further than this. In this he proved wiser than his time. Mr. Johnson, with the apparent approval of the nation, desired to punish those whom Grant had pledged the country's honor to spare, while General Sherman, erring on the opposite side, sought to arrange by a military convention the terms of civil reconstruction. General Grant is very explicit in disclaiming all idea, either then or now, of assuming to regulate political affairs or to bestow political rights upon those who surrendered to him. As he very justly says, that was a matter for Congress to decide. It was simply his duty to leave it alone; but it is so rarely that any man does his duty and is content to do it, that General Grant merits praise for this humble virtue. The bane of Mr. Johnson has been his hunger to do more than his duty, by which we mean not merely to do more perfectly than was essential that which he was bound to do after some fashion, but rather to do that which it was not his place to do at all. If General Grant can adhere in the future as in the past to the simple rule of minding his own business, he will not lose reputation by any tasks that may be imposed upon him.

Of the same simple but unusual order of merit is the general's statement that he did not assume to originate any civil policy, and never was willing to suggest any plan for civil government, although he freely expressed his anxiety that some kind of civil government should be set up as quickly as possible. It is obvious that he differed from most of his countrymen in this, that he did not believe himself capable of doing or devising everything. His experience as a military commander had neither weaned him from the love of civil law and peaceful government, nor infected him with a desire to retain superfluous power in his own hands, nor intoxicated him with the notion of his own superior wisdom. All this is, speaking in an absolute sense, evidence of only humble virtues. There is nothing magnificent in it, nothing brilliant, nothing indicative of genius, nothing which *ought not* to be true of every man. But of how many men *is* it true?

This testimony shows very clearly that General Grant was sound in his views of the relation of the President and of Congress respectively to the work of reconstruction; and if he is correct in the impressions he formed of the sentiments of others, it shows that Mr. Johnson and all his advisers looked upon the governments organized in 1865 as dependent for validity upon the subsequent action of Congress. Every consideration of reason and probability points to the same conclusion; and the great change which came over Mr. Johnson's views in this respect is an impressive proof of the danger which attends any usurpation of power, even under the most pressing necessity. There is no doubt that Mr. Johnson sincerely believed, and had much reason to believe, that he was pursuing the path which Mr. Lincoln had laid out. But no sanction of this kind, and no encouragement from his party, could alter the fact that he was doing that which no President is elected to do; and he soon began to care far more for the personal triumph of seeing "his policy" successful than he did for the accomplishment of the purposes which we presume he, as well as Mr. Lincoln, had in view when that policy was devised. When we have a President who is capable of minding his own business, and content with doing so, we shall have some guaranty against this miserable personal vanity which is costing the nation so much.

The straightforward answers of General Grant to the questions of the committee give satisfactory reasons for the reticence on political questions which is so freely charged upon him as a fault. Precisely the same argument which justified his abstinence from suggestions to the cabinet upon matters pertaining to the civil administration, justifies his silence before the people now. His present business is military, not political. He is General-in-chief—not President, senator, or representative. It will be an evil day for us as a people when military commanders are liberal with political advice and criticism for the public ear. We know of nothing more offensive in General McClellan's career than the impertinent counsels which he despatched from Harrison's Landing. And even the open disloyalty of their opponents could scarcely reconcile us to the direct interference of Union generals in the political campaigns of 1863 and 1864. Many incidents of the time proved the moral impossibility of a military commander's limiting himself to mere words in his active support of a political party. We are glad that General Grant does not add to mischievous precedents in this direction. Our main objection to him as a Presidential candidate is that he is the General of the Army. If he were a political general also, our objections would be insuperable.

Of course we do not mean to say that General Grant ought to be accepted as a candidate upon blind trust, or without a distinct avowal upon his part of his political sympathies and doctrines. But it is enough for him to make this avowal when called upon by proper authority, at a reasonable time before the nomination of a candidate can be made. Whether that avowal will be made, and whether it will be satisfactory when made, are questions that can afford to wait a little longer.

THINKING THINGS OUT.

IT would probably be found, if it were possible to make an examination of the matter, that most of the delusion which seems to be spreading in the West about the currency is due to the too prevalent practice of not "thinking things out;" that is, of not mentally pushing political doctrines to their extreme conclusion, or of not trying to conjure up before the mind's eye the whole of their results if put into practice. It is almost painful, when one hears the Western "cry" about the currency and reads the lucubrations of such financiers at the East as General Butler and Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, to recall the loose thinking and talking in support of the Government credit which prevailed during the war, and which was due to the same unfortunate habit of mind as the loose thinking and talking in opposition to the Government credit which one hears now. For instance, during the years 1863 and 1864 there prevailed, only too generally, an indifference to the amount of the public debt fully as marked and as alarming as the restiveness under it which we now witness. All expressions of anxiety about the rapidity with which it was increasing were treated as indications either of a constitutional tendency to croak or of sympathy with the public enemy, and of a desire to put a stop to the war. The unlimited capacity of the American people to bear taxation was then as loudly preached as the excessive burdensomeness of taxation now is, and, we are afraid, by many of the very orators and journalists who are now busy in contriving dishonest means of relieving the people of their honest liabilities. We do not place General Butler and Mr. Stevens amongst the number; but we greatly fear that if any investor, foreign or domestic, had approached either of them for advice in either of the years we have mentioned, when the Government loans were drooping under the influence of rebel successes or rebel persistence, he would have received a very glowing account of the mineral resources of the United States, and been shown that the product of the Nevada and Colorado mines alone would in four or five years pay off the national debt, to say nothing of the wealth of the rest of the country. In fact, during the mining fever of those years the gold and silver mines were constantly dwelt upon in speeches and articles as a ready means of meeting the burdens of the war if taxation should be found unpleasant or inconvenient, and this was done, too, by men making great pretensions to be considered statesmen and financiers. A little thinking of the matter out would, however, have made it clear that to talk of the Government paying off its debts with the product of the gold and silver mines was as absurd as to talk of its paying off its debts with the product of the coal mines or with the hay crop. Government can only get money from mines either by working them itself

—in which case it must work them on the same terms as private individuals, and can make no more out of them, if so much—or else by taxing those who do work them; and if it taxed them so heavily as to reduce the rate of profit below that of other business, of course capital would desert them and mining would cease. In fact, the obfuscating effect of mere names on the popular mind was never better exemplified than in the easy, satisfied way with which this comfortable doctrine was received. The difficulty which the miners themselves have since had, and we believe will always have, in making even a living for themselves out of the proceeds of their labor, has completely demolished it, but nothing short of actual experiment would probably have been sufficient to do it, so general is the tendency to believe what is pleasant to believe.

Another delusion also used in support of the national credit during the war was the theory, which was fully as often propounded if not oftener than the foregoing one, "that the whole property of the country, real and personal, was pledged for the payment of the debt." Nor was this confined to stump speeches or brokers' advertisements. We remember to have seen it solemnly and formally laid down in a pamphlet on finance, written by the president of one of the New York banks; and we are satisfied it gave confidence and consolation to millions of people in dark days. Here again, however, a little thinking out would have cleared away the fog, and shown that there was not the smallest basis in reason for this really astounding assertion, and that anybody who lent his money on the strength of it was really induced to lend it on false pretences. In the discussions which have recently taken place on the nature of the representations made to the public creditor, attention has been only given to the speeches of members of Congressional committees, and to the letters of the Secretary of the Treasury and the advertisements of bond brokers. But the heated and enthusiastic utterances of loyal men in their speeches and writings had probably fully as much, if not more, to do with selling the Government bonds as the formal official promises and explanations of the Government agents.

The idea that the whole property of a nation can be pledged for the payment of its public debt is, in fact, a revival of the fallacy on which the French based the issue of their "assignats" in 1790, and which was in substance that the holder of the assignat having simply a general claim against the enormous mass of church property confiscated by the state, he must be sure of being paid. But it was soon made perfectly clear that nothing can be called a pledge for the payment of money which the creditor does not either hold in his own possession or can lay hands upon when he pleases. Now, the real and personal property of the people of the United States is not a thing which the public creditors could seize, or, if they could seize it, is not a thing they could turn into money and divide. Moreover, if such a seizure were physically possible, it would be logically absurd to expect it. If the Government debt were not paid, it would be owing to the unwillingness of the people to pay their taxes—that is, a small portion of their annual income; and the promulgators of the theory under discussion then asked us to believe that if the people deliberately refused to pay over a small portion of their income, the public creditors could find a remedy in taking from them all they possessed in the world; in other words, that the nation, although unwilling to save its honor by paying a little, would cheerfully surrender its entire property for that purpose. Of course the mere statement of this account of the basis of the public credit is sufficient to expose its absurdity. It is now never heard of, and we go back to it simply for the purpose of showing that the wild way in which the public credit is now assailed has nothing new about it, that it was in use on the other side during the war, and that it does not owe its origin so much to defects of heart as of head.

The Western theory about greenbacks is, that as when the currency was being expanded prices were rising, business was brisk, and everybody was thriving, and as when the process of contraction began prices began to fall and trade to languish, plenty of greenbacks must be all that is needed to put business in a healthy condition, and make taxation seem light. Here again the delusion is due to stopping short and not following out the doctrine to its last limits in its practical working. Western men are such great producers that they are apt to forget *in toto* that they are also consumers. Moreover, they generally sell their products in large quantities, and what they gain by a rise in prices being received in a round sum makes a deep impression on their imagination. The way in which a rise in prices caused by an inflation of the currency affects their outlay they do not so readily perceive, however, as their outlay is made in small sums, and is extended over the whole year, while their income is received in one or two months. A small addition to the price of the articles in daily use in a household is not noticed as the articles are bought, but the amount at the end of the year would be a considerable sum. Moreover, the ease with which taxes are paid does not depend on the amount of a man's receipts, but on that of his expenditure, or, in other words, on the sum he has to spare after providing for his own wants, and this depends on prices in general and not on the prices of the particular commodity which he produces. There is little use of pouring a splendid stream of water into a barrel if there is a hole in the bottom which lets out just as much as flows in, and yet this is what the Western inflationists obstinately refuse to believe. As long as they do not see the hole in the bottom they refuse to believe in its existence, and propose to go on pumping cheerfully, with the expectation of speedily filling the barrel. If any one can get five or six Western Congressmen of the inflationist school into a room, and force them even by threats of personal violence to working out a full account of all the effects on prices of a large addition to the currency, he will do the country some service, as it is a process through which we venture to say few if any of them have ever gone.

ENGLAND.

London, November 8, 1867.

The past fortnight has been conspicuous for the amount of public dining. The vacation is coming to an end, and yet the full flow of business has hardly set in; and this twilight condition of society is favorable to that compromise between pleasure and business which consists in making speeches after dinner. Mr. Disraeli has been enlightening the inhabitants of Edinburgh as to his policy; the English Commissioners have given an international banquet at Paris to celebrate the conclusion of the Exhibition; the Lord Mayor is about to give his official dinner to-morrow, at which all the ministry will be present; and, to descend to less public celebrations, Dr. Norman MacLeod has been lately entertained at dinner previous to his departure for the Holy Land, Mr. Trollope on taking leave of the Post-office, and Mr. Dickens on leaving for America. I will take for my text the last of these entertainments, partly because it is the only one of which I can speak from personal experience and partly because it is one in which I have a common interest with your readers. Mr. Dickens should arrive in America at the same time with this letter, and his arrival will probably excite rather the most attention. Still you may be willing to know how we in England took leave of the guest whom you are just receiving.

We hold—I know not with what accuracy—that the public dinner is a characteristic part of the machinery of English society; not, indeed, that we can boast of our dining *quâ* dining. If I could flatter myself that persons on your side of the Atlantic took any interest in the satisfaction of my appetite, I could unfold a tale of horror *à propos* of the dinner to Mr. Dickens which shall remain, so far as I am concerned, buried in oblivion. What use is it to speak of drunken waiters, of hopeless scrambles for greasy fragments of tepid dishes, of cold plates with the soup, and hot plates with the ice pudding, and of other petty miseries far too insignificant to cross a thousand leagues of salt water? I only hint at them darkly, because my bosom is still full of my grievances, and because they suggest that the real significance of such a meeting as that of last Saturday must be sought in considerations of a more ethereal character. Some four hundred gentlemen, including, as I need not say, many insignificant personages, but including also many of our greatest literary and artistic lights, met to do honor to Mr. Dickens. Lord Lytton was in the chair; the Chief-Justice of England (Sir A. Cockburn), the President of the Royal Academy (Sir F. Grant), Sir Edwin Landseer, and Mr. Anthony Trollope were amongst the speakers. There were many other eminent names on the list of stewards, such as Lord Houghton, the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Millais, Mr. Maclise, Mr. Tom Taylor, and others whom it would be too long to mention. As I partook of the apologies for food (excuse my recurrence to this small grievance), and listened to the speaking, I remembered a certain paper in *Our Old Home*, where Mr. Hawthorne describes a city feast at which, if I recollect rightly, he was forced to sacrifice his natural modesty on the altar of public speaking. I wish, for

your sakes, that some inheritor of his powers of description had been present at the Freemasons' Tavern, though I fear that his opinion of British eloquence would scarcely have been raised. Indeed, it was singular that on an occasion offering so many chances to good oratory so very little advantage was taken of the opportunity. Lord Lytton scarcely came up to what might have been expected of him. One of our most eminent living novelists speaking to perhaps the most popular of all novelists might have been stimulated to some genuine bit of eloquence, and Lord Lytton can certainly speak at times in a manner worthy of the author of "Pelham" and "The Last Days of Pompeii." I confess, however, that he has always seemed to me to be a second-rate man making the utmost use of his powers with unflinching industry, but always failing through a slight excess of ambition. He wishes to be more philosophical, more poetical, and more artistic than nature has enabled him to be. On the present occasion he attempted to be philosophical, and became, as a few philosophers have perhaps become before this, just a little of a bore. He pointed out that English and Americans spoke the same language, that the possession of a common language was a matter of some importance, in confirmation of which he appealed to history and to the ancient Oscans. It was exceedingly true, but might, perhaps, have been touched with a lighter hand. Moreover, his elocution had the same fault of an excess of pomp and a deficiency of fire; in other words, he mouthed so much that it was difficult to catch his words in a large room. Mr. Trollope spoke like a stout, broad-shouldered, beef eating Englishman, with plenty of force and common sense; Mr. Tom Taylor indulged in some passable facetiousness; and Sir A. Cockburn used his beautiful voice and *mannery* and silvery flow of language to administer (may I say it?) a rather excessive amount of "butter" to our distinguished chairman. The other speaking was commonplace or inaudible, with one tolerably important exception. Mr. Dickens adds to his other talents that of being a most accomplished after-dinner speaker, and he fully supported his reputation. He made us a speech of great force and vigor, which expressed and excited very warm and genuine feeling; and we went home content that the most important speech of the evening, at any rate, had not missed fire. The only criticism I heard was that the speech was "too dramatic." I do not think so myself; but it is a fault on the right side in a company of phlegmatic Englishmen. The dinner was really in one respect remarkable. I do not suppose that any other living writer could have collected so large a crowd of distinguished admirers on such an occasion, and it proves that Mr. Dickens enjoys a very remarkable personal, as well as literary, popularity. I have said that he is the most popular certainly of all living novelists. I confess that I have not read his later books, for his art seems to me to depend for its chief merit upon that marvellous flow of animal spirits exhibited especially in "Pickwick," which no man can retain after he has ceased to be young. Even now, however, he commands a circulation which no other writer can approach. I believe the drop in the circulation of *All the Year Round* when a novel by so popular a writer as Mr. Wilkie Collins was substituted for a novel of Mr. Dickens's to have been something surprising. The Christmas numbers of the same journal have an equally surprising command of public attention; and, as I imagine that in this case the bounds of his popularity are not limited to England, I hope that his reception the other night may be a foretaste of a similar success across the water. Mr. Dickens declared his aspiration to be the laying down of a third cable between the shores of the Old World and the New. We may excuse the rather sanguine tone of the remark by the fact that it was made after dinner. I hope, however, that he may do what one individual can do towards so desirable a result; especially I may venture to hope that the bodily presence of so distinguished an author may lead to some reflections upon the injury done by the present absence of international copyright, which protects the booksellers of the two countries at the expense of their writers. It would be curious to know how much Mr. Dickens has lost by the unlimited license of piracy. But I stop, for I am certainly trespassing beyond mere English intelligence.

The remark reminds me of an awful decree which has just struck terror into the hearts of British novelists. Mr. Mudie's circulating library has obtained such a monopoly of the trade that his orders are generally those upon which authors depend for their circulation. Now, it has hitherto been the custom that a novel which has appeared in some of the innumerable magazines now darkening the very air is republished on its completion in the orthodox three volumes, price thirty-one shillings and sixpence. Why publishers adhere to this expensive form has always been a mystery to me. However, it is so much the case that Mr. Sala declared in a late number of *Belgravia* that Dickens and Thackeray had not really written novels, because their works were not printed in this almost universal shape (which is like saying that Shakespeare did n't write plays because he did n't attend to the unities—only that the unities in this case are a far more childish regulation). Now Mr. Mudie has declared that he will buy no more of these volumes, but in their place will buy the numbers of the magazines and bind together the pages containing the novels. Hence the authors will lose the advantage of the republished edition. I know of more than one poor author who is in despair at this terrible declaration; and it is asserted that Mr. Mudie does it in order to discourage the demoralizing practice of novel-reading altogether. I do n't know whether he could force his subscribers to take their accustomed draughts of light literature in a comparatively unpleasant form, though I feel tolerably certain that he will not do much to destroy the taste, good or bad, which will doubtless insist in some way upon its accustomed gratification. I hope that it will lead to the publication of novels in a more reasonable shape. Meanwhile the consternation produced is a curious testimony to the power of the monopoly which has virtually fallen into Mr. Mudie's hands.

I have little space to speak of any of the other festivities which I mentioned. Mr. Disraeli spoke at great length and told us little that we did n't know before. The most remarkable thing about his speech was its tone of exultation. He laughed at the forebodings of old-fashioned Tories and Whigs with a good deal of characteristic sarcasm, and boasted of having educated his party up to the pitch required for the Reform bill. With all their education, they have found it a rather bitter draught, and are making great efforts to prove that it will do no harm. It is said, but this I take to be a fable, that they are in future to give up everything—the Church, the House of Lords, anything you please—but to make a stand at popular ignorance. Education is *not* to be extended at any price. And it is true that Mr. Disraeli made a very conservative speech about our educational system to certain working-men. However, this is not a platform upon which to go to the country, though it may represent some of the practical tendencies of the party. Education, as Mr. Lowe said with great force, should now be the great question of the day, though conservative prejudices and the squabbles of religious parties may do much to hinder effectual legislation.

I will remark before concluding that the greatest literary sensation of the year has been made by an article on the "Talmud" in the last number of *The Quarterly Review*. It gives the results of vast learning condensed into a few pages of great power. Critics admire it as being "not destructive but instructive," and compare it advantageously with M. Renan and "Ecce Homo." I am not quite sure that I understand the eulogy; its chief purport is to show that the thoughts which we hold to be most characteristic of Christianity were in fact current amongst the Jewish teachers before the age of our Lord; and it points out many remarkable coincidences, although refraining from drawing the obvious inferences. The author is an Anglicized German, Mr. Emmanuel Deutsch, of the British Museum.

Fine Arts.

ANCIENT AND MODERN DECORATIVE ART.

THE recent purchase by Tiffany & Co. of a small collection of curiosities which had been brought together by an American collector affords an unusually good opportunity to speak of some noteworthy points in the ornamental art of the past. In the matter of art purely decorative we of the nineteenth century can learn of our ancestors—can learn of them more in this than in any other department of knowledge. In most other things we know the right if we would only follow it, and in most other things there are new needs and new discoveries which change the conditions very much; even when there is question of painting of pictures or "sculping" of statues, clumsy as we are, we must still work out our own salvation from clumsiness, and there is some prospect that we shall do so. But in the decoration of our garments, our dwellings, our furniture, our vessels for the table, our jewellery, all our better utensils, we are so completely off the high road, and devoting ourselves so unreservedly and with such *naïveté*, or greenness, to the pursuit of will-o'-the-wisps, that only an appeal to the better wisdom of the fathers has any chance to be heard.

In the matter of silver-ware, for instance, it is strange how much wrong and confusion is contained in the one practice of estimating price by weight. In some cases, as notably in London shops, modern silver-ware for the table is sold at so much an ounce; and at some auction sales both ancient and modern plate are bid for by the ounce, just as books are by the volume. And in all cases there is some reference to weight; for the customer, considered as a class, requires good solid silver of "sterling" or "coin" fineness at least for his money, while he will put up with very in-

ferior workmanship and very little decoration, and that of the cheapest and slightest kind. So that the type of modern silver-ware is the common silver tray, thirty inches long, immensely heavy, without form, except that it lies upon the table-cloth as an oval field with a little fence around it, without the added beauty of ornament, except that a scroll pattern is engraved upon its surface—engraving of which no member of the family nor any guest ever observes, even for an instant, the subject or the style. The most approved silver pitchers are perhaps those which have a somewhat graceful shape and are entirely plain, just burnished silver as thick and heavy as is consistent with use and with reasonable cost. And, as if this misuse and actual waste of the ductile and malleable metal were not a bad enough mistake, the beauty of the metal itself is hidden and denied. Does the reader suppose that it is the lustre of silver that he sees through the shop-windows or on the table of his fashionable friends the Argentines? Not at all; the polishing process it has gone through (rightly called "coloring" by the manufacturer) is the same as the coloring process which some ladies' cheeks are subjected to; the silver and the cheeks are both rouged, and the effect is as unnatural and ugly in one case as in the other. The beauty of silver, as of gold, is not in the extremest polish that can be put upon it. Your silver tea-kettle, like your plain gold ring, looks the best when washed clean in warm water, and that is all the cleaning that silver ever needs except when it receives a stain which needs to be removed. The very stylish private waiters who recommend themselves by professing to have a secret for infallibly taking all the scratches out of silver, and putting upon it a polish like that with which it leaves the store, do exactly what they promise, and more: they take out the scratches by taking off the scratched surface. Silver-ware that is to be often rouged has need to be thick.

But if one takes in his hand a piece of old plate, even of that of only a century ago, he will be surprised at its lightness. The gold etui case belonging to the collection at Tiffany's is lighter than experience of modern work only would lead one to suppose possible; probably the gold is not twice as thick as the paper on which THE NATION is printed. This thinness of the metal is possible only because of the workmanship upon it. A box of the size of this must needs be of thicker metal if it were left plain. Old plate is generally light, because, while weight was not desired for its own sake, the modern processes of casting, stamping with dies, etc., were not much used, and all, or nearly all, gold or silver ware was ornamented with subjects in relief, worked by the hammer. As corrugated iron is stiffer than plain sheet-iron, so thin plates of silver are stiff enough for use when hammered into relief.

The hard word "sphyrelaton" has been extracted from the Greek lexicon to denote decorative metal-work in relief; but the word means hammer-work especially. It recalls a time when the hammer was the goldsmith's one important tool. Labarte, however, and Seré, and other French writers on archæology, use it as denoting hammer-work alone, and translate it exactly by the well-known name "travail au repoussé." In English we have no equivalent in use, and are driven, as in military affairs, to the use of a French-English coined phrase, "repoussé-work." Repoussé-work, then, as practised in the earliest times of which we have any accurate knowledge as to processes, was done by hammering up from the wrong side, and by chasing, burnishing down, and engraving upon the right side. The hammer was used only on the back; but, on the other hand, the surface was never left as the hammering had made it, but was always finished with the graver and the chasing tool. Upon the gold box at Tiffany's mentioned above, which is a very favorable specimen of repoussé-work as far as workmanship goes, are two large and four small figure subjects in high relief, and, of the larger, one represents, presumably, Amphitrite mounted upon a sea-horse, and the other Semele destroyed by fire. The figures would stand about one inch and three-eighths high. The smooth surfaces of the body are left, we think, from the hammer, but the waves and the hairy skin of the horse are engraved; the drapery has a pattern drawn upon it with the chasing tool, and the flames that flicker around Semele are very carefully cut and burnished from the original soft and rounded relief into sharp tongues and spires. The background is roughened with a minute grain, almost as if done with acid. The workmanship is admirable not only in the ornaments that cover the whole surface, but also in the making of the box, with its hinges of such perfect accuracy and its cover so precisely fitted.

Besides this there are four plaques of silver, the smallest one about six by eight inches, and nearly elliptical. This smallest one is also the best in one respect: it is in the lowest relief. It is generally a merit in work in relief to keep the projection as low as will thoroughly tell the story. This bas-relief, representing a plump Diana reposing upon clouds, with a spear and a peculiarly gigantic French horn, a hound crouched upon the cloud by her side, and two cupids, perhaps in Endymion's service, flying off with a great net, is as weak in design as a Louis Quinze silversmith could make it, and is not in any respect of the first excellence. It is interesting, however, as a piece of repoussé-work executed almost wholly by the hammer, and occasional use of punching tools, upon the reverse side. On the face the graver seems to have been used for the hair; the folds of the drapery have been here and there burnished down; and the meshes of the net have been marked with a chasing tool.

In our own time repoussé-work has been employed only by the few artistic workers in the precious metals who make their gold and silver into *objets d'art* for a few amateurs, for national museums, and for the glory of success in the great Exhibitions. Antoine Vechte, a Frenchman long resident in London, who has recently died, was almost the only artist of his own time who made elaborate repoussé-work his specialty. He gained great fame for silver vases and cups of his own design and execution, and was honored and rewarded; wore the ribbon of the Legion of Honor nearly twenty years, and died one of the most celebrated, and, in spite of unrestrained and excessive vigor of design, one of the most justly celebrated of modern sculptors.

There is one modern invention which may be found to replace repoussé-work by a better process, namely, electrotyping. If the design is modelled in wax, a cast taken carefully from it, and the silver deposited upon this by the action of the galvanic battery, a perfect reproduction of the model is secured, while the sculptor has worked freely in a soft substance well adapted to the use of the modeller. We do not as yet know positively how far this process will carry us; the hammer seems to be still, as it has always been, the best tool to work metal with, whether it be iron for railings and gratings or copper for large vessels, or silver and gold for small ones. At all events, it is a pity that the art of repoussé was so soon lost, for *en attendant* other devices, that was and is the one art—the "unlimited" art, as Laborde has called it, for all purposes of metallic decoration on a small scale.

Probably the best things in this collection are two small painted enamels of French workmanship, and presumably of the reign of Louis XV. They are very fine and brilliant.

A fine piece of modern workmanship, also at Tiffany's store, is not of the same collection, but is imported from Paris by the house. Since Vechte, whom we have mentioned above, and François Froment-Meurice are dead, Mr. Charles Duron, of Paris, is as notable an *orfèvre* as any. He is not a designer, as Vechte was, of elaborate figure subjects. His best known works have been the mountings of antique vases and of engraved gems. The extraordinary delicacy of his workmanship and the beauty of his transparent enamelling are his great merits; his design is formal and mannered, and almost without the signs of lively fancy or original thought.

The gem of which we have spoken is a vase of hard Oriental chalcedony mounted in gold and enamel. These cups of agate and the kindred stones are not uncommon; in every mineralogical collection the specimens of these hard stones are as often as not in the form of vases and boxes. This one is cut unusually thin; and, as one looks through it at the light, a curious appearance makes itself visible as if the stone were cut in facets, an appearance which is due to the structure of the stone itself, for both outside and inside are smoothly rounded. This beautiful cup has a foot or base principally of white enamel, arranged in little leaves or shields, with a black pattern in each, very diminutive and the same in all the shields. The two handles are graceful in carve, enamelled in transparent green and red and in opaque white, little beads of the white being set upon sprays, like pearls. The whole is a wonder of accurate and skilful workmanship.

Correspondence.

ON THEORIES OF CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Critics generally claim, in one respect, the benefit of clergy—the right of stating their views dogmatically without permitting a reply. While it would not be expedient to allow every author, artist, or publisher whose works may be criticised in your journal to reply, I think that you will agree with me that an occasional exception, in the interest not of trade, but of ideas, should be made; and therefore I venture now to ask a portion of your space in which to state my objections to the theories of your critic, who (in No. 122) made two of my recent publications the text of an essay on chromo-lithography.

I do not complain of any severity of criticism, whenever or by whoever made, if it is honestly offered; but your critic, by his own avowals, cannot

criticise me justly, because his point of view and mine are not different only, but antagonistic. It follows, therefore, as Goethe has shown, that he cannot criticise my works at all, but only my theories. To do justice to an author or artist or any other worker, we must look at his productions not from our point of view, but from *his*. Ignoring my theories of chromo-lithography, your critic's ability therefore is entirely wasted as far as they bear on my publications.

First, for example, I reject the theory that the *chief use* of chromo-lithography should be to serve as artistic memoranda. That, certainly, is a *use* —an important use, if you please—to which they may be put; and, for that use, it is unnecessary to imitate oil paintings in detail, or to finish the picture with an artistic care. But I hold that the *chief* use of chromo-lithography is to cultivate the æsthetic taste of *the people*, to popularize art by scattering broadcast over the land highly finished copies of popular works of art. It seems to me that, if certain of our critic's theories are correct, the *copying* of works of art by the brush and pallet ought to be as "religiously avoided" as our attempts to reproduce them by the chromo-lithographic process.

What good reason can be given for confining the use of chromo-lithography to the professional needs of art-students? The members of the Arundel Society have an educated taste which it is entirely proper to gratify; but shall we therefore deny to the people at large—none of whom belong to the Arundel Society, none of whom admire imperfect drawings and bad paintings merely because they belong to a former age—the advantages which it is in our power to draw from this beautiful modern discovery? Why should their simple tastes—their desire, if we choose to term it so, for less artistic pictures—be either ignored or resisted? Why should we not employ the only known art by which pictures, in all the charms of color, can be cheaply reproduced, to gratify the natural craving of the people for such publications?

We assert and believe that every person, whatever may be his culture, is an admirer of pictures—preferring, because understanding, those only or those chiefly that appeal to his special sympathies. Color in a picture is always more satisfactory than the lack of it. Now, how has this want on the part of the people been hitherto met? Chiefly by the most inferior class of colored lithographs, and sometimes by chromos imported from England, Germany, and France. Now why should we be condemned, from the point of view of *a single* theory, for seeking to supply an existing demand, and one, albeit, neither dangerous nor obnoxious to the morals, the well-being, nor the taste of the community? Mr. James Parton, in a letter addressed to us, has admirably stated our own theory of our vocation in a few sentences, to which I desire to call the special attention of your critic:

"It has been a favorite dream with me for years, that the time would arrive when copies of paintings would be multiplied so cheaply and reduced so correctly as to enable the working-man to decorate his rooms with works equal in effect to the finest efforts of the brush. I could not see that there was any natural obstacle in the way of this which science could not overcome. The works which are issued by your house, which have often and long detained me at the picture-shop windows in Broadway, show me that my dream is coming true. I do not wonder at the enthusiasm with which you pursue your beautiful vocation. The business of this age is to make every honest person an equal sharer in the substantial blessings of civilization; and one of the many means by which this is to be effected is to make the products of civilization cheap. In prosecuting your business, therefore, you are aiding to bring about the essential equality of merit, opportunities, and circumstances."

This extract expresses the sentiments of nearly all the leading minds among art-lovers, reformers, and educators with whom we have come in contact. If their testimony is of any value on such a subject, surely it is corroborative of that universal desire for beautiful pictures on which and in which we found our vocation; surely it indicates that in our efforts to make the homes of the people still more attractive than they are we are deserving of cordial rather than half-hearted approval. Surely, at the least, it shows that our theory is entitled to some consideration.

We know—everybody knows—that pictures painted by good artists cannot supply the great demand for popular works of art. They are too few and too expensive. Thousands can buy our "Magdalena," for example, who could not afford to purchase the copy from which we made it; to which it is fully equal in the opinion of good judges who have examined both; and (this is the test point) which cost us nearly twenty times the price demanded for our chromo. But, even if our chromos are inferior to their originals (we need not here discuss that point, as it simply touches our skill and not our theories), still, are they not, or may they not be, more valuable and pleasing, both as ornaments and as educational agents, than the class of pictures that they have done so much to supplant and drive out of the market? Again, from our point of view and with our aim, I hold that the more closely we can approach the charms of an original oil painting by our art, the greater our skill and our merit—no matter whether we attain this result by mechanical or artistic methods.

The Arundel Society and its publications will never draw the millions to art and art education. Sir, anatomy is good, grammar is good, it is right and necessary to study skeletons—without special students of these things civilization would not advance; but what the people want and admire are not the dry bones or the syntax of art, but life pictures, full of the bloom and brilliancy of nature, to brighten their homes and make their own existence more pleasant. It is our aim to meet them on this ground.

One word concerning the different styles of chromo-lithography. The chromo publications of the Arundel Society represent a class of work, difficult indeed, but entirely mechanical. It needs no artist to execute it. Most of the plates—notably those made by Storch and Kramer, in Berlin, and by Schultz, in France—are excellent specimens of dry mechanical work; most of the others that I have seen are absolutely *bad*. The publications of German chromo-lithographers, in imitation of oil paintings, are, as a general thing, of the same character as the Arundel plates—hard, mechanical. The English publications of water-color chromos, chiefly executed in London, are sometimes wonderful in finish and display genuine feeling, and therefore require more artistic skill. The publications of the French, in imitation of oil paintings, are most mannered, cheaply made-up, sometimes highly finished; but, then, generally hard and dry. Our American chromos, in imitation of oil and water-color paintings, may not be as perfect yet as there is a possibility of making them; but we know, from wide and long experience, from a careful study of thousands of European specimens, that they are, on the *average*, superior to any yet produced in the Old World, and that our best specimens will favorably compare with the best publications of *any* country. Very respectfully, LOUIS PRANG.

BOSTON, November 6, 1867.

[Our correspondent is careful to "put himself upon record" by announcing his own theory of chromo-lithography. The use he finds for it—"to cultivate the æsthetic taste of the people and to popularize art"—may well be the *chief* use of any process or practice which can bring about such long-desired, long-deferred results. As to whether the further instruction of the few or the elementary instruction of the many is more important, the question is a hard one. Mr. Prang is mistaken; we have never assumed that the supplying of students with "memoranda" is a more important use of his process than the supply of low-priced pictures to the people at large. We hold, however, that chromo-lithography must advance far beyond the best work that we have seen of Prang & Co.'s producing before it be of much use in either way. Whatever good these "American Chromos" can do by interesting people whom other cheap pictures did not interest, they will do as much harm by accustoming people to ignoble and unhealthy forms of art. Mr. Prang, naturally, considers whether a picture will sell well as a published chromo—whether a large number of people will be found to like it. The critic of his works can only consider whether the picture is good originally, whether the chromo as published is well executed and pleasant in color. The question, How many people will like the "Magdalen"? is beside our purpose. The question whether they ought to like it, and the further and practical question whether it ought to be given them, are the questions in which we are interested.

Better chromoliths are produced in France, copies of ancient gems of art, copies of modern devotional pictures, food for the art-student and for the pious Roman Catholic, and produced at so low a rate that, cost and freight and duties paid, they can be sold here at half the price of the home manufacture. They don't amount to much as works of art—for real enjoyment of a work of art a good Cruikshank etching is worth an acre of them—but they have their worth; and if one who cares for religious art should buy of Mr. Kehoe for a few dollars the copy of Fra Angelico's "Coronation of the Virgin," and should hang it up on his wall, we, without thinking that he would have a great treasure, should sympathize with his regard for the print. But here is a picture which is wholly unartistic and singularly bad in color, and because it is christened "Correggio's Magdalen," because it contains large masses of bright colors and a youthful, semi-nude female, it will be bought by many persons who (as Mr. Prang truly says) have had nothing hitherto except inferior lithographs, black or tinted.

This picture, then, "fac-simile of an oil painting" and framed accordingly, will be given the post of honor in many a house. "Better than nothing?" Perhaps so, but very much worse than it ought to be, very much worse than one ought to get for the same money; or if the buyer chooses better, and takes the copy of Tait's chickens, instead of the "Magdalen," still he ought to know, and it is our business to tell him, how slight a thing it is. It may be well for him to have it, if he cannot have any better piece of fine art. But at least he ought not to suppose for a moment that he possesses anything at all like a truly artistic picture.

The confusion of ideas which assumes that "what the people want and admire" is the same thing as "what the people need and ought to admire," is strange to see. The dealer in pictures supplies what the public admire and will buy; but it is a bold assumption that he is thereby teaching them anything or "improving their taste." And it is a strange confusion of judgment which pronounces a good copy of a glowing and tender Fra Angelico or Giotto picture "dry bones," and assumes that these Boston chromos are "life pictures, full of the bloom and brilliancy of nature." But we do not ask it of Mr. Prang that his letters to the press or his advertisements should be critical, we ask of him only that his work should be continually more and more artistic.—Ed. Nation].

ORTHOPATHY AND HETEROPATHY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

In quite an elaborate and very well written article in The Nation for October 24, you take to task the allopathic school of doctors for their persistent determination to ignore the disciples of Hahnemann. Presuming, of course, that you lay no stress upon the exceptional case of Dr. Stone, who would forbid social relations as well, let us look for a moment at the real point made by the article referred to.

You admit frankly enough the necessity of organization, association—out of which grows a system of ethics—but claim that the rule which forbids the allopathist meeting in consultation the homœopathic practitioner suggests "a doubt whether the doctors rightly understand their own philosophical position." You assert that doctors are bound to protect the public against charlatans and cheats, but that homœopathic doctors do not come under these heads; "they are regularly trained for their calling." Suppose that this regular training starts from a point which, in the judgment of the old-school doctors, leads to imposture, and is, to the public which doctors are bound to protect, simply a cheat; suppose these doctors, in the exercise of their best judgment, believe that the facts out of which Hahnemann claims the growth of "similia similibus curantur" are themselves a cheat—as, for instance, that the millionth part of a grain of sulphur tells upon human organization for a hundred days, and that during these hundred days all the *symptoms felt* are due to the action of sulphur, and that whenever these symptoms are found in the sick-room the remedy is sulphur, for "similia similibus curantur." *This is* their system—this is their mode of arriving at the facts upon which the practice is based. You, as a representative man, a standard of health, swallow oyster-shells or opium or charcoal or sulphur, and, with an eye turned inward for ten or twenty or fifty days, note down in a book properly ruled and headed all the sensations you may experience during these days of trial, and thus secure in the fact that oyster-shells or opium produce certain symptoms in the well man, *you know*—"similia similibus curantur"—that oyster-shells or opium will remove these symptoms in the sick man. In order, however, to this removal, you must have your dose of opium homœopathically prepared, and you get that just as readily as you get at the fact of its action. To one grain of opium you add ninety-nine grains of sugar of milk, and triturate for a certain specified number of minutes, turning the mass over with a spatula a certain specified number of times; then of this mass you take out one grain (the one-hundredth part of a grain of opium) and add ninety-nine fresh grains of sugar of milk, triturate and manipulate as before, and one grain of this has the ten-thousandth part of a grain of opium—this is the 2d potency. Carry on this process till you have reached the 30th potency, and you have the ordinary dose of this country, the 30th dynamization being about as much as Americans can stand. They take it stronger on the other side of the water; even as potential as the two-thousandth "attenuation." If you do n't want an infinitesimal globule, but prefer a fluid, the process is precisely the same—one drop to ninety-nine of alcohol, and one drop of this to ninety-nine fresh drops (you have the ten-thousandth part of a drop already). You may make it a great deal stronger by adding a great deal more alcohol; for a principle of the system is "the greater the dilution, the greater the strength."

Now, without attempting to controvert their foundation principle, "similia similibus curantur," may not those who are "bound to protect the public" insist upon the utter absurdity, demonstrable absurdity, of this mode of arriving at facts, and this *hocus-pocus* manipulatory mode of preparing globules and tinctures?—for any practice of homœopathy without these infinitesimals is a fraud, a sailing under false colors. It is the play of "Hamlet" with *Hamlet* left out. Take their own books from Hahnemann down, passing no judgment upon their philosophy, and looking only at their claimed facts and their *materia medica*, and tell your readers whether the world's common sense does not revolt at the possibility of professional consultation between a practitioner of the old school and a follower of such teaching as this, and tell them whether these old-school men do not show some right understanding of their position as guardians of the public when they repudiate all such tampering with human credulity.

Your statement that the allopathists justify their opposition to this professional intercourse by assuming that those who practise such an absurd and false system are either knaves or fools, is rather startling coming from one who knows so well how to use words with meaning in them. I think the course of The Nation for two years past justifies me in saying that you lean a little toward Radicalism in politics—so do I; not that you are *very* radical, but conservatively radical—so am I. From the reading of some other papers you and I have both learned that a good many of your neighbors and a great many of mine drift strongly in an opposite direction. We think their teachings are false—very false. They think ours false—very false. Of course there can be no political affinity, association, consultation, or whatever else save antagonism between such elements; but are we all knaves or fools? You and I are bound to "protect the public," so far as in us lies, against the teachings of those who differ from us as the nadir from the zenith; but they are not fools, nor do they so regard us.

You say the "smallness of the homœopathic doses may seem absurd, but this cannot be proven." That may be so. But if the trituration and spatulation of a grain of sulphur with successive additions of sugar of milk till you have reached the millionth part of a grain, and then claiming for this an influence upon human organization for a hundred days, is not "absurd," the world's common sense and all science hitherto has been wonderfully befooled. It strikes that common sense and that hitherto science as being a little "absurd," also, to claim that these infinitesimals have power to remove morbid action when they have no recognized effect upon any healthy stomach taken either by the globule or the bottleful; and then to get rid of this absurdity by claiming that they act only upon morbid conditions, diseased parts, while all the facts of their action are derived from standards of health, looks more like another absurdity than a rational explanation.

The upshot of your view of the whole matter is, that there is a very unimportant difference of opinion between two sets of men pursuing the same vocation, the one believing in the necessity of large doses, the other in small doses—in either case the object being *to cure*, and the public caring not one whit whether the dose which does it is large or small. Now, to the public I confess this view of the matter is very plausible, and lies palpably *on the surface*. But the old school of doctors claim that while the homœopathist is professing to cure, he is doing absolutely nothing, is in fact playing the charlatan—educated charlatan he may be, but still the charlatan—giving minute directions about the taking of minute particles of charcoal, modifying in no possible degree the morbid state with which he professes to deal. But you say the patient gets well—so he does; and this brings us to the standpoint from which we may fairly look at the *successes* of homœopathy.

The fact, which is growing more and more rapidly upon the profession all over the world, that *disease has a history*, goes far toward an explanation of the recoveries under every conceivable form of medication. In the hands of the most enlightened medical men of the day much disease is conducted to a favorable termination without an atom of physic; but then the enlightened medical men *do n't pretend to give physic*, allopathic or homœopathic—indeed, stoutly deny that you need physic, only need to be cured—that is, taken care of—and frankly tell you that nature is doing for you infinitely more and better than they can do.

What possible community of thought can exist between two men who start off in such opposite directions: the one recognizing a history in disease and trusting largely to "vis medicatrix naturæ"—*taking care* of his patient and thus *curing* him; the other claiming to war with almost unerring certainty against a tangible malady, and feeding his patient upon thin air and a

drop of water? Let your medication be much or little, but do n't delude your patient, do n't deceive "the public you are bound to protect," and do n't play falsely with your own soul. S.

LOUISVILLE, Ky.

[We do not profess to be able to decide whether allopathy or homœopathy is the right system; all we know is that scientifically there is as much to be said for one as for the other. The description "S." gives of the way in which homœopathic doses are prepared seems funny to us; but it does not seem "absurd," from a scientific point of view, to suppose that such doses affect the human frame, either in health or disease, because we do not *know* anything accurately about the effects of any dose on the human frame. "S." may give the most "sensible" dose in the world, and yet will be entirely unable to say what the result will be. "Common sense" is no guide in such matters, as everybody knows who has the slightest knowledge of the history of science. "Common sense" said for a long time that the sun moved round the earth; but common sense was wrong. Therefore, we say allopathic doctors may *not* insist on "the demonstrable absurdity" of the homœopathic practice, for the simple reason that they cannot "demonstrate" it; and it is because we find that they sometimes labor under the delusion that they can, that we have expressed the doubt whether they understand their own scientific position. Nor is the reproach that they practise on a theory, or, in other words, *à priori*, one which allopathic doctors can fairly cast at the homœopathists, for the simple reason that they themselves do the same thing, and have always done it; and some of their theories have been, as the world now believes, as absurd as could be desired by their worst enemies. Take, for instance, the celebrated medical "Doctrine of Signatures," which maintained that a substance possessing medicinal value had some outward mark indicating the disease for which it was a remedy. Under this system the lungs of a fox were good for asthma, because a fox is long-winded; turmeric was good for jaundice, because it is yellow; the bloodstone was good for bleeding at the nose; and so on through scores of substances. One school of regular practitioners at one time ascribed the operation of mercury and iron in the human system to their specific gravity. Moreover, there is, we presume, no doctor at the present day who does not practise on a theory which has not a particle of scientific basis. One stimulates highly, because he thinks diseases in our day are of the "low" type; others never give any alcohol, because they think alcohol poisonous. As to which is right we are certainly incompetent to decide or even offer an opinion. All we say is, that gentlemen in this position must not ask us to believe that homœopaths are quacks because their doses seem absurd. Of course, we would not expect a doctor who did not believe in homœopathy to consult with one who did; but we do maintain that if any doctor thinks he can get light thrown on one of his cases by taking counsel with a homœopathist, science as well as humanity demands that his brother doctors shall not interfere with him. "S." accounts for the success of the homœopathists by the growing recognition of the fact that "diseases have a history." This may have much to do with it; but we confess we think people's growing indifference to the mode of their cure, provided they get well, has more; and this indifference we ascribe to the growing disbelief in the existence of a science of medicine. The public feeling in the matter is, in fact, well expressed by Lisette in Molière's "Amour Médicin." She tells M. Tomès, the doctor, that the coachman is dead. "Impossible," says M. Tomès; "a fact," says she; "he can't be dead," says he; "he is, and buried too," says she; "you 're mistaken," says he; "I have seen him," says she; "impossible," says he; "Hippocrates declares that these diseases do not terminate till the fourteenth or twenty-first day, and it is only six days since the coachman fell sick;" "Hippocrates may say what he pleases," replies Lisette, "the coachman is dead."—ED. NATION.]

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The Week.

THE President's message opens with the usual statement of general truths, of which the following is a delicious specimen: "Political science, perhaps as highly perfected in our own time and country as in any other, has not yet disclosed any means by which civil war can be absolutely prevented." We are bound to say, however, that there are fewer of these platitudes in this message than usual. As he goes on, Mr. Johnson gets more sensible, and in many places his style is so good as to make us strongly suspect the intervention of Mr. Stanbery. He lays down once more the doctrine that the rebel States have never been out of the Union and are still in it, and must accordingly be governed under, and in strict accordance with, the Constitution. He once more also pronounces the reconstruction legislation of Congress unconstitutional and inexpedient, and demands its repeal. He paints in glowing colors the horrors actual and possible of negro suffrage, and shows, we believe for the tenth time, the impropriety of admitting the negro to the suffrage at once, when the foreigner is forced to undergo a probation of five years, but again fails to mention the very important fact that while there is no disposition on the part of any body of voters to vex or oppress foreigners or deny them justice, there is on the part of the whole Southern population a strong disposition to deny the negroes all rights whatever, except that of life, and on the part of a considerable portion of it a strong disposition to reduce them to serfdom. Mr. Johnson also expresses his willingness to join in any constitutional measure for the negro's elevation, but as he has repeatedly denied that there is any constitutional way for either Congress or him to do anything for them whatever, this declaration is valuable solely as an indication of the goodness of his heart. The expense of reconstruction on the Congressional plan, inasmuch as it will cost $200,000,000 annually "to uphold the supremacy of the negro governments," he thinks a strong objection to it. The late elections he pronounces a popular condemnation of this policy, and he declares that although under certain circumstances it might be the duty of the Executive to resist Congressional legislation by force, he has not in the present case thought proper to resort to this course, inasmuch as, the people "still holding the sacred right of the ballot," it was safe to believe that in due course "they would come to the rescue of their own institutions." He protests strongly against the Tenure of Office Act, partly on the ground that it deprives him of his power of dismissing subordinates for incompetency or misconduct, and partly on the ground that while converting him into simply a prosecutor of bad functionaries, it provides no impartial and non-political tribunal before which to carry his complaints. On the subject of the finances the message is both forcible and clear. It pleads strongly for a return to specie payments, and denounces paper currency in J. S. Mill's language as "the most effectual of all contrivances for cheating the laboring classes." On this point Mr Johnson is sound as a bell; and if he will use his veto liberally in support of his views, we shall be disposed to pardon him many of his past sins. He draws attention to the shocking frauds on the revenue and the necessity of a thorough reform of the whole system, and, we suppose facetiously, ascribes some of the tendency to repudiation which he witnesses and deplores to the disregard of the Congressional majority for its constitutional obligations.

The message, though it would be very bad indeed from any one else, is, on the whole, we think, the best statement of his peculiar opinions Mr. Johnson has put forth—in tone and temper, by far the best; and we have no hesitation in saying that had he adhered to this mode of putting his opinions on record from the beginning, and, while arguing against negro suffrage, had given the smallest indication of a desire to do anything for the negroes except leave them in the power of their old masters, he would have not only served himself, but have made the position of the Republican party very much more difficult than it has been during the last two years.

There is nothing very striking in the Departmental reports. The army, strange to say, considering that half this immense continent is, as we are so often assured, and by none more earnestly than Mr. Johnson, subjected to an "atrocious despotism," numbers—all told—56,000 men! There's a grinding tyranny for you! Let the European oligarchs see and take heart. The number of pensioners on the list is only 155,000, an extraordinary fact, in view of the number of casualties occurring in the war. The revenue of the Post-Office has considerably increased. We wish the same thing could be said of its efficiency. It is at present one of the national disgraces, and will continue to be so until the civil service is reformed. We are at peace with all mankind, though Brazil and Paraguay have refused to accept us as mediators. Hayti and St. Domingo feel kindly towards us, and so does Mexico. We have bought St. Thomas for a West Indian naval station, and the treaty waits confirmation. Aliaska is already in our hands, awaiting civil government, which, owing to the absence of white population, we believe it gets on reasonably well without. The Indians, not being used to the *habeas corpus*, do not miss it. The views of foreign nations as to the effect of the United States naturalization laws are unsatisfactory. Prussia is being steadily pressed for a settlement of this question, and the law on the subject as laid down by the English judges in the late Fenian trials embarrasses Mr. Johnson considerably, as it was supported by copious citations from Chancellor Kent and other American authorities. He accordingly calls on Congress for an authoritative statement of the national will in this matter. Such a statement is no doubt highly desirable, but it ought to be drawn up with care, and *not*, we respectfully submit, by the Hon. N. P. Banks. It should be remembered that with the laxity and fraud which attend

naturalization in several places—New York, for instance—we might, if we acted under the guidance of such lights as Messrs. Banks, Chandler, and Robinson, find ourselves called on a dozen times a year to wage war for the deliverance of scamps who have never passed more than one week on American soil, and that in a New York grog-shop.

The returns of the North Carolina election, held on the 19th of November, have come in slowly; and it is only within the last few days that the full extent of the Republican victory has been known. The majority for Republican candidates for the convention is about 50,000, and the majority in favor of a convention fully 70,000. The total vote is about 130,000, of which from 70,000 to 75,000 votes were given by white men. The white Republican voters must have numbered fully 35,000. In the centre of the State, one-third of the whites seem to have voted the Republican ticket, and in the western part, or mountain district, nearly two-thirds of them have done so. The registration showed 103,000 white and only 71,500 colored voters. The result of the election, under these circumstances, is peculiarly gratifying, as it demonstrates that the co-operation of loyal white men may be secured in the work of reconstruction, where they are liberally treated. The permanence of the work in North Carolina is assured by the harmony of the two races. We wish that a like result had been possible in Virginia.

The impeachers brought in their report last week just as we went to press. The argument was written by the celebrated Mr. Williams. We have discussed it elsewhere. Nothing new appears in the evidence. There is not one word about any of the weightier charges made against Mr. Johnson, and the whole document is exceedingly discreditable to everybody concerned. It ought to consign certain politicians to obscurity. General Butler has abandoned the assassination charge apparently, and is now working hard to get people to pay the bondholders in currency without regard to the representations of the Government agents. A more pleasing and creditable task for the afternoon of one's life it would be hard to imagine. In the presence of all this, we may ask once more, what is so valuable in a politician as character?

There has not been much light thrown on the financial future since last week. Speaker Colfax has done all he can to favor the inflationists by his selection of the committees of the House. He has put General Schenck in the chairmanship of the Committee of Ways and Means, probably to the great surprise of the general himself, as it is, we believe, somewhat questionable whether he does not, on the whole, stand higher as a Sanskrit scholar than as a political economist. The Eastern members are apparently determined, despite General Butler's babblings, to make a hard fight for specie, Mr. Morrill leading off in a bill intended to compel the Government to redeem in gold all legal-tender notes presented for this purpose at the United States Treasury, and the National banks to redeem in coin also all their notes of the denomination of $5 or under by July 4, 1869, and all over $5 in coin or United States notes. The great fight will probably occur, however, over the attempt to put a stop to the contraction of the currency. The repudiationists are undoubtedly strong, as they have at their backs every unprincipled man in the country, and everybody with principle who finds his needs too strong for his conscience, to say nothing of those who do not know enough to have any conscience in the matter. The buffoonery of the session thus far has been done by Messrs. Chandler and Robinson. Mr. Chandler wants to have the Emperor Theodorus of Abyssinia grant letters of marque against the British, and to have the United States treat his cruisers as the British treated those of the Confederacy. The howls of the enraged aristocracy over this bill have not as yet been heard, but cannot be long in reaching us. Mr. Robinson continues to clamor for impeachment, and has added to his list of criminals our consul in Dublin, whom he accuses of indifference to the woes of the convicted Fenians. The House has, however, apparently not been much amused by all this, as the joke is getting rather stale.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Churchill, of the Judiciary Committee, is properly grateful to Mr. Wilson for what that gentleman said when he "rose to a personal explanation" the other day. He undertook to defend his fellow-committeeman against charges brought against him by *The National Intelligencer*, which watcher on the tower is apt to talk Southron and to talk it too freely. Mr. Churchill, Mr. Wilson thought, was "not a Judas in the body of the committee;" nor "mercenary;" nor "an importunate beggar for place and patronage at the footstool of Executive power;" and with a kindness which we wonder did not lead to "a personal difficulty" on the spot, he added that "however much Mr. Churchill may have erred in judgment, it should not be charged to improper motives or to mercenary considerations." This is a feat of generosity on Mr. Wilson's part; Mr. Churchill does not agree with him in regard to impeachment. It is all the more deserving of praise, because Mr. Wilson evidently is somewhat angry with Mr. Churchill for his change of opinion.

From the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, it appears that the revenue for the fiscal year ending on the 30th of June, 1867, was, from gold customs, $176,000,000; from direct internal taxes, $270,000,000; from miscellaneous receipts, $44,000,000. The total income, then, was $490,000,000. The public debt at the date of the present report is $2,491,504,450.

The Mayoral election in this city has had, as far as the Republicans are concerned, a ludicrous termination—*The Tribune* being, as usual on this class of subjects, very unfortunate in its prophecies. Mr. Darling, the Republican candidate, instead of being elected, got about 7,000 less than the usual Republican vote, and Hoffman, the special object of the *Tribune's* animosity, has been elected by a majority of 40,000. This is a fair sample of the way in which the present managers "help" the Republican party by their tactics. Of course the covert support given by them to Wood disgusted thousands of decent Republicans. If somebody does not interfere, these gentlemen will see the party, in these regions at all events, melt like snow in their hands. They are too "shrewd" by half for so simple a community as this is.

The Special Commissioner of the Revenue, Hon. David A. Wells, has printed in advance of the publication of his annual report so much of that document as relates to the tax of two and a half cents a pound now levied on raw cotton. He recalls the fact that for the twelve months preceding the passage of the act of July, 1866, the average price of "middling cotton" had been more than forty cents a pound, and for the twelve months next following July, 1866, was in excess of twenty-five cents, at which prices the tax in question was not so burdensome as the taxes imposed on many other forms of domestic industry. Next he shows that under the stimulus administered by the high prices of our war times the world is now producing more cotton than it can consume at present prices; that the supply from India is greater in quantity and much better in quality than ever before; that new machinery has very recently been invented by the use of which the formerly nearly useless cotton of the East has, to some extent, entered into competition with our own; that, cheap as labor is in India, our tax of two and a half cents a pound is equivalent to a premium of fifty per cent. on the cost of raising cotton in that country; and finally he reaches these conclusions: 1st, that cotton-growing in the Southern States, if untaxed, can be conducted profitably and successfully as against all competition elsewhere; 2d, that if there is put on cotton a tax large enough to make it worth while to collect it, cotton-growing will stop; 3d, that as cotton-growing is familiar to our people and is the sort of labor to which the great body of the Southern laboring population can best turn their hands, and, furthermore, as cotton is our chief export and the most important as adjusting balances of trade and exchanges, it is

therefore advisable that Congress should, as soon as possible, take off the tax.

Mr. Greeley was nominated for the Austrian mission and confirmed last week, whether through malevolence or as a joke, we are unable to say. Somebody at Washington seems determined if possible to make him figure in court circles. He has since been so pestered with applications for the secretaryship of legation that he has had to publish a card announcing that he will not accept the appointment, and requesting would-be secretaries to refrain from troubling him. We recommend him, as the best means of abating the nuisance, to publish the names of the applicants as they come in. We have already expressed our opinions as to Mr. Greeley's fitness for the post of ambassador at the Austrian court, so that we need hardly repeat them. The gist of them was, that, as a high diplomatic functionary in a punctilious and aristocratic capital, Mr. Greeley would prove a failure. Moreover, he is just now badly needed at home. His views on the currency are sound and, above all, honest, and he maintains them with great force and courage; and in the repudiators he finds, for the first time, proper objects for certain weapons in his armory, of which we shall only say, that on ordinary occasions we wish he would not use them.

We hope that those Congressmen who have endeavored to free the country from inter-State railroad monopolies will not overlook the recent remarkable decision of the New Jersey Court of Errors and Appeals, of course in favor of the Camden and Amboy Company. A railroad which, by forming a connection with another road, was able to carry through-passengers and freight from New York and Philadelphia, is subjected to an injunction not till January 1, 1869—when the monopoly expires—but perpetually; and for any continuance of the "interference," it is declared to be the duty of the Court of Chancery to cause from a quarter to a half of the track of the Raritan and Delaware Company to be taken up, so as to render connection impossible. The extravagance of this decision will not be regretted by those who wish the anti-monopoly cause to be made clearer and stronger than it is. We shall only add that the competition now denounced affects the carriage of freight rather than of passengers, owing to the length of the offending route; and that the blow aimed at it by the Court of Errors falls far more heavily on the people of New Jersey than it does on "foreign" merchants North and South. The district through which the Raritan road is laid may be described as an oasis at each end and a wilderness in the middle. This wilderness, offering peculiar attractions for certain kinds of cultivation and for various manufactures, and being bound by the same rails to vast deposits of marl, has all the elements of regeneration in itself or close at hand. No one who has travelled over the road at the interval of a year, or even of a few months, can fail to have marked the growth and improvement of the country—due to its accessibility to two great markets instead of one, and promising to add materially to the wealth and populousness of the State. To check this progress is absurd and ought to be impossible, and if Maryland can ask to be protected in a republican form of government, how much more has New Jersey a right to petition for the same boon at the hands of the Government!

Mr. Thurlow Weed will soon, we suppose, call a mass-meeting of all patriotic citizens of this city who desire to see General Grant nominated for the Presidency. For the first evening for which it is not already taken, he has engaged the Cooper Institute, with a view of holding such a meeting. Certain gentlemen of this city, however, for reasons known to themselves, last week bought of a man who held it the right to use the Institute last night, and General Grant gets his New York nomination not from Mr. Weed and his friends, but from A. T. Stewart, William B. Astor, Moses Taylor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Hamilton Fish, Moses H. Grinnell, Robert L. Stuart, William T. Blodgett, Le Grand B. Cannon, B. W. Bonney, and many others like them.

The Roman question still continues *the* question, *par excellence*, of European politics, on which everything else turns. The revelations of the last mail make the situation very much clearer than it was when we last wrote. There appears to be no doubt that Garibaldi entered the Papal territory with the connivance of the Italian Government, which counted on French non-interference, or else had worked its courage up to the point of not caring for French interference, justifying itself by the theory that the formation of the "Antibes Legion," as it is called, was a violation on the part of France of the September Convention. This legion, which in reality turned the tide against Garibaldi at Mentana, is composed of soldiers and officers in the French army, who have received leave of absence for the special purpose of defending the Pope, while retaining their places and their right to promotion in their own service. Moreover, the legion was formally reminded last summer by a despatch from the Minister of War that it was in reality still under the French flag, and it was this which in reality kindled the Garibaldian flame, as it was an impudent avowal that France had withdrawn from Rome only in name. At Mentana the legion went out, armed with Chassepots, and covered the flanks of the Pontifical troops while the latter attacked the Garibaldians in front. The latter, however, in spite of the horrible slaughter wrought in their ranks by the French rifles, held their ground firmly till nightfall, then withdrew in good order, leaving a garrison behind at Monte Rotondo on their way, which only withdrew on the appearance of the French on the following day. The evacuation of the Pontifical territory by the Italian troops in advance of the French retirement seems to have deeply mortified the Italian army, and forced the Government to order a former official denial of the report that the retreat had been due to French pressure and dictation to be read at the head of every division. The excitement in Italy is intense, and the apparent succumbing of the King's government to France has undoubtedly shaken his throne seriously, and strengthened the republicans. Louis Napoleon has contrived to incur as the result of his management the undying hatred of all classes of Italians, thus throwing the kingdom more than ever into the arms of Prussia. The prospects of the Conference are still doubtful. Nobody wants to attend it till he sees what it is going to discuss or settle. The language of the Catholic journals with reference to the slaughter of the unfortunate young men who were serving under Garibaldi has been ferocious and brutal to the last degree, and worthier of the tenth than of the nineteenth century. One has only to read it to feel in one's bones, that unless the tide of civilization can be rolled back, the Pope must come down off his now bloody throne, and that before long. The Chassepot rifles cannot save the temporal power after human nature has risen against it.

The other European question of interest, though of very inferior interest, is the Fenian question. The obsequies of the three Fenians who were hanged at Manchester have been celebrated with great pomp by the Irish in various parts of the country—the funerals being made at once a testimony of respect to the victims and a political demonstration. There can be little doubt that this kind of agitation, though it contributes no more to the liberation of Ireland from the English connection than it contributes to the detachment of Alsace from the French, does, to the disgrace of the English Liberals, a good deal towards securing for Irish grievances both a kind and amount of attention such as they have never received before. There is something almost revolting in the reflection that it should have taken such an affair as the Fenian outbreak to cause the issue of a Commission to look into the expediency of keeping up the Irish Church establishment. But we ought to say, at the same time, that there is no nation in the world, any more than the English, on whom the kind of agitators which the Irish malcontents put forward as their representatives would make much impression. No men with a particle of self-respect, to say nothing of intellectual pride, like to be won over, or even seem to be won over, by "blatherskite," and the Irish Catholics have not succeeded in furnishing much else. The fault of the English Liberals has been, therefore, not that they did not surrender to Irish speeches, but that they did not act on the hard facts which have been before their eyes night and day for fifty years, and on which they were bound to act, for the sake of the empire at least, if neither Repealer nor Fenian had ever lifted up his voice.

Notes.

LITERARY.

We have not previously announced two books from Roberts Brothers, of Boston, which were yesterday issued as presentation books—"My Prisons," by Silvio Pellico, with an introductory notice by Mr. Epes Sargent, and Shefer's "Layman's Breviary," translated by Mr. C. T. Brooks.——D. Appleton & Co. have nearly ready a work that will command a large sale, and which ought to be more worthy of a large sale than most popular lives of military heroes—a "Military History of Ulysses S. Grant," by Colonel Badeau, a pleasing writer, who has had excellent opportunities for making a valuable book.——T. B. Peterson & Bros. announce for immediate publication "The Widow's Son," by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth.——Charles Scribner & Co. have prepared a holiday edition, freely illustrated, of Mrs. E. F. Ellet's "Queens of American Society."——Messrs. Hurd & Houghton will publish a volume of the collected letters of Mr. H. P. Arnold, who for ten years has been the special correspondent of the Boston *Post*, and has written from Italy, France, and England a great many letters. His correspondence has been very good of its kind, indeed, there has hardly been any cleverer, and we can imagine a volume of selections from it that would be agreeable reading.

—There was a somewhat remarkable auction sale of books at the store of Thomas & Sons, in Philadelphia, on the 19th and 20th of November. The private library which was sold was very rich in two or three departments; thus from No. 636 of the catalogue to No. 724 inclusive, all the lots are editions of Horace, except about a dozen of the books which are commentaries upon his works; Junius literature was also a specialty, and from No. 783 to No. 822 were books relating to that *nominis umbra*. Besides these special collections, the library was rich in Aldine books, contained some splendid Elzevirs and many curiosities which are not to be roughly classified, and offered one of the most interesting exhibitions of fine and varied bindings ever shown in an auction room in this country. So far as we observed, there were no pieces of binding of the very highest perfection or greatest rarity, but the average merit was very high. The prices obtained were not generally very high. The Junius books were all or nearly all bought up by one collector, but the others were scattered. George P. Philes & Co., of 172 Fulton Street, bought largely, both for themselves and for others, and their purchases are visible at their store. There are the Aldine Cicero, in ten volumes, dating from 1554 to 1569, all bound alike in blue morocco; the Elzevir Cicero, also in ten volumes, dated 1642; the wonderful Horace without an error, whether of editorship or of typographical execution; the first Horace printed in Paris, in almost quaint and beautiful Gothic letter, not at all like the English "black-letter," but nearly like manuscript, which it was probably intended to imitate. This was an unusually interesting sale, and the catalogue is worth preserving.

—Archbishop Purcell, and the Rev. Thomas Vickers, minister of the First Congregational Society of Cincinnati, have been conducting a long controversy through the press of that city, Mr. Vickers having the freedom of *The Gazette*. The question was of the relation of the Catholic Church to freedom of thought and speech, and the archbishop, in the common endeavor to justify a religious creed or code by the liberality of an individual communicant, gave utterance to sentiments which, as we showed a few weeks since, were quite exposed to the latest anathemas of the Pope. Mr. Vickers has, however, attacked the scholarship and even the polemical fairness of his opponent, and has shown what must be called an easy superiority in knowledge of church history and literature, making good every statement which the archbishop had impugned, and preserving his own temper against contagion. The debate has excited a lively local interest, and Mr. Vickers, who is a young man, fresh from Heidelberg, has received several threatening letters from the archbishop's flock. It is curious to see a Romish prelate descending to dispute with a heretic through the newspapers, and striving to make the Catholicism of the past forgotten or unintelligible. It is a sign, perhaps, of the transformation of the Church upon this continent, which is likely to be still more pronounced when Rome becomes the capital of Italy, and the headquarters of Papacy only by courtesy. Anticipating this change, Mr. John W. Hamersley, of this city, has translated and published privately, at his own expense, "four letters showing the relations of faith to sense," from the French of Jaques Abbadie, Dean of Killaloo (1654–1724). The book is entitled "Chemical Change in the Eucharist," and the translator professes to have done it into English for the conversion of Catholic laics and all others who believe in the "oral manducation of the Lord's body," and generally in the monstrous doctrines and cruel practices of the Church of Rome. We should have supposed that these objects might have been better accomplished by a little less fervor in the preface, and by open sale of the book, which is most elegantly printed in antique type and style, conformably to the time of the original writing. Mr. Hamersley has also, apparently, adopted in his translation the theory of the late M. de Barante, that the style and tone of history should be those of writers contemporaneous with the events described; at any rate, we notice a few archaisms which would hardly be retained in a popular edition.

—In Mr. J. B. Waring's ponderous illustrated work on the London Exhibition of 1862 it is stated that cloth binding for books was first introduced in 1835, that William Pickering was the first bookseller to use it, and that a set of Byron was the first book for which it was used. The third statement would seem doubtful, if the others were true, for Mr. Murray has always tightly held the copyright of Byron's works, and Mr. Pickering would hardly have considered cloth binding—even as a novelty—solid enough or elegant enough to dress another publisher's books in for sale. But indeed the whole sentence seems to be inaccurate. Haydon's "Dictionary of Dates" puts the introduction of cloth binding earlier, and states that it "superseded the common boards generally, about 1831." We have a copy of Hood's "Comic Annual" for that year, which is evidently in its original cover, and that cover is smooth muslin, very like the "vellum cloth" that was so fashionable a year or two ago. There are other books we might mention bound in cloth as early as the above-named; but we find also a Pickering book of 1828, Brown's "Life of Leonardo da Vinci," which is bound in the dark cloth and with the white label that we associate with Pickering, and although this may have lain a year or two in sheets before it was made up, that does not seem most probable. The date of the first cloth-bound volume we do not find to be satisfactorily established. The Pickering books, however, with their label of white paper upon which the title and often the price were printed in black—all in imitation of the board-covered books, which were usually lettered in the same way—were undoubtedly the first important undertaking in the way of cloth binding. It is curious to see the fashion coming in again of the white paper label. For twenty years or so it has been the fashion to stamp and letter in gold right upon the surface of the cloth; and now that the stamps get to be more and more elaborate, and, we are bound to say, more and more often well designed, the old and most simple style is revived for the best and most permanently valuable books. The French, for their part, avoid it almost altogether, and very seldom bind anything in cloth more important than a Mother Goose or a primer; their books come stitched in paper covers, to be bound at the buyer's pleasure. That is certainly the best way for good books—books really worth buying. But cloth binding is the democratic fashion, and democracy must also have its leaves cut by the binder, and then the cloth-bound volume can hardly be bound again, and in three years is a shabby wreck. The compromise between popular cheapness and bookish thoroughness ought to be found in cloth binding and uncut leaves.

—Mr. Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature in University College, London, an author at once versatile and thorough, writer of charming fairy tales and of searching discussion of the history of literature, has published a second stout octavo of his "English Writers." The first volume appeared in 1864, and treated of the writers before Chaucer, bringing us into the presence of that great poet, and leaving the history of British thought at one of its most interesting periods. Now comes Vol. II., Part I., the writers from Chaucer to Dunbar. There are 462 pages of this, and it is announced that the first volume, 784 pages thick, is republished in two parts, each with an index. The completed work is planned to be in three volumes, of which the second, now partly published, will describe "the whole period of Italian influence." The work promises to grow in interest and in merit as it goes on. It has already done for early English literature what has not been done before—made it accessible to readers who cannot carry on extensive and continued researches for themselves.

—A new printing club, to be called the "Roxburghe Library," and whose publications also will be called the "Roxburghe Library," is in process of organization in England. The books, some of them, are to be these: Caxton's folio edition of the "Life of Charlemagne" is to be reprinted from the only copy known. The "Complete Works of William Browne," the author of "Britannia's Pastorals"—which have never before been collected—is the second book on the society's list. Also now for the first time collected are the "Complete Works of George Gascoigne," which will be issued in two volumes. These make No. 3. No. 4 is "Narratives in Prose and Verse of Early Murders in various parts of England during the Reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, reprinted from black-letter copies, most of which are unique." No. 5 is a "Petite Pallace of Pettie his Pleasure." No

9 is "A Collection of Unique Early Jest-Books," 1604–38. No. 12 is "Ballads—Historical, Lyrical, Pastoral," reprinted from original black-letter copies of a date not later than 1625, but chiefly anterior to 1600. Two volumes a year the society will issue, and more than that if possible, and the subscription is two guineas or five. For the smaller sum one gets the books in foolscap quarto volumes, bound in the Roxburghe style, of which one hundred and seventy copies will be printed, and for a five-guinea subscription he gets them in demy quarto. The books are in no case to be for sale, but will be issued to subscribers only. They will therefore always be worth in the market much more than one gives for them, and it will be a not unprofitable investment of money to put it into these publications—a consideration which we hope may induce some of our rich book-buyers to become subscribers.

—To the small band of scholars in this country who are both interested in the literature of oldest Persia and of the religion of Zoroaster, and capable of applying to first sources for information respecting it, a "Zend-Pahlavî Glossary," lately published in Bombay, will be of value. Its editors are a high priest of the Parsis, Hoshengji Jamaspji, and the well-known Anglo-German scholar, Dr. Martin Haug. Their introductions and comments bring us, along with much abuse of German authorities like Spiegel and Justi, much valuable matter, and some views which may be styled "important if true"—as, for instance, that the Pahlavî or Huzvaresh tongue, generally regarded as post-Christian, comes from more than seven centuries before Christ, and is as good as identical with the Assyrian of that period. The grounds upon which this view is based are palpably insufficient to sustain it, and we shall doubtless have to hold our minds in abeyance for some time longer in reference to the period and character of this strange dialect. Dr. Haug's opinions are always very positively, even pugnaciously, put forward, but they are often hastily adopted, and readily abandoned. His works need much cautious sifting and thorough and intelligent criticism, but that they are full of important matter no one will question. According to him, by far the most extensive Pahlavî work in existence is the "Dinkart," a book which has hardly begun to be talked about, or even referred to, in Europe. Unfortunately, he says that only one complete copy of it is known to be in existence, and that in the hands of a Parsi priest who will not allow it to be copied; he himself possesses only fragments of it. A more generally useful work in the same general department is the "Decem Zendavestæ Excerpta" of Professor Kossowicz, of St. Petersburg, a Zend reading-book, with Latin translation and notes. It was published in Paris in 1855, but is still, we believe, almost unknown here.

—It might well be the ambition of every young publisher—in his capacity of business man merely—to get hold of some one or two popular school-books, the demand for such works being both large and steady. This is true of school-books in this country even, where a story is told of a parent who, just before nine o'clock one morning, bought his boy the latest arithmetic and begged him to run to the school-house and get there before the committee made another change of text-books. In more conservative England the case is better. Though, too, it is to be remembered that the demand among us for school-books of all kinds, if it is more liable to shift from one book to a newer one, is, on the other hand, larger for while it lasts than in England. The following figures bearing on the question we copy from *The Pall Mall Gazette:* At Mr. Murray's annual trade sale which took place last month in London, of the books not designed for the use of schools, the one most largely purchased was Dean Stanley's "Memorials of Westminster," 1,800 copies being sold. Other such books were disposed of in quantities quite small. But the school-books went off in numbers such as these: Doctor Smith's "Classical Dictionary," 8,000 copies; the same author's "Students' Histories," 7,500 copies; "Mrs. Markham's" (Mrs. Penrose's) histories, 9,300; yet "Mrs. Markham" died thirty-five years ago, and her books have not much positive merit. But they have possession of the schools, and one can see that the total sales of them must be something enormous, and the annual profits to the publishers a very pretty sum.

—To the posthumous publications of the late Victor Jacquemont (*Correspondance*, Paris, 1834; *Voyage dans l'Inde pendant les années* 1828 *à* 1832) have just been added, in two volumes, his *Lettres inédites*. As a traveller, Jacquemont had visited North America and Hayti, and finally India and the Himalayas, dying at Bombay in consequence of exposure in one of his excursions. Botany was the pursuit which had led him so far from France, and Alfred de Bréhat said of him: "I don't know how he was organized, but I did not find in India a blade of grass that he had not studied." But he was also a fine and rare observer of other things—men, manners, landscapes. The works already cited have seldom been equalled in originality and interest. His letters relating to America are compared for social value to those of Arthur Young. In one, probably written in India, he refers to Dr. Channing's "Remarks on the Life and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte," suggested by Scott's "Life of Napoleon," and contributed to *The Christian Examiner* of 1827–28—and his comment is as follows:

"I shrug my shoulders when any one would pity the fate of Bonaparte at Saint Helena. He had eight servants, four courtiers, twelve thousand guineas a year, ten horses in his stable, etc., etc.!

"When I was eight years old—that's twenty ago—our house was invaded of a Sunday by police fortified with an order from Fouché. They snatched up books and papers, rummaged everywhere to find traces of conspiracy, and then carried off my father. For eleven months he remained shut up in a small and gloomy cell, which I shall remember all my life, as I went there, these eleven months, twice a week—that is to say, as often as they would let me. It was there that I learned to read and write. My father, in prison, had for a servant only a wretched prisoner who came to shave him and dress his hair every morning, for he was not allowed to have knives or razors. At the end of eleven months he was indeed released, but to undergo an exile that lasted as long as the empire. It is true he had not had, like his predecessor, the glory of desolating the world."

This passage sheds a flood of light on Jacquemont's criticism on England, in which he says

"The system of English life is a mere succession of errors, all fatal to happiness. They hang themselves or get drunk from *ennui*, where we drown ourselves from passion. They are for ever talking of *home—home*, the house, the *chez-soi*—and this *home* which they love so dearly, it is easy chairs, it is the material furniture of their house; our *home*, of which we do not talk, is the heart."

OPPORTUNITY.*

Miss Crane's first novel, "Emily Chester," went through several editions, if we are not mistaken, and found a great many readers, among whom were not a few admirers. We are at loss how to qualify her present work to the appreciation of these latter persons. If we say it is as good as "Emily Chester," they will be very much disappointed on coming to read it; and if we say it is as bad, they will, of course, be scandalized before reading a word of it. In truth, we remember thinking "Emily Chester" neither very good nor very bad, but simply mortally dull, and any temperate epithet which may be judicially affixed to the latter work we are ready to extend to the volume before us. It is of quite the same calibre as its predecessor. We are inclined even to place it a degree higher, for the excellent reason that it is not more than half as long. And yet, as we say, it is by no means certain that those persons who were strongly moved by "Emily Chester" will not be left unstirred by "Opportunity." It would hardly be logical to explain their probable insensibility by the circumstance just mentioned—the greater brevity of the volume before us—for even if it were prolonged *ad infinitum* in the same key, we should defy it to quicken even the most officious enthusiasm. The real explanation is that the book is feeble, the vital spark is absent, and that it was a great mistake to have got excited over "Emily Chester." There were several valid reasons why the odd impression should have obtained ground that "Emily Chester" was interesting. To begin with, there was an enticing look about the leading idea of the tale. It suggested something aside from the beaten track of Anglo-Saxon fiction, and promised to deal with really great passions. It brought up the famous "marriage question," and offered us a hero in love with another man's wife. That the situation was actually trimmed of its improprieties made very little difference after a reader had travelled through the book in search of these improprieties, disillusioned only at the last page. Success was achieved; the book had been read. And then, in the second place, there was a general feeling that it was high time we should be having an American novel which sensible people could read ten pages of and mention without meeting a vacant stare for all response. Miss Crane's book answered these high conditions, and found itself perforce a success. In this way there was something decidedly factitious in the quality of the reception it obtained. The author was, doubtless, much that was estimable, but she was, above all things, fortunate, and it was, therefore, a somewhat hazardous resolve to tempt fortune a second time.

It is indeed by an author's second work that we can best measure his worth. It takes of course a clever book or a happy book to give him a right to address the public a second time; but it takes a really good book to prove that he had a right originally to address it, to make us believe that he had actually something to say and that his talent is a gift and not a loan. An author's first book—or the first book, at least, by which he be-

* "Opportunity A Novel By Anne Moncure Crane." Boston Ticknor & Fields. 1867.

comes famous, may easily owe its popularity to some accidental circumstance, extrinsic or intrinsic—to a coincidence with the public humor or taste at the moment, or to a certain *faux air* of originality and novelty which takes people by surprise. But at the second attempt they are prepared, they are on their guard, they are critical, and the writer may be sure that this time his work must float or sink on its essential merits. This is the case with Miss Crane. The reader asks himself, with a due sense of the gravity of the question, whether or no "Opportunity" is a sound, strong, artistic piece of writing.

The plot of the story—if plot there is—may be rapidly sketched. We are introduced to a Maryland country home of twenty-five years ago, tenanted by a worthy elderly couple, with their two sons and their little orphan ward. The elderly couple are presented to us at such length and breadth, with so many little homely details, and with such an air of domestic comfort and stability, that we had begun to feel quite kindly towards them, and to assure ourselves that, whatever company we might fall into as we journeyed through the book, we should yet manage to hold our ground against them for the sake of these good people. But, oddly enough, they are created only to be destroyed. They are suppressed by the author's inscrutable *fiat*, and the tale begins anew—for we can hardly say it continues. Meanwhile the three orphans have now grown to maturity. We say "meanwhile," referring the adverb rather to a certain number of printed pages than to a succession of events sufficiently definite to our perception for us to indicate them more analytically. At all events, the two brothers reach manhood, in striking contrast—a contrast which makes the chief point in the tale. Grahame Ferguson, the elder, is a capital specimen of what is called, in the language of the day, a "swell"—wonderfully, wofully handsome, elegant, fastidious, languidly selfish, lazy, cynical, idle, a charmer of women. His brother Douglas, on the contrary, is a good, solid, serious, conscientious, high-toned, lusty, ugly fellow, who falls resolutely to work while the other dangles about in ball-rooms. As for the little ward, Rosy Carrel, she is discreetly sequestrated in a boarding-school—to our no small relief, we confess; for we had begun to feel quite nervous about her relations with this honest Douglas. She concedes the field to a person more competent to occupy it—a certain Harvey Berney. We hasten to add, lest the reader should accuse the latter individual of an undue want of gallantry in thus putting a lady to flight, that Harvey Berney is simply the heroine of the book. We hardly know what to say of her—there is, indeed, nothing to say but that in drawing her lineaments the author's intentions were excellent, but that some importunate prejudice, some fatal reminiscence, some impertinent, irrational fantasy, has jostled her hand and destroyed the grace of the figure. Harvey, after all, is better than half our modern heroines, and we should feel much ashamed of ourselves if we attempted to provoke a smile at her expense. But, as we say, she is good almost solely in intention; the author is not artist enough to have realized her vision and to have fixed it in firm, symmetrical lines. Yet even to have fancied her is a step in the right direction—the direction furthest removed from that murky region where the poor bedraggled flirts and fast women, or the insipid graduates of the school-room, to whose society modern English novels confine us, go through their lifeless gambols. Harvey is meant to have a mind of her own, to be a fit companion for a man of sense, to be a strong and free young girl. She thinks and lives and acts, she has her face to the sun. Many thanks to the author for what she would fain have done; she has at least enlisted the imagination on the side of freedom and real grace.

This generous and penetrating young girl falls in with the irresistible Grahame Ferguson, and like the rest of her sex she succumbs. But she succumbs in her own fashion, with protests and pangs of conscience. She gives him a decidedly shrewish blowing-up, shows him that he is a good-for-nothing fellow, a trifler, a dangler, and that he ought to know better. This is not well managed. It is quite conceivable that a young woman like Harvey should react against her tender impressions, that she should be at once fascinated and annoyed by a charming man of the world, and that she should betray herself by passionate appeals to the better nature of the gentleman. But as the matter is here contrived, it has a puerile turn which interferes sadly with the reader's satisfaction. Harvey is too young to talk as she does, and Grahame too old to listen as he does. The young girl is simply pert and pedantic, and the young man is stupid and awkward. But the reader is struck with the general cast of their relations and feels it to be interesting;—Harvey, at once charmed, thrilled, and disgusted, in love with all Grahame's delightful qualities, but not enough in love to forgive his foibles and to feel that to love him with passion is not to derogate from self-respect; and Grahame, held in bondage by the young girl's brightness and nobleness, and yet profoundly conscious that to love her is to turn his back upon a hundred pleasant places.

The great trouble with it all, moreover, is that nothing comes of it. The situation once indicated stands still in the tamest way conceivable, and moves neither to the right nor the left. A second young woman is introduced, who, of course, complicates matters, but without leading them to an ultimate clearing up. Douglas Ferguson, moreover, steps in and falls in love with Harvey. Harvey loves him in return, and we protest we do n't see what obstacle there is to their union, for, beside his brother, we are assured that, to Harvey's perception, Grahame dwindles into abject nullity. Here, alas! is the objection to these high-toned, free-thinking heroines, in whose favor, for Harvey's sake, we just now entered our voice. At the crucial moment they are certain to do something utterly pedantic and unnatural and insupportable. Rose Carrel is finally brought out from her retreat, and Harvey detects in the expression of her face that she, too, is smitten with Douglas. Whereupon she averts her own impassioned gaze, although she knows very well that Douglas does n't care two straws for the young lady. So the poor young man is constrained to marry Rose, and Harvey not to marry at all—Grahame, meanwhile, having made a great match. Here the book ends, or ought to end. But the author has affixed a very trivial and silly conclusion, in which Harvey is represented as enjoying the hospitality of Grahame and Douglas, with their respective wives and families, and deriving great satisfaction from the discovery that Mrs. Douglas has called her little girl after herself (Harvey). This is, indeed, an anti-climax. What the deuce, cries the reader, shall Harvey care for this lady's sentimental vagaries? Her business was with Douglas, and she made very poor work of it.

The reader will see that this is the substance of a work not remarkable for strength. But perhaps, after all, he will find more in it than we have done. He will have looked then far less, and for less, than we can readily bring ourselves to look for in a novel which we pretend to read at all. We can't get along without a certain vigor, a certain fire, a certain heat and passion. We do not exact that it should be intense, but only that from centre to circumference it shall fill the book with an atmosphere, and not—if the turn of our sentence is not too illogical—with a vacuum. This is not too hard a word. Miss Crane's figures strike us as perfectly vague and thin, and we find that in order to give any account of her book at all we have been obliged to press our own little stock of imagination into the service and to force it to do extra work.

TIMOTHY PICKERING.*

AFTER the delay of more than a generation, the first volume of "The Life of Timothy Pickering" has been published, bringing his history down a little later than the close of the Revolution. This leaves the most interesting portion of his career for subsequent volumes; that portion, too, which is most important for students of history. For, however essential the labors of the quartermaster-general may be at the time, their importance is purely mediate and temporary; nor does this officer have much opportunity of connecting his name with those incidents of military history which are of most interest to the general reader. "Who ever heard," asked Greene, Pickering's predecessor, "of a quartermaster-general in history?" If Colonel Pickering had been a good letter-writer, in the literary sense of the term, his correspondence might still have furnished those descriptions and lively portraitures of the times which are among the most genuine materials for history. But he was too much of a Puritan, too dead in earnest, too engrossed in affairs for trifling, and his private letters are chiefly interesting from the pleasant impression they give of his family relations. Serious subjects are discussed in them with his characteristic ability and vehemence; but with these subjects he was seldom brought directly in contact during this period, except in regard to the petty disputes and annoyances of his office. We think, therefore, that it was a mistake to give so copious extracts from his correspondence as is done. Much of it is hardly more than memoranda of the details of marches, much is repetition, much quite unimportant in itself. If a large proportion of this had been omitted, its place could have been well filled by the correspondence of his later years, which his connection with the administrations of Washington and Adams and the ardor with which he entered into all the controversies of the day must make of the very first value and interest on questions of political history. It would have been very well, too, to fill the gaps in his correspondence with more detailed accounts of the circumstances under which the letters were written, and the persons and events alluded to in them.

* "The Life of Timothy Pickering." By his son, Octavius Pickering. Vol. I." Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1867. 8vo, pp. 549.

Nevertheless, the book is, as a whole, quite readable, and conveys a very distinct impression of the man—his intensity and inflexibility of nature, his integrity, religious earnestness, administrative energy, and busy activity of mind. His was not one of the creative minds of the period; it was administrative rather than organizing; its strength lay in the clearness with which he discerned immediate needs, the fertility of resources with which he met them, and the obstinate persistency with which he carried out his measures. He seemed born for controversy, and came in frequent collision with others; but, in these earlier controversies at least, with remarkably little acrimony. The same ardor which placed him at the head of the first armed resistance to the British forces—at Salem North Bridge, Feb. 26, 1775—made him afterwards the master-spirit of the "Essex Junto," and the firm ally of Josiah Quincy in his opposition to the policy which brought on the war of 1812.

If the nature of Mr. Pickering's office during the Revolutionary war would forbid us to expect much of general military interest in his correspondence, we might, on the other hand, reasonably look for more than we find touching the financial and political questions of the time. There are, to be sure, some very important documents on these topics, such as his recommendation to Congress, in 1780, to allow the issue of specie certificates, and his remonstrance, the year following, to the same body against its plan of paying the public creditors in an inferior currency. These are valuable items; but besides these we find very little on the financial question except accounts of the embarrassments he was under from the disordered state of the currency. Among the most whimsical of these is the circumstance (p. 306) that during the siege of Yorktown he, the quartermaster-general of the army, was refused his letters at the Post-Office (on public business, too) because he had no money to pay the postage. The disgust he felt at being obliged, with his own hands, to clip or punch some gold coins which were over weight is very natural but rather entertaining. "'T is a shameful business, and an unreasonable hardship on a public officer. . . . A pair of good shears, a couple of punches, and a leaden anvil of two or three pounds weight. Will you enquire how the goldsmiths put in their plugs?" he writes (p. 388).

It would appear that Colonel Pickering, while a faithful and efficient co-worker with Washington, had somewhat of a leaning towards the faction opposed to him. Perhaps his ardent disposition was impatient at the cautious policy of the commander-in-chief—at any rate, his biographer finds it hard to account for "a hardness towards Washington which occasionally betrays itself in his letters." From this same intensity of nature and abhorrence of everything which was not earnest and genuine arose, no doubt, the frequent lamentations over the degeneracy of the times and the lack of public and private virtue with which his letters abound. It may perhaps be some consolation to us in this day to have this additional evidence—if we needed it—that our fathers appear to have been as bad as ourselves; that the enormous expenditures of even the most just war will call out crowds of cheats and plunderers; that in such times contractors and peculators will make their fortunes, while unselfish patriots may lose everything; and that a disordered currency will inevitably aggravate these evils to an incalculable extent.

There are many incidents and expressions also in relation to the second great evil of the day, the loose structure of the Confederation—a deeper evil, perhaps, if less pressing in its nature, than the condition of the finances. In the purchase of supplies he had been authorized by Congress to give certificates of their value in specie, which it was understood were ultimately to be redeemed in coin. The refusal of the States, however, to meet the requisitions of the Federal Government created a doubt whether these would not be repudiated, and early in 1783 Colonel Pickering was arrested (p. 397) as being personally responsible for certificates signed by himself—the State of New York having neglected to exempt public officers from liability to such suits. The State, to be sure, lost no time, when this occurred, in passing such laws as were necessary for his protection; but we cannot doubt that experiences of this nature under the Confederation had their effect in identifying him with the extreme wing of the Federal party.

The most interesting chapters of the volume are those which treat of the "Newburgh Addresses." These anonymous papers, it is well known, were circulated among the army early in 1783, appealing to its members not to suffer themselves to be defrauded of their pay by Congress. Their chief importance is in the connection they may have had with the monarchical schemes of the day, and it is certain that Washington regarded them as so dangerous as to desire that the meeting of the officers called to consider the situation should brand them as "infamous" and "totally subversive of all discipline and good order." Colonel Pickering, on the other hand, having himself suffered peculiarly from what seemed to be the remissness and dishonesty of the Government, was inclined to put a more favorable construction upon the pieces, and speaks with indignation of the conduct of the officers who "in a moment damned with infamy the publications which, during the four preceding days, most of them had read with admiration and talked of with rapture" (p. 440).

The correspondence on this subject between Colonel Pickering, General Armstrong (author of the addresses), Governor Brooks, General Cobb, and others, well illustrates, as the editor remarks, "the fallibility of memory as to events of distant date, however important, even in persons who were deeply interested in them at the time of their occurrence." It was commenced by General Armstrong in 1820; the fortunate discovery of a letter of Colonel Pickering to Mr. Hodgdon, written March 16, 1783, the day after the meeting of the officers, proves that all these gentlemen, and, most of all, Colonel Pickering himself, were mistaken in their memory of the events at this important meeting. Washington did read a letter on this occasion from a member of Congress from Virginia, as Armstrong asserted and Pickering and others positively denied; and Pickering himself did vote alone against one of the resolutions offered, while in 1823 he felt sure that there was no "opposition from any quarter." Armstrong's mistake was in representing Pickering's opposition as general instead of on matters of detail; and especially in his statement that the letter from Mr. Jones, of Virginia (which he ascribes to Mr. Hardy or Harvie), was written to warn Washington of a monarchical conspiracy, "and pointed distinctly at Robert and Gouverneur Morris and Alexander Hamilton." This, as is evident from Pickering's letter to Mr. Hodgdon—and indeed from Mr. Jones's letter itself, which is printed in Sparks's collection—is not correct in fact. How, then, could it have come into General Armstrong's mind, forty years later, to associate the names of these distinguished men with this letter and alleged plot? The only explanation consistent with his honesty is, that these names and these events had become so closely associated in his mind that he was unable at that distance of time to separate them. Armstrong was a leading member of the Republican party, and, no doubt, felt a sincere apprehension that liberty and republicanism were in danger from men who were avowedly in favor of a stronger form of government. It seems certain that the addresses owed their origin in part to the visit of Colonel Stewart to the camp, and that this was made in the interest of the Treasury Department, then under the control of the two Morrises, to induce the army to speak "a more decisive language than had hitherto been held." Washington himself, indeed, in his speech intimated a suspicion of some secret influences emanating from New York; and it may well have been that Armstrong, acting as the mouthpiece of a clique, and knowing, as a matter of secret history, that it was partly by the influence of the Morrises that the papers were written "as auxiliaries to the fiscal measures of that day" (p. 408), having, moreover, come to entertain a profound distrust of the political designs of Hamilton and Morris, really convinced himself at last that Mr. Jones's letter contained the specific charges which he believed it might very properly have contained.

We are promised the succeeding volumes, with selections from Mr. Pickering's writings, "as fast as circumstances may permit." They will be welcomed as a valuable contribution to the political history of the country.

SOME OF THE SMALLER POETS.*

"To prevent the foul fiend and to kill vermin," as Edgar says, is no doubt a very considerable part of the duty of the critic; to pay homage to greatness and goodness, to demand for them the tribute of admiration, to disseminate the knowledge and the love of truth and beauty, is another considerable part, and the part which reconciles him to his profession. But when it is necessary for him to deal with writers better than bad, yet not better than nothing, he is in difficulties; and often it is necessary to deal with such. For the critic, as we know him, is human, and, living like other men in close relations with his fellow-creatures, he is constrained to look at books not solely from an intellectual and moral point of view, but as they form a part of the world of business. When he can he writes of his author as an author merely—mind and soul addressing minds and souls; but also he must write of authors as owners of stereotype plates; and he must write for men not as pure intelligences, but as beings who, when they

* "One Wife too Many; or, Rip Van Bigham. A Tale of Tappan Zee. By Edward Hopper." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1867. 12mo, pp. 202.
"Poems. By Charles Warren Stoddard." San Francisco: A. Roman & Co. 1867. 8vo, pp. 123.
"The Sexton's Tale, and other Poems. By Theodore Tilton." New York: Sheldon & Co. 1867. 12mo, pp. 173.
"Poems of Faith, Hope, and Love. By Phœbe Cary." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1867. Pp. 249.

buy books, are apt to take advice, and, taking it, part with an appreciable portion of their yearly incomes. This consideration—and there are plenty of others like it, all of similarly practical nature—force the advising critic to dispraise many a book and many a writer that otherwise he would pass in silence. It is considerations of this kind which furnish us with our only reason for speaking of several works named in our foot-note.

"One Wife too Many; or, Rip Van Bigham" no man would do well to buy. It is like this:

> "The Summer leaves her brightest charm
> For the face of sweet October;
> And so his smiles are always warm,
> Although his brow is sober.
> And then, to heal the Summer ills,
> Jack Frost comes with his vetoes
> Against the vile, obnoxious bills
> Of vermin and mosquitoes."

Mr. Stoddard's poems, all of them, we have read, and most of them we have read without getting from them an idea—which would seem to be unfortunate for us or for the poems. A good deal of an ordinary man's life must be behind his poetry, and Mr. Stoddard is young yet. Sometimes, however, his verses have some thought in them, and almost always they are, as verses, smooth and pretty. We marked for commendation several lines embodying pleasing and truthful pictures, and some which were for other reasons not bad. In a sonnet entitled "The First Rain" he says:

> . . . . "From the brooding sky
> There fall deliberate, still showers of shy,
> Big rain-drops all around." . . . .

What the first rain may be in California we do not know, but those words describe with a good deal of felicity the first rain-drops of any shower, and the sonnet altogether is a more than tolerable one. But Alexander Smith never did better than this:

> "Night, as the shadow of that Ethiop queen,
> With brow as dark as Night, as richly jewelled
> In barbarous ravishment of luxury;
> The enchantress of the Cydnus, in her toils
> Seeking new pleasures, slaying joys with sighs
> And drowning mirth with her full tide of tears.
>
> Night is the shadow of that Ethiop queen,
> In rapturous witchery of beatitude;—"

which seems to be not crammed with meaning. Much of the volume is of the same sort, and would have to be classed with the so-called Spasmodic School of poetry, if it were not that there are no spasms but only a spasmodical use of language—imitation spasms.

There are minds which rise and soar, and which do so because the beings to whom they belong are somehow winged, and such let us admire; but then, too, we have beings who are perpetually going up because anything that moves them takes them off their feet. Of this class Mr. Tilton is a specimen. Run over his poems, and you see that it is his habit to read fine things, to get into a glow over them, and then to make a copy of verses which more or less well reproduces in the mind of the reader the thought which has thrilled the mind of the verse-maker; very likely he will, on most such occasions, make fair enough verses; in the book before us there are hardly more than two pieces that are really too bad—the last two pieces we should say are such, but the others are all tolerable, and some a good deal more than that. Mr. Motley writes something about the famous bell of Ghent, the one of which Mr. Longfellow has sung, and Mr. Tilton, reading Mr. Motley's words, is impelled to the production of "Toll, Roland, Toll!" "The Parson's Courtship," "The Soldier's Revenge," "Maltby Chapel"—the best piece of the book—"Pierre Cardinal's Faith," "The Strange Preacher of Padua," "The Harp of Andrew Marvell,"—all these and others are examples of the effect of the irritating influence of which we have spoken. The poet adds nothing, he detracts something; the incident or verse which moved him is, very likely, in itself poetic, but it stirs him, and not having learned that, though publishing may be legal tenders, silence, for most of us, is golden, he says over again the thing that moved him. As a motto for Mr. Tilton's poetical works, when they shall be collected, we would suggest these words of his own:

> "While yet he spake" [or she spake, or ye spake, or they spake] "a rapture stole
> Through all my body."

It seems to us that they express with sufficient definiteness Mr. Tilton's poetic method and indicate his value. Of this, at any rate, we are sure, more thought, more hard work will have to go into his works before they will be so good as he ought to make them, or nearly so good as to make them in any high sense valuable.

Miss Phœbe Cary ought hardly to be put into the company in which we have put her. Many of her poems wear an air of having been done for magazines and newspapers for which she was under an engagement to turn out a certain number of stanzas, but even these are better than most of the verses which newspapers and magazines publish. Generally, it may be said of her poetry that it is natural in sentiment, that the expression of the sentiment is always straightforward and often elegant, that not seldom the turn of thought is new, that if it shows little fancy and less imagination yet it has frequent pleasing images, some fresh, some not new, some familiar, and some at once so familiar and striking that the reader wonders Miss Cary should have borrowed them. As, for instance, Cowley's cottage, which thus appears:

> "The evil blasts drive in
> Through chinks which time and sin
> Have battered in my wretched house or clay."

Several such we noted, but the fault is too common to be worth much reprehension in particular instances. The general impression which this author makes on the mind of the reader is that she is a sweet-natured, good woman of much delicacy of feeling, which she is able to express in verses often very pretty and always fairly good. We quote as a fair sample of her work this short poem, which ought to be shorter by four verses—the four which constitute the second quatrain:

> "Do we not say, forgive us, Lord,
> Oft when too well we understand
> Our sorrow is not such as Thou
> Requirest at the sinner's hand?
>
> "Have we not sought Thy face in tears,
> When our desire hath rather been
> Deliverance from the punishment,
> Than full deliverance from the sin?
>
> "Alas! we mourn because we fain
> Would keep the things we should resign;
> And pray, because we cannot pray,—
> 'Not my rebellious will, but Thine!'"

We may say that we have read Miss Phœbe Cary's little volume not, to be sure, as a book that must be read, but at any rate as a book that one may read without compunctions of conscience for wasted time, and much of which one may read with decided pleasure. So far as we now remember them, we should say that she has among contemporary American poetesses not more than two superiors—Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Akers.

THE MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER.

It is not without some uneasiness of mind that one sees upon what course Messrs. Ticknor & Fields and Mr. Parton have lately entered. If they keep on, Alps piled upon Alps are before them, and before us also who read *The Atlantic*, and yet there seems no good reason why they should stop for an indefinitely long time to come. American manufacturing and other industry is of all but illimitable extent, and who can tell us—if *The Atlantic* puts the Gorham Company, which makes silver-plated ware, under obligations that only some thousands of dollars could adequately repay—why it should not do the same thing for thousands of other companies? It is a question which we confess ourselves unable to answer. A good deal of public interest was felt in the first performance of the sort we speak of—the history of the sewing machines and their inventors; and almost as much interest was felt as regards the rival piano-fortes; there is hardly a young woman in all the thirty-six States who might not be labelled with the common sign-board announcement, "Pianos Moved," and after the young women are married a large majority of them, by particular request or of their own will, profitably substitute the sewing machine for the Steinway or Chickering. So there did seem to be a demand for articles concerning those pieces of furniture. But the electrotyping business, as carried on at Providence, is not a thing about which anybody but the Gorham Manufacturing Company can be supposed to care a vast deal. On any complimentary theory that we can frame—any theory complimentary to the conductors of the magazine—we do not know why Messrs. Ticknor & Fields may not be expected, by-and-by, to send Mr. Parton, at Messrs. P. & G. Lorillard's request, into the chewing-tobacco factories. There is a peculiarly national flavor about chewing-tobacco, and a grandeur about the bigness of the business, that would secure for it some of Mr. Parton's best eloquence. Then the man who—"S. T. 1860.–X."—Started Trade in 1860 with Ten dollars, and who now, by energy, by knowing what the public wants, by advertising at a lavish expense in every periodical, high and low, throughout the country, has amassed a great fortune—why may not he properly claim attention? And if the Plantation Bitters are made the theme of an *Atlantic* paper, why not also Russ's San Domingo Bitters? Then there is the purely American business of making paper collars; and Mr. Morton's manufacture of gold pens; and the manufacture of the Duplex Elliptic and other sorts of hoop-skirts; and the making of pegged work; and the discovery by Mr. Kennedy, of Roxbury, of a common American pasture-weed which cures every

ill that skin is heir to; and now that the Merchants' Union Express Company is making so much headway, no doubt the Adams Express Company would gladly furnish Mr. Parton with all necessary data for a description of its rise and labors, such as the description *The Atlantic* has just published in behalf of the Providence silver-ware men. So also of the Pacific Railroad companies, whose bonds, we see, are just now very extensively advertised in the newspapers and magazines, and concerning which, by the way, Mr. Medbury has a tolerably well-written paper in this month's *Atlantic*. So also of Hecker's farina, of Phelan's billiard tables, of the Waltham watches, of the St. Johnsbury platform scales, of Colt's and Remington's and Smith & Wesson's fire-arms—and, by-the-by, when he does the article last spoken of we ourselves will cheerfully give Mr. Parton one of the cases of which he speaks in the plated-ware article. We know a hamlet in Massachusetts where, in a seven-by-nine shop, a man makes rifles that are sought for by hunters in distant Kentucky. The transition from him and his mechanical genius to the great works at Ilion, N. Y., will be even easier than from the Michigan raspberry jam to the electrotypers. The transition in this latter case was exceedingly well done, however.

Mr. Medbury's article on "Our Pacific Railroads" presupposes in the reader more geographical knowledge than we happen to have, and we therefore get rather a confused notion of the three branches of road and three sections of country of which the writer speaks. But we suppose whoever reads the article with a map open before him, will have no difficulties.

Mr. Bayard Taylor finds nothing very exciting in the byways of Europe. His "Visit to the Balearic Islands" is the newest and best piece of his that we have looked at for a long time. "Grandmother's Story," by Miss Anna L. Johnson, is an exceptionally good little story of its kind, and may be read with pleasure. Miss Johnson ought, however, to trust a little more to her readers. "A Young Desperado," by Mr. Aldrich, is very good in places, and in places is old enough to be weakly. "Toujours Amour" is by Mr. Stedman, and is pretty on the outside. Let us say to Mr. Stedman that it is saying nothing of Love—whether Love always or Love at any time—to say that children under three years of age are likable, and that old people of seventy like something. Mr. Boker writes a sonnet to the effect that the Arcadian or Elizabethan Arcadian pastoral existence would be far better for all Americans than that the Americans of the East and the Americans of the West should quarrel about protection and other business matters —"Hell's minion, Trade," speaking poetically. But from the higher parts of Parnassus one gets a better view of Trade. She is n't Hell's minion after all, as Mr. Boker will see when he ascends. "Literature as an Art" is by Mr. T. W. Higginson, and supplements his recent "Plea for Culture." Mr. Higginson never writes anything which is not clever, and hardly ever anything that is not pleasant reading. The essay of which we speak may be safely commended, as regards style and thought, to nine in ten of our American writers. Had we space we should put on record exceptions to a number of his incidental judgments on men and things; but the article, as a whole, we accept gladly as true, well put, and needed.

Mr. E. P. Whipple writes about "The Minor Elizabethan Dramatists." In Nassau Street in this city one may pick up a not very dear copy of the works of John Marston, and we hope some, at least, of the persons who read what Mr. Whipple has to say about that writer, and who have yet to read Marston, will proceed to make his acquaintance. To read Marston carefully and with humility, would be for half a dozen men whom we could name an excellent course to take, and to follow with persistence. In fact we feel like advising any reader who is yet ignorant of Marston to make his acquaintance at any rate, regardless of a simultaneous reading of him and any critic. John Neal gives an interesting account of a "Mysterious Personage" who turned out a great swindler, but seems, when Mr. Neal leaves him, not to have lost all his mystery. "What we Feel" is by C. J. Sprague, and *The Atlantic* is a strange place in which to find it. "An Autumn Song" is anonymous, and is not provocative of ardent curiosity as to the writer's name. The "Reviews and Literary Notes" are of Doctor Parsons's translation of the "Divine Comedy," of Samuels's "Ornithology and Oölogy of New England," of "Richmond During the War," and of Holland's "Kathrina," all the notices being very good to read. The reviewer of Dr. Holland talks to that author in a spirit of extreme patience, as if peradventure, somehow, there might yet be a possibility of teaching him new tricks.

Harper's for December is very agreeable. We say nothing of the stories, and it is as well to say not much about the opening article, composed of small pictures and small poems, and entitled "A Pilgrimage in Sunny Lands." But "A Day's Fighting in Queretaro" is the best article on the late Mexican war that we have seen. The writer was an Imperialist and seems to have a high opinion of Maximilian, and relates many little things corroborative of the kind views which everybody is disposed to take of that unhappy man's character. He confirms the story that the murder of prisoners of war was begun by the French, but declares that it was the Frenchmen in the Republican forces who began the practice. "Parisian Sketches" deals gently with the *Jardin Mabille*, and quotes from Mrs. Stowe a rather amusing remark on that place of amusement. "Mocquard" is some reminiscences by an American friend of the famous private secretary. "The Nurseries on Randall's Island," illustrated, introduces us to a little-known "city institution." "Some Scottish Stories" is a collection of anecdotes about some noted Scotchmen of a generation or two since, but, as we suppose, is borrowed; so also is "The Impresario," which is made up of anecdotes of noted singers. "Trouville" describes very well a watering-place of Normandy; and there are two solider articles, "Darwin and Domestication" and "Fish-Farming in Western New York." Mr. Curtis converses excellently on Dickens, his books and readings; Mrs. Lincoln, whom he touches gently; takes the children to see the dreadful gorilla of Mr. Barnum's Museum, and congratulates Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Norton on their poetic and scholarly translation of the "Divine Comedy" and the "Vita Nuova."

In this month's *Galaxy* the sensational article is by Walt Whitman, a reply to Mr. Carlyle's "Shooting Niagara." We are sorry to say that we get very little from it. If there is in it much of value not well expressed in these words of Pym's, "The best form of government is that which doth actuate and dispose every part and member of a state to the common good," then we have misconstrued it and dug for its meaning in vain. It is hardly too much to say that it is without form and void, and we do not know why the Sage of Chelsea, both as an artist and a controvertist, should not be highly delighted with it. It is fair to say, too, that Mr. Whitman does assert the average man in the manner and with some of the matter with which readers of his poems are familiar. Other articles are, "The Drunken Drama," by Olive Logan, which is written with a deal of dash and contains a good anecdote of the elder Booth; a pretty well imagined tale about the spiritualist mediums, by Richard Frothingham; a paper on "The Small Planters of the South," by James O. Noyes, who appears to understand his subject; "Words and their Uses," the best we have seen of Mr. R. G. White's series of articles bearing that title; and more chapters of the two serial novels, "Waiting for the Verdict" and "Stephen Lawrence."

Hours at Home promises for next year some original papers by "The Lambeth Casual," Mr. James Greenwood, and the publishers have made arrangements for getting advance sheets of Mrs. Yonge's "Chaplet of Pearls," a work of which the first instalment appears in this number. Doctor Bushnell also is retained as a regular contributor. This month he treats of "The Moral Uses of Insanity." Mr. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" is reviewed at some length; Professor Wragge translates a readable account of the invention and the inventor of the needle-gun; the Rev. Mr. Bacon tells us more about Japan; and Professor Schele De Vere describes a visit which he paid to Miss Bremer and one which she paid to him. The number is pretty readable.

In *The Catholic World* we find nothing very fresh. One of the writers answers the question, "What shall we do with the Indians?" by proposing that the Indian agents should be brought home, and then the tribes put on reservations and turned over to unpaid missionaries. The Government being unsectarian, he would not insist that Protestant ministers should be excluded from the work, though he confesses that he would hope little from their endeavors. Nor we. "Bellini's Romance," translated from the German, tells a rather apocryphal tale of how Bellini died for love of Malibran. Dr. Dix's recent article in *The Galaxy*, in which he talked about ritualism with an appearance of being innocent of all knowledge of real ritualism, is reviewed by a writer who is happy in the belief that the new movement is a movement towards Rome. Perhaps "The Third Catholic Congress at Malines," written by a person who was present at that meeting, is as well worth Protestant perusal as any part of this month's *Catholic World*, which is a little lighter than usual and more readable by ordinary readers of magazines.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS—RUSKIN.*

This is the third volume that has been published of selections from Mr. Ruskin's books. The other two have been not so simply named, but are called "Beauties" and "Precious Thoughts." The Selections have been made in England, and the book first published by Smith, Elder & Co., always Mr.

* "Selections from the Writings of John Ruskin." New York: John Wiley & Son. 1863.

Ruskin's publishers. To the making up and issue of this book of *excerpta* the author, it seems, has "tacitly consented"; but "has taken no part in making the selections, and is in no way responsible for the appearance of the volume."

It is not surprising that Mr. Ruskin should have left the making of these books to others. No author could wholly approve the publication of brief extracts from his writings, separated from the context; digressions cut off from the main stem, descriptions standing alone like scraps written in an album, allusions and illustrations with no trace of the argument they were meant to strengthen and adorn. It is a little remarkable that the publication of these collected selections should have been allowed at all. No writer could be more unwilling than Mr. Ruskin, we think, is to be supposed a stringer-together of striking, detached thoughts. His thoughts are only half themselves without the consecutive order of other thoughts that lead up to them and of those to which they lead. Moreover, a positively stated opinion standing alone will offend and repel those who would respect the completed argument. In practice, it is found that even those persons who have read through one or two books of Ruskin's have still, unless they have read very carefully, erroneous ideas of what he thinks upon some most important points. His writings upon art are not much like other men's who deal with that subject; he has had to create his own audience and educate his own co-laborers. But it is not brilliant descriptions or seeming paradoxes in reasoning that have given him a useful and active following; not these, but sustained reasoning upon closely observed facts. His principal characteristic as a thinker is imagination. As a great chemist has said that the first necessity of a scientific student was imagination—the imagination that could suggest a thousand possible explanations of a phenomenon, and then seize fast the most probable and promising one—so Ruskin has shown better than it had been shown before that imaginative insight into nature and art was the only sufficient basis for meditation upon those great and wide subjects. His reasoning out of a question is always worthy to be closely followed; his conclusions upon any artistic point should be remembered and always borne in mind by every enquirer. It amounts to this, that without a knowledge of Mr. Ruskin's writings one is wholly unable to reason upon art at all, so completely has he newly built the whole structure of artistic criticism. But it is not every telling sentence of his that is true; the powerfully imaginative mind that sees all truths will see many of them awry, one side at a time; the added-up totals are exactly right, but there was too much the first time taken alone, and too little afterwards.

There are chapters almost wholly independent essays, which might be taken bodily out of the larger works and be very good alone. Such an one is, notably, the magnificent chapter on "Vulgarity," in the fifth volume of "Modern Painters." But this is only like taking one lecture out of a volume of lectures, as may, of course, be done in the case of Mr. Ruskin's "Two Paths," the "Lectures on Architecture and Painting," and the like. And of shorter extracts a collection might be made which would be very valuable to students who should be already familiar with Mr. Ruskin's books. Thus we have always found the indices to "Modern Painters" and the "Stones of Venice" very imperfect, and there are no indices to the other works, while what we very much desire is a general index to all the books—some twenty-five volumes—by means of which the scattered opinions and comments upon any subject might be gathered together and compared. Any selection of extracts having some such end in view might be of use to a student of art and a reader of Ruskin. Probably to any one else a single complete lecture, or pamphlet catalogue raisonné, or the discussion of any one subject, as of leaf-form and growth in "Modern Painters," Part VI., would be more useful and would more truly represent Mr. Ruskin than any possible book of extracts.

Such a book of extracts as this is, however, has not even the possible uses that we have supposed possible to an ideal book of extracts. It is, of course, a pleasure to be reminded of a favorite passage, and to find, as one opens no matter what book, clear and forcible statement of truth, poetical description, vigorous denunciation, genial and enthusiastic praise. The expression of human reverence and sympathy is delightful upon any page and in the briefest paragraph. But what is gained by the separate existence of a book of scraps from Ruskin? The volume is as bulky as most of the volumes of Mr. Wiley's reprint of Ruskin's works; and if one has a volume of "Modern Painters" with him, and opens it at a favorite passage, the argument leads him on and on, delightfully over-persuaded into unintended reading; he has enjoyment and connected and completed thought to remember. But there is no more disagreeable pull-up than the check at the end of a disconnected paragraph of an interesting chapter or lecture.

How, then, are we to account for the appearance of these books? Is there really a class of persons who like to read extracts?—and not extracts only, but those which bear upon the most solid and weighty matters of thought. If a class of such readers is to be found, the fact would seem to be partly accounted for by the desire of over-occupied people to read scraps of thought in their scraps of leisure—the moments when the mind will not follow up a train of reasoning or consider a number of mutually dependent propositions, but is capable of a little enthusiasm and a little enjoyment of poetry. That is the most favorable way of accounting for this strange taste; another and a less good-natured way of accounting for it is to assume that those who read such books do so to *cram*, and get easily the appearance of knowledge of books and subjects. In the particular case of Mr. Ruskin, no one can say how much of the ready-writer's and the ready-talker's patronizing recognition of him as a clever but misguided writer has come of the free use of his disconnected sentences. A slashing article in *The Saturday Review* upon his latest book, a misworded quotation in the mouth of a glib talker, the sneer of some eminent architect or painter whose prejudice and interests have been shocked by the critic, however little felt by the reader of Ruskin's works as Ruskin wrote them, may powerfully influence and wholly misdirect the reader of selections. No reputation of less than two centuries can afford to risk a book of quotations.

Das Gesetz der Bevölkerung und die Eisenbahnen. "The Law of Population and Railroads." (Berlin: F. A. Herbig).—This highly important work is the production of Dr. G. E. Wiss, formerly U. S. consul at Rotterdam. It is an elaborate and thorough investigation of the statistics of industry and commerce in the United States from 1790 to 1860, and will richly repay a thoughtful perusal from beginning to end. We are glad to learn that it is being translated into English, and we may content ourselves, therefore, with placing the salient points before our readers.

The cheap and rapid transportation of goods and persons by railroad has quickened exchange in trade, brought raw material from its most distant points of origin, extended the market, heightened with the demand the production, and augmented the population, especially of the cities. It is true railroads have supplanted canals to a great extent; but the latter will not cease to be a means of transportation as long as they convey heavy freight at a cheaper rate than railroads, or wherever they form connecting links between railroads, or where the saving of time is of little consequence. Thus the tonnage of the Erie Canal amounted in 1850 to 1,371,859, and had risen in 1860 to 2,276,061 tons, notwithstanding the competition of railroads. There are, as yet, few markets in the West. The Western farmer finds but little demand for his grain, as all his neighbors grow the same cereals. The surplus must accordingly be exported to find consumers, while its producer must import the various articles not supplied by his own industry. But with our distances all sorts of grain would lose their commercial value if we were restricted to our former means of transport. According to Dr. Wiss's table (p. 18), a ton of wheat worth in market $49 50 will, at a distance of 100 miles, be still worth $48 when transported by railroad, and only $34 50 when transported by wagon; at the distance of 160 miles, if transported by rail it will still be worth $47 10, while, if transported by wagon, its value will be reduced to $25 50. Vast tracts of splendid land are unsalable and almost valueless for the cultivation of grain, on account of their great distance from railroads.

The increase in the value of land consequent upon the building of railroads through or near it exceeds by far the cost of construction. On this point, Dr. Wiss states, for instance, that the coal-fields of Alabama will acquire the same importance for the Gulf of Mexico and the factories of the Southern States as those of Pennsylvania for the North. The shores of this gulf, he says, are destined to become the seat of a commerce greater than the world has ever seen on any shore, and this commerce, together with the great interests connected with it, will owe its development and grandeur chiefly to the coal-fields slanting towards the gulf and discharged by rail.

In "New" America railroads are the forerunners, not, as in Europe, merely the attendants of civilization. They precede the formation of cities, people the wastes, and bind remote sections together. We glean a few items from the author's copious statistics for every State (pp. 60–447) showing the effect of railroads on the ratio of increase of population. From the example of Maine, the author concludes that railroads built through fertile but as yet uncultivated lands will at first increase the population of the large cities and benefit that of the country, but will act unfavorably on the smaller towns. Considering that the migration westward and southward from New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts, and the sterile soil of these States, should tend to diminish their ratio of increase, Dr. Wiss attributes the actual large increase, especially in the larger cities, and their

great prosperity to the energetic undertaking and construction of railroads. The statistics of Connecticut and Rhode Island show a slight increase of population in the country, but a considerable increase in the cities.

Passing over to Pennsylvania, we find the increase of the cities very striking, if we bear in mind that this State, with its extensive and fertile area, and a population therefore predisposed to agricultural pursuits, would naturally resist the influence of the locomotive, which is rapidly changing it to an industrial State. The ratio of increase in Ohio in 1800–1810 was 408 per cent.; in the railroad decades, 1830–1860, it was *in general* only 62, 30, 18 per cent. respectively, while that of the *cities* went far above 100 per cent., reaching even 355 and 464 per cent.

We conclude with the author's summary in his final chapter:

"In looking at the total effect of railroads on production, on the increase and distribution of population, the growth of the agricultural population in the newly settled States, the new formation of cities, the decline and rise of smaller towns and the rapid increase of large cities—we perceive such a powerful revolution of our entire social life that we are astonished to see so little attention given to it by the labor and thought of science. . . The hostile powers of discordant mankind, the powers of war converted into science, have already seized upon this great instrument of culture to do their wicked work or to lend its mighty aid to the sad necessities of defence. But the same railroads have also, for the millennium of peace, the significance of developing culture to a degree never thought of before. The position of the cities will be a decisive factor in this social and political development; they will, by the saving of labor and by intellectual means, return a thousandfold to the country what they withdrew from it in laboring strength. The difference between the rudeness of country life and the super-refinement of city life will disappear by mutual giving and taking. . . . We may seek and respect the roots of our present life in the past, but a grander future lies before us. The great natural law of life—which imparts a magic power even to the instruments of motion—urges us on to infinite growth and perfection."

Snow-Berries. A Book for Young Folk. By Alice Cary. (Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.)—We hardly recommend purveyors of literature for young people to buy "Snow-Berries." The verses of which it is composed, to the extent of about one-half the book, can hardly interest children. Let us take the stanzas headed "To the Boys," which are more directly addressed to young people than others in the book:

"Don't you be afraid, boys,
To whistle loud and long,
Although your quiet sisters
Should call it rude or wrong.

"Keep yourselves good-natured,
And, if smiling fails,
Ask them if they ever saw
Muzzles on the quails!

. . . . . .

"If they say the teaching
Of Nature is n't true,
Get astride the fence, boys,
And answer with a whew

Three out of eight stanzas are enough. There are no boys within our knowledge who could be induced to read such verses. They convey no idea in which boys are likely to take an interest, and our experience of children is that they care a great deal for the chime of verse, and that such halting lines as these will not suit them. In "The Cow-Boy," which seems to us the best set of verses in the book, the story is not uninteresting, and in harmless prose would be read, as it certainly will not be in the weak verses that enshrine it here. Bad poetry and undignified composition, and vague, hesitating, pointless wording, are as sure to repel children as grown people. Then it is safe to assume that the incomprehensible will not please young folks very much—and there are many passages in this book out of which the present writer, at least, fails to get the meaning. One rather pretentious poem, "The Potter's Luck," is wholly beyond the power of interpretation of readers of some acumen.

For the prose:—the first thing in the book is a story called "The Spotted Deer," a mixture of the most incongruous, inconsidered, and, we do not scruple to say, absurd incidents; in which figure Red Indians about as real as Chateaubriand's; French settlers, principally remarkable for their skill in taming wild beasts; young dancers who "lit up the shady places with their blushes as they 'tript it to and fro on the light fantastic toe';" youths with such gymnastic training and such length of limb as to be "seen with a wolf or ground-hog and perhaps one or two other animals between their legs;" and a forest beauty more naïve and "green" than any poor girl working for her own living who has so far been made known to us.

The stories are not all so poor, and that one called "The Man who Stole a Cow" is a tolerable moral tale. And there is one we have n't read, called "The Man with a Stone in his Heart;" this we are willing to believe excellent. But the book, taken together, is exceedingly poor. The little reading that healthy and active children will do ought to be given to better things; and as it probably will be quite readily, as long as better things are accessible, we do not anticipate much waste of time as resulting from the purchase and Christmas-giving of this dull book.

The Sportsman and Naturalist in Canada; or, Notes on the Natural History of the Game, Game Birds, and Fish of that Country. By Major W. Ross King, B.A., Unattached, F.R.G.S., F.S.A.S. (London: Hurst & Blackett.)—There are many varieties of sportsmen. There is the enthusiastic school, of which the celebrated John Jorrocks is a representative, and who asserts that "hunting is the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent. of its danger." Then we have the amateur, who having, after years of assiduous toil, bagged a blue-jay or shot a sorrel colt in mistake for a woodcock, celebrates his prowess in a work of two volumes. Then, again, there are men like the late H. W. Herbert, who are not only good shots and thorough masters of their craft, but who possess a charming facility in recounting their adventures and experiences. To this class we may assign Major King, of the British army.

Usually in works on sporting, especially those edited by our own people, the greater portion of the volume is devoted to the glorification of "mine host"—a worthless genus—or to rhapsodical descriptions of the setting sun and a particular brand of whiskey. Major King is a gratifying exception. Although a keen observer of nature and ardent lover of the beauties of the landscape, he treats his subject with the straightforwardness of the man of science and the moderation and cultivation of a gentleman. His work for this reason would, perhaps, be more entertaining to the naturalist than to the ordinary sportsman or "sporting man." It is arranged in three divisions: mammals, birds, and fishes, the first being subdivided into Rapacia, Rodentia, and Ruminantia. Under the last head the author gives a most entertaining account of the habits and manners of hunting the moose and caribou, animals likely soon to disappear from the continent, owing to the wanton slaughter to which they are subjected at all seasons by pot-hunters, Canadian shopkeepers, and the officers of "Her Britannic Majesty's Service." The abundance of game-birds seems almost fabulous when read of in this latitude. Woodcock, grouse, quail, snipe, and duck appear, from the major's narrative, to visit the Dominion merely for the pleasure of being plucked by the viceregal court. The genial Genio C. Scott, tailor and sportsman, has anticipated the major in his account of trout and salmon fishing, but of the written experiences of the two we prefer that of the "unattached" naturalist. We think he devotes too much space to the white fish of the lakes, and praises too highly its nutritious and gastronomic qualities; but this, of course, is purely a matter of taste.

Apart from its literary and scientific merits, the typography of this book is a marvel of clearness and beauty. The chromo-lithographic illustrations which accompany it are admirable and accurate reproductions, both in color and drawing, of the living specimens.

The Empress Josephine: An historical sketch of the days of Napoleon. By Louisa Mühlbach. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)—Our authoress, it appears, does not insist upon labelling all her works "romances," though this is the first exception we remember to have met with; whether more or less valuable for being a sketch, we do not pretend to affirm. It is more remarkable as the first of the Mühlbach series that has been even tolerably illustrated. Mr. Fay's name as an artist is hardly made as yet, and the present designs will do no more than introduce him to the public. They are evidently careful studies from life and from historical sources, and, though of unequal merit, exhibit very unusual versatility both of style and of ideas, freedom from conventionalism, and self-confidence, which promise greater, perhaps great, performances hereafter.

Letters from Europe. By John W. Forney, Secretary of the Senate of the United States, Proprietor and Editor of the Philadelphia *Press* and Washington *Chronicle*. (Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.)—Mr. Forney is the worst of all travellers. For his book not only has in it nothing that has not been said before—which might have been forgiven him—but it has everything that everybody has said before who ever travelled in Europe. But it was meant for "the readers of the Philadelphia *Press* and Washington *Chronicle*." The Petersons are to be congratulated on having made, in this instance, a better looking volume than most of theirs are

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

A WORD MORE ABOUT IMPEACHMENT.

ONE meets constantly both in literature and philosophy and politics with men who are addicted to cramming into their heads ideas which are too big for their brains, and which, consequently, produce acute mental inflammation, showing itself in rant and bombast. Mr. Williams, if we may judge from the "report" on the impeachment of President Johnson which he has appended to the evidence collected by the Judiciary Committee, is one of these, and not the least remarkable. His symptoms are certainly as grave as those of any case which has recently come under our notice. Mr. Boutwell and the rest of the majority seem, too, to have been fully conscious of the unfortunate gentleman's condition, inasmuch as they were very careful to mention that it was he who wrote the report, being apparently unwilling to incur the suspicion of sharing in his malady. What has brought Mr. Williams to grief is the notion, which he makes frantic but unsuccessful efforts to develop, that in Andrew Johnson the majority of the committee had got hold of a great historical character of the Stuart and Strafford type, whose abilities and wickedness made his possession of power dangerous to the state, and whose removal, therefore, was a duty as delicate as it was awful. There is certainly some resemblance between Mr. Johnson and Charles I. or James II., but Mr. Williams has apparently very little idea in what it consists. The President is like the Stuarts in having very loose notions of the nature and functions either of the legislature or of the executive, and in fancying that the latter is the real depositary of the sovereignty even in a constitutional government, the former being rather an adviser than a lawgiver. He has set out his opinions, too, in much the same temper and with a similar want of sincerity. But here the parallel ceases. Nothing can be possibly more unlike than the relations of the Stuarts to the English nation and those of our worthy "Chief Magistrate" to the American nation, and nothing but the nervous disorder we have mentioned would have led Mr. Williams to fancy there was any analogy between them. The crisis, too, through which the country is passing is a momentous one, no doubt, but it is not Mr. Johnson's faults and follies which have made it so, and his impeachment or removal would, therefore, not remove any of the real difficulties in the national path. The business of impeaching him is not now and never was a weighty or important business in the eyes of anybody except the small knot of supernaturally illuminated politicians who have taken it in hand.

Whether the North would reap the fruits of its victory in the field, after the fighting was over, has all along depended not on what Andrew Johnson did or said, or what Mr. Stevens or Mr. Wade or Mr. Boutwell said or did, or what anybody else said or did, but on the temper and persistence of the Northern people. In every great struggle, whether in war or peace, it is only a small number of master-minds who can take in the whole field and see where the key of the position really lies, and on what combination of circumstances the fortunes of the day will turn. The common run of politicians and soldiers are pretty sure to fasten on some trifling matter of only collateral importance, and see in it, to use the gorgeous balderdash of Mr. Williams, at once "a master-key" and "a centre of gravity," and make a fuss about it in the inverse ratio of the value of their opinions. We might illustrate this copiously from the chronicles both of the late war and of the last two years, if we had space. One of the most striking examples of the force of this tendency has been what we may call, we hope without offence, the impeachment craze. For a year and a half a number of well-meaning, as well as some ill-meaning, persons have been fully persuaded that unless, by hook or by crook, Andrew Johnson could be got out of the Presidential chair, all was lost, and have been trying, but with a very small measure of success, to win the public over to their way of thinking. As is usual with a certain class of minds, the more they thought of their scheme, the more important it appeared; and the more important it appeared, the more stupendous a villain Andrew Johnson became. He started before them as simply a very indecent brawler, whose presence in the White House was a national disgrace, no doubt, but who was simply a disgrace—nothing more. As the chase continued he grew into a fornicator and adulterer, then a seller of pardons, then a conspirator against the nation, then the preparer of a *coup d'état*, and finally General Butler ran him to earth as a common assassin. But all this was done by dint of hallooing and insinuating. No proofs were forthcoming, and, in order to put a good face on this little defect, it was given out that the proofs were too awful to be laid before the public till the committee was ready to report, and the members were bound to secresy under the most solemn sanctions. We have waited with bated breath more than a year for the opening of the bag, and now Mr. Williams has opened it and displays its contents with a showman's magniloquence. But it turns out, as we have over and over suggested in these columns, that he has nothing to show that we did not all know already. The secresy was apparently intended simply to heighten the effect of a rather sorry farce. Two-thirds of the charges are simply offences for which the only proper punishment is non-re-election and public reprobation.

There could hardly be a better illustration of the diseased condition of Mr. Williams's political sense than the enumeration amongst Mr. Johnson's "high crimes and misdemeanors" of his having vetoed bills he ought to have approved, and having advised legislatures to reject a constitutional amendment which he ought to have advised them to adopt. Why, if the President might be impeached for offences of this sort, so might every member of Congress be impeached for voting against any bill which the majority chose to pronounce essential to the national safety, and so might every member who made stump speeches against a constitutional amendment. The President has just as much legal right to veto wrongly as a senator to vote wrongly, just as much right to argue against a constitutional amendment as a senator to argue for it. We think Mr. Johnson has been wrong, and perhaps from bad motives, in nearly all his vetoes and in nearly all his recommendations; but if he is only to veto when the majority in Congress says he may, and only to recommend what they prescribe, his office becomes a ridiculous sinecure.

Nearly all the charges, too, are old and well worn. The pardoning of the Virginian deserters, if true, was a bad and corrupt act; but bad as it was, and corrupt as it was, it was no worse than other Presidents have done, and than other officials are constantly doing; and though we should like to see Mr. Johnson punished for it, we should not like to see the country convulsed, reconstruction delayed, and the public credit imperilled in order to have it done. The power of impeachment is not lodged in the hands of the House for the purpose of affording striking examples of poetic justice, or for delighting the lover of pure morality with the spectacle of wicked men brought to grief and discomfiture. It is lodged in their hands, like all their other powers, for the public good, and is to be used or not used not to meet any theory of abstract right or wrong, but as the public interests may seem to require. We do not know of any rule of morality which demands that the poor shall be kept suffering, the finances of a great nation deranged, scandal brought on free government, and the whole community convulsed and the machinery of administration almost paralyzed, simply that Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, may be chastised for being ruffianly in speech and demeanor, and for having, after passing thirty years of his life as a pro-slavery demagogue, failed in playing the part of an enlightened Christian statesman. The people to be punished, as it seems to us, are those who, knowing his character and antecedents, nominated him in the convention; and the proper remedy for his case is not to do the like again. As long as the whole tenor of a man's life counts for nothing in the selection of candidates, or can be covered over by a few harangues or a few execrations, such cases will occur; and it is not the cheat, but those who give him the chance of cheating, who ought to be called to account for it. When he removed the generals last summer, we feared, as we said at the time, that he did so for the purpose of putting men in their place who would use their powers to frustrate the Congressional plan of reconstruction. Had this proved true, Mr. Williams would have a charge to make on the strength of which we should be all agreed. But it has not proved

true. Nothing very mischievous has followed the removal of the generals. It confirms our bad opinion of the President, and has probably exerted a bad influence on the Southern mind, but impeachment is not a proper means of punishing men for the remote and indirect bad consequences of acts in themselves lawful.

One does not need to possess any very extraordinary amount of wisdom to be able to say that now, as two years ago, no single move in this reconstruction business, no single man, possesses paramount importance. The essential thing is that the Northern people be kept earnest, persistent, high-minded, *and satisfied with the Republican party.* If for any reason it is driven or seduced into taking the power away from the Republican party, we shall fear the worst for the future. The freedmen will be endangered, the public credit will be endangered, the national honor, and even the memory of the dead, will be endangered. Every consideration, high and low, makes it desirable that the country be not disgusted with the present holders of power. It is for this reason that we have, during the last two years, declaimed incessantly, and at constant risk of being misunderstood, against the tendency of Republican leaders in Congress to abuse or waste their influence. When Mr. Stevens was preaching confiscation, gagging the opposition, and hurrying important bills through Congress without debate; when Mr. Boutwell was threatening the Supreme Court with abolition, and excluding the whole Southern bar from practice in the United States courts; when Mr. Banks was humiliating every sensible man in the country with his Fenian "reports"; and when Messrs. Butler, Ashley & Co. were crying night and day for impeachment, we felt satisfied that though these gentlemen flattered themselves they were striking deadly blows at the enemy, they were in reality alienating their own followers, and that if they kept at their work, though they might succeed in pouring out many vials on the heads of Mr. Johnson and the rebels, they would probably end in thoroughly sickening the country of themselves and their performances, and bring the whole process of reconstruction, as the Republican party had planned it, to a stand-still. It must now be confessed those who were of this way of thinking, and they were many, have proved to be not very far wrong. It is not yet too late for the majority in Congress to retrace its steps and turn to serious things. The work before it is to bring the South back to the Union on the basis of equal rights, and not to punish the President or provide farms for negroes or remodel the American Government. Even if it were well to do all these things, it cannot do them. Would it not now be well to turn to the essential, and abandon all else? The impeachment scheme has apparently found a fitting grave in Mr. Williams's rhetoric, and it is a striking and significant fact that General Butler, who was sent to Congress with a loud flourish of trumpets for the express purpose of riding this hobby, has already abandoned it and is engaged in the pleasing task of persuading Congress to adopt a course with regard to the public debt which, whatever it might do "to lighten the public burdens," would so thoroughly damn American credit that the public would probably never be troubled with any other burden in the shape of debt, let it want money ever so much, within the next two centuries at least.

THE NATIONAL BANK CURRENCY ONCE MORE.

. . . The statement is that the national bank act commits a "great error" and does a "great wrong," which "should be corrected and redressed"—namely, in this, that the act operates to give those who invest capital in a national bank double interest, as compared with investing in United States bonds; that is, seven per cent. from the loan of the national bank bills and seven per cent. paid by the United States Treasury for interest on the bonds deposited with it.

This view seems to overlook the following facts:—1st, That the national bank bills issued to any bank cannot exceed ninety per cent. of the par value of its bonds deposited with the Treasury. 2d, That the banks must pay to the Government a tax of over one per cent. per annum on the amount of their circulation. 3d, That they must keep a reserve of legal-tender money, available for the redemption of their bills, of not less than fifteen per cent. of their amount. 4th, That when one buys United States bonds he is exempt from municipal taxation on them, but if he buys shares in a national bank he is taxable for their value, for municipal purposes; a difference (in the writer's neighborhood) of at least two per cent. 5th, That the expenses of carrying on the business may be estimated at more than one per cent. 6th, That as the banks will not realize so much for interest as they now do, when specie payments come to be resumed, by the amount of the premium on the gold interest—which will be a difference of two per cent.—no change can safely be made which does not provide sufficiently for that contingency. 7th, That in New England, at least, there seems to be no reason to suppose that *new* national banks, even if able to keep out a full proportion of circulation, could, as a permanent thing, pay dividends sufficient to give their stockholders seven per cent. per annum above the municipal taxes upon their shares. It is evident that such a rate is not likely to be attained, both from the foregoing figures and also from the market price of most of the New England bank stocks. Their shares sell for considerable premiums. But it is because they have large reserves, which they had when the banking act compelled them to change from State institutions, as most of them originally were, to become national banks, as the only alternative from winding up. In respect to fifteen or twenty among the safest and best managed of these banks in Boston and interior towns of Massachusetts, the figures for which happen to be at hand, it appears that the shares would not sell for so much, at the present time, as the market value of their bonds and other net assets by an average of eight or ten dollars a share. Such has been the case, also, for the last two years. It is very plain that if the banks are taxed as the article referred to suggests, "one-half of the interest on their deposited bonds" in addition to their present taxes, they will, in most cases, become too unprofitable to their stockholders to be continued unless the shares shall be wholly exempt from municipal taxation. And is it not extremely unwise to add, by national authority, to the amount of property already exempt from city and town assessment? Would not the exemption of four hundred millions worth of bank shares be extremely odious, and, in the long run, an insufferable burden to the people?

E. G. A.

NOVEMBER 18.

THE great importance attached to the approaching action of Congress on the subject of the national banks is well illustrated by the number of communications addressed to us in reply to our remarks of October 14. It is scarcely necessary to say that they are all condemnatory of our views. We have alike displeased the friends of the national banks and the partisans of the legal-tender currency, and this fact alone convinces us that there is some merit in our suggestions. The arguments of the greenback party are so extremely plausible and acceptable to the popular mind that we do not refer to them anew but the infatuation of the friends of the banks is so profound that it is worth while to refute some of their arguments, in the hope that a recognition of their mistakes may incline them to that spirit of concession which is their only chance of escaping destruction. From among numerous communications (some from valued friends) we select the letter of "E. G. A." as a striking illustration of the utter unfairness with which the claims of the banks are constantly urged by men undoubtedly honest and evidently desiring to be fair.

No argument that has been used by us could be more damaging to the national banks than some of the reasonings of "E. G. A." The opponents of the banks argue that the banks have undue privileges at the expense of the people. The answer is, that if deprived of a part of these privileges, some of the banks could not pay seven per cent. dividends above the municipal taxes! If they do not pay without a national subsidy, they are evidently not wanted, and should cease to exist. Surely a national bank is not an institution so essential to national welfare that the people should be taxed to maintain it; and we have yet to learn that the national bank act was passed with the view of guaranteeing seven per cent. dividends to anybody. One of the greatest injuries done by the bank act was the creation of a host of mischievous institutions, which, by the very law of their existence, can *not* exist unless they "can keep out a full proportion of circulation," fostering speculation by reckless loans to their neighbors, or else, more prudently for themselves but with equal injury to the community, swelling the idle balances of their city correspondents and compelling them to become inflationists. The rightful and proper business of a bank is to receive deposits and employ a portion of those deposits in loans and discounts. If a neighborhood does not offer enough of this legitimate business a bank has no right to be there; and that the banks must cease to exist if their right to a subsidy from the national Treasury be withdrawn, is the strongest possible proof of the correctness of our assertion, that the banks *do* receive advantages which the people pay for.

We will not quarrel with those among our correspondents who point out what for simplicity's sake we did not refer to, that the banks can get only ninety per cent., and some even less, of circulation on their deposited bonds, which is undoubtedly true, as it is equally true that they get as a general thing far more than the seven per cent. in-

terest that we charged them with. But we must protest against their claim that they do not make interest on that part of their circulation which they are compelled to hold as a reserve, for the simple reason that it has no foundation. The average reserve of twenty per cent. on the total circulation would amount to less than sixty millions, while the last quarterly bank statement shows that the banks held as reserve nearly fifty-seven millions of compound interest notes, which pay them actually over seven per cent. But, apart from this, we all know that bankers would have to hold a reserve for their own convenience and safety, even if the law did not so provide; and further, that every bank by the very nature of its operations makes more than legal interest on its loans, and so can afford to hold a reserve without interest.

The claim made by several of our correspondents, that the banks are charged one per cent. on their deposits, is only another specimen of the prevalent style of reasoning. Private bankers, who are not allowed circulation, are charged the same, and if they were not, the charge has nothing to do with the circulation; and surely no one expects that bankers should have the additional advantage over other citizens that they should escape their share of the general burden of taxation.

The only tax or charge of any kind which a national bank has to pay on account of its circulation, and which it would *not* have to pay if it had *no* circulation, is the one per cent. tax on the actual circulation itself. All other taxes or charges it bears in common with others or for privileges totally unconnected with its circulation. The objection against the banks is not based on their profits, which no one has any business with. The objection is, that the circulation furnished by the banks costs the people over seven per cent. per annum, while the greenback circulation costs the people nothing. We fail to find in all that has been written or printed on the subject a single defensible denial of this position.

We are totally opposed to any further issue of greenbacks on any pretence whatever. We believe that the national banks are an invaluable instrument for aiding the return to specie payment and to a sound currency. Hence we desire to sustain them. But we seek in vain for an argument to meet the popular clamor for the substitution of greenbacks for their notes. Indeed, such an argument is not to be found. The whole national bank act works injustice. On what rational principle was the circulation divided among the different sections of the country? If the right to issue currency is not a valuable privilege, why is it not equally open to all men and all sections alike? If it is a valuable privilege, by what right is it held by the present holders in preference over others? The claim of vested rights must surely yield to the superior claim of equal justice. Equal justice demands that a valuable privilege be totally waived, or at least equally distributed. Parts of the West and the whole of the South are destitute of banking privileges, while in the North many banks barely keep up a struggling existence by managing to "keep out a full proportion of circulation."

The law fixed a limit to the amount of circulation to be issued by all the national banks of the United States. Why? For no other reason than this: the privilege of issuing circulation is so valuable that without such a restriction the country would have been *flooded* with unlimited amounts of national bank currency, issued by banks seeking to derive their share of advantage from this valuable privilege. If the privilege be made less valuable, will not the fear of these unlimited issues of currency be at once removed? If the privilege be made less valuable, will it not be perfectly safe to permit its extension to the sections that now demand it? If the privilege be made less valuable, will not, as our correspondent states, many banks in country towns cease to exist, and surrender their share of this valuable privilege, and thus furnish an opportunity for other sections to acquire a share even without increasing the total amount of circulation now outstanding? And finally, if the privilege be made less valuable, and the cost to the people thus reduced, will not the people be more likely to allow the privilege to remain, instead of insisting, as they are otherwise almost certain to do, that it be abolished, and greenbacks substituted for the whole of the national bank notes?

If the national bank act is amended so as to permit any now existing or yet to be established national bank to obtain from the Treasury a corresponding amount of uniform national currency upon the deposit of United States bonds, with the condition of paying into the Treasury one-half of the interest on said bonds so long as they remain deposited in the Treasury as security for such circulation, and with the privilege to the owner of withdrawing said bonds at his pleasure on presentation of a corresponding amount of currency in sums of ten or twenty thousand dollars, and of again depositing them on the preceding conditions, the following ends would be gained:

1. We should have a currency that cost the issuer from three to four per cent. per annum, and that he could at any moment return into the Treasury. There would no longer be an inducement to petty cross-road banks to foster speculation by "keeping out a full proportion of circulation;" but there would be no impediment to banks getting all the circulation they need and can employ safely at six or seven per cent. per annum net interest;

2. We should have a currency that would return into the Treasury quietly during the summer, when it is not wanted, and come out of the Treasury quietly in the fall, when it is required for the moving of the crops; that would come from the Treasury in large amounts when the crops were large or prices high, and in small amounts when the crops were small or prices low; a currency that would increase with the wants of the people and diminish with the wants of the people, and not be enlarged or restricted by the trammels of a law which can never judge of the popular necessities; in one word, we should have an *elastic, self-regulating currency;*

3. We should satisfy and do justice to all those sections of the country which have heretofore had no share in the advantages of the national bank system, without any danger of wildly inflating our currency; and

4. We should show to the people that the privilege of issuing currency had best remain with the banks, who can make the privilege profitable to themselves without making it onerous to the country.

THE PUBLIC CONSCIENCE.

Everybody must remember that during the war there was a widespread belief, amongst the best people in the country, that the material and political results of the struggle would prove after all by no means the most valuable; that its effects on national morals would be those for which there would be most reason to be grateful. It was expected, and not unnaturally expected, that the exaltation which made so many millions ready to sacrifice everything in defence of the national existence, could hardly pass away without leaving behind marked traces on individual character, and, through individual character, on the character of the whole people; that after so much had been sacrificed for ideas, ideas would hereafter hold a higher place than ever before in the national polity.

There were two years at least of the struggle during which the nation was really saved by the faith of individual men and women, by their worship of unseen and often only dimly imagined good, by their contempt for lands and gold and life and limb. Thousands and thousands of those who, before the war, had been disgusted by the prevailing worship of material comfort and the prostitution of everybody and everything to money-making, and had been thrown into despair about the political future by the political corruption and political disorders, found their hope quickened and courage restored by the spectacle of devotion which met their eyes everywhere during the struggle, at the fireside as well as in the field. It was not one's opinion of the American people only, but of human nature, that was raised, by what one saw, both of the conduct of the soldiers before the enemy and of the friends they left behind them on the farms and workshops. The editors and the lecturers, and not a few of the preachers, were so touched by it all that they were not afraid to announce the dawning of an era of nobler manners and purer laws. Slavery was gone, but that was after all only the grossest of the many evils that were to pass away. We were to breathe a better atmosphere. Our young men were to take more interest in politics, and politics were to rest on morality in a way they had never done before. Everybody had all along felt that if the

United States had any special mission in the world it was not simply to clothe and feed people better than they could be clothed and fed in other parts of the world, but to afford an example, such as the world had never seen, of the application to national conduct of the rules to which it was the object of the Christian religion to subject individual conduct. America, people felt, somehow or other ought to have been the model state not in arts or arms, but in goodness; slavery, it was said, had prevented its being so, but slavery was now abolished, and after the war the ideal was to reign supreme over our outgoings and incomings.

Of course, it was impossible for the very sober-minded any more than for the cynical to share in these pleasing anticipations. Those who fancied the war was to drive all the knaves and fools out of the country were, of course, as much too sanguine in *their* field as the gentlemen who announced that the whole property, real and personal, of the nation was pledged for the repayment of the national debt, were in the field of finance. Great bodies of men are never raised suddenly in the moral scale. There are times when their progress is more rapid than others. Great public calamities, if not so severe as to strike a blow at civilization or loosen the social bond, often give a great impulse to the upward tendency. No nation probably ever yet deliberately chose to suffer when it might have avoided suffering without being improved by it, or chose to bear present ills for the sake of remote and uncertain good without finding itself raised somewhat nearer to

. . . . "The shining table lands,
To which our God himself is moon and sun."

But even the most rapid changes for the better are slow, and though the war stirred millions of hearts with the pulses of a better life, and brought millions to see more clearly than they had ever done before how sublime a thing it is to die that others may live, and surrender that others may enjoy, it left most of the bad elements in the community unpurified and untouched. Very few, indeed, of those whose influence on national politics and morals is most debasing were either moved by the war or destroyed by it. Thousands of the smaller fry of scoundrels undoubtedly died on the field; but it is not by its criminals that a community is most debauched, but by those who use a fair moral character and fair social standing to give weight to doctrines by which the very foundations of morality are sapped and the respect of the masses weakened for all the things which make communities either really great or really good. We say deliberately that the worst highwayman or forger that has ever come before a jury was a harmless animal compared to a man of influence who uses his influence to persuade people that the great laws of morality only bind men as individuals and do not bind men in masses.

We are led into these remarks by the facility with which certain personages just now persuade people that, in determining the national obligations to the national creditor, the first consideration for each citizen is not what honor, or justice, or good faith, or fair fame require, but what his individual convenience dictates. In fact, the grand argument against meeting the public burdens as we agreed to meet them is simply that it is not pleasant to meet them—and the favor with which this argument has been received at the West; the effrontery with which a man like General Butler gets up in Congress, puts his tongue in his cheek, and finds excuses for not doing as we gave the world to understand we would do; the readiness, too, which other politicians, of better standing than General Butler, show in succumbing to such arguments, are, we fear, disagreeable illustrations of the extent to which the moral tone of the community has fallen off within even two years. Nobody but a Copperhead would have dared to preach these doctrines in 1863 or 1864. A man who then said that the public creditor would not be paid as the Government agents and the newspapers and popular orators were giving him to understand that he would be paid, would have been driven from society. There were no means of publicity, no figures of speech, there was no arrangement of figures, no trick of rhetoric, which were not used by all the prominent men of the Republican party to persuade persons at home and abroad, who had money to lend, that if they bought United States bonds with it they would be repaid in gold and silver. The very lowness of the rates at which the bonds were to be had in gold—which is now used as an argument in favor of treating the public creditor as a miserable usurer—was then placed before him as one of the strongest inducements to buy. Yet at this moment the Western delegation in Washington, and some choice casuists and moralists from the East, are working might and main to show that, inasmuch as it is unfair to pay other creditors in paper when bondholders are paid in gold, the proper way of doing justice is not to pay all in gold, but to cheat those with whom we are now dealing justly. Moreover, the Speaker of the House, who was as loud a defender of the national honor as anybody when the money was lent, now makes no secret of his belief that the Western desire to diddle the public creditor is too strong for the Republican party to resist it. We suppose he feels that the first duty of the party is to keep in power, the means being a very small and unimportant matter.

It must be admitted this is not the state of things we looked forward to four years ago, when we were all engaged in showing what a trifle for a nation like this such a debt as ours would be. It *is* a trifle—a lighter debt by far than the English have borne unflinchingly for a hundred years, a far lighter debt than the Dutch have borne without a murmur for two hundred years without extraordinary resources, without increase of population, without any great political future. They have never sought to wriggle out of it, or evade it, or twist the letter of their own laws for the confusion of those who trusted them. There has never been a great party amongst them in favor of any such dodge or device. They have never maintained, as some of our financiers are now maintaining, that the sanctity of a debt diminishes in the direct ratio of the debtor's willingness to pay it. They have never said that the morality of the most immoral nation was good enough for them. They have never sought to show, as General Butler has done, that there was no occasion to carry into political finance the same sense of duty, the same responsibility to God and man, which an honest man carries into the conduct of his private affairs.

We do not anticipate from the people of the United States a display of greater bluntness of the moral perception than European nations have shown. We feel quite sure that when the subject has been fully discussed, and the real mental and moral character of some of the men whom the peculiar nature of the late struggle has raised into prominence has been fully exposed, justice will be done. But it is impossible to deny that the mere discussion through which we are now passing has in it something discreditable and disheartening. The subject is one which ought not to need discussion, any more than the right of a man to commit a fraudulent bankruptcy. It would never have been discussed, we venture to say, if that lofty ideal of the ends for which a Christian state exists which shone so brightly before men's eyes in the dark days of the war had not in some degree faded in the cold grey light of peace.

KNICKERBOCKER LITERATURE.

Fitz Greene Halleck, who left us the other day, was a writer whose works are a favorable specimen of what, speaking roughly, may be called the Knickerbocker literature. Of the school of writers which produced this literature it is true to say that it was composed of authors whom we all remember as forgotten. Their names are well enough remembered, but the present generation knows little of them except their names, that they very properly acknowledged Washington Irving as their leader and master, and that they lived in or about New York. Charles Fenno Hoffman was one of them, James Kirke Paulding was another, Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake were two more, and besides these there were Robert C. Sands, John Sanderson, the two Clarks—Willis Gaylord and Lewis Gaylord—Nathaniel Parker Willis, perhaps, and, in a sense, Cooper the novelist. Two men, for a time classed among these by the popular voice, are Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Bryant; but these have both escaped. Mr. Bryant deserved his good fortune. For what saddens him a man can hardly return gratitude; but respect, very genuine if not profound, every reader of Mr. Bryant's poems must, it seems to us, accord their author. The spirit of his poetry is melancholic almost to sombreness; there is in it nothing to delight. It might be compared to a chill wind which blows softly—not out of graveyards; it possesses hardly so much of human interest as that—which blows over graves that have long been forgotten, where lies, undistinguished from the

common earth, the dust of disappeared races—unremembered nations and tribes resolved into earth. From such a soil grow all Mr. Bryant's lonesome, sad flowers of poetry. But though the impression produced by his poetry is not a pleasant one, and therefore not in the highest sense pleasing, still it is powerful, and he produces it of himself. Small faults of imitation he has, but the aspect of nature of which we have spoken—nature as seen from a solitary Indian mound sepulchre—is his own property, and at once he becomes independent of the Knickerbockers. Mr. Bancroft—who is to American history what Mr. Paulding is to American *belles-lettres* literature—came to New York from New England too late to be thoroughly identified with the old Knickerbocker people. A good many other names might be added to those we have mentioned, but they would be names, and no more at all, meaning nothing to this generation.

Doctor Rufus Wilmot Griswold, however, ought not to be passed by in silence, being, as he was, the Knickerbocker Boswell of our Knickerbocker Johnsons, in whose books they are perhaps more plainly to be seen than in any of their own works. Cotton Mather, during his sojourn here below, or above, produced three hundred and eighty-two books big and little; then comes Doctor Griswold, and praises him as "the first American Fellow of the Royal Society." It seems to us that in this critical judgment on so extremely literary an American as Mather was we find the clue which, if any clue were needed, would more surely than any other lead us to the right appreciation of the Knickerbocker literature. Indeed, it is so true as to be truismatically true that to the end of their days the writers who produced it were colonists and provincials; as literary men they had no right to any Fourth of July. Provincial they were even in the often-made assertion of their political independence and nationality, as any one may see to his abundant satisfaction who will look into the works of Paulding and see how that author, "lying supinely on his back," as somebody makes Patrick Henry say, "while his enemy binds him hand and foot"—writing stiffly in the manner of Swift with the matter of Paulding—insisted, with much ill-temper, not that America was America, but that it was not England, was much better than England and bigger than England; that the Mississippi is a larger river than the Thames; that *The Quarterly Review* was not infallible, and in a variety of ways rapped British knuckles with a yard-stick that after all was British. The case was of a less inflammatory character, but, perhaps, even more hopeless, when Paulding and his compeers were not engaged in being patriotic. As Doctor Griswold flatteringly says, Mr. Hoffman was our Knickerbocker Moore—with the breadth of the Atlantic between him and the Irish one; Mr. Cooper was Scott whenever he could be, so far as he could be, and was himself only when he came to backwoods and prairies which Sir Walter had not seen; Verplanck and Sanderson had not, to be sure, remembered enough, but certainly they had not forgotten enough of the essayists of Queen Anne's time and the reviewers of *The Edinburgh*. Willis's reputation is dead, not because he was essentially an imitator but because he was essentially a slight man in his books. But even though Willis did not reflect English literature, he was driven to putting into his books English literary men and English society. At any rate he did so, and found his account in it. Drake died young, but lived long enough to imitate the versification of Byron and Moore, and to make it pretty evident that he would never have emancipated himself. Lewis Gaylord Clark came again to the surface the other day after a perfectly characteristic fashion—a fashion characteristic, at any rate, of the school of which he was one, not, perhaps, characteristic of him; we know next to nothing about him—in a letter written *à propos* of Mr. Dickens's arrival. Of course Mr. Samuel Rogers figured in it; so did the library at Sunnyside, Sidney Smith, Henry Brevoort, Mr. Bryant, and Mr. Halleck. "I think," says Mr. Clark, "it was Mr. Bryant who, in this connection, mentioned the fact to Rogers that Halleck when in England had passed his house near Hyde Park. 'Tell him,' said Rogers, 'when he is next in England that the author of "Marco Bozzaris" must not pass my house again; he must come in.'" We love to think that probably Doctor Griswold had heard this anecdote a couple of hundred times. It would have done him such a world of good. "Rogers's house," he would say to himself, "and near Hyde Park! Rogers knew him as the author of 'Marco Bozzaris!'" And we can imagine with what scorn he would have gazed on the young person who after that declined to believe Mr. Halleck "one of the first poets of the age." He would have leaned back in his chair and proceeded to relate that "Mr. Bryant once said to Rogers, the poet-banker, that Mr. Halleck"—and so on. Then, it is possible, he grasped his pen firmly, and continued his biography of the poet: "One evening in the spring of 1819, as Halleck was on the way home from his place of business, he stopped at a coffee-house then much frequented by young men, in the vicinity of Columbia College. A shower had just fallen, and a brilliant sunset was distinguished by a rainbow of unusual magnificence. In a group about the door half-a-dozen had told what they would wish, could their wishes be realized, when Halleck said, looking at the glorious spectacle above the horizon: 'If I could have any wish, it should be to lie in the lap of that rainbow and read "Tom Campbell.' A handsome young fellow standing near suddenly turned to him and exclaimed, 'You and I must be friends.'"

It was Joseph Rodman Drake who, thus impressed by a bit of imagery worthy of his own "Culprit Fay," thus proffered friendship, which was accepted on the spot. We have no need to imagine what sort of a man it was who could form the wish above recorded; it is still possible to turn to Halleck's works and discern plainly what Campbell, with the help of others, made of him. "Gem of the crimson-colored even," Campbell says, "Companion of retiring day," and Halleck follows after with "Twilight;" Byron, without at all meaning it, wrote "Fanny." Scott and Scott's parodists wrote for him "Alnwick Castle;" "Burns" Halleck himself had a finger in, and it was he, too, who wrote the energetic and obsolescent "Marco Bozzaris." Parts of the last-mentioned poem are, however, hardly yet obsolescent, and will hardly become so. It is the only poem of his in which he for a little while forgot himself—a feat of great difficulty for him; by which is meant not that he habitually carried undue self-consciousness into his poetry; but when he forgot himself he had to forget so many people.

The imitative character of Irving, also, the head and front of the school, is very generally, though it is not yet universally, recognized. There are still among us men of the generation whose hearts glowed within them when *The Edinburgh* praised "Bracebridge Hall," and who confuse the pleasure they got from Irving's works with the patriotic pleasure they got from the reviews of them. And then, unoriginal as he is, yet, speaking carefully, one would not so readily say of him that, born near the Tappan Zee, he closely imitated Addison, as one would say that he was a sort of a kind of an Addison—to speak after the New England fashion—who, by the bad accident of birth, happened to see the light in these Western wilds. As has often been said, his humor is imitative of the humor of the Anne-Augustan age; but it has a local color, and less often a local flavor, which proves it the fruit not of a graft merely, but of a tree in some respects *sui generis*. With this not very great amount of eulogy his admirers will be obliged, we suppose, to rest content; that seems to be the opinion on which criticism has for some time settled. For our own part, we should make this much abatement of the praise just given—his humor was constantly alloyed by a coarseness, sometimes with a knowing air half-concealed, sometimes not concealed at all, from which Addison kept himself more pure.

What has been said of the essentially imitative and colonial character of our Knickerbocker authors is not to be said, as nothing is to be said, without some limitations. Not much, however, is necessary in the way of limitation. Mr. Willis, for example, was the author of one or two little poems which possess the underived beauty of natural sentiments expressed in fine verse. Mr. Paulding is recognizable as an American patriot. Cooper, among his many utterly unreadable books, has one or two in which are one or two characters that are original with him, and that may be supposed natural. It is hard to tell. Indiscriminate praise was heaped on him; all of it that came from the other side of the water was bestowed by ignorant critics; most of it given him here was given by patriotically enthusiastic men, the mass of whom, we suppose, were as ignorant as their English brethren of the true Indian and true backwoodsman. We know nobody who gets through the books twice. However, the characters we have mentioned are, in a way, a success, and are, beyond a doubt, of Cooper's invention, unless we say that the backwoodsman was a discovery rather than an invention. What is true of Willis is to a less extent true of Morris, and so on of some of the others. But it remains true, too, that imitation was the life and breath of the Knickerbocker literature, and that it is now pretty much dead.

A few writers still linger among us who have sat at meat with the masters and disciples of it, and keep alive for a while longer its traditions in their own memories and the memories of the rest of us. Indeed, one or two of the disciples themselves are with us yet, and Halleck, but just gone, was even a master. Mr. L. G. Clark, who once edited *The Knickerbocker Magazine*—"Maga" and "Knick" they used to call it, with jocoseness—is, *ex officio*, of that other world. Mr. Tuckerman appears to be a connecting link between that one and ours. Mr. D. G. Mitchell smacks of it, and there are several other contemporary writers who, by some inexplicable, or explicable, association of ideas suggest to us the old days, though it would not be possible to bring them within our definition of the Knickerbocker author, or to make his description apply at all accurately to them.

Beyond a doubt it would be wrong to pass upon these writers whom we

have been glancing at a sentence of unmitigated condemnation. They were once the boast of their countrymen while yet Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell, all our really best men, were considered but 'prentice hands, and while it was unsuspected that almost our only really good names in literature—names that have, at any rate, thrown into utter eclipse the renown of the Knickerbocker men—were those of writers who knew not Irving. Once, we say, they were very eminent, and they have since so thoroughly lost their former distinction that we do not know where to look for a case parallel to theirs. The master of them all died after Sumter was fired on, and already it seems as if he had lived two hundred years ago. But nevertheless they served a most useful purpose. They were our first crop—to borrow a figure—and very properly were ploughed in, and though nothing of the same sort has come up since, and we may be permitted to hope that nothing of just the same sort will ever again come up, yet certainly they did something toward fertilizing the soil from the products of which we are now getting a part of our food. Certainly they cherished in our not wholly civilized community a love for things not materialistic. Halleck, for instance, if he did but little for literature pure and simple, did more and better for American civilization than if he had wholly devoted himself to "the cotton trade and sugar line" or to his duties as John Jacob Astor's agent. Our young men in Wall street and the streets adjacent may better trust themselves to his influence, though he never "swung a railroad," as they say in the West, than to the influence of Commodore Vanderbilt, if we may name names, in whose eyes business, it would seem, is war, and the war-cry is *væ victis*. It cannot be expected of the average critic of to-day to say that as literary men our Knickerbocker literature is a very fine thing or a very valuable thing, but as Americans, if we are not sorry that it exists no longer, we may very well be glad that it once existed.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, November 15, 1867.

THE hurly-burly of the late brilliant Exhibition being over, and the excitement of the French reintervention in Italian affairs having nearly died away, this excitement-loving city is somewhat at a loss what to take up as the plaything of the moment. It seems probable, however, that the opening of the legislative body will take place this year earlier than usual, and that "the capital of Europe" will soon be able to rejoice in the return of those classes of its population which contribute so largely to the movement, the glitter, and the scandal in which it delights.

In the absence of any special subject of interest, the Parisians have got up one of those periodic fits of expectation in regard to the supposed projects of the Government with which they are in the habit of amusing themselves when they have nothing else to do. Just now, it is confidently predicted that the coming legislative session will witness a notable relaxing of the governmental rein in regard to the press. In point of fact, the press is far less fettered than is supposed by those who are not *au courant* of the traditional tactics of parties in France. Provided that dynastic questions are left in abeyance and that no hostile attack is made on the fundamental principles of the existing constitution, writers may safely exercise any amount of criticism on the acts and policy of the Government. Unfortunately for all concerned, the traditions of the Paris press, as of Parisian *salons*, are essentially those of the *Fronde*, so that, no matter what may be the government of the moment, most of those who wield a pen seem instinctively impelled to attack it, and thus naturally provoke reprisals on the part of the reigning power. The law which, shortly after the establishment of the Empire, imposed on French journalists the necessity of signing their articles, was intended to give additional facilities to the Government for repressing the license of attack which was admitted on all hands to have become an abuse; but the vanity which forms so leading a trait in the character of most Frenchmen not only caused that law to be accepted with enthusiasm by the very parties against whom it was directed, but has led, by the temptation of the easy road thus opened to notoriety, to the creation of a host of little dailies, at one and two sous each, many of which have attained an immense circulation, and almost all of which, from the grossness or triviality of their contents, are generally felt to be a disgrace to the capital. As, moreover, these little sheets, created for the express purpose of enabling unknown pens to become notorious, have brought into the journalistic field a host of young scribblers, often very clever, but generally unscrupulous and hot-headed, and as prompt to take offence as they are prone to offend, one of the results of the operation of "la loi Tinguey" (so called from the name of its framer) has been to make duelling between newspaper-writers so much a matter of course that scarcely a week passes without one or more of these absurd encounters. The last number of a favorite caricaturist print of this city has a *croquis* labelled "A Journalist of the Future," and representing an individual with a wooden leg, a hook in place of a hand, his head bandaged, and a quantity of scars. Hitherto Paris has had rather a weakness for duelling. But the constant recurrence of these encounters, and the futility of the motives which in most cases have prompted them, and which are always detailed with the utmost minuteness in the journals to which the combatants belong, seem to be having at least one good effect, viz., that of rendering the business of duelling ridiculous, on the one hand, and of creating a general desire for the abrogation of the law on signatures, on the other. What the Parisians "wish" they are usually apt to "believe"; and we are accordingly assured, on all hands, that one of the first of the changes so confidently predicted in regard to the existing arrangements for muzzling the press will be the repeal by the Legislative Chamber of the law in question.

It is just announced that the Chambers will be opened with the usua pomp on Monday next by the Emperor in person. We shall, therefore soon learn what may be the changes, if any, in store for us. But, if we are to accept certain verdicts pronounced by Frenchmen on themselves (or rather on their neighbors), any modifications of existing arrangements would seem to be of little importance. A posthumous work of the great socialist and philosophical wrangler, Proudhon, published a few days since by Lacroix, contains, among other similar upbraidings addressed to his countrymen, the following picture of the French people as judged by the writer:

"Equivocal generation, mixture of Gauls, Cimbri, Aquitanians, Swiss, Allobroges, and Belgians, womanish, light, vain, inconstant, with little dignity, little strength of character, servile, fond of gossip, given to lazy loitering, stupid, the people of France neither understand nor appreciate anything but to be commanded. . . . The Frenchman has not, really, any need to be free. Somebody has said that we are not yet ripe for freedom. The remark is inexact. We never shall be ripe for freedom, and freedom would be useless to us if we had it. . . . Let a Frenchman only have enough to live on, let him invent and repeat whatever nonsense comes into his noddle, let him have something to quiz, let him make calumnious jokes against the government of the day while obeying it, let him have his wine, let him make love, give him neat verses, delicate dinners, theatres, fireworks, and *tam-tam*, and he is the most contented of mortals, and ready to exclaim in the fulness of his satisfaction, 'After me the deluge.'"

That this picture is a caricature will be admitted by all who have lived long enough among the French people to know them, but none who really know them will deny that, like all caricatures, it contains a certain amount of truthful resemblance.

Parisians of all shades—save one—have been scandalized and indignant at the unfeeling remark of General Du Failly, in his report of the sanguinary engagement of Mentana: "The Chassepot rifles have done wonders." The new arm not only enables the soldier to take aim, at an immense distance, with almost unerring precision, but its explosive bullets inflict horrible, most painful, and absolutely incurable wounds. The tone of mere professional satisfaction implied in the words so generally criticised, and which displeased the Emperor so much that the publication of the remark has brought some of the head people of the *Moniteur* into trouble, has called forth a general protest, interesting, however, as a sign of progress on the part of the public in relation to the organized murder called "war" rather than as being logical in itself. For, evidently, if the most advanced science, the most consummate skill, and a large proportion of the wealth of nations, are devoted to the perfecting of the implements of destruction, it is only logical to applaud the perfection with which they work. The brilliant victory achieved by these formidable weapons in the hands of the trained French soldiers of the Papal army over the defective old fowling-pieces of the raw Garibaldian volunteers at Mentana, has brought mourning into many of the proudest houses of the "aristocratic Faubourg," whose sons and brothers had hastened to Rome, on the approach of Garibaldi to the Eternal City, and had enlisted under the banner of the Papal tiara. What ever may be one's sympathies in relation to the cause they fought for, there can be no doubt of the bravery with which these "curled darlings" of fortune—offering the sacrifice of rank and fortune to what is generally regarded in the world they belong to as the most "sacred" of causes—met the desperate charge of their opponents. Those of the former who fell in the fight are naturally extolled to the skies by the *Univers*, which, in recounting the finding of the corpse of a scion of a house almost as old as the French monarchy, declares that "the fair young face of this descendant of the Crusaders wore a seraphic smile that seemed a reflection of the heaven he had entered; while, as though to heighten by contrast its beatified expression, the countenance of a Garibaldian, fallen beside him, expressed in its hideous contortions the demoniac horror of the hell to which he had been consigned."

Some of the haughty families whose sons had gone to Rome have seen them come back unscathed; among others, the parents of a band of five young brothers, all barons, all of whom were in the battle, and all of whom have escaped without a scratch.

The clerical party, amidst their jubilation over the repulse of Garibaldi, are exceedingly scandalized by the fact that the grand ceremony of the consecration of the new and splendid Church of the Trinity has just taken place under the presidency of Baron Haussmann and M. Baune, both of them Protestants, but whose official position necessarily placed them at the head of the secular part of the arrangements.

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The Week.

THE impeachment business has come to an end very much in the way most people have for some time expected, and which the production of the evidence made all but certain. Mr. Boutwell supported it on Friday in a speech of studied moderation, and the spectators in the galleries were solemnly warned by the Speaker that demonstrations of any kind would not be permitted. Both he and the impeachers were evidently anxious to throw over the affair, at the last moment, an air of judicial gravity, but it was not wholly successful. Nor was Mr. Boutwell very effective in his new *rôle* of a calm and restrained speaker. It was evident, very early in the proceeding, what the end would be, and the minority, therefore, resorted to various devices for the purpose of prolonging the debate, many members having elaborate and powerful treatises ready for delivery in their coat-tail pockets. One of the most striking incidents of the occasion was Thaddeus Stevens pleading for the indulgence and freedom of discussion which last winter he resolutely denied to everybody who differed from him, bringing the House nearer, in its manner of transacting business, to the French National Assembly than any Anglo-Saxon legislature has probably ever come; though, with all his faults, it is impossible not to admire the attitude of pluck with which he still keeps the field, and the tenacity with which he holds on to his convictions. If his zeal was only regulated by knowledge, and if he could only have ever been got to see that, to use Burke's words, "Prudence is not only first in the rank of the virtues, political and moral, but she is the director, the regulator, the standard of them all," he would not only have wielded, but have continued to wield to the last, an influence such as few men in the House have ever possessed. The debate closed on Saturday by a division on the direct motion that the President be impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors, which was negatived by 108 to 57. Of the majority 67 were Republicans. Even in the Massachusetts delegation only two, Messrs. Boutwell and Butler, voted in the minority. Whatever was done in debate to put an end to this performance was done by Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, who, both in his minority report and in his reply to Mr. Boutwell before the House, proved himself not only an able and acute logician, but the master of the clear style which is almost always the sign and accompaniment of clear thinking. His line of argument was substantially that put forward by Professor Dwight, of this city, in a pamphlet published last winter, and of which we gave a summary in THE NATION at the time. Mr. Boutwell will be consoled and perhaps surprised at finding that the sun shines none the less brightly, and the marriages and births are none the less numerous, and the preparations for Christmas none the less active, for the failure of his movement to remove "the tyrant and usurper in the White House" from "the chair he has disgraced." What troubles us most is the thought of all the fine rhetoric that has been wasted on the matter. There have been enough epithets and well-rounded periods and Junius-like vituperation launched at "the tyrant's" head to cause fifty monsters like him to tremble on their gilded couches, and it makes one sick at heart to think that nothing should have come of it.

The impeachment having been got out of the way, the House went at the currency, and stopped contraction in a few minutes, with what drill-sergeants call a "smart rattle." Everybody, or nearly everybody, seemed to know beforehand exactly what ought to be done, so there was no debate. We are not disposed to quarrel with this decision, for reasons we have given elsewhere, if the House will now let the currency alone till they are able to redeem it in gold. There are apprehensions, which we fear are well founded, that there is a strong disposition on the part of the majority to begin to inflate once more till we get back to where we stood in 1865. This would be an act of wild folly and worse; but the talk one hears on currency prepares one for anything. Mr. Ross, for instance, announced on Saturday that he was in favor of "watering the currency a little," of paying the bonds in greenbacks "if it could be done without violating the honest good faith of the country," and of substituting greenbacks for the national bank issues, and then of issuing gradually from year to year more greenbacks to redeem the balance of the debt. Mr. Ross evidently thinks there is some magic in doing things "by degrees," like the gentleman who cut down his horse's forage little by little so as to accustom the animal to doing without food altogether. Unfortunately, the horse died before the experiment was completed, and we fear there would be a grand crash before Mr. Ross got the debt all paid off, which would prevent us ascertaining satisfactorily whether public liabilities could be met in his way or not. Arguing from the analogy of private transactions, we cannot help doubting it. Paying off bonds in greenbacks is exactly like Mr. Micawber's plan of settling his debts by giving his note, which he looked on as an honest and complete discharge.

Mr. Churchill, whose conversion in the committee gave the majority to the impeachers, explained the matter in an elaborate letter to the New York *Times* last week, which, although it did not in the least justify his change, fully accounts for it. It appears he was convinced in June last that the President had been guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors, but hoped he would never do the like again. During the summer he became satisfied he would do the like again, and, although ready to forget the past, Mr. Churchill could not overlook the future, and, like the English schoolmaster who whipped all his boys regularly every Monday morning by way of anticipating the faults of the week, he went over and voted for the impeachment, being determined, as Shakespeare says, to "prevent the foul fiend." He quoted various newspapers in support of his fears about the President's inten-

tions, and altogether furnished a fresh and striking illustration of the truth of the celebrated saying of Chancellor Oxenstiern—to which we beg pardon for referring—touching the small amount of wisdom with which the world is governed.

General Butler will, now that impeachment is settled, devote his whole energies to the other great work of getting the bonds paid off in greenbacks. What gives richness and flavor to his arguments on this subject is, that he brings forward the lowness of the price of the five-twenty bonds in gold as a proof that the bondholders do not expect, and have never expected, to be paid off in gold. We know of only one reason for the low price of any interest-bearing government security, and that is general doubt as to whether the Government will keep its promises. It was this which forced the Government in the beginning to dispose of the bonds at such low rates, and it is this which still keeps them low in the market. In other words, people feared all over the world that, when the time came to pay, Butlers and Pendletons would spring up and persuade people that they ought not to pay, and provide them with some little trick by which they would be able to cheat their creditors in reality, without doing so in name. Curiously enough, this expectation has been realized, and the climax is capped by the repudiators bringing the creditors' alarm as a *reason* for not paying them; just as if a private individual, who was well able to pay his debts, but whose bad character had reduced the value of his paper on the money market to twenty-five cents on the dollar, were to plead his creditors' alarm as a justification for committing fraudulent bankruptcy.

The correspondence between Mr. Motley and Mr. Seward, arising out of the McCracken charges, has been published. The sum and substance of it is this: that Mr. Seward, on receiving a letter from a person named McCracken, of whom he knew nothing, and had never heard, wrote to Mr. Motley, without giving his authority, asking him, with insulting curtness, whether he was not in the habit of abusing the President, his superior officer, and him (Mr. Seward), his personal friend, in a coarse and vulgar way. To this Mr. Motley replied by a flat denial, and, with pardonable indignation, accompanied it with a resignation of his office. The resignation, Messrs. Johnson and Seward had the folly—we might use a much harder word—to accept, and the office has been ever since going a-begging. Of McCracken, on whose information one of the foremost men in America, an ornament to her literature and to her society, has been thus driven from a high position in the public service, nothing has ever since been heard. It is, we believe, not even known whether any such person is in existence. What adds to the shame and scandal of the affair is, that it has been defended, within a few days, by *The Commercial Advertiser*, of this city, which is edited by an intimate personal friend of Mr. Seward's, and may, therefore, be presumed to speak his sentiments. *The Advertiser* thinks Mr. Motley was too touchy, but then opinions vary infinitely as to what a man's personal dignity exacts of him. There are doubtless functionaries in the public service who would think a smart kick from the head of the department a not unreasonable or unendurable indication of official dissatisfaction; but then we should be sorry, and so we feel sure would most civilized men, if such notions of decorum were to spread. Mr. Seward's note to Mr. Motley was simply brutal. Mr. Seward ought to be ashamed of it, and we are sure it has made the country ashamed of him.

The *Alabama* controversy seems to have reached a dead-lock. Mr. Seward asks to have the whole conduct of the English Government, from the recognition of the South as a belligerent, submitted to arbitration; while Lord Stanley agrees to submit everything but this recognition, claiming for this the character of a discretionary act, on the propriety or impropriety of which no nation can or ought to allow a foreign power to pass. We believe the right of every nation to recognize any organized government as belligerents has never been questioned, but it is a right which is always exercised under liability to an unfriendly construction. In other words, you may recognize anybody you please as a belligerent, but if your recognition seems premature, or seems to have an insufficient basis in facts, the other belligerent has a right to take offence at it and treat it as an unfriendly act. It is hard to see how, under these circumstances, it is not a fit subject for arbitration. Whatever can cause a dispute is surely fair matter for mediation. If the United States were to recognize the Fenians as belligerents in case they succeeded in holding Cork or Galway for a week, the act would be one undeniably within the discretion of this Government; but that would not prevent Great Britain considering it an indication of hostile feeling, and acting accordingly.

A letter from Mr. Mason, ex-Envoy of the Confederacy in Europe, in reply to the invitation of a certain Colonel Graham, formerly of Texas, to settle in Jamaica, has appeared in the Virginia papers. Mr. Mason refuses to settle in Jamaica himself or to advise others to do so, inasmuch as "it is his hope and belief that a time must come when the reckless and unscrupulous party in power at Washington will be overthrown, and the Southern States again remitted to full and exclusive control over their respective populations, without foreign intervention." What he means by this "full and exclusive control over their populations," he explains further on by expressing his confidence "that the intelligence, wisdom, and, more than all, the experience of our people in regard to negroes would make them devise some system of legislation by which, without again reducing them to slavery, they would be made to discharge the incumbent duties of a laboring class." All this, being turned into plain English, means that he looks forward to the time when the South will be enabled to put in force the black code which most of the States drew up at the close of the war; and that this expectation is shared by the great body of the white population there can be very little doubt. If the Democratic party should get into power before the traditions of slavery have died out, and before the negroes have acquired enough education and intelligence to be able to protect their own rights, there can be little question that this expectation would be realized, which is as strong a reason as can be given why the Republican party should carefully avoid whatever seems likely to take from it the confidence of the masses. Granting that Wendell Phillips ought to be allowed to draft all bills and resolutions, and that the President should be removed afterward under his superintendence, the question would still remain unsettled whether the people, being what it is, would approve of these performances—and on this everything depends.

The Evening Post makes a very sensible suggestion as to the best mode of regulating and restoring the finances. It recommends the appointment of a commission of able and skilled men, without regard to party ties, to take up and deal with all the questions of currency, revenue, retrenchment, and what not, now scattered through half-a-dozen Congressional committees. Nothing could be better. Everybody now has his nostrum, and, in the clamor raised by newspapers and orators, no plan can secure fair consideration, or, in fact, any consideration. But good as *The Post's* suggestion is, we fear there is not the least chance of its adoption. Congress could doubtless be got to agree to the appointment of such a commission, and would receive and print its report, but it would not act on it; and, if the commission gave trouble, would drive it out of existence. Congress has never shown, since the war began, any disposition to pay any respect to the judgment of experts, or to let them have any share in shaping legislation. Mr. D. A. Wells, useful as is the part he plays, and little as it trenches on anybody's prerogative, has difficulty in maintaining his position. He is allowed to report facts, but the minute he expresses any opinion there are fifty ignoramuses clamoring for his head. Moreover, a great body of the members firmly believe in their own inspiration, and doubt the existence of any such thing as acquired knowledge. More of them than people think have the Honorable Ben Wade's conviction, that he was getting just the right sort of preparation for a statesman's duties when he was digging a canal.

Mrs. Cady Stanton and Miss Susan B. Anthony have enlisted George Francis Train in the cause of female suffrage, and they are now all three engaged in winning the nation over to their way of thinking. We venture to doubt, however, whether the cause will thrive under Mr. Train's rhetoric. It has had enough rhetoric already to kill fifty causes of its age and strength, and if it can survive this last dose it will prove beyond question that it has a great future before it.

Wendell Phillips pronounces Mr. Wilson's argument on the impeachment question "*ad captandum* law and school-boy declamation." He does not well know what his (Mr. Wilson's) education has been, but it has "evidently never been a legal one. Indeed, the very dust he throws in the eyes of the nation is of the poorest character." Moreover, "the Republican party," we learn from the same authority, "is too timid to look the President in the face. The voices of the senators are choked by the patronage they have sued for and received."

". . . If Wall Street wishes the channels of business free, let it sweep the White House with the broom of impeachment. If loyal men dread to see the pledged word of the nation made the shuttlecock of politics, let them put a knave out of the Presidency and an honest man in his place. If Johnson leaves the White House by the 1st of January, then the resumption of specie payments will take place exactly fourteen months and four days earlier than it otherwise possibly can."

This is good, strong writing, but *The Independent* manages to outdo it, as follows:

"Let both Houses join in impeaching and removing the perfidious and dangerous President of the United States. The speedy downfall of this bold, bad man would electrify the country. Bonfires would be lighted, bells rung, thanksgivings offered, and the whole land would shout for joy! Let the great act be done, and done quickly!"

Of the two, we prefer *The Independent's* plan to Mr. Phillips's, as it is far more thorough, and promises a more joyous, not to say convivial, conclusion. We venture to say Mr. Phillips only wanted the House to impeach, and expected the Senate to try, in the old humdrum, worn-out, cowardly way. *The Independent*, on the other hand, wants to have both Houses impeach together, and does not care who tries, thus leaving Mr. Phillips lagging far in the rear, to say nothing of the "bonfires," for which Mr. Phillips had evidently made no preparation.

The following energetic description is of the Union men of Georgia who own newspapers in which are published official advertisements: "Official, indeed; yes, you are the official tools of an official robber, and the lying, whining, fawning, pliant sycophants of power, and the truckling, snivelling, drivelling pensioners of fraud and petty tyranny." Of course no gentleman could be expected to associate with people whom he describes in that manner. It is not strange, then, that the fifty Northern families who have settled in the neighborhood of Montgomery are "put in permanent quarantine." And it is not surprising that the Macon (Ga.) *News* has to print in full the names of thirteen persons, such as above described, as having "voted the Scalawag ticket." No better could be expected of them. They are people who, if they open a store, cannot sell their goods; if they go to church, are severely snubbed even by their fellow-Christians; if they teach a school, are suspected of miscegenation; and are in every way in bad odor. We suppose, to speak seriously, that in the position of the "Union man" in the South there is no perceptible change for the better from what it was in the year after the war, when to be a "Union man" was to be hated and despised by nine in ten of one's white neighbors, to be often insulted, seldom treated with friendliness, and not seldom in danger of one's life, and in a state of chronic disgust with all the life around one. We had been forgetting the true state of the average Southerner's feeling for his "Yank" conqueror and his "Southern Yank" neighbor. It has been forced upon our attention by a letter recently printed in the Cincinnati *Commercial*, to which we have paid the more attention as we have personal knowledge of the ability and character of the gentleman who wrote it. However, the causes are at work which will, sooner or later, make a new South, and meantime the *News* must be put up with. General Pope, by the way, first heard of his suspension of that paper from reports in Northern journals.

We have to say that *The Tribune* correspondent who, two or three weeks ago, wrote about the Savannah election—the march of one hundred and twenty negroes from the Ogeechee, their camping out near the court-house, their subsequent despondent return home, their grief at the failure of Mr. Bradley to keep certain absurd promises he had made to the people—was deceived by intelligence which he has since discovered to be false. Mr. Bradley, the correspondent now says—and if he is not a second time mistaken, it is very well—made no such promises, there was no marching, and none of all the rest of it. We gladly give the denial as prominent a place as the assertion, not for the sake of the correspondent, who has shown himself rather disgracefully neglectful of his duty, but for the sake of our readers, ourselves, and the good name of the colored voters.

A pamphlet, believed to be inspired by the Emperor, has appeared in Paris, and excited a good deal of attention, and forms a kind of commentary on the Imperial speech at the opening of the Chambers. The sum and substance of it is, that it would not do for France to interfere with Germany, because, in the first place, it would not be safe. In a war, France would probably have all Germany and all Russia on her hands, and, though ever so brave, would probably get the worst of it. In the second place, because it would not be right. France is "democratic and liberal," and so is Germany going to be, and so on. Poor Italy is disposed of in the pamphlet by pointing out that, in case of a war with Germany, Rome would probably have to be abandoned to the Garibaldians—not to secure an Italian alliance, for that would be of no value, but to avoid Italian hostility, which would necessarily call away a portion of the French army from more important fields.

A M. Colonne has come back from Italy, and has been writing an article in the *Revue Contemporaine*, showing what a useless butchery Mentana was, inasmuch as Garibaldi was retreating and his troops were only half armed, and comes to the conclusion that the real execution done by the Chassepot rifle was done on the temporal and spiritual power—"having," he says, "killed one and grieviously wounded the other." At the same time, M. de Kératry, who has been defending Marshal Bazaine with so much spirit in the same periodical, has been publishing an exceedingly unpleasant history of the Jecker bonds, which, as everybody knows, were the ostensible cause of the French invasion of Mexico, showing that the real reason why Jecker's claim was taken up by France was that high personages, he mentions no names, had arranged to go shares with Jecker in the proceeds.

The chances of a conference on the Italian question have diminished, rather than increased, since last week. The speech of M. Rouher in the French Chamber shows, or is believed to show, that France would go into the conference determined that it should only end in one way, that is, in placing the temporal power under a European guarantee. This being the case, of course the powers which are opposed to the temporal power, such as England and Italy, will have nothing to do with it. Moreover, the threatening, almost insulting, intimations given by the French Government, that, if no conference is held, it will itself make the Italians keep out of Rome, are not calculated to advance matters. M. Thiers, as usual, argues strongly in favor of the Papacy, and, in fact, in favor of anything which is likely to keep Italy divided, though, we believe, he is no more of a Catholic than Béranger. As we have repeatedly said, we doubt if the Italian policy of the Government is unpopular with anybody but the extreme Liberals of Paris. The expressions of dissatisfaction with it come from a section of the press by which the cafés and "cercles" of the capital are influenced strongly, but which, on a question of this sort, wield very little influence elsewhere.

Notes.

LITERARY.

LEYPOLDT & HOLT announce for publication translations of several German works—L. Rellstab's "Eighteen Hundred and Twelve;" A. Meissner's "For the Glory of God; a Story of the Jesuits;" the same author's "Sansara," and H. König's "King Jerome's Carnival."——To Hurd & Houghton's previous announcements we have to add "Letters on International Copyright," by H. C. Carey, the political economist, and "The Philosophy of Eating," by Dr. A. J. Bellows.——T. Ellwood Zell will republish "An Atlas of the Nervous System of the Human Body," which contains nearly fifty photographic illustrations of the size of life. The work is by Dr. Rudinger, of Munich. We believe this beautiful and valuable book is to be sold to subscribers only.——G. W. Carleton will issue a holiday edition of "The Culprit Fay."——Gould & Lincoln announce "A Theological Index; or, References to the Principal Works in all Departments of Religious Literature," by Howard Malcolm, D.D., and "The Annals of Scientific Discovery; or, Year-Book of Facts for 1867-8." It is edited this year by Dr. Samuel Kneeland.——Mr. John T. Hearn, of Shelbyville, Kentucky, issues the prospectus of a "Southern Journal of Education," for January, 1868, and monthly thereafter. We see in it no traces of the folly which seeks to distinguish Southern education from Northern, and to inoculate the South with a peculiar sort of knowledge against the fanatical ideas of the North. The publisher appears to have in mind such a journal as Ohio has, and Michigan, and the rest of the Northern circle; and while it is certain that he cannot depend upon Kentucky to support him, it is equally certain that he sets up his beacon in the darkest place between the Ohio River and the Gulf. We hope, therefore, that he will succeed.——E. P. Myers & Chandler, Chicago, publish this month "The Life of Jesus according to the Gospel Record vindicated against the Attacks of Dr. Strauss and Infidelity in general," a posthumous work of the late Dr. J. F. I. Tafel, of Germany, a fellow-student of Strauss; also, "Letters to a Man of the World," from the French by Professor R. L. Tafel, of St. Louis; "The Doctrine of Life, from the Commandments of the Decalogue," from the Latin of Swedenborg, by Rev. S. M. Warren, of England; "Who was Swedenborg?" by Rev. O. P. Hiller, of England; "The Voices of the Wind, and other Poems," by P. F. Reid, of Chicago; and "Chicago and her Churches," by "January Searle."——The children's books announced are almost innumerable.

—Among American books recently published or republished in England we see the names of Doctor Holmes's "Guardian Angel"; Mr. Trowbridge's "Cudjo's Cave" and "Three Scouts"; a new edition of Longfellow's "Hyperion"; and Volumes III. and IV. of Mr. Motley's "History of the United Netherlands," which bring the work down "from the death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce of 1609." In the preface to the third volume Mr. Motley says he is engaged upon a work supplemental to "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" and "The History of the United Netherlands." The new work will be called "The History of the Thirty Years' War." Mrs. Stowe's "Queer Little People" is also republished; Mr. Beecher's "Norwood" is advertised; and so is a book, American in having an American author at any rate—Elihu Burritt's "juvenile" called "The Black Country and its Green Border-Land," which is some account of the author's wanderings in Staffordshire and Warwickshire.

—*Putnam's Magazine* makes a good first appearance after its resurrection. *Putnam's Monthly* of former days is very kindly remembered. It was a much better magazine than any American one which had then ever been published, and was so good that it was not badly beaten by *The Atlantic* in the earlier years of that periodical's existence. Lowell was one of the old contributors; another, we now learn, was Arthur Hugh Clough; another was Longfellow; another was William North, whom we recollect as the author of "The Slave of the Lamp," a book of the sort of which everybody knows two or three—books once read with delight, still remembered lovingly as a part of youth, yet which one would be a little afraid to read again, and is willing to remember only and to remember vaguely. Still other contributors were Thoreau, who, like Clough, is since dead; T. F. Meagher, dead; William Henry Herbert, dead—like North, a suicide; Fitz James O'Brien, dead; Maria Lowell, also now dead; Grant White; Herman Melville—whose books, by the way, somebody ought to republish in a uniform edition; William Swinton, Edmund Quincy; and, not to name a good many more, J. F. Hanson, who raised the question, "Have we a Bourbon among us?" in an article which made as much talk about the first *Putnam* as "Bramah" made about the first *Atlantic*. Mr. G. W. Curtis, however, was the writer who was, perhaps, most useful to the magazine. As editor, his taste must have been eminently advantageous to it, and he wrote for it "The Potiphar Papers" and "Prue and I," respectively his best books as satirist and sentimentalist. But the magazine died—by no fault of its own or of the reading public's, and since its day we have had *The Atlantic;* and *Harper's;* and *The North American* nowadays is a quarterly pleasure instead of being drowsiness in black and white as it used to be; and, in general, our standard of excellence in periodical literature has risen, and the old *Putnam's*, if it were to appear now, might seem less good than before. But to come to this first number of the new series; we find in it two good things, several things that will do well enough, and not many which the editor ought to have thrown away. Mr. Curtis's letter to Mr. C. F. Briggs, whom some readers may know as "Harry Franco," is very pleasant, and, better than pleasant, contains some truth and fact in relation to Clough's life and character. The other article with which we were pleased is "The Carpenter," by Mr. W. D. O'Conor. Not that parts of it are not unpleasing and even, we may say, disgusting. Mr. Walt Whitman is the chief figure in it—chief in the author's intention—and is glorified as the grand incarnation of friendliness and brotherliness—to which we do not say No, for he may be that; that would have formed a part of any description of him which we might have made. Certainly he seems to have impressed more than one young man with a great affection for him. But all this making men fall on his neck, and "kiss him on the mouth," and lean, fainting, in his embrace, and shrink from the holiness of his aspect, and so on—albeit he is disguised as "The Carpenter," and the men are imaginary men—is an offence, and offensive enough to justify the word "disgusting" above written. The story is, however, powerful, and so true—though in places the author has not restrained himself—that one may properly be very much obliged to him for having written it. Faults and all, it is worth while to get the magazine for the sake of reading it. Among the things in this first number which will do well enough we count "Thirteen Years of the Nation," which performs the difficult task of giving a *résumé* of the late war, and the times preceding and succeeding it, in a manner which will please most Northern people and some few white Southerners. Other papers falling under the same head are "Jewels of the Deep," "Life in Great Cities," "The Italian Question," and the article entitled "Introductory," which, by reason of the subject, possesses an interest that its author did not give it. "Dobbs His Ferry" is very trivial; "Too True: An American Story of To-day," is only just opening, but, we fear, is to be described in much the same words; the poetry of this number is not poetry; "The Late Francis L. Hawks" not many people care much about, and this article and the one entitled "Beginning of New York," and some of the "Table Talk," make one fear that *Putnam's* will attempt to revive the unrevivable, and be made dull by Knickerbockerism which, in this year of grace, delights nobody but a few manufacturers of it scattered here and there up and down the Hudson. It was not because of its Knickerbockerism, but in spite of it, that the magazine was liked before, and it will now be a great deal harder than it was then to get many persons interested in the things of that world which, once bright, is now entirely faded. *The Monthly Chronicle*, which gives news of politics, painting, music, and literature, is carefully prepared—to judge it by this single specimen; but is not prepared with particular cleverness. In outward appearance the magazine is pleasing. The old device of Indian corn and sugar-cane is on the cover, but is not, we believe, so striking as it was made to be on the cover of *The Monthly*.

On the whole, we think the new magazine promises fairly, and we expect to see it flourish as a field for good writers who, for one reason or another, would, if they looked Eastward, look in vain for a monthly opportunity to bring themselves before the public.

—From a letter, printed for private circulation, addressed to the Secretary of State by Mr. George F. Seward, our consul general in China, we learn something of the working of our system of civil service. And the state of things is not now very different from what it has been since 1842. We give, almost at random, some of the facts set forth by Mr. Seward; a want of interest in the matter is a great difficulty in the way of reform, and a few of these scattered facts cry as loud for a reform as would a whole history of our Chinese consulates. "One of the offences," says Dr. Parker, writing in 1858 to Mr. Marcy, "for which Woo, the late Intendant of Shanghai, was degraded and banished was 'that during his term of office he held intercourse with the members of a barbarian mercantile house, to the excitement of slander against him;'" yet we habitually take barbarians of mercantile houses, clerks or junior partners sometimes, as incumbents of consular offices in a country where the commercial classes, as compared with literary men and men in official life, have been for ages held in low estimation. And we support the authority of our consuls about as well as

we choose them. Says Mr. Reed to Mr. Cass, "We extort from China 'exterritoriality'—the amenability of guilty Americans to our law—and then we deny to our judicial officers the means of punishing them." In 1860 the consul at Ningpo said, "My way of disposing of all who were charged with such crimes and misdemeanors as would, if convicted, oblige me to imprison them, has been to ask the British consul for jail accommodation contingently;" and if the British consul for any reason refused, the American consul had to let his criminal loose. The consul at Shanghai says, in 1860, "I have now one [criminal] in the British consulate prison recently sentenced for three years; and I am liable at any moment to receive notice that the prison room is wanted." In a memorial with the date of 1867, it is complained that our consulates in China are destitute of proper interpreters—the English train their own and have good ones—that our consuls are mostly men unversed in law and unacquainted with Chinese customs, that our consuls are not able to live in such a way as to command the respect of the Chinese, and we seem to be as badly off for jails, constables, and all consular assistants as we were ten years ago. All this, as Mr. Burlingame says, puts the United States in a very unworthy position, and calls urgently for Congressional action—more urgently now than ever, when our trade from the Pacific coast to China and Japan pays, in the one item of import duties on tea, ten millions of dollars, and is yearly getting larger, and may be expected to be, when in a year or two the Pacific railroad is finished, nothing less than enormous.

—Dr. T. C. Bluntschli, Professor of the Law of Nations in the University of Heidelberg, has published a work entitled "The Modern Law of Nations in the Form of a Code," with an introduction of about fifty pages containing a survey of the history of public law down to our time. A French translation is announced at Brussels, and we understand an English translation is also in preparation. The author inserts in lieu of a preface a letter to his friend, Dr. Francis Lieber, of this city, in which he declares that he owed the idea of his work to General Order No. 100, which was drawn up by Dr. Lieber and issued by President Lincoln in 1863. Dr. Bluntschli says:

"Your happy idea of giving the American army a brief code of the laws of war on land as an instruction in the field, and for the purpose of mitigating as far as possible the wild passions of war by the warnings of law, first suggested to me the design of presenting the principles and characteristics of the Modern Law of Nations in the form of a code, and your letters have encouraged me to execute this arduous undertaking. Your Code of the Laws of War on land has received official strength from the authority of President Lincoln; my code must go forth entirely without official support, and it can acquire authority only in so far as the modern civilized nations find in it a true and timely expression of their *jural consciousness*, and in so far as power may learn to respect public opinion."

—Richard Doyle's "Manners and Customs of ye Englishe" was, perhaps, the first book in which "ye" was printed for the definite article for the purpose of giving a semblance of antiquity. Doyle used it only in his titles and headings. Doesticks in "Plu-ri-bus-tah" used it in the titles of his comic cuts only, printing those titles in old English type. It has been much used in our short-lived comic papers, and it has grown to be immensely funny to print it, and still funnier to pronounce it as it is printed. The appearance of a book which we review elsewhere, in which the joke is carried to an extreme, gave the needed hint for these remarks. No doubt if the author of "Ye Legende of St. Gwendoline" were to read his book aloud he would pronounce as he writes "ye." Of course it was never so pronounced in the old times, and it was only seldom used, and then as a mere abbreviation. Some persons still use it in writing, just as they use "&" for "and." We know of three gentlemen who use this abbreviation habitually. The history of its origin is about as follows: The Anglo-Saxon alphabet had two letters which ours has not, but might have to its advantage, one representing the sound of *th* in thin and one the sound of *th* in then. As late as the middle of the fifteenth century, when the English language was in other respects much what it is now, the Anglo-Saxon character for the soft sound of *th* was still in use, and this one letter, with the vowel *e*, made the definite article. When Caxton began to print, his type was what is called "black-letter," not unlike our modern "old English" or "church-text" type. In this there was no character for the sound we represent by *th*, and Caxton and his followers, generally printing "ꝥe," sometimes in a crowded place used their ꝥ to represent the old letter, and also used a compound character, with e above ꝥ, as in a vulgar fraction. This custom was not entirely given up while black-letter was used. Thus, one of the latest of black-letter books, the King James Bible of 1611, has the abbreviation occasionally, though "ꝥe" much more often, and in a few instances has a character made up of ꝥ and t, which is used for the pronoun "that." When Roman type came into use, at the end of the fifteenth century, the same conditions held: "the" was the common form, but "ye" was used. In the first folio Shakespeare of 1623 the only "ye" we have noticed is in a very crowded line, where its use just prevents the words from overrunning the space. The very last book issued by the Early English Text Society, "Manipulus Vocabulorum," bears date 1570; the black-letter title has only "ꝥe"; the preface has "the" more often, but "ye" sometimes, and twice gives "yt" for the conjunction "that." It was occasionally used for nearly a hundred years more, but had pretty much disappeared by 1670, although at that time other abbreviations were common, especially in verse.

—Mr. Frederick Kapp, author of a "Life of Steuben," "Der Soldatenhandel deutscher Fürsten nach Amerika," etc., is writing a history of "The German Immigration in America," in two volumes, the first of which has been published (New York: F. Steiger). It contains the history of the Germans of this State down to the beginning of the present century. We hope when the work is completed to speak of it more at length.——Dr. Obernier has written a monograph on "Der Hitzschlag" (*coup de chaleur*, sunstroke), based on recent observations of careful experiments upon animals.——F. A. Brockhaus, of Leipsic, has published the third volume of T. T. von Tschudi's "Reisen durch Süd-Amerika" in elegant style and with numerous wood-cuts. It describes the author's travels through the Brazilian provinces of Espiritu Santo, Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo, and Santa Catarina in 1860–1861, and treats especially of the *colonies* of foreigners (mostly Germans) in those provinces. The colonies contend bravely against the ignorance, prejudice, and hatred of the natives; they have succeeded in dotting the interior of Brazil with thriving settlements, and stand in striking contrast with the haughty indolence and slothfulness of Brazilian negroes; in fact, they furnish the nucleus of a hardier race, destined to impart a more vigorous life and a healthier development to the immense resources of that beautiful country than the Latin race seems ever capable of imparting.——Our rapid progress in the vast field of natural sciences has led to a "division of labor" as the only way of reconciling the "ars longa" with the "vita brevis." A valuable contribution on the side of geology is Dr. Vogland's "Philosophie der Geologie und mikroskopische Gesteinsstudien" ("Philosophy of Geology and Microscopic Studies in Mineralogy"), with ten colored tables, dedicated to England's great geologists. With this may also appropriately be mentioned the publication of all the writings of Leopold von Buck, the greatest geologist of his age, and the fellow-traveller and friend of Alexander von Humboldt—a gratifying proof that recent investigations have not caused eminent scholars of our own time to overlook the great services of their predecessors or to presume to attain anything but *less imperfect* results.

EDUCATIONAL.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

A VERY important movement is in progress in California, looking to the establishment of a State University in reality and not merely in name. There is a strong probability that three separate foundations will be combined at an early day to make one strong, liberal, and comprehensive institution. We allude to the College of California, already in successful operation; the College of Agriculture, Mining, and the Mechanical Arts, recently incorporated as one of the National Schools of Science by the grant of 150-000 acres of land; and third, the funds derived from lands specially set apart for a State University, including the proceeds, actual or prospective, of seventy-two sections of the State.

Our readers may be interested in a fuller statement of a movement so full of promise to the Golden State.

In providing for the acceptance of the national grant for a scientific school in accordance with the Morrill bill of 1862, the Legislature of California directed that the new institution "should not be united or connected with any other institution of learning in the State." At first sight, this action seems opposed to that concentration of literary and scientific activity which is essential to the highest educational advancement of a new country, but happily a plan has been agreed upon which accords with the legislative restrictions while it also favors the combination of intellectual and scholastic forces.

The College of California, begun some years ago at Oakland, near San Francisco, on the basis of most of the New England Colleges, has agreed (as the resolution expresses it) to "disincorporate," on the condition that the State will organize a State University on the site at Oakland thus given up, and will provide the various courses of instruction which modern civilization demands in the higher departments of science and letters. Not only so, but it offers in any case to give a site, appropriate and extensive, in the neighborhood of its own buildings to the proposed College of Science.

Early in November last, the directors of the College of Agriculture, Mining, and the Mechanical Arts, came together and considered the proposition of the Oakland trustees, and agreed to accept the same so far as it relates to their trust; that is, the trustees of the Scientific College agree to accept one hundred and sixty acres of land from the College of California and adopt it as the site of the new national institution. It is also understood that these same directors will favor the modification of the act of incorporation under which they are organized, so that a State University in all its fulness may be maintained under the fostering care of one body of trustees. If the Legislature responds to this proposal, which is now supported by the joint action of two distinct bodies, the State will receive for its university the remaining property of the College of California, including four hundred and fifty acres of land well adapted to the wants of the proposed institution. The locality in which the College of California is situated has received the name of Berkely, in honor of the illustrious Bishop of Cloyne, who came to this country inspired with a determination to establish a university, and who finally bestowed both land and books on the college at New Haven. It is a fitting tribute to his prophetic insight and to his unselfish efforts for the advancement of American education that the name of the author who wrote

"Westward the course of empire takes its way,"

and wrote it "in the prospect of planting arts and learning in America," should be permanently associated with a university on our extremest western shores.

JUVENILE FICTION.*

THE works mentioned below may be divided into three classes. Some of these, talking about children, talk for adult readers, and yet, more or less, will adapt themselves to the understanding of boys and girls; some of them keep in view the boys and girls only, and succeed in portraying as well as in addressing children; and some are total failures in all respects. "Copsley Annals" comes under the first-named head; and, while we are not sure that the children will like it all, or all there is in it to be liked, we are very sure that it will be liked by its adult readers. It does, as itself says, give us, who are grown, some "intercourse with the little ones, who, after all, are the nearest links connecting our human nature with innocence and unworldliness," and cannot be read without real pleasure. The children of the story are perfectly natural, and all the characters of the story are depicted with so much humor, and with so true and firm a pencil, that we are able to advise any head of a family who gives the book to his young people to borrow it when they get done with it and read it himself. Its full title is "Copsley Annals Preserved in Proverbs," the proverb in each case being some household saying, which puts into a few words—words of counsel or description—the gist of some household occurrence. The birth of these sayings the author relates, as we have said, in a way that will make children like the book. The humor is, perhaps, of a sort which only older people can appreciate; she seems to do what is commonly done by story-makers—story-makers for children, we mean—of a high, but not the highest class. That is, as she goes along relating the incidents which the children are hungry for, she amuses herself with a play of fanciful humor which is altogether above the children's heads. George Macdonald is, we should say, the master in this peculiar walk of juvenile literature. In some of that author's subtle "Dealings with the Fairies" a hardened cynic and a small bit of a girl might take a delight almost the same in degree. And in some parts of his stories the young folks of the audience would wonder what on earth he was saying, while the adult hearers would know too well what on earth he was saying. So we say that he is not of the highest class of story-makers for children, and no more are the lesser writers of his school. It is men and women who write for children, and, necessarily, there is no good writing for children which does not mean more than the children think it does. We do right to look in such performances for two elements—the sort of thought which pleases the young and that which pleases the old; in stories for boys there ought to be stories for men. But the two elements should be fused, not simply laid side by side; the union should be chemical, not mechanical merely. Mr. Macdonald, in the witty, wise, poetical little book we have mentioned, is a frequent violator of this rule; the Griersons and Andersens never forget it, and it is never forgotten in the world-famous tales which are known to all boys, and by all men, too, remembered. "Copsley Annals" has something of the fault of which we have been speaking, and it is made rather worse by the fact that the narrator is sometimes—in "Alice's Story," for instance—supposed to be a child. But the book is, after all abatements, a very pleasant one.

In "Aunt Zelpeth's Baby," also—a delightful book—the narrator is a child—an "old-fashioned" little girl, or, more strictly speaking, a child at once "old-fashioned" or reasoning, and very imaginative. We think children will like it, in their way, as much as we have liked it, and it contains nothing at which they need stumble. The conception of the doll, "Miss March," as her owner's confidant and friend, is very well worked out, and seems to us very true to life. The author's artistic sense hardly ever fails her, and it is but very seldom that we discover it is she talking and not Arria. Since reading "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" we do not know when we have read so good a child's book. "Echo Bank" and "The Hard Master," two total-abstinence books, published by a temperance society, are at the other end of the scale, both being hopelessly bad in detail and in principle, and having no claim to a single good word. No doubt it is to be said of the authors of them that they meant well, but they must be ignorant of the truth that good intentions—almost everything elsewhere—are in literature nothing, or they would have willingly suffered much before writing these disagreeable little tales. They are full of cant, and, to make a little joke suggested by Hood, canters are not at their best so very much better than decanters at their worst, though some people, unspiritual, will die without ever coming to a realizing sense of it. Nothing can be truer than that if one would save a child from foolishness and wickedness, the way to do it is to lift the child himself, and not to preach against particular things—putting this vice and that vice in a false light, exaggerating its horrors, making it something unnatural. But there are people who think that flinging half the truth in one's face is the true method of making one accept the whole truth, whereas it is not impossible to say that this is a method very nearly infallible of making one cleave to the other half, and half-truths are what are called lies. We should do wrong not to condemn almost utterly such books as "Echo Bank" and its companion.

The humorous element of "Among the Birds"—and the humorous element is half of it—is visible in full length in the opening sentence of the book: "Brown Thrush, Esquire, returned to his summer home in Massachusetts early in May," etc., etc. If there is any fun in this it is, at any rate, not such fun as we should like to have our own personal offspring learn to delight in. The information contained in the volume is all, so far as we have any knowledge on the subject, correct, and it seems a pity that it is mixed with unpleasant and worse than unprofitable attempts at humor. The author of "Among the Birds" is the author or compiler of the "Ornithology and Oölogy of New England."

"Striving and Gaining" is a tolerable little story with a good moral, not too extremely obvious, and may be safely recommended to purchasers. So, too, of "A Winter and Summer at Burton Hall." It is not so determinedly and so self-consciously an interesting book as "Striving and Gaining," and is therefore better. The children are very natural. The "corruption of man's heart" as seen in "small men and women"—to quote Browning and Goldsmith—is very well depicted by Mrs. Greene, and, with that, the goodness of man's heart is also pleasantly insisted on, and the impression produced by the book is a healthy and improving one.

"Boy Artists" is a translation from the French—not at all good as a translation—which, with a French lightness of touch, treats of Michael Angelo, Mozart, Haydn, Watteau, and Sebastian Gomez. It will make young people acquainted with young people better than themselves, and is an excellent book for boys and girls who have passed their thirteenth year.

"Dream Children" is full of pretty fancies, not fit for children, and hardly fit to be put before men. Children, we should say, if we have not

* "Copsley Annals Preserved in Proverbs." Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1868.
"Aunt Zelpeth's Baby." Boston: W. V. Spencer. 1867.
"Echo Bank: a Temperance Tale. By 'Ervie.'" New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. 1868.
"The Hard Master: a Temperance Story. By Mrs. J. E. McConaughy." New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. 1868.
"Among the Birds: a Series of Sketches for Young Folks. By Edward A. Samuels." Boston: Nichols & Noyes. 1868.
"Striving and Gaining." Boston: Nichols & Noyes. 1868.
"A Winter and Summer at Burton Hall: a Tale for Children. By Mrs. R. J. Greene." Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1868.
"Boy Artists; or, Sketches of the Childhood of Michael Angelo, Mozart, Haydn, Watteau, and Sebastian Gomez. Translated from the French of Madame Eugénie Foa." Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1868.
"Alexis the Runaway; or, Afloat in the World. By Mrs. Rosa Abbott Parker." Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1868.
"Climbing the Rope; or, 'God helps those who try to help themselves.' By May Mannering." Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1868.
"Billy Grimes's Favorite; or, Johnny Greenleaf's Talent. By May Mannering." Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1868.
"Dotty Dimple at her Grandmother's. By Sophie May." Boston: Lee & Shepard.
"Robinson Crusoe in words of One Syllable. By May Godolphin." With colored illustrations. New York: George Routledge & Sons.
"Schnick Schnack. Trifles for the Little Ones." New York: George Routledge & Sons.
"Little Folks. By Oscar Pletsch." "Shnik Shnak. By the same." Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. and S. R. Urbino.

forgotten what children are, will not appreciate them; men have long known them. But it is true that the fancies are pretty, and they are put into graceful English. We are sure, referring the matter to ourselves for judgment, that the boy or girl who reads it now will not read it with great satisfaction ten years from now. We cannot be sure that the boy or girl who reads it now will not now like it. But, telling the naked truth, it seems to us a book for a man to write who has not forgotten his childhood, and it does not seem a book for a child to read. It is full of pensive sentimentality, and that is not very close to childhood; though it is true that the memory of one's childhood naturally fills one full of pensive sentimentality. So we cannot call "Dream Children" a success as a piece of juvenile literature. Sever & Francis, the publishers, have made of it a very pretty volume, the prettiest of all the "juveniles" we have seen.

Mrs. Rosa Abbott Parker's story of "Alexis the Runaway" reads as if it might be a production of a grown-up "Prissy"—Prissy, the heroine of the book, with the wild eyes and the "bulging" forehead. It seems to be the fashion nowadays to provide a sort of yellow-covered literature for growing weans, to go with the small imported kids, the dancing academies, and the fashions in *Harper's Bazar* "for a girl between eight and ten years." "Sandford and Merton" has gone to the shades with the "Vicar of Wakefield." Even "Robinson Crusoe" has given place to the "Scalp-Hunters" and their brethren. We now have marvellous young stories with love, despair, hope, jealousy, triumph, and all the other passions mentioned in the play-bills as the special forte of the star actress. Out of them, the transition to "Jane Eyre" or "Snarleyyow" is as easy as from short to long dresses, or roundabouts to tail-coats. Mrs. Abbott's story is a clever, dramatic, and wholly unnatural performance. There are few children who would not find it exciting. For precocious misses it would be positively "heady." Alexis, the handsome boy-hero, is the son of a French cook in the "Grand Hotel"—in New York evidently. He goes through astonishing adventures by land and sea; is thrown into jail; liberated therefrom by the jailer's daughter, an enslaved admirer, aged somewhere near ten, who exchanges clothes with him; is shipwrecked on his way to Cape Town, picked up by a steamer bound to France, and then and there is nursed through a delirious fever by two fairylike creatures, twin daughters of wealth and luxury, one of whom, who is lame, shoots birds on the wing and plays the ventriloquist. This unusual infant turns up in the closing scene as the founder of a home for orphans. At a grand festival given to these happy unfortunates, she appears driving four ponies and brandishing a parasol-whip. It would hardly be supposed that in any tale, so absurd as this sketch implies, could be found opportunity for a good deal of true fun and true feeling. Yet it is so.

"Billy Grimes's Favorite" is a good boy of the most approved Sunday-school pattern. If Mr. Mark Twain's "bad little boy" could only have read his history while yet his infant mind was in a tender and susceptible condition, how different might have been his career! If it could only have been shown him how each wicked deed was sure to be followed by a plump and square punishment, and each pious action by as decided a reward, he might have been induced to patronize virtue a little. "Johnny Greenleaf" (probably no connection of Mr. Whittier's) is, of course, made to suffer in the received fashion through slanderous enemies, shipwrecks, and other misfortunes, but poetical justice follows so close on the heels of each trial that the youthful reader is edified without the least chance of perplexity or distress. Johnny is exemplary from his earliest introduction to us, when he prefers to take a long walk to attend to a wounded bird to eating his nice supper, and endures his worldly-minded mother's gibes therefor, to his final exit as a chaplain enjoying the melancholy satisfaction of presiding at the death-beds of two old enemies, the worse of whom, a rebel, dies in remorse for a misspent life, the other, a sinner rather through weakness than vice, is let off in proportion; he is a Union soldier, and dies repentant and happy though in great bodily pain. "Billie Brown" in "Climbing the Rope" threatened, as far as we read, to turn out quite as well as "Johnny Greenleaf." In moral conversation he is no whit inferior. A rich gentleman hires Ralph, Billie's friend, to pick cherries. "What! finished so soon?" said the gentleman; "I guess you did n't stop to eat many." "No, sir," said Ralph, "I did n't eat a single one. I went up there to *pick* the cherries, not to *eat* them." "Well said, my boy; but it 's more than I expected. Now climb up there and eat as many as you like." "Oh! thank you, sir! but I 'd rather not eat them myself; I would like very much to carry some home." The good gentleman, as may be expected, was not outdone by Mr. Brocklehurst, who gave the good little boy who repeated psalms and refused a ginger-nut, *two* ginger-nuts for his youthful piety.

We have heretofore had occasion to praise the author of the "Little Prudy Stories;" we can praise her again as the author of "Dotty Dimple." Miss May succeeds in making her children talk like children, and often carries on their conversation with no little humor. Here are Prudy and Dotty in bed:

"Suppose we make up some poetry?" said Prudy. "Why, you do n't know how to make up poetry—do you?" said Dotty. . . . "I love poetry when they read it at school. Do n't you know,

'Tremendous torrents! for an instant hush!'

Is n't that splendid?" "Very splendid, indeed," replied Prudy, pinching herself to keep awake. "I think Torrence is *such* a nice name," pursued Dotty; "do n't you tell anybody, but when I 'm married and have some boys, I 'm going to name some of them Torrence." "Not more than one, Dotty!" "Oh! no, I could n't, could I? There mus' n't but one of them have the same name, I forgot. 'Tremendous Torrence!' I shall say; and then he 'll come in and ask, 'What do you want, mother?'" Prudy, who is older, explains that "a torrent *generally* means the Niagara Falls." "Does it?" said Dotty; "who told you so? But I guess I shall call him by it just the same, though—if his father is willing. . . . I sha' n't have but two boys, and I shall name the other one for his father," said Dotty, thoughtfully; "I shall have eight girls, for I like girls very much," etc., etc.

Parents who have overheard similar talk will recognize the naturalness of this specimen. Other samples—too many—might be given that rely for their fun on "baby-talk," lisping, and bad grammar; still, where so much is good, a little commonplace padding may be forgiven.

"Robinson Crusoe in Words of One Syllable" is a very successful paraphrase of the voluminous original. The title explains itself; and to show how faithfully it has been carried out, we have to say that in 161 pages there are only two words of more than one syllable—"Friday" and "Xury." This book ought to put primers out of countenance, and make both teaching and learning to read a pastime.

Oscar Pletsch's "Gute Freundschaft"—we forget the English title—told the story of one little German girl's day-visit to another so charmingly in pictures that "Little Folks" and "Shnik-Shnak," by the same clever designer, are sure of a welcome in hundreds of homes, spite of the somewhat absurd rhymes which are printed with them. They are evidently studies from child-life, copied with great fidelity and thorough sympathy. Both these collections, and a third which we have not seen, are drawn upon for Messrs. Routledge's "Schnick-Schnack," which gives no credit to the foreign artist, and does him a further injury by coloring his plates. The verses here are original, but not much of an improvement on the translations. The infant mind is taught, for instance, to rhyme "tresses" with "meshes."

ILLUSTRATED GIFT-BOOKS.*

THE popular illustrated books got up for the holidays are numerous this year, and most of them are illustrated by wood-cuts, as is now the fashion, but there comes one book at least which is a collection of steel engravings. It is a reissue, with additions, of the old "Home Book of the Picturesque," which, as we learn from the first number of *Putnam's Magazine*, was published sixteen years ago. There are sixteen engravings, most of them not uninteresting; indeed we find Plate VIII., "The Adirondacks," and Plate XIII., "West Rock, New Haven," and two or three others, much better than a knowledge of the present condition of our school of landscape art would lead one to expect in a gift-book. The literary part of the book consists of several short essays by Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, and others, and four poems, one by Mr. Whittier, one by Mr. G. S. Hillard, and two by Mr. Bryant. The whole is a mere gift-book, which nobody would buy except to give away; a collection of detached and severally unimportant engravings and unconnected bits of descriptive writing; one of those scrap-books, in short, the influence of which is generally adverse to the growth of a popular love of good art and literature. This one is, in itself, much better than many of its kind.

* "A Landscape Book by American Artists and American Authors." New York: G. P. Putnam. 1868.
"Snow Bound: a Winter Idyl. By John Greenleaf Whittier." With illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.
"Lucile. By Owen Meredith." With 24 illustrations by George Du Maurier. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.
"The Three Holy Kings." With photographic illustrations. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1868.
"Ye Legende of St. Gwendoline." With eight photographs by Addis, from drawings by John W. Ehninger. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1867.
"The Fables of Æsop." With illustrations by Henry L. Stephens. Lithographed by Julius Bien. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1868.
"Christian Lyrics, chiefly selected from Modern Authors." With upwards of 100 engravings. New York: Scribner, Welford & Co.
"Golden Thoughts from Golden Fountains." Arranged in 52 divisions. Illustrations by eminent artists. Engraved by Dalziel. New York: Scribner, Welford & Co.

The little wood-cut landscapes in the new edition of Mr. Whittier's graceful little poem are curiously different from the elaborate pictures of the "Landscape Book," and curiously illustrate modern taste as well as the poem. There are about forty wood-cuts in the volume, and they are nearly all mere hints and echoes of the world, portraits of nooks and corners either out of doors or within. The farm-house hearth with its pair of andirons, jug of cider, roasting apples, and basket of nuts; the square rod of grass and summer weeds at the foot of an old tree; the barn-yard and the side of the barn with great doors wide open; such are the pictures which, not unfittingly, illustrate this poem of quiet description and not unpicturesque detail. Even when a wider horizon is taken, the subject is still simple and generally single. In the cut on page 32 is the limitless ocean, but the picture is only of the nearer waves with, glancing through them, the heads and humps of a school of porpoises. Mr. Fenn has done his work remarkably well. The designs for American illustrated books have very seldom been so skilfully handled or so artistically conceived. And the wood-cutting may be assumed to preserve the artist's handiwork tolerably well, for certainly Mr. Fenn's work never appeared to so much advantage before. But, in spite of Doré, in spite of the example set by members of the most highly taught school of modern art, in spite of the skill of Mr. Linton, and in spite of the pronunciamiento of *The Atlantic Monthly* for November last (the advertiser and miscellany department), this is not the way to engrave on wood. This "tint" style, if that is to be the name of it, will prevent wood-cutting from being an independent and powerful art, and keeps it chained to engraving as a feeble-minded imitator of an alien greatness. What *The Atlantic Advertiser* calls the fac-simile style is wood-engraving proper, or, as *The Advertiser* kindly reminds us, wood-engraving as it was left by Dürer and Holbein. But those great men remain the greatest masters in this art we are considering, and their modern disciples, like Alfred Rethel, are the best artists in wood engraving of our time. It is by their work that this art, never to be superseded or made of less importance, is to be carried, if at all, to greater perfection.

The same *Atlantic Advertiser* mentions Mr. George Du Maurier as one of the strongest men of the fac-simile school, and instances, as "one of the latest and best specimens of this style" the illustrated edition of Bulwer's "Lucile," with Ticknor & Fields's imprint. Mr. Du Maurier's drawings in this book are not, however, up to his own best standard. He has done vastly better in *Punch*, not only as a delineator of character but, even more notably, as a designer in black and white. In this purely artistic respect he is far enough from the highest excellence—far enough below Blake or Cruikshank or even Leech, but yet one of the best designers living, and stronger than this book shows him to be. But we name three of the illustrations as better than the others, and as giving much of that easy command of the gestures and attitudes of modern men and women which make George Du Maurier a sort of Horace Vernet, in kind if not in degree of power—Alfred Vargrave and Cousin Jack, opposite page 6; Alfred and Matilda, opposite page 116; and the spirited group opposite page 253, the closing scene of the poem. The illustrations to "Snow Bound" match the poem well; those to "Lucile" are too strong for it, and even their harshness of line and violent contrast of black and white are elegance itself beside a poem which is one of the most inartistic poems known, with all its merits of natural feeling and sound social philosophy a triumph of bad versification and false poetical style.

Both the books latest named are buyable and enjoyable; but next comes one in which we can find no pleasure nor instruction, a lecture upon the Three Magi who came to see "Him who was born King of the Jews," in which lecture there is nothing more valuable than the Bible story of the Three Magi, told again and in other words than those of the Bible, thus attracting the attention of habitually inattentive readers, to whom the sacred history is "Sunday Reading" only. There are six photographic illustrations—one taken from a lifeless German alto-relief, one from a common engraving of Cologne Cathedral as it is intended to be, one from an anonymous drawing, and the other three from engravings after well-known pictures—two ancient and one of our own time. The photographs are not well taken, and of the six there is only one worth cutting out to keep.

One of the showiest books of the year is "Ye Legende of St. Gwendoline," which is very elegantly printed on tinted paper and on one side only of the leaf. It is so very a "large-paper" book that if six inches of its height and nearly as much of its width were cut off, it still would have margin enough and be a decent octavo. Its appearance is in its favor, and one would open it with a prejudice rather for than against it, but for the unlucky affectation of archaism in its title. There is nothing else ancient about the appearance of the title-page; this, and the announcements on the back of it, and the heading, "List of Illustrations," are all in good nineteenth-century fashion. But the spelling of "Legende" with a superflous e, and the use of a personal pronoun for the definite article, are sure indications that the book will be, as we find it, in make-believe antique wording and spelling. The story is written throughout in a kind of distorted English, which has some of the peculiarities of the English of the sixteenth-century, but it is not actually of that or of any other past time. If the reader should copy a few lines, putting i for y, leaving off some final e's, and substituting "the" for "ye," it will be found that the phraseology is more nearly a study of the well-known style of the English Bible than it is of anything else. Of the use of ye for the article, we have spoken elsewhere (see Literary Notes); the rest of the archaism is even more trifling than that is.

The "legende" before us proves, on reading, to be not very much of a legend. It is a very modern story in its conception, and, if printed in ordinary English, among other little stories, would pass for a tolerable moral tale for children. The illustrations are not agreeable. Photographs from drawings are seldom agreeable, as they have no sparkle, and very little delicacy in light and shade. A photograph even of a Rembrandt etching or a Dürer wood-cut is, except now and then in an exceptional case, a dull and gloomy thing, besides being very perishable. In the case before us the photographs are not the best of their kind, and the original drawings, as they can be seen at the Academy Exhibition, are nearly devoid of incident, and hopelessly unimaginative. The landscape backgrounds are the best part of them; and that one which forms the setting of the scene, in which the heroine rescues a sick woman by the wayside, reminds us, not unpleasantly, of a well-known Italian print. But in human character and expression the drawings are null, and there is no evidence of any attempt to render the splendid and picturesque costume and accessories of the time of tournaments. We could forgive the barrenness of these pictures in all these minor matters if their expressional qualities were extremely high—but as the drawings are rather nugatory in this respect, we fall back upon the accessories, and find nothing.

Mr. Stephens's illustrations to "Æsop's Fables" are not unlike work of his that we have noticed before. His animals, invested with human attributes and human dress, are perhaps not more offensive than Kaulbach's in the "Reineke Fuchs" series; these beasts with human evil, and, of course, without human good, are always degrading to contemplate. In other respects these pictures are far enough from excellence, are but poorly drawn and composed, and the lithography is very disagreeable in effects of tint mingled with black and white. But there are frequent clever bits, particularly in the by-play of little beasts not engaged in the chief action, and the missionary wolf with the tract in his hand is a good thought. The drawings contain many evidences of cleverness; but it is a cleverness misapplied, and made almost more painful than stupidity.

"Christian Lyrics" is not a new book, but is a new and illustrated edition of a tolerably well-known one. This particular edition is a carefully made volume of English workmanship, neatly printed, adorned with ornamental initial letters of no very admirable design, and with many small wood-cuts. Of the wood-cuts, those by Mr. Lawson are the best; the rest do not reach any great merit, nor is it a great pleasure to examine them. The literary contents are about what we should expect to find in a book of Christian lyrics.

A very much better book of the same class is the "Golden Thoughts." It is hard to make a book of sacred poetry, as there is little enough that is good anywhere in English; so we find a plenty of poor verses in each of these books, and many verses do duty in both. But the advantage of careful editing is all on the side of the one we have now reached. In the illustrations this latter is far the better of the two. Mr. Houghton's large full-page pictures, badly engraved as some of them are, looking as if they had been phototyped or zincographed or abused by some patent process or other, instead of being cut in wood, are all full of expression and *verve*. There are also clever designs by Mr. Pinwell and the always successful J. Wolf; some by the same J. Lawson whom we named above, and some by an artist whose name is new to us—Mr. W. P. Burton. The initial letters and borders are also much better designed than one usually sees such things in such cases. The whole book, pictures and all, is printed in brown—a tint which we do not urge as a substitute for black ink, but which is always good for use when wood-cuts are a bit worn and stereotype plates overworked. And from examination of these cuts and plates, we judge that they are not wholly new; but whether the book is not now in its first edition, or whether its pages have been in other forms before, we do not know. It is one of the best books of the kind now procurable.

THE DAY OF DOOM.*

PARSON WIGGLESWORTH'S poem opens with a description of the extreme wickedness and false security of the world at the Judgment Day. Suddenly the Son of Man appears in majesty and terror. The dead, both the "renate" and the "reprobate," arise from their graves and are brought before the Judgment Seat. Then the sheep are separated from the goats. The saints are at once "cleared and justified."

> "These Men be those my Father chose
> Before the world's foundation,
> And to me gave, that I should save
> From death and condemnation.
> . . . . . .
> "What if erewhile they were as vile
> And bad as any be,
> And yet from all their guilt and thrall
> At once I set them free?

They are all placed on thrones to enjoy themselves:

> . . . . .
> "Thus 'tis decreed, such is their meed,
> And guerdon glorious,
> With Christ they sit, judging it fit
> To plague the impious."

But though he has little trouble in disposing of the good, Mr. Wigglesworth finds it rather difficult to make way with the wicked. "The several sorts of reprobates" are successively summoned to the bar, where they present their excuses for their evil lives or for not having embraced the advantages of the Gospel; but all in vain. Their mouths are shut by the conclusive arguments of free grace, Adam's fall, election, etc., and they are consigned to their eternal homes of agony. The heathen plead want of the Written Word and the insufficiency of the light of nature; but the Judge replies:

> "How came your mind to be so blind?
> I once you knowledge gave,
> Clearness of sight and judgment right:
> Who did the same deprave?
> If to your cost you have it lost,
> And quite defac'd the same,
> Your own desert hath caus'd the smart,
> You ought not me to blame."

The saddest and, at the same time, most ludicrous portion of the poem is that where the "Reprobate Infants" plead ingenuously for a reversal of what they consider unfair judgment against them:

> "Then to the Bar they all drew near
> Who died in infancy,
> And never had or good or bad
> Effected pers'nally:
> But from the womb unto the tomb
> Were straightway carried
> (Or at the least ere they transgress'd),
> Who thus began to plead:
>
> "If for our own transgression
> Or disobedience
> We here did stand at thy left hand,
> Just were the Recompense;
> But Adam's guilt our souls hath spilt,
> His fault is charged upon us;
> And that alone hath overthrown
> And utterly undone us."

They go on for many stanzas piteously presenting their hard case, but they are triumphantly answered that, as they would have been the gainers if Adam had not sinned, they must resign themselves to the bitter results of his fall. Divine mercy does not wish, however, to be too hard on them, and they are, therefore, confined to "the easiest room in hell." Friends and families are not only divided, but the righteous gladly let snap the tender ties which bound them to the loved on earth, and even come to loathe and despise their unelect kindred and friends:

> "Where tender love men's hearts did move
> Unto a sympathy,
> And bearing part of other's smart
> In their anxiety;
> Now such compassion is out of fashion,
> And wholly laid aside;
> No friends so near, but saints to hear
> Their sentence can abide.
>
> "He that was erst a husband pierc'd
> With sense of wife's distress,
> Whose tender heart did bear a part
> Of all her grievances,
> Shall mourn no more as heretofore,
> Because of her ill plight,
> Although he see her now to be
> A damn'd forsaken wight.
>
> "The tender mother will own no other
> Of all her num'rous brood
> But such as stand at Christ's right hand,
> Acquitted through his Blood.
>
> The pious father had now much rather
> His graceless son should lie
> In Hell with devils, for all his evils,
> Burning eternally."

It may very truly be said that infant damnation and other doctrines expatiated on in this poem are now thoroughly antiquated, and some may think that such horrors were never honestly believed. Possibly not by many men and women; but that some men believed them is quite certain. However this may be, we have the fact that, during the year subsequent to the publication of the book in 1662, eighteen hundred copies of it were sold—an immense edition in those days—and that by the year 1715 seven editions of it were printed. It is stated that it was also printed on sheets like common ballads, and was universally read and studied, and even taught to children. Its great popularity can hardly be attributed to the common morbid love for the horrible. It seems as if it must have rested on the more substantial basis of belief in the doctrines themselves.

As for Wigglesworth himself, to whom we owe this picture of one phase of the New England of two hundred years ago, he was born in England, Oct. 28, 1631, and came to this country with his father when only seven years old. He entered Harvard College in 1647, graduated in 1651, and was soon after appointed a tutor there. He was ordained minister of the church at Malden, Massachusetts, in 1656, but was afterwards obliged to abandon his ministry, owing to ill health, and during the latter period wrote "The Day of Doom." He was an earnest, active man, faithful in his labors, and neither misanthropic nor despondent in his nature. He writes in his diary on the 29th of January preceding the publication of his poem: "I desire with all my heart and might to serve my Lord Christ (who is my best and only friend and supporter) in finishing this work which I am preparing for the press, acknowledging that the Lord hath dealt abundantly better with me than I deserve if he shall please to accept such a poor piece of service at my hands and give me leisure to finish it." In September, 1663, he sailed to Bermuda for his health, returning home after seven months and a half. For some years after this he practised medicine. In 1686, however, we find him again pastor of the Malden church and delivering the election sermon for that year. This sermon was printed. He was also the author of another poem, first published in 1669, fancifully entitled (from Samson's riddle in the Old Testament) "Meat out of the Eater; or, Meditations concerning the necessity, end, and usefulness of Afflictions unto God's Children. All tending to prepare them for and comfort them under the Cross." This, like "The Day of Doom," was eagerly read and often republished. He closed a long life, during much of which he had suffered greatly from ill health, on the 10th of June, 1705. In the volume before us there are some other shorter poems in much the same strain. The title of one is "Vanity of Vanities; a Song of Emptiness." A brief memoir, condensed from an article by Mr. J. W. Dean in "The New England Historico-Genealogical Register for April, 1863," is prefixed. This is the tenth edition of "The Day of Doom," and is reproduced from the sixth, published in 1715. It makes a thin volume, 12mo, and is neatly though not elegantly printed, after the manner of our modern reprints. It is well worth its price as a literary curiosity.

* "The Day of Doom; or, A Poetical Description of the Great and Last Judgment: with other Poems. By Michael Wigglesworth, A.M., Teacher of the Church at Malden, in New England, 1662. Also a Memoir of the Author, Autobiography, and Sketch of his Funeral Sermon by Rev. Cotton Mather." New York: American News Company. 1867.

A SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLIC.*

A JOURNEY from the sea-coast to the interior, a sojourn at Quito, and a principal excursion into Northern Ecuador—such is the frame upon which this agreeable, almost charming, and altogether instructive book is built. There is scarcely any point as to which the average or the cultivated reader might desire to be informed that the author has omitted in these graphic pages: the scenery, the cities and towns, the streets, the people, their domestic habits, their religion and politics, their divisions by caste and race, the natural products of the soil, the peculiar botany, the height of mountains, the statistics of earthquakes and eruptions, the native legends, the history of the conquest, the history of independence, glimpses of the present, guesses at the future state of the republic, etc., etc. All these topics are managed without confusion and without dryness; there is occasional repetition, but that can never be a fault in writing of Spanish-American affairs. The interest excited in the beginning is admirably sustained to the close, and we feel that the author is not only cognizant of his subject, but has it well in hand, knows especially what to select and what to reject, and withal is a capable observer and a trustworthy narrator. A few un-English idioms, a few rather florid descriptions, cannot diminish our tribute to the artistic success of Mr. Hassaurek, who may be sure of achieving a deserved

* "Four Years among Spanish-Americans. By F. Hassaurek, late U. S. Minister Resident to the Republic of Ecuador." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1867.

popularity, and whom we would by all means encourage to complete the history of which this is so enticing a chapter.

In picturesqueness, surely, Ecuador is not wanting. Tropical by its latitude, it runs through every zone from the sea-board to the summits of Chimborazo and Cotopaxi; and equatorial Quito, ten thousand feet higher than the sea, has the climate of a perpetual autumn, while a half-a-day's journey brings the traveller through every degree of temperature to either extreme, and enables the inhabitants to eat ice-cream from Pichincha, and to buy in an abundant market all the grains, roots, and vegetables, and all the fruits that the cool north and the sultry south are glad to exchange when possible. Such a diversity of elevation and such a variety of vegetable forms as this implies impart a constant freshness to the landscape, and challenge all the skill of the painter to reproduce them. Art, however, is dreadfully debased in Quito. Copies of masterpieces, cheap portraits, or paintings of the Madonna and the saints, are all it produces. "It was only at my suggestion," says the author, "that Rafael Salas, one of the best painters in Quito, left the beaten track, and undertook to paint Ecuadorian scenery and *costumbres* (customs). But the prices paid for paintings are too miserable to encourage artists."

Where nature offers such fierce antitheses, their occurrence in human society is hardly surprising. The general difference between Guayaquil and Quito is in many respects that of centuries of human progress; yet such "modern improvements" as gas, steamships, steam fire-engines, iron foundries, frame-houses, etc., give to the port of Ecuador something of the appearance of that character—in "Little Dorrit" is it?—who always, till the happy dénoûment, was at least one garment behind wearing a complete suit of the same age or newness. The conflict of civilizations is less palpable at Quito, but it exists there also: the politest manners in the world, and the greatest filthiness; pianos, but no *lieux d'aisance;* hearths without chimneys; elegant bedclothes for the lodging of fleas; early marriages, and "experimental" connections; a quarter of the town covered by convents, and no newspapers; universal suffrage without protection in person or property; constitution, and a dictator. But the marvel is the constitution, and not the dictator; and how, with no road between the interior and the coast, the former should rule the latter, and any common government survive at all. Chili is the best governed and most stable of the South American republics, primarily because it is all coast, and the roads it has built across the Andes connect not its own parts, but the whole, with adjoining states. In such a territory cohesion is not difficult; it is almost inevitable. Other governments, Brazil, Peru, Ecuador, are oppressed by interior wastes in which the aborigines still roam, and interior settlements which require, to be made accessible, costly and sometimes formidable engineering. Rebellion is therefore normal. A president or general who puts a dozen leagues between himself and his capital, is to be counselled rather to advance upon the enemy than to return to his late subjects in the hope of finding himself still in power. A president among the *serranos* is exposed to the intrigues of the men of the lowlands, and not every one will have either the audacity or the success of Mr. Moreno, when his navy was suddenly stolen from him by a faction who knew better how to steal than how to keep.

Mr. Hassaurek remarks that his picture of the Spanish-American population of Ecuador is essentially that of the kindred populations along the Pacific—ignorant, lazy, good-natured, fond of fireworks and bull-fights, addicted chiefly to petty crimes, improvident, unenterprising, superstitious, priest-ridden, retrograde. They revolted against Spain when she sought to mitigate slavery, and when, later, they had achieved their independence (from other motives, to be sure), they abolished slavery, and with a good deal of practical wisdom, but have allowed servitude for debt, so that peonage is established, even to the gain of the master. In Ecuador the mixed races far outnumber those of European descent. There are no whites in the army except as officers. The *Cholos*, descendants of Indians and whites, constitute the industrial class of the cities—small mechanics, etc.—while the negroes and the Indians are peons together. The last-named receive the abuse of everybody in the most submissive spirit, and (as the Southern field-hands used to call each other "nigger") consider *Indio* the most insulting epithet that they can affix to one another. A touching incident is told of one of them "who, having been struck by a soldier, threatened him with his revenge. 'Just wait,' he said, 'on San Juan [St. John the Baptist's fête-day] I shall mimic you!'" In a society thus dominated by caste, the prevailing sentiment must be a mutual distrust and a mutual hypocrisy, and to this the author attributes the lack of business corporations and of joint enterprises for the common weal, which again is the cause of the changeableness of their political institutions. Politics with them rest not upon principles but upon personalities, and the result is an absurd conjunction of constitutional safeguards, and formalities with the recognized superiority, not to say supremacy, of one man. It is noticeable that while in Ecuador, as in all Catholic countries, the church is frequented mainly by the women, here they take in political affairs also "a very lively, active, and even passionate interest," owing, says Mr. Hassaurek, to the personalities just alluded to, so that their zeal in this direction "may be considered as a part of their daily gossipping and intriguing." Their husbands, moreover, are careful to repress the growth of their intelligence at least beyond their own.

The author is not over-sanguine of the regeneration of Spanish America. He is confident it is to come from without, through the intervention of foreigners. Undoubtedly, a like influence to that which the United States first exerted upon the Spanish colonies by its republican form will succeed our recent defence of the republican idea; and if we do not despair of the ultimate rescue of France from monarchy, there are many resemblances between the French character and the Spanish-American, as tested by republican government—the same mutual distrust, the same stress laid upon personalities in politics, the same submissiveness to despotism—to bid us hope for *their* ultimate relief from constitutional anarchy.

THE NEW GEOGRAPHIES, AND SOME OTHER RECENT SCHOOL-BOOKS.

Two new geographies for schools have lately been published on original and meritorious plans, which are likely, as we think, to effect quite a revolution in the early study of this science. By a curious coincidence, it happens that one is the work of a learned Swiss professor, residing among us, and availing himself of the pen of an American lady to adapt his instructions to our existing school systems; while the other is the work of an accomplished American, lately resident in Switzerland, and availing himself of the pencil of a German cartographer in the construction of the maps which underlie his methods of instruction.

Thanks to these writers, we are at length enabled to procure geographies which are prepared in the spirit of modern science, and which correspond with the most approved European works in correctness of principle, clearness of style, and accuracy of statement, while they surpass them in beauty of illustration and embellishment, and in adaptation to the wants of the youthful mind. The new methods of geographical research, as most intelligent teachers are aware, are based upon the theory that a thorough understanding of the natural or physical characteristics of every country should precede a special investigation of political and civil peculiarities; and good text-books are prepared on the notion that, in the youngest as well as in the most advanced classes, it is important to study first in outline and then in detail the Creator's plan in the construction of a world designed to be the dwelling-place of man. Physical geography in its highest sense—the physics of the globe—involves the discussion of some of the most difficult problems on which philosophers are engaged, but yet the elements of the science are so definite and so easily understood, that they may fitly be taught to a child as soon as he is able to climb the hills, follow up the brooks, notice the weather, and collect the flowers of the region where he dwells.

The study of geography in the modern methods, with the scrutiny and the comparison of natural peculiarities, was recommended years ago to American teachers by Mr. W. C. Woodbridge, one of our countrymen who studied in Germany and there was impressed by the teachings of Ritter, Humboldt, and others of the new geographers. The translation of Malte Brun's great treatise on geography under the direction of Percival, the poet and naturalist, still further prepared the way for an improvement in our text-books. But neither Woodbridge, nor Percival, nor Morse, nor Worcester, nor any other of our countrymen whose books were in use twenty years ago, showed himself proficient in this modern method. Most of the books which followed in their wake were repositories of innumerable facts and of wonderfully complete topographical summaries, adorned with the choicest of wood-cuts and a profusion of maps colored as bright as patch-work quilts, and yet quite deficient in their exhibition of the plan which may be traced in the structure of the globe.

The arrival of Guyot at Boston in 1848 simultaneously with that of Agassiz, his colleague at Neufchatel, and the delivery of that famous course of lectures on the "Earth and Man" in the Lowell Institute of Boston, gave a new impulse to geographical science in America. Guyot was a speaker and writer who did not merely reflect and reproduce the teachings of others, but who was himself a thorough investigator, a man of varied and exact learning, and one, moreover, who could clothe his thoughts in language as choice as suggestive, and as clear as any writing on scientific subjects with which we are acquainted. After long years of waiting, the educational world has at length been gratified by the appearance of his

long promised text-books. Three of the Guyot series are now in the market, known as the "Primary," the "Intermediate," and the "Common School." (New York: C. Scribner). There are no similar manuals in England or on the Continent which compare with these in beauty of mechanical preparation, the cuts especially (based upon photographs or on the illustrations found in choice works of travel) being admirable. But this is only a minor merit. The books themselves are original contributions to geographical science, not the repetition of the same old story which is repeated in most of the school geographies. There is an original plan running through the series, adapted to the harmonious development of youthful powers, and fitted to lay a substantial basis for all future studies. Their discussion of the structure of our own country and its natural characteristics will be instructive even to persons out of school, who cannot readily find elsewhere so true a picture of this new continent. The same may be said of the chapters on Africa, on the Himalayas, on Australia, and on all such portions of the globe as have been in recent times the field of scientific research.

The maps which illustrate these books combine the physical and political features so skilfully that both are clearly represented without interference. They are drawn chiefly by Mr. E. Sandoz, and are quite in advance of the maps heretofore published in this country. Moreover, wall maps of two sizes, large and small, have been prepared to correspond with the text-books, so that any school of any grade may now be furnished with the means of geographical study far in advance of what has heretofore been common. These books belong to a class of school-books of which unfortunately we have too few—books written by scholars eminent in the specialties to which they are devoted. By the side of Gray's Botanies, Dana's Geologies, and Eliot and Storer's Chemistry, Guyot's Wall-Maps and Text-Books deserve a constant place.

The other work to which we referred as well worth attention is the "Outline" of T. S. Fay, and the Atlas by which it is accompanied (New York: G. P. Putnam). These have been prepared by a gentleman well known as the representative for many years of the United States Government at Berlin and at Berne. He is well acquainted with the progress of the science on which he writes, and his plan is so original as to deserve some explanation. While the books of Guyot form a series of books intended to be used one after the other, by the same scholar, as he advances from the age of six or seven years to that of thirteen or fourteen, the treatise of Mr. Fay is complete in itself. He gives a well-constructed atlas of the globe, and with it a little manual containing a series of lessons on the maps with occasional illustrative comments. This careful map-study, embracing physical as well as political characteristics, may serve either as an introduction to geography or as a final review or *résumé* of one's knowledge. In either case it is adapted to the older scholars of our ordinary schools. The plan which it proposes seems to us very well carried out; and simple as the "Outline" at first appears, we have been surprised to discover its comprehensiveness and completeness. Obviously the book may be used advantageously before or after other books. There is one feature of the book which has particularly interested us, bearing, as we presume, the impress of Mr. Fay's long acquaintance with German schools. It is intended that the scholar shall learn his lessons under the eye and with the aid of his teacher, who is to *drill* the class. Most of our American teachers do not teach, but hear recitations. Mr. Fay would have them go over each lesson with the class and see that all its contents are mastered.

Mr. Fay's maps and text are brought down to the latest moment. Aliaska belongs to the United States, the reconstructed North Germany is delineated, and the statistics are gathered from Behm's admirable "Handbook" and other recent publications.

A third geographical manual of recent preparation has also been put into our hands—a "Guide to Geography," by George L. Ormsby, school superintendent in Xenia, Ohio. (Philadelphia: E. H. Butler.) It is intended to be used with any good series of maps, and has this additional peculiarity, that it may serve as an ordinary reading book in primary schools. The sentences do not contain mere definition or enumeration of places, but they are easy, simple narratives, well-fitted to entertain a young scholar; but we question whether the student would be led to exert himself enough to acquire the knowledge thus entertainingly put forth, and hence whether he would really become a master of the rudiments.

Professor S. S. Greene has devoted many years of his life to the perfecting of a series of grammatical text-books of the English language, and has been rewarded by finding his works employed in many of the best schools. A new edition of his second book, the "Grammar of the English Language" (Philadelphia: Cowperthwaite), has recently been prepared, and by its careful revision is made more deserving than ever of the popularity it has acquired.

Under the title of "Dialogues for Young Folks," Mr. S. A. Frost has put forth a series of familiar conversations designed to convey some moral lessons, but written in an inflated style which must make the reading of them rather stupid work to a class of bright and lively children. Such a book to be of any use should have literary as well as moral excellence, and the work before us in this respect seems below mediocrity. (New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.)

Saunders's "Union Fifth Reader" (New York: Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co.) is the twenty-third volume of selections for reading and speaking compiled by the same author within the last thirty years. With such an amount of practice and with an avowed *literary* purpose, we can hardly account for selections from Captain A. A. Low, of the Chamber of Commerce, Rev. John Todd, "Colton" (the author does not say what Colton), and many other commonplace or obscure writers.

The Appletons have for many years been publishers of the mathematical text-books of Professor G. E. Perkins. The books are now undergoing the revision of G. P. Quackenbos, and appearing under the name of "Appleton's Mathematical Series."

The Story of the Regiment. By William Henry Locke, A.M., Chaplain. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.)—The Rev. Mr. Locke's "Story of the Regiment" has the merits of modesty and moderation, and it impresses one as trustworthy. It is a history of the Eleventh Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. This regiment had an unusually long term of service; for it went out first as a three months' regiment, then enlisted for three years, and then re-enlisted in 1864, and remained in the service till the close of the war. It had its full share of the exposures of the various campaigns of the army of the Potomac, and it often lost very heavily in killed and wounded. The best thing that can be said of this book is that the author has not yielded to the temptation to exalt the achievements and magnify the sufferings of his comrades at the expense of the rest of the army, nor striven to create the impression that his regiment was the foremost in every action in which it was engaged. He appears to have served all through the war, and to have been faithful to his purpose of taking notes of what went on about him from day to day. He has thus been enabled to write a book which cannot but be extremely interesting and valuable to all those who served, or had friends who served, in the same parts of the army as "Coulter's Regiment," as it was familiarly called, and which is a very fair general account of what befell the First Corps till it was merged in the Fifth, and of what afterwards befell the Fifth. Mr. Locke does not write like a practised writer, but he writes like a man of sense and character, and his abstinence from eloquence, extravagance, and absurdity is very respectable and praiseworthy. He is wanting in the dramatic element, and his book does not contain many pictures nor many anecdotes, but, as a record of marches, battles, and camp life, it is a very fair piece of work, and will give to many readers a better view of the daily life of an army in the field than they will readily find elsewhere. Some previous writers have shown how wretchedly the work of writing a "Story of the Regiment" may be done. Mr. Locke has taken a step in advance, but much remains to be done before the standard of such compositions is placed where it ought to be.

Corry O'Lanus: His Views and Experiences. (New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son & Co. 1867.)—In this book Mr. Howard gives what the publisher calls "comic illustrations." The author, whoever he is, hardly deserves a place in Mr. Carleton's humorous library with Josh Billings, Artemus Ward, John Phœnix, and Orpheus C. Kerr. He now and then says a sharp thing and now and then has a really humorous idea, which, however, he generally much more than half spoils by presenting it in those jerky little sentences which "Mac Arone," we believe, made popular, and which give a mingledair of constant, excessive pertness and of continual straining to make points—faults, either of which alone would be fatal to humorous effect. But most of what he writes is humor of a coarse variety, such as you hear on a Williamsburg ferry-boat when it is fast in the ice and the crowd on board chaff each other. For the rest, there are some good jokes, of which some are borrowed ones, and many local hits which will be a wonderful puzzle to the next Briton who buys the book at Sampson Low's and proceeds to criticise American humor. There is one not bad joke, however, which, though of a local character, all Europe must by this time be able to appreciate; it concerns the ferry above-mentioned, Mr. George Law's, of which Corry O'Lanus says that on a wet day it rains harder inside the cabin of a Williamsburg ferry-boat than it does outside. But most of the book is a thing to be delivered from.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of The Nation *should be addressed to the Editor.*

WHAT INFLATION MEANS.

There is a general expectation at this writing that the success of the effort to put a stop to the contraction of the currency will be followed up by an equally successful attempt at further inflation. Into the expediency or inexpediency of arresting the process of contraction we shall not here enter at any length. There is a good deal to be said against this mode of getting back to specie payments as well as for it. Unquestionably, if the whole of the greenbacks were swept out of existence during the coming year, gold and silver would rush in to fill their places, but they would have to be bought like any other commodities, and we are ill prepared just now to buy them. The greenbacks have the recommendation of being the cheapest currency that can be devised, and the nation is certainly not ready just yet to go back to the more expensive substitute; and it is possible that the withdrawal of even four millions a month is more than the country is yet able to bear.

It is suffering first and foremost from the enormous waste of labor and material which occurred during the war. No country can absolutely fling away—we are now speaking simply economically—$2,000,000,000 worth of labor and the results of labor inside four years, and get all over it in two years. It is suffering next of all from the most vexatious, unphilosophical, clumsy, and demoralizing system of taxation to which any country in Christendom was ever subjected. We say in Christendom, because we are willing to admit that in certain Mohammedan countries the present revenue laws of the United States have been surpassed, if not in number and complexity, at least in unreasonableness and disregard of the taxpayers' comfort and welfare. But then these Mohammedan rulers never pretended to be politicians in our sense of the word, or to entertain any regard whatever either for principles of human nature or the experience of mankind. Our financiers do pretend to be politicians, and occasionally in moments of great excitement even call themselves political economists. The two things, therefore, that the country most needs are time and opportunity to replace its lost wealth by economy and hard work, and the freedom of trade from vexatious pursuit at the hands of the tax-gatherer. With these two, rapid and complete recovery, within a very short space of time, is tolerably certain.

We believe most firmly that there is more money afloat than the country needs to carry on business. A country can hardly have too much money in it if the money be specie. If there is too much, it will be exported for the purchase of things that people want more. The beauty of gold and silver is, that if you do not want them, other people do. You ship them off and buy "luxuries" with them, and are none the worse for it. With paper money the case is different. The supply does not depend on the demand, but on votes in Congress; and if more is issued than is needed, there is no way of getting rid of it. Nobody out of the country in which it is issued wants it, and the people on whom it is showered are obliged to meet its redundancy by using more of it in their transactions; or, in other words, raising the price of their commodities.

But, supposing a certain quantity of paper money once issued, and prices adapted to it, and no more of it to be issued, the country adapts its business to it, no matter how large the quantity may be. We might be just as happy and prosperous paying $20 in greenbacks for a pound of coffee as we are now when paying only forty cents, if we were sure there would be no more greenbacks put in circulation. But the curse of greenbacks and of all paper money is that we do not know how much of it will be put in circulation. As long as Congress is what it is, and there are engravers and printing-presses in the United States, no human being can tell whether there will be more currency in existence next year than in this, or whether there will be less. In other words, what makes this paper currency detestable is, that as long as we have no other, there can be no certainty in business; and, next to time and industry, certainty about the future is just now what the country needs to recover.

If everybody will agree to let the currency alone for the next five or ten years, neither to contract nor expand it, we shall get on perfectly well, if we know that then, or within a reasonable period, the Government will be prepared to redeem it in coin, or even to begin to redeem it gradually. Paper money has many advantages. It is light, portable, and cheap. It is objectionable because it is a kind of money that ignoramuses or knaves can easily tinker or inflate or contract, and because, therefore, as long as it is in use the fortune of every man in the community is at the mercy of ignoramuses or knaves. As long as eighty or ninety men in Washington, of whom only a small number have ever in their lives devoted one hour's attention to the study of any financial or economical question, of whom probably very many go to Congress with such notions of the laws of currency as circulate in village bar-rooms, and of whom many more may be the mere tools of speculators, can any day run a bill through under the previous question ordering the Secretary of the Treasury to diminish the money of the country by one hundred millions, or increase it by one hundred millions, no man can lie down at night knowing what the value of his goods or house or lands or debts will be when he wakes up in the morning. Under such a system no country, not even this, could prosper or recover from prostration, and from this system there is no escape except in a return to specie. Contraction is a painful process. If performed suddenly or rapidly it may prove to hundreds of thousands a ruinous process. It is open to precisely the same objection as inflation, in that it is an arbitrary change of the value of property; but it is superior to inflation in that it leads back to dry land, while inflation leads out to a boundless and unfathomable sea.

If the paper currency can be redeemed as it stands, by all means let us have no contraction; but if there be no reasonable hope of redeeming it as it stands, by all means let us have contraction, because, somehow or other, we must have certainty as to the future. Without certainty no civilized community can possibly thrive. As long as persons as ill-informed as large numbers of members of Congress show themselves to be in all debates on this class of questions, have the power of deciding by vote whether a mortgage, or a promissory note, or a stock of goods, shall on any day in the week rise or fall fifty per cent. in value, the effect on trade is very much the same as that of war. It is like, barring the physical fear, living in constant exposure to incursions of Indians or Mahratta cavalry, or to bombardment from an enemy's fleet. It is a burning disgrace that in the nineteenth century, with the lessons of a thousand years of history open before us, and with the teachings of science weighing down our book shelves, not that we should have nothing but paper money—for that is a misfortune simply, incurred for noble ends—but that there should be men amongst us, calling themselves legislators, who do not know what the evils of paper money are, or who, knowing them, pass inglorious nights and more inglorious days trying to aggravate them.

We have the less hesitation in using strong language with regard to all schemes of inflation because, at present, they are simply devices for filling the pockets of large holders of stocks of goods, or, in other words, of large speculators at the expense of the poor. An advocate of inflation is not simply a bad economist, he is a conspirator against the laboring classes. At the bottom of the outcry for more greenbacks there is, of course, much ignorance, but there is also the desire of a very energetic and very knowing body of men to get rid of goods at an advance. Of course they probably see very well that as expansion means a general rise of prices, they would, in the long run, not profit by it. But they care nothing about the long run. They want to get out of the present difficulties, meet their engagements easily, and trust to luck for the rest. They try to persuade the working-man, too, that with more money they could employ more labor; but the working-man is a fool if he believes them. It is not with greenbacks that wages are paid, but with the things that greenbacks purchase, and the more greenbacks there are, the less food and clothing and shelter will a paper dollar buy. Moreover, times of inflation are always times of wild speculation. We have seen this during the war. For every fresh issue of paper already made, dealers add one dollar

to their prices, and then add another dollar to provide for the other issues which they believe may still be made, so that the laborer finds his comforts every day getting further out of his reach, and his necessaries every day harder to reach. Moreover, though inflation may at first give the demand for labor a little stimulus, it is a stimulus such as brandy gives the physical energies. It is soon over. There can be no sudden increase of paper money without an increase of uncertainty as to the future. Those who have made money by one issue always want another very soon; and insecurity is the great destroyer of enterprise, and without enterprise industry must languish and laborers suffer.

The overthrow of the impeachment projects shows clearly that common sense and moderation are at last reasserting their sway over the majority. But we would warn those who think the party can be helped by yielding to the present cry for expansion, that if it should prove, as it assuredly will prove, that expansion, instead of being a relief, is simply an increase of misery, by this time next year people will, as is not unusual in such cases, have forgotten all about the cry; they will only remember that the Republican party yielded to it. Working-men are already beginning to decide on the comparative merits of the two great parties by comparing prices in the old Democratic days with prices in these days of Radicalism. The process, we admit, is not a very philosophical one, but it might prove awkward if it were continued in use and gained in favor till November, 1868. Moreover, if experience, and especially experience during the last five years, has proved anything, it proves that the safest course, both for politicians and editors, is to hold on firmly to the teachings of justice and science and history; let passions or delusion carry the people ever so widely away from them, they are sure, in a country like this, to come back to them at last; and the most successful public men—successful in the highest sense—are those whose faith in these teachings wavers least, and whom the returning tide finds still at their posts.

THE INTERMARRIAGE BUGBEAR.

The possible social consequences of the elevation of the negroes to political equality with the whites at the South seem to be still seriously troubling the Democratic party, and the question of intermarriage has been brought up again during the past week by *The World* and made the subject of a short and animated discussion between it and *The Tribune*, in which we are bound to say that *The World* fared badly. What effect, if any, political equality of two races has in facilitating intermarriage between them has yet to be ascertained. The question has never been fairly tried anywhere. Men of different races have dwelt side by side in the same political community for hundreds of years without any mixture of blood, owing partly to legislation and partly to prejudice, and this in cases where the external differences were scarcely perceptible. In Hungary and European Turkey three or four races are found living side by side with almost no intermarriage, owing mainly to custom and prejudice. The case of the Jews furnishes another striking illustration of the extent to which purity of blood can be maintained through a long period by legislation, whether social or religious or political, even where there is little or no difference in physique or manners. So that the possibility of keeping races separate by formally discrediting or forbidding intermarriage may be said to be ascertained.

But then it may be safely said that to make any regulations against intermarriage operative so as to prevent a mixture of blood, there has to be on both sides, and not on one only, a certain amount of pride of some sort—if not pride of race, a pride of social position, at least self-respect. The Democratic fear about the mixture of races at the South is based on a somewhat juvenile faith in the impossibility of adulteration of blood without the formal sanction of marriage, a state of innocence which one would expect to meet with least of all amongst Democratic politicians. We say this without meaning to cast any reflection on their morality either absolute or comparative. We only mean that simplicity is not one of their characteristics, whether it be a fault or a virtue.

The mixture of blood unhappily does go on without intermarriage at all, as is seen at the South and in Spanish America, and we believe it could be readily shown that it goes on more rapidly under a system of prohibition than one of liberty. It is a fact worth weighing in discussing this question, and one, we believe, noticed by De Tocqueville, though we have not at this moment the means of verifying our assertion, that in all countries in which class-pride forbids intermarriage between persons of different classes, the women of the lower class are a constant, easy prey to the passions of the men of the upper. The unfortunates who swarm in the London streets, and whose numbers and degradation are perhaps the greatest blot on English civilization, are almost all young women from the country who have been betrayed by what are called their "superiors in station," that is, who have been so impressed with a sense of their own social inferiority that the attentions of a man of higher position have proved more than sufficient to shut out from view the tremendous penalties consequent on their fall, penalties such as no crime, properly so-called, is now visited with in any civilized country. There is no English county in which tragedies such as George Eliot has delineated and immortalized, do not swarm, and for the reason we have given. One of the greatest benefits of political equality is that, if it does not bring with it social equality, which we maintain it does not, Democratic rant to the contrary notwithstanding, it diffuses through all ranks a sense of moral equality, a sense of absolute social value, of self-respect, in short, which is the surest safeguard against that immorality from which the mixture of races so widely differing in physical and moral characteristics as the whites and blacks, mostly comes. If the English farmer or laborer thought himself as good as the squire, and the law treated him as if he were, the squire's son would probably be no nearer marrying the farmer's or laborer's daughter than he is now, but assuredly the farmer's or laborer's daughter would be much less likely to be stripped of her reason by the squire's son's attentions. So, also, at the South there is no way of preventing the multiplication of mulatto children—in which, and not in intermarriages, the mixture of races consists—but by raising the black woman in her own estimation and that of her neighbors. The idea of preventing it by legislation is worthy of a hare-brained French Jacobin, rather than of the intensely practical philosophers who compose Democratic conventions. The legal regulation of the relations of the sexes, like the legal regulation of most other things in countries in which there is no all-powerful police, will be effective just in proportion to the support it receives from popular morality. If the black woman of the South cannot be, by education, or some process or other, made proof against white men's blandishments, trying to keep the two races separate by legal prohibition of intermarriage will be about as sensible as trying to put down murder by prohibiting its commission in the presence of witnesses.

Whether political equality will have the effect of doing all that is needed in giving the negroes a higher estimate of their own social and moral value, has yet to be seen. For our own part, we think that, combined with education, it will. If, by giving negro men a higher estimate of their own value, it gives negro women a higher estimate of theirs; if it even makes them moral because morality is "respectable," it will do all that can be done toward preventing an intermixture of races. The worst enemy of purity of race is he who seeks to keep the negro woman as low in the social scale as possible.

Whether the political or social elevation of the negroes will lead to intermarriage, is a question on which Democrats can pronounce with even less confidence than Republicans. If their theory of the radical, essential difference of the two races be sound, intermarriage will not occur at all, or will only occur in cases in which children would have been born whether the parents were married or not. Even if their theory is not true, the whole standard of taste of the white race would have to be changed to make marriages between blacks and whites common, or even numerous. Nearly every white man and woman would have to recast one portion of his or her moral and physical constitution. There are people, and, singularly enough, they are mostly found amongst free-traders, who believe this can be done by act of Congress or by an amendment to the Constitution. We are not of that number. We do not believe that the one-thousandth part of the disinclination of any white persons to marry negroes is due to anything in the negro's social or political status. It is due to causes which neither Congress nor even the sovereign people can either modify

or control, and which will probably outlive most, if not all, the political organizations now in existence in any part of the world.

Moreover, we do not see any reason to consider this prospect a dismal one. We think it quite possible for two races differing as widely as these races do to live peacefully and prosper under the same government. That no such phenomenon has ever been witnessed is a strange argument for American politicians to use against this possibility, for the body politic in the United States is made up almost entirely of phenomena never before seen or heard of. The House of Representatives itself is a novelty. The election of the President is a novelty, the very existence of the republic is a novelty which eighty years ago the leading philosophers of the world would have considered as wildly impossible as many now consider the peaceable existence of whites and blacks side by side under the same Government. This problem, like the general problem of democratic government, depends for its solution on education, religion, and humanity.

One reads occasionally lucubrations on the beneficial influence on white character that a little intermixture of negro blood would exercise, but stuff of this sort would have more value if anything certain was known of the effect of any intermixture of races on character. A cross between the African race and the North American might turn out, if he had the continent to himself, a musical and industrious saint; but, for aught anybody can tell, he might also turn out a lazy blackguard, in whose hands the country would run to weeds and civilization itself perish. The English race is in many ways totally different from what one would have expected a mixture of Celt and Saxon and Norman to prove. In short, nothing can be more dangerous or unsound than to infer from the marked characteristics of two races what the result of blending them would be. Besides which, the white race on this continent is a very good race as it stands. We do not know of anything it needs which education and culture cannot supply without calling in the assistance of professional breeders.

DICKENS IN NEW YORK.

DOUBTLESS there is something of a disappointment in store for a great many of the people who are going to hear Mr. Dickens read. To him and his celebrated readings we have all been paying the compliment—natural to human nature to pay—of thinking him to be more impressive in appearance, and them to be more entirely and suddenly captivating, than in the nature of things it is possible that either of them should really be. Probably most of us went to Steinway Hall, on Monday evening last, in much the same frame of mind with which one goes to look for the first time at some masterpiece of art or some wonder of nature, and perhaps most of us came away as one comes from his first view of Niagara or a Titian—not quite satisfied, with some waiting and remembering and comparing to be done before one perceives how much it is that has been seen.

The audience—every seat filled—wait for Mr. Dickens to appear, and meantime look at the furniture of the platform—a little red-covered reading-desk, behind it a screen of a brown-crimson color, in front of it, on the edge of the stage, a little to the right and left of the desk, two tall rods which support what, as the audience sees it, resembles a red-maroon-colored board. On the other side of the board are fixed the lamps which light the figure of the reader. There is nothing else in the nature of scenery—to use a technical word of the theatre. And here we come to one of the two momentary disappointments of which we have spoken. Most people, we dare say, will go to hear the readings with a vague expectation that they are to be pleased as an actor pleases them, or rather they go with suggested reminiscences of great actors in their minds, and with little knowledge of what it is in which "reading," properly so-called, consists. But there is no more of the theatre in the reader than there is in the accessories of which we have spoken, and how slight and simple those accessories are we have seen. The true theory of the performance is not that it is acting in which the actor, as much as possible, forgets himself into the very likeness of what he personates, but is rather that a gentleman dramatically tells a story among friends, indicating rather than perfectly assuming the characters of the personages brought before us; never wholly, indeed, never nearly, losing sight of his hearers and himself; never wholly, never, at any rate, for very long, getting away from the gentlemanly drawing-room, with its limiting conventionalities, into the wider and freer atmosphere of the stage. Readings are simply story-telling or declaiming or the recitation of poetry with exceptionally good elocution and with occasional feats of imitation of a kind more or less subdued.

The future hearer being warned against the error above-mentioned—one into which very many people very naturally fall—there remains to speak of the other disappointment to which we have alluded. At first, at least, everybody, we suppose, will experience it, and every one will at once admit to himself that it is childish. We feel it, nevertheless, perpetually demanding that each fresh hero, in spite of the failure of his predecessors, shall appear to the bodily eye as he appears to the eye of imagination. The man who has created Mr. Richard Swiveller and three generations of Wellers and Mr. Toots and Captain Cuttle and Mr. Wegg and Mr. Peggotty and Mr. Micawber and young Bailey and so many other members of every well-regulated household, must be prepared to find us feeling not altogether rightly used when we see that as he steps quickly across the stage he seems to the casual eye—if any casual eyes were there—an ordinary elderly gentleman, with steel-grey hair, thin on the top of the head and brought forward into two tufts just above the ears, with a rosy or flushed face, in evening dress, and, generally, with a dapper air rather than with a look of—what shall we say?—a great genius who is a part of the happiness of mankind henceforth. From this disappointment one soon recovers. One looks closely at the strong features, sees the mingled kindness and sharpness of the eyes, sees the whole face smiling—not the lips only, but the eyes and cheeks—at some lucky humorous stroke, and it is easy to forget some small things, and to admit that only the face before us could be the face of the Dickens whom we know. The flowers and the jewellery and the diffuse moustache and imperial seem also proper and not to be dispensed with.

Our New York audiences are not, we think, so far as we know them west of the Bowery, apt to be extremely enthusiastic; not apt to be so enthusiastic as Boston audiences, we should say, though it is true that the individual New Yorker wants the gravity of the individual Bostonian. He lives in a whirl of all things earthly, which makes particular things of no great importance to him, which reduces special sensations to comparative insignificance; there are so many things to make him light that even as "a house" he is not to be brought down heavily. It will have to be admitted, too, that he is not so susceptible to purely intellectual impressions as the average Athenian of the Modern Athens. So Mr. Dickens was not received with anything like the warmth which greeted him in Boston. A round of applause welcomed him as he walked across the platform to his desk, another left him waiting for half a minute, or some seconds less than that time, as he made his bow, and then he was allowed to begin, and continued throughout the reading without interruptions of any length, though not without frequent interruptions.

"Marley was dead," he began. "Marley was dead to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about *that;*" and he went on, not following perfectly closely the text of that edition of his reading which Ticknor & Fields have just published, but varying from it in two ways—by omissions which included some of his finest bits of humor—as when the intelligent British juryman, who knows himself a painstaking bulwark of the Constitution, enquires of Sergeant Buzfuz the precise date of the Chops and Tomato Sauce *billet-doux;* and not only by omissions, but by interpolations—as when the sergeant tells the jury that it is "an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative, *and, it is not going too far to say, a* HIGHLY POETICAL jury of her civilized countrymen"—the words in italics and capitals being a very effective "reading" addition to the words in our copy of the novel. Of these omissions and interpolations there were very many, some advantageous, some injurious.

To pronounce judgment on Mr. Dickens as a reader we are not in all respects competent. But we may say that as we listened to him it seemed to us that in the level passages he was not extraordinarily good; that his voice is not a particularly fine one; that many of his inflections and the spirit in which he reads many passages are not at all what we should have expected or what we liked, but that wherever his admirable histrionic abilities could supplement or almost take the place of his abilities as a reader merely—then all things were done at least well, many things excellently well, and some things done so well that we have not as yet conceived of their being done better. The old judge in the trial scene seemed to us unsurpassable. The look of drowsy, stupid dignity, the voice of the real Justice Stareleigh, were perfectly rendered by Mr. Dickens's face and voice. His presentation of the judge, as it seemed to us, was the best thing in his reading. By far the best, we were going to say, but Sergeant Buzfuz, in his opening speech, was nearly as good.

The other lawyers were not so well brought before us—neither the bullying tone of the cross-examinations nor the details as given by Mr. Dickens

struck us as being very true to life. For example—that the worth of our criticism may be judged—we should say that a lawyer would ask a witness, "Can you swear that you have not seen the defendant *fifty* times? Can you swear that you have not seen him *seventy-five* times? Do you think—mind, now, you're on your oath—that you have seen him more than *three* times?"—and so on. Mr. Dickens reads a perfectly similar passage without italicizing the numeral adjectives.

In the "Christmas Carol" it was the humorous passages that were chiefly applauded. Even the passage in which Bob Cratchit tells his wife how green Tiny Tim's grave is, although Mr. Dickens makes a "point" of it more decidedly than of any other passage in the evening's entertainment, was not nearly so successful as those in which we have Mr. Fezziwig celebrating Christmas, "cutting" till the very calves of his legs seem to wink; or the Cratchits eating their Christmas goose, and the young Cratchits turning livid on suspicion that, while they were up to their very foreheads in stuffing, somebody has come over the fence and stolen the pudding; or Mr. Topper, affronting the credulity of human nature by his premeditated pursuit, while shamming that he is blindfolded, of the plump sister in the lace tucker.

All this called forth very hearty applause. But the most spontaneous and the heartiest plaudits were given when Sergeant Buzfuz said, "Call Samuel Weller." Evidently everybody recognized in Samuel an old acquaintance. Everybody, too, we imagine, was a little disappointed that Sam, when he answered the call, made no more show than he did in the witness box; but when Anthony Weller disturbed the court-room by his orthographic instructions to his son, which Mr. Dickens produced in exactly the voice which we imagine as issuing from beneath the capes and coats and adipose tissue, and from among the pots of beer of a coachman of the olden time, it seemed as if the veritable Prussian Blue was himself among us in the audience.

A thousand things might be said of the impressions which Monday evening made upon Mr. Dickens's audience, most of whom saw for the first time a friend whom they had long loved. To us the most impressive thing was the burst of applause which followed the mention of Sam Weller's name. It was such an unaffected tribute of admiration as few authors have ever obtained. Mr. Dickens stood before us in the flesh—listening to that voice of human sympathy and admiration which only the posterity of most other great men hear.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, November 22, 1867.

PARLIAMENT has met this year for a short session before Christmas—an unusual step, made necessary by certain votes that have to be taken in connection with the Abyssinian expedition. There has not, however, been the usual preliminary flourish of trumpets on occasion of the address. This was in part owing to the fact that Mrs. Disraeli is lying dangerously ill; and Mr. Gladstone very properly declined, under the circumstances, to challenge Mr. Disraeli to a rhetorical contest; for the debate on the address can amount to nothing more. There is, moreover, a certain torpor perceptible in the whole proceedings of Parliament. Members have not as yet thoroughly waked up from their hybernation, or, as I should more properly say, their æstivation. They are anxious to do their business as quietly as may be, and go home early for the Christmas holidays. In short, the country looks on with a rather languid interest—yawning, as it were—and stretching its arms, and with little chance of being fully roused before February. The Queen's speech has, perhaps, a shade less meaning than ordinary specimens of the most proverbially insipid class of human compositions. A few points may be noticed as throwing a faint light upon the prospects of the coming session. In the first place, it is explained that we have really got to go to Abyssinia. In fact, as the expedition has already in part left India, this is no great news. There is another question behind of rather more interest, upon which nothing has hitherto been said. The question is whether, when we have got to Abyssinia, we intend to come back. Our Indian government, as you know, has a certain appetite for annexation, and where it has to send an armed remonstrance to a native prince, it not unfrequently ends by swallowing him and his domains. Still, Liberals very naturally think that we have got enough on our hands already, without effecting a lodgment on the other side of the Red Sea. *The Spectator*, which is a really Liberal paper, but given to queer little priggish crotchets of its own, and very apt to lay down the law with an affectation of superiority to the world in general, dogmatically informs Lord Stanley that, if he promises to leave Abyssinia, he will "take the heart out of all the Indians." Really, this is too unconscionable! We have been dragged—nobody quite knows how—into the unpleasant necessity of having to go and rescue some thirty English subjects; and we find that the Indians consider us pledged to annex a huge barbarous territory, and threaten that if we do n't do it, their hearts will be taken out of them. In spite of *The Spectator's* declaration that persons who object to this policy are Liberals of a "fossil type," I sincerely hope that we shall be content without a slice of Africa. Meanwhile, it is a trifle too soon to be talking about annexation before we have even begun an occupation. Abyssinia is a country about which our ignorance is something startling. In India, the expedition has excited the utmost enthusiasm, partly because we have always a large army there suffering from the cruel *ennui* characteristic of the country, always therefore ready for a row and "spoiling for a fight." In England, many well-informed men look forward to the expedition with dismal forebodings. I have been told on high authority that not a man of the army will ever come back. I have also been told on authority, perhaps equally high, that it will be a mere military promenade. The few persons who have some real knowledge on the subject have kept up a lively correspondence in *The Times*, in which every writer flatly contradicted his predecessor. "We ought to take mules," says one; "Mules are utterly useless," says another; "There are all sorts of insects and diseases dangerous to man and beast;" "Abyssinia is as healthy as England;" "It will be easy to hire native porters;" "No native porter can be got for love and money"—these and similar satisfactory disputes have been raging till at times one begins to doubt whether there is such a place as Abyssinia at all, or merely a vague cloudland inhabited by the imaginary creatures of all travellers from the days of Herodotus. It is, I fancy, too early to discuss annexation.

To return to the Queen's speech. We hope, I am glad to find, that the French army will soon leave Rome. However, as we shall certainly confine ourselves to hopes, that does not much matter. Perhaps we may join a congress, but that will only be, as Lord Stanley very properly explains, if we know beforehand the decisions to which the congress is to come; so that does not much matter either. Turning to home affairs, I find that amongst several topics of small importance the chief place is given to education. There can be no doubt, as I have frequently had occasion to remark, that education ought to be the first question of the day in England. In the very able speech of Mr. Lowe at Edinburgh, he expressed an opinion in which every sensible man must join, though I think it was reached by a doubtful logical process. He declared—and, I have no doubt, sincerely—that he had hitherto held our educational system, in spite of its drawbacks, to be the best in existence. This may possibly be true—except that it failed to educate. Now, however, a change was necessary. The Reform Bill had made it essential that the classes into whose hands government was falling should be tolerably educated. He was, therefore, in favor of strong measures, of centralization, of compulsory education, and of a thorough-going national system which should provide a good school in every parish, as a necessary preliminary to making compulsion practicable. If our previous system was the best possible, one does not quite see why a change should be necessary in consequence of the Reform Bill or of anything else. However, we need not look too closely at the syllogism; its conclusion is too satisfactory to make the premises of much importance. By all means let us have a thoroughly vigorous and well-organized attack upon the powers of darkness, whatever its motive may be; and if the Reform Bill had done nothing beyond forcing this conviction upon the minds of our leading statesmen, I for one should rejoice sincerely in a measure which has borne such excellent fruits at so early a period. Of course, there is great difficulty in seeing one's way to any rational system, where the ground is so much occupied already by attempts of various merit, and where there is such a certainty of a vigorous contest between the opposing sects. When there are numerous Churchmen who would prefer that a ploughboy should not read nor write than that he should receive erroneous instruction about the theory of the sacraments, there is a hard battle yet to be fought. A well-known High Churchman lately declared that he objected to laymen, however eminent, interfering with education, because even the ablest lawyers were unable to understand the nice points of theology upon which essential differences of creed depended. He failed to explain what difference it would make to the poor clodhoppers whether they were taught one of their unintelligible doctrines or another. Mr. Disraeli's speech, to which I referred in my last, makes me fear that too much may be yielded to these sticklers for orthodoxy, who would rather that men should starve than eat bread with the wrong cipher stamped upon it. Still, he has pledged himself to introduce some important measure, and considering the extremely malleable nature of Conservative politics, as exemplified in the

Reform legislation of last season, I hope that some good may come of his proposals.

On another most important topic the Queen's speech is silent. It says nothing about Ireland. The question, however, of the Irish Church is being considered by a commission formed, it is true, of rather unpromising material. Mr. Disraeli, moreover, pledges himself to introduce a measure on the far more important question of the landed tenure. Until he has displayed his cards more openly it would be idle to speculate on the result. I must, however, remark that the Fenians are still doing their best to irritate the English people, as I cannot but fear, into a state of mind very unfavorable to wise legislation. There are at the present moment two prominent topics of discussion in every one's mouth: one is the fearful hurricane at St. Thomas, of which reports have just arrived by the Douro; the other is the execution of the three Fenians at Manchester, now fixed for to-morrow. Of the five men originally convicted one has been pardoned, for the excellent reason that he was not guilty, and the sentence of another has been commuted because he took a less prominent part in the assault than his companions. The other three will, I presume, be hanged to-morrow. There has been a profound sensation excited, and there is considerable fear of some disturbance at Manchester. Of course, numerous troops, with, I believe, artillery, have been sent into the town; two thousand volunteers have been sworn in as special constables, preparations have been made to barricade the street, and, in short, every precaution has been taken in expectation of a serious riot. Should any attempt take place it will, of course, be summarily suppressed; but it is not pleasant to find that in a large English town the law requires to be backed so strongly by an armed force. I do not express any opinion as to whether the three men should have been executed. On the one hand, I am entirely opposed to political executions under almost any circumstances; on the other, the crime of rescuing a prisoner from the hands of the police and shooting an officer certainly seems to pass the line which separates political crime from crimes against society at large. But the spirit to which this state of things testifies is a very awkward fact. The Queen's speech declares that Fenianism suppressed in Ireland has taken the form of organized violence in England, and must be put down by a rigorous execution of the law. The facts upon which this assertion depends are not very numerous. There was the shooting of a guardsman in Bloomsbury Square, and there were one or two isolated cases—besides the Manchester affair—which seem to confirm it. But a certain nervous fear has built upon these facts a huge superstructure of uneasy suspicion. Not long ago I was staying in a country district some thirty or forty miles from London, and was astonished to find the extent to which the minds of my friends were occupied with Fenian outrages. If an ill-looking tramp passed through a village he was set down for a Fenian in disguise; if a noise was heard at night it was an attempt of the Fenians to surprise a volunteer armory. There seemed to be an impression that Fenians were a ubiquitous race, ready to rise at any moment in any part of the country. In London, where we have more to occupy our minds, we pay less attention to these rumors. Several alarms, which brought together the loyal volunteers of various country towns in the provinces, turned out to be pure, unadulterated hoaxes; and, in short, we are not disposed to take the matter quite so seriously. Still, even in London there is an uneasy feeling, and the occurrence of a few more outrages or of a riot at the Manchester executions might call forth an explosion in which we should be capable of very violent measures. The dread of Fenianism is complicated with the annoyance still remaining from the Hyde Park riots. There is an impression that the mob have been allowed to get their heads too much lately, and require to be suppressed, and people talk in very exaggerated language about the growing disrespect for law and the necessity of making examples. This feeling, whatever its foundation, is undoubtedly producing great bitterness with regard to Irish questions. What will be the consequence? Shall we refuse all redress to Ireland, and continue the war of races to an indefinite period? Or will Fenianism, great as is the indignation which it excites, awake a certain uncomfortable sense that after all a statesman should do something towards removing the causes of such an evil as well as repressing its symptoms, and in this way lead indirectly to some serious attempts at reform? These are questions which I must leave to be answered by your readers or by time.

Correspondence.

THE NATIONAL BANKS AND THE OLD STATE BANKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

One word about the National Bank currency. With every writer I have noticed, you join in the complaint that the banks make a "*double interest*" on their capital, as though this was some strange thing.

What else did the New York and some other State banks do? Why, the National Bank act is almost a copy of the New York banking system, except that the Federal Government, instead of the State, superintends the matter; and now, after this system has been in successful operation for who knows how many years, lo! the editors of the land have just discovered that the people are swindled. No one objected to it when the interest came from the State stocks, yet it came from the people all the same. Whence came the national banks? The Government must have *money or perish*, its credit was taxed to the uttermost, the banks were induced to part with their State stocks and invest in Government's (absorbing at once near $300,000,000), on the assurance of the same privileges of circulation as the State extended; and now, when the thing is all done, the bonds absorbed, you propose to clip from them what was distinctly assured if they would change.

You write on the public conscience; give us an article on editorial conscience.

Yours truly, J. A. W.

Jersey City, December 6, 1867.

[What did the old State banks redeem their bills in? Was it in other paper? What did the State undertake to do in case they failed? Exchange their bills for bills of its own? Does "J. A. W." not see that the whole controversy turns on the fact that the national banks are paid for keeping out an irredeemable currency, a thing which the Government can do itself for half the money? If we write an article on "editorial conscience," we shall have to insert a short digression on another subject, "to which we shall not more particularly allude," as the reporters say.—Ed. Nation.]

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The Week.

As a speechmaker, Mr. Johnson, among all his offices, fills none so well as the office of proving that physiological theory which considers the headpiece a piece of the backbone. But his messages have often been not full of obstinacy merely, but have been clever. To whom we owe his latest message, that on the suspension of Mr. Stanton, has not yet transpired. It is a temperate and able document, and would be conclusive enough if it were not that Mr. Stanton is not alleged to have been guilty of misconduct in office, and that the Tenure of Office bill provides that for nothing short of misconduct in office shall a cabinet officer be removed. Of course Mr. Johnson says this bill is unconstitutional, yet it is in obedience to its provisions that he makes this communication to the Senate, and Mr. Stanton's deposition he speaks of as a suspension and not a removal. His reasons for suspending the secretary are briefly these: That he had for a long time found Mr. Stanton at variance with him in regard to reconstruction; that Mr. Stanton knew that the President was not to blame for the non-prevention of the New Orleans riots, yet did not exculpate him when he was charged with the responsibility for that outrage; that Mr. Stanton kept in his own hands, uncommunicated, an important despatch from General Baird which, had he seen it, would have caused the President to take measures ensuring the peace of the city. "There may be those," Mr. Johnson says, "ready to say that I would have given no instructions even if the despatch had reached me in time, but all must admit that I ought to have had the opportunity." Another reason for the secretary's suspension Mr. Johnson finds in the defiant way in which he replied to a Presidential request for his peaceable resignation. As regards the New Orleans despatch, Mr. Stanton explains in his evidence before the Reconstruction Committee how it happened that he did not send it to the President. That he was legally bound to do so, that not to do so amounts to misconduct, seems to be more than doubtful. However, on this head Mr. Stanton will doubtless himself be heard before the Senate judges the case. As to the personal matters of which much of the message treats, they are shrewdly put by the President, but do little more than show that, like most of the rest of us, Mr. Stanton did not, at the beginning of reconstruction, fully understand the relative powers of the legislative and executive departments, and that, as these were discussed, he gradually took the Congressional side of the question and not Mr. Johnson's.

The National Union Republican Committee have designated Chicago as the city in which the next national convention of the party is to be held. The competition between Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago is said to have been fierce, and of course there is talk of bribery. No one of these cities ever thinks any other one gets any good thing without a previous shameless infraction of all the decalogue to say nothing of the laws of mercantile honesty. The 20th of May next is the appointed time for the meeting of the convention. Thus it would seem to be evident that the Republican leaders expect a laborious campaign and intend to work. The scaffolding put up by the committee pending the erection of the regular platform is a slight structure and has but one plank over which any Northern Democrat needs to stumble; it "invites the co-operation of all friends of the complete extirpation of the principles and policy of slavery." Free trade and protection are not referred to, nor inflation, nor repudiation. However, the Fortieth Congress is to make the Republican platform, and the committee had really nothing to do but call the convention.

A letter, purporting to be written by a member of General Grant's staff, and to be a semi-official exposition of the general's feelings with regard to his own nomination for the Presidency, was published last week, but, we regret to say, proves to be a forgery. It said, in brief, that he did not want the nomination; that if he got it, he would rather get it from "the people" than from either of the two party organizations; that he did not want to be bound to any fixed set of opinions beforehand; that the people must declare their will in the election of Congress, and that he would obey Congress; and, moreover, that if he were elected, he would make no appointments as a reward of political services. There is not a word of this of which most intelligent men would not heartily approve. We do not hesitate to say that, if General Grant were to say all this, and stick to it, particularly the last declaration with regard to appointments, and to assist, by his authority and example, Mr. Jenckes in getting his Civil Service bill through, he would do more for the salvation and perpetuation of this Government than he has yet done in the field. This is strong language; but it is not half as strong as the facts would warrant. Nobody who gets even a glimpse of the way in which the public service is filled, and the way in which the work is done, believes in his heart that this or any other government can stand it for ever.

The mania for buying territory seems to be growing stronger. The last report on the subject is, that the Spanish Government proposes to sell Cuba and Porto Rico to the United States for one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and we are told by telegraph from Havana that "the public heart is beating with anxiety at the announcement," as the extinction of slavery would be one of the consequences of the sale. This extinction of slavery is the only thing that makes it seem in the smallest degree desirable that the news should be true. Even with this prospect, we cannot help thinking that the money would be vastly better spent in educating the freedmen we have than in acquiring more. It is of vastly more importance to the black race that those who are now free should be elevated and enlightened and turn out

well, than that any more should be liberated either this year or next. Moreover, fine as Mr. Seward's performances in the way of acquiring territory and making treaties of commerce look, we do not see what they do for the country except to enable it to grow richer faster. But poverty, or the difficulty of making money, is not our great trouble. Our great trouble is the abundance and variety of our rascals; and we do not see that we shall either "confound their politics or frustrate their knavish tricks" by giving them more territory to operate over. We do not hesitate to say that every inch of ground added to our domain over which we cannot enforce law and order is not a blessing but a curse—not a help to civilization but to barbarism.

No Republican need be surprised, yet almost every Republican will feel lively satisfaction, in reading the famous "letter marked private" which General Grant wrote to Mr. Johnson when Stanton and Sheridan were removed from office, and which only a House resolution has been able to bring to publicity. It was laid before the House on Tuesday. Addressing Mr. Johnson "as a friend," "desiring peace and quiet, the welfare of the whole country North and South," and "feeling that he is right in the matter," Grant declares that the removal of Mr. Stanton would be a violation of the spirit of the law concerning the tenure of offices, and says in effect that his removal and Sheridan's—whom he praises warmly both as a soldier and a governor—would justly exasperate the loyal people. No more will be heard henceforth of Grant as a Democratic candidate for the Presidency.

Some further correspondence between Lord Stanley and Mr. Seward has been published, in which the former once more, and more explicitly than ever, declines to submit the question of the propriety or impropriety, timeliness or untimeliness, of the course of Great Britain in recognizing the Confederacy as a belligerent to arbitration. He explains, also, that what he asks for is the organization of two commissions, one of arbitration, to which should be submitted the question of England's moral responsibility with regard to the *Alabama* damages; and to the other, the general claims for damages arising out of the war of the citizens of the two countries—in other words, a commission of arbitration and one of simple adjudication. There is not much probability, we fear, of any immediate settlement of the matter, which is the more to be regretted, as General Grant's views on questions of foreign policy are said to be much less sound and sensible than his views on home questions. We are told, for instance, that he is in favor of keeping the *Alabama* matter open, as a hook on which to hang a quarrel with England whenever the occasion offers. We cannot help thinking that America is now old enough, and big enough, to quarrel without a hook.

Mr. Ramsey has introduced into the Senate a resolution looking to a new reciprocity treaty between this country and Canada, providing for an *ad valorem* duty of five per cent. in lieu of the existing tariff, and community in fishing, navigation, patent rights, copyright, and rates of postage, and for the cession by Canada of certain territory in the Hudson's Bay Company region west of 90° long. The resolutions are wise, statesmanlike, and practical—all except that which stipulates that the excise duties of the two countries should be assimilated by "concurrent legislation." If Canada were to assimilate her excise duties to ours, she would be crazy; and the difficulties in the way of assimilating ours to those of any nation under heaven are so great as to seem for the present insurmountable. No revision of them is possible, unless the work be done as a whole, and it can only be done as a whole by a commission of experts, and Congress will not permit a commission of experts to do anything and is not equal to the task itself, so that it really seems as if the case was hopeless. Of course the admission of Canadian goods at a five per cent. duty, without the assimilation of the two excise systems, is out of the question.

General Butler, on Monday last, subjected his financial vagaries to the test of a vote in the House of Representatives. The proposition was to suspend the rules so as to enable him to submit a resolution declaring it to be the duty of the United States to pay all its debts in paper currency which it had not expressly agreed in acts of Congress to pay otherwise. Of one hundred and thirty-eight members present, eighty-three indicated their unwillingness to countenance the swindle by voting against the resolution.

Admiral Porter writes a glowing report on St. Thomas, the Danish West India island which Mr. Seward has just purchased. He sets forth the excellence of its harbors, its great defensibleness against attacks from the outside, and divers other advantages as a naval station. Moreover, its inhabitants are "hospitable to a fault," which we suppose, if it means anything, means that they entertain more than they can afford; and they are particularly hospitable to Americans. But what would John C. Calhoun say—what does Mr. James M. Mason, of Niagara Falls, some time Minister Plenipotentiary of the Confederate States at the Court of St. James, say—on reading in the despatch of an American admiral, by way of commendation of a new territorial acquisition, that the inhabitants whose hospitality he has already dwelt on "are mostly colored, and extremely well educated"? Can these things be, and the solar system continue to hold its own? a South Carolinian or Virginian philosopher may well ask. The King of Denmark's other island, St. Croix, has, however, been conducting itself badly, as if dissatisfied with being left behind, and had last week a first-class earthquake, driving one United States war-vessel, the *Monongahela*, ashore, and nearly wrecking another, the *De Soto*. St. Thomas has also had an earthquake. The King has taken leave of his islands in a somewhat pathetic proclamation, commending them to the protection of the Almighty with an earnestness not altogether complimentary to this country.

The Alabama Convention, which Southern papers have covered with abuse of the kind common in Southern papers, was mainly composed, say trustworthy accounts, of men long resident in Alabama, three-fourths of the whole number, to say nothing of the sprinkling of blacks, having been old Alabamians of good standing in their several communities, and not Northern adventurers, as the Mobile *Times* was fond of saying. Its friends say that no political body so orderly and sensible, and few so able, have ever been convened in Alabama; and if we judge of it by its works rather than by reports of enemies, we are constrained to say the same thing. The constitution which it formed has just been published, and is such a fundamental law as any American State might be well satisfied to own. It sets apart for the education of all the children of the State between five years old and twenty-one, not only the proceeds of all the lands which the United States has granted or may grant to the State for educational purposes, and of all swamp-lands, and of all property left by intestates without heirs, but also devotes to the support of schools one-fifth of the total revenue of the State. Furthermore, the General Assembly may permit the school-district authorities to levy a poll-tax on the inhabitants of the district in aid of the general school fund. It is made the duty of an incorporated Board of Education of the State to establish in each school-district one or more schools. Let us hope that hereafter a majority of white citizens of Alabama may know how to write their names. The rest of the constitution—as the clauses relating to imprisonment for debt, to the right of men of any color to bear arms, and so on—are of equally enlightened character. The illiberality of the disfranchising clauses is more in the reports in regard to them than in fact. They forbid registry as voters to all persons who, during the war, maimed or in any way inflicted unusual or cruel punishment on persons in the employ of the United States, and, secondly, to persons whom Congress or the Constitution (Art. XIV.) has disfranchised. But it gives to the General Assembly power to remove the disabilities of the second class, and there is little doubt that it will be, in the truest sense of the word, the fault of the obstinate secessionists if within three years they are not voting.

For a long time there has been a heavy importation into the lately seceded States of incendiary negroes, with papers on their per-

sons and a brutal expression of countenance. It may not be known to most of our readers that these men are sent out by the Radicals of the Northwest and North for the purpose of organizing revolutionary governments, and wrapping in flames communities already swept by the billows of fanatical oppression. But it is good to know that their efforts have hitherto failed of success. When they are arrested, the negroes whom they have misled generally gather round the officers, and savagely demand Shorter—if Shorter is his name—"for summary punishment." "They would undoubtedly have put him to death," the reporter always says, with an air as if the idea of lynching was shocking to his own feelings, but he was aware of the length to which the negro's brutal passions carry him, when once they are aroused. The whites always interfere, if we may trust the Associated Press despatches, and "persuade the infuriated blacks to let the law take its course." The Montgomery *Advertiser*, of a late date, contains the last account we have seen of the arrest of one of these Northern emissaries. His name was George Shorter, and he claimed to be an agent of certain Illinois Republicans. A letter was found in his pocket decreeing the death of Jerry, treasurer of the revolutionary government of which Mr. Shorter was the head, and calling upon Jeff McCall to levy irregular bands of troops and kill the accused. Of course, the surrounding negroes who had been misled by the demagogue clamored for his rendition, the order-loving whites of Bullock County appeased them, and we fear that the editor of *The Advertiser* thinks with a pang of the fate of his unhappy country with the heel of negro domination on its neck.

Judge Erskine, of Georgia, probably adorns the bench and the judicial ermine about as much, say, as the Honorable Dick Busteed, of Alabama, or Mr. Underwood, of Virginia. Robert Toombs thus describes him:

> "Sir, twenty years ago, when you were drinking buttermilk out of a swill-tub in the bogs of Ireland, I was a practitioner before the court which you now disgrace. Fifteen years ago, when I was a senator in Congress, you were selling lager beer from behind the counter of a Charleston groggery, and at no period in ten years has any gentleman seen the time when he could afford to notice you on the streets; and yet, sir, you, who are perjured in accepting the office you now hold, presume to refuse gentlemen the right of practice before you."

Mr. Toombs did not see his way clear to taking the test-oath, we believe, and the judge declined to permit him to practise in his court. It seems good to get a fresh taste of that eloquence which in the great days of a Clay, a Webster, a Benton, a Davis, and a Fillmore "reechoed round the halls of Congress," as *The National Intelligencer* would say. But seriously, what is going to become of a set of people one of whose "first men" screeches, body and mind, in the manner above set forth? It is a cheering thought that by the new constitution they have provided for common schools in Alabama, and that by-and-by both Toombs and Erskine will, perhaps, be impossible as judges and senators.

Mr. Dickens has fallen among thieves in the sale of his tickets. A large number of the tickets get into the hands of speculators, and are sold for three or four times their value, and, in fact, they are dealt in as regularly, as openly, and as impudently as Erie or Hudson River stock. Moreover, the sales at the ticket-office itself have been conducted in a manner which not only leaves on hundreds a sense of wrong, but a sense of having been "done" outrageously. Whether this is or is not a reasonable feeling we do not undertake to say, but it ought not to exist. There are two things for Mr. Dickens to do—either read on till he has satisfied people or sell the tickets by auction. *The Tribune's* proposal, to sell none till the night of the performance, and then follow the rule of "first come, first served," is a barbarous suggestion, and ought to be indictable, as, if adopted, it would probably result in from two to six homicides a night.

The Prince of Wales, when in this country, had a picture—purchased by subscription from G. L. Brown—presented to him by an organization of gentlemen, of whom Mr. George Ward Nichols was the most active. The Prince, on receiving the picture, handed Mr. Nichols a diamond pin, which the artist believed was intended for him, but which Mr. Nichols was equally well satisfied was intended for him, and, having nine points of the law in his favor, he kept it. Years rolled on; heart-burning increased. General Knollys, the Prince's equerry, or something of that sort, on being appealed to, solemnly adjudged the pin to Mr. Brown. Mr. Henry Ward Beecher intervened on behalf of Mr. Nichols as *amicus curiæ*, and submitted certain facts and statements which caused General Knollys to revise his decision; and he now, after nine years' waiting, has solemnly adjudged it to Mr. Nichols. Secret circulars have been issued about this unhappy affair, and even legal proceedings have been taken about it in the courts of the State, but we are glad to say that all is now over. But we are bound to add that the conclusion has not been either dramatically regular or princely. The Prince of Wales ought to have given a second pin to the disappointed claimant, and the two rivals could then meet and inspect each other's scarfs without a sigh or a tear.

The Fenians seem to be copying the incidents of the late war as near as they know how. Their first idea was to avail themselves of the English precedent in the *Alabama* case, by conquering Canada, and making it a base for maritime operations against British commerce. The conquest of Canada proved, however, an impossibility, and then a rising in Ireland was ventured on, but proved a pitiful failure. They are now copying the Confederates once more, and have taken to incendiarism in the great cities, and detached outrages, such as those with which we were all familiar here in the winter of 1864. Their favorite exploit of late has been the assassination of solitary policemen. They have now attempted to liberate a prisoner by blowing up a jail, and in the attempt have succeeded in killing and wounding some forty of the other prisoners and jail officials. Blowing up the building with gunpowder is a thoroughly original, and, let us add, thoroughly Fenian mode of getting a man out of prison. The savage atrocity of these exploits is, however, not their worst feature. They are rapidly rousing the tigerish spirit of the English, and drowning the voice of all those who are seeking, by calm and earnest discussion, the settlement of Irish grievances. The Irish are but a handful in the great towns in England, and if the English mob were let loose on them, we should witness scenes which would bring disgrace on Christianity and civilization. Moreover, if the Irish of all the rest of Ireland are a match for the Orangemen of Ulster and of the eastern coast, the characteristics of the two races must have changed more than we believe they have since the last civil war. The Celts are individually as brave as any men in the world, but they want cohesiveness, the power of organization, the grim, dour determination and persistence which for centuries have made them an easy prey to one-tenth of their number of Englishmen and Scotchmen. The English Government has had as much as it could do, for some years past, to keep the Orangemen quiet; it has only to withdraw its hand to produce in Ireland another religious war, as bloody and brutal as any of its predecessors, and ending, we fear, in the same way. In the meantime, Irish reform continues to be the great subject of discussion in England. The Liberals are rapidly coming to the conclusion that neither the abolition of the church establishment nor the grant of what has hitherto been called "tenant right"—that is, the payment of the tenant for the value of his improvements—will now be sufficient to lay the devil of Irish discontent; that something still more radical is needed, namely, the application to Ireland of the plan by which Stein reformed Prussia, and under which the tenant is made the real owner of the soil, subject to a rent-charge. There is danger that anything of this kind will be desperately resisted by the English and Scotch landowners, from the fear that if the change were once made in Ireland, it would not be very long before attempts would be made to introduce it to other parts of the country.

The week's news from the Continent is unimportant. The conference on the Roman question has, as was anticipated, proved a failure. There is some talk of trying Garibaldi, but it is probably only talk. The session of the Italian Parliament was opened with a fierce attack on the Government, and General Menabrea's reply is eagerly looked for in order to light up the dark places of the recent transactions. The stay of the French troops at Civita Vecchia will probably be prolonged indefinitely.

Notes.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. LITTLE, BROWN & Co. have in preparation two new volumes by Mr. Francis Parkman, whose "Pioneers of France in the New World" and "Jesuits in America in the Seventeenth Century" are so well known and highly esteemed as very careful studies of little-known episodes in American history. The forthcoming books, which belong to the same series as the others, are entitled "The Discovery of the Great West" and "The French on the St. Lawrence in the Reign of Louis XIV."——J. B. Lippincott & Co. have in preparation works with these titles: "Familiar Letters," by Major-General George A. McCall; Arminius Vâmbéry's "Additional Chapters on My Travels and Adventures, and on the Ethnology of Central Asia;" "American Masonic Biography and Cyclopædia of Free-Masonry," by Augustus Row, K.T.;" "Man's Origin and Destiny Sketched from the Platform of the Sciences," being Mr. J. P. Lesley's Lowell Lectures; Professor James G. Watson's "Astronomy; or, Treatise on the Motion of the Heavenly Bodies revolving around the Sun;" Dr. Albert Taylor Bledsoe's "Philosophy of Mathematics;" "Our Children in Heaven," by W. H. Holcombe, M.D.; "The Farmer's and Planter's Encyclopædia of Rural Affairs," written by Cuthbert W. Johnson, and adapted to this country by Gouverneur Emerson; "The American Beaver and his Works," by L. H. Morgan; and "The Voice in Singing," translated by W. H. F. Shortly from the German of Emma Seiler.——H. H. Bancroft & Co., of San Francisco and New York, have in press a book, to be sold to subscribers only, which will interest all old Californians at any rate, and if it keeps the promise of its title will be of real value to the public at large. Its title is "The Natural Wealth of California," and it will treat not only of the natural wealth of the State, but of its beauties of scenery, the peculiarities of its heterogeneous population, will give biographical sketches of its leading men, statistics of its foreign and domestic trade and commerce, details of its botany, natural history, and what not—in short, it will, without giving much space to the political history of the State, aim to describe, in about six hundred imperial octavo pages, California as it was and is. The authors of the work are H. C. Bennett and Titus F. Cronise.——Wynkoop & Sherwood will publish in a few days "Select Historical Costumes," thirty lithographic plates colored by hand, chiefly from mediæval originals. Two pages of text will accompany each plate, and the initial letters and binding have been designed expressly for the work with great care.——We have more than once spoken with praise of the Publishers' Uniform Trade List Directory, compiled by Mr. Howard Challen, of Philadelphia. This work, which comprises complete lists of books published by upwards of two hundred houses, is now undergoing revision, and can be still more highly than ever commended to all literary men, librarians, booksellers, and book-buyers. Mr. Challen has also in press an Alphabetical Catalogue of all books published from January, 1860, to January, 1868, and solicits from publishers and authors full particulars of works issued by them during that period.

—In *Lippincott's Magazine*, Philadelphia, long the headquarters of worthless magazines, will have a very respectable specimen of periodical literature. The first number opens with a continued story, in which is easily discernible the hand of Mrs. Harding Davis, and readers who like that author's works will be pleased with this novel—"Dallas Galbraith"—which, if it bids fair to be marked by all her faults, possesses, too, all her peculiar merits. Of "The Abbé Brasseur and His Labors," an article containing some account of a philological explorer of ancient Mexican and Central American remains, we hope to speak at some length on another occasion. We may say of it here that the editor ought not to allow the writer to use such a Philadelphianism as this: "Like huge fishes rise in the water, so rose the mountains." The other articles in the body of the magazine call for not much comment; one of them is purely local, and tells Philadelphians of "The Old Slate-Roof House" which was built by Samuel Carpenter, and inhabited at one time by William Penn; another, not more interesting, urges on our attention the truth that in a republic the people must be to some extent educated; another is a not very lucid discussion of the present condition of business, and more especially of the currency; another is a Christmas story in no important respect different from thousands of Christmas stories; everybody will know what another is when we say that its title is "The Cook in History," and that most of it is made up of an old *Quarterly* article; and what "Rays from the Honeymoon" is everybody can fancy. "Pre-Historic Man," in good part devoted to the famous "lake-dwellings," does not compel perusal; having read it, we may say that it lacks methodical arrangement and precision of statement, and so teaches less and less easily than it ought. We wonder, by the way, how the writer knows that "Tubal Cain, one of the sons of the patriarch Lamech, was the first to work in iron and copper." He will involve himself in unending controversies—talking in that way in professedly scientific disquisition. "Vox Humana" is to be spoken of with respect, for, if not precisely to be called new in conception, it is well written; and "Our Ancient City"—Saint Augustine, namely—is a pleasant little piece. The poetry is not worth mentioning particularly. Of the "Literature of the Day," it is to be said that the first book-notice—the one on several catalogues of the books which relate to America—shows knowledge and is valuable, and that the other nine notices are not of importance. Of the ten articles but three relate to works published by Messrs. Lippincott & Co. "Our Monthly Gossip" is this month rather pleasant reading. It is to be mainly made up of desultory chat on all sorts of matters, and will partly consist of "Notes and Queries." Just here, among the queries, there is danger before the editor. "And first for our fair friends," he cries gallantly. "*Place aux dames.* A correspondent, who signs herself 'Leonora,' writes: 'I have been trying *for months* to find out what poet Tennyson means when he says, in 'Locksley Hall,' you know,

> "This is truth, the poet sings,
> That a sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things,"

and nobody can tell me. *Please* you tell me,'" and so on. The editor, then, with grace and profundity, sets Leonora's mind at rest by quoting the original Italian and three English translations. It is with a certain happiness that he next says: "Akin to quotations and proverbs are those threadbare anecdotes and jokes which are styled 'Joe Miller's." Akin to some quotations. We hope he wrote Leonora's letter himself, and that genuine "Leonoras" are not going to be encouraged. They easily fill a magazine with triviality of a hardly tolerable sort. Most of the "Monthly Gossip" is fairly good, and, on the whole, while the first number of *Lippincott's* is not excellent—first numbers rarely are—we may say of it that it has almost no positive faults, and that it gives promise of a sensible and readable magazine. For the rest, *Lippincott's* is of about the size of *The Atlantic*, is printed equally well, and has equally good paper. We do not know why, with the improvement which it is reasonable to expect, the Philadelphia magazine should not have a long future. From the publishers' prospectus we should say that Louis Blanc has been engaged as a regular contributor, and we suppose there is not much doubt that Mr. G. W. Boker is the editor or lends some assistance to the editor.

—Mr. Eugene Schuyler sends from Moscow the following statement concerning the translation of Turgenef's "Fathers and Sons," which he published a few months since. The charges made by *The Saturday Review* have been copied into two or three of our American journals, and so should this reply be:

"*The Saturday Review*, in a notice of 'Fathers and Sons,' argued very plausibly, on the strength of two passages, that it was translated from the excellent French version of the same story. It could, perhaps, have found better arguments, and not been obliged to misquote in order to make the resemblance stronger. It also neglected to state the many obvious differences between this and the French translation, especially in the use of proper names and in the rendering of the points of the dialogues. The greater part of the book was translated directly from the Russian, though recourse was often had to the French version for a word or a phrase used by Mr. Turgenef which has not yet found a place in any Russian dictionary—either French or German—for there is no even passably good Russian-English dictionary. Some of the latter chapters were, owing to a press of time, translated directly from the French, but were afterward more or less carefully compared with and corrected by the Russian. The translation was thus substantially from the Russian.

"Further, the most of Mr. Turgenef's works were translated into French either by the author himself or under his immediate supervision. This book, though Mr. Turgenef's name does not appear on the title-page of the French version, was understood to be so translated, and believed to be of almost equal authority with the original.

"A note stating these facts was handed to the editors of *The Saturday Review* immediately after the appearance of the article in question, but no notice was taken of it."

—Those readers of Mr. Dickens's books who were reading them twenty years ago were familiar with "Master Humphrey's Clock," and liked it. In the pages of that work—started as a sort of periodical—besides Master Humphrey, his clock, and his friends, Mr. Pickwick reappeared after ten years' retirement. Sam Weller attended him as of old, Mr. Weller, senior, came out in great force, and the son and grandson, little Tony, appeared for

the first time and made the centre of the friendly group. These good people are not wholly known to those readers who have not met them in their last field of action. The whole story of "Master Humphrey's Clock" was a setting or frame for the two novels of "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge," and for several shorter stories. The whole work formed three volumes of a larger page than that of the other novels in their original editions, although they too were in stout octavos, except "Oliver Twist," which first appeared in three smaller volumes. The illustrations were numerous in "Master Humphrey's Clock," some in the picturesque but mannered style of Cathermole, and the remainder by Hablot K. Browne (called Hablot Brown on the title-page), who was then far from possessing the freedom of his later work. A copy of this original edition, now become scarce, is to be seen at the store of Scribner, Welford & Co. In all, or nearly all, the recent editions of Mr. Dickens's works, the novels of "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge" have been printed without their setting, and the delightful pages of Master Humphrey have been suppressed. This has been done evidently by the English publishers, and at least with the consent of the author, for the two novels are sold, printed from the old plates, with the paging as it was at first. Thus, in "The Old Curiosity Shop," the page after the title is page 37; the story stops at page 47; begins again at page 80, and so on until the first page of the old second volume comes along halfway through the book. A publisher's note alludes to this, but gives no adequate reason for the abandonment of the old form.

—The article on "The Talmud," of which a correspondent speaks at length in another place, has been supplemented by M. Hippolyte Rodrigues, a French Israelite, in a work entitled "Les Origines du Sermon de la Montagne." It is in response to a letter ("Lettre à un de mes Collègues") written by M. Dupanloup, the bigoted Bishop of Orleans, censuring M. Duruy for his late reform in establishing free courses of instruction for young women, conducted by the professors of the university (*enseignement secondaire*)—a reform which, if we fully understand it, not only robs the priesthood of one of their most cherished prerogatives, but brings the Second Empire into favorable contrast with the First, when Napoleon had to be asked whether he thought women ought to learn the alphabet. M. Dupanloup, knowing the immense influence of women and their great usefulness to the Church in maintaining its revenues and fostering the superstition on which it flourishes, attacks the innovation of the Minister of Public Instruction as hostile to Christianity, which, as he took pains to observe, had revealed a virtue, charity, and morality unknown to former religions among men. It is to this point that M. Rodrigues speaks. As for M. Duruy, he is exempt from replying.——M. Haussmann, who has hopes of becoming a member of the Academy of Fine Arts, is hurrying through the press a "History of Paris," in thirty volumes, or thereabouts, to be published at the expense of the city, and illustrated by the heliographic process.——Colonel Regis de Trobriand, U.S.A., who is now out among the Rocky Mountains, dealing with Indians and buffaloes, has written a work in two volumes octavo, which will shortly be published on the Continent: "Quatre ans de campagnes à l'armée du Potomac."——Louis Ulbach writes to the *Indépendance Belge* that he has been examining an album of fifty photographs of Americans distinguished in our late civil war. He is struck with admiration at their firm countenances, beautiful sometimes in spite of a manly homeliness, thoughtful, independent, with broad foreheads and large mouths, the lips closed formidably. He reads stubbornness in Andrew Johnson's posture and expression. General Grant, whose uniform seems like a railway official's, has a beautiful forehead, and a strong and meditative physiognomy. General Sherman bears a vague resemblance to Henri Martin, the historian, but has more prominent cheek-bones, hollower cheeks, and a much more highly developed forehead—the military forehead which all his colleagues possess. Frémont looks as if he never would be President; he does not seem big enough for the part. Between Jefferson Davis and Mr. Lincoln the writer fancies a resemblance in leanness of visage, closed lips, broad forehead, and strength of head. Raphael Semmes closes the gallery of portraits: "on dirait corsaire," and so he proves to be.

—*The Evening Post* says of Philoxène Boyer, who died the other day at Paris:

"He was one of those who talk poetry better than they write it. Conscious of this, he wrote but little in the later years of his life. His literary remains consist of a single volume of poems, a lyric drama, some sketches, and a few fragmentary criticisms. His favorite labor was lecturing on Shakespeare; but he never succeeded in bringing his genius into a marketable form, and died a poor man."

This brief paragraph tells very nearly the whole story of the poet's life. Boyer was a man of a type which is not infrequently met among men of genius. He was poor, and he could not learn the art of money-making; he was sensitive, and he suffered keenly; his spirit was broken, and he died at the age of forty years a bent and grey-headed old man. Even those literary friends who were most warmly attached to him speak of this death as a late-coming piece of good fortune.

Yet poor Boyer's life was not without its compensations. He lavished his modest patrimony on studies and books, but he drew deep, pure, and unfailing enjoyment from these sources in the darkest days. Literature was his life. We can understand with what pain he admitted to his mind the conviction that he could not hope for success in authorship, and so laid down the pen. But he never sulked or cried out. His failure and his poverty only made him more tender and, unfortunately, more unpractical. He cherished no grudge against his more successful contemporaries; he was quite free from that literary jealousy which has belittled so many otherwise noble and pathetic stories. But he withdrew to the society of his books, cultivating in solitude his literary tastes. These were sometimes charmingly eccentric. He admired many writings which the publishers do not regard with enthusiasm. As for his feeling toward Shakespeare, it approached idolatry. In the last years of his life he read no other book. The margins of the volumes which contain the works of his favorite are thickly covered with notes, glosses, references, and reflections. A friend compares his commentaries on Shakespeare to the books of the Rabbins. Beside these consolations, God gave to Boyer a pure Christian home—a wife of unusual worth, and the prattle of little children. There were also some kindly men who in the hurry and excitement of their own successful careers did not forget the old friend who years before had dropped out of the race. One of these closes a touching memoir of the poet with this line from "The Divine Comedy":

"L' amico mio e non della ventura."

MR. JOHN MORLEY ON EDMUND BURKE.*

THE history of Burke's reputation has been a strange and checkered one. He has had the singular fortune of furnishing weapons to two totally different schools of politicians. His works have for fifty years been an arsenal from which Tories and Liberals have armed themselves with almost equal confidence. Moreover, he played a prominent part in the discussion of the nature and consequences of two of the greatest political changes of modern times, the American and French Revolutions, both occurring in his own day, and uttered predictions about them which have enjoyed the rare distinction of being carefully remembered half a century after his death. In one set of these predictions—those touching the French Revolution—he proved not wholly right, but near enough to being right to warrant the party of reaction in retaining him as their great champion. With regard to the American Revolution he proved wholly right; but then the effect of much of what was best in his speeches and writings on the American question was long neutralized in the minds of the common run of politicians by his speeches and writings on the French question.

Then the course of events both in England and here, ever since his death, has been such as to cause great changes in the popular estimate of him. From 1793 to 1815, the period during which the party of repression had the upper hand in England, Burke was a great Tory prophet. The Revolution of 1832 brought his Liberalism and his constitutional theories into the foreground, and made him for a while a Liberal prophet. But then the growing infusion of the business spirit into politics, and the growing distrust of oratory which followed the Reform bill, brought on him the discredit of being a mere rhetorician. This imputation, which damaged him in the estimation of the middle classes, has somewhat strengthened the reaction against declamations and the love of dry "practical" views in political discussion, which *The Saturday Review* imported into journalism. On the other hand, perhaps one of the most striking phenomena of English politics during the last twenty years has been the growing power of the utilitarians, the "expediency" men, as distinguished both from the Tory transcendentalists and the "Manchester School," who were nearly as great worshippers of general rules as the Tories themselves. This school, of which Bentham may be said to have been the founder, John Austin one of the most brilliant disciples, has been revived and illustrated by John Stuart Mill, and is drawing to it nearly all the ablest young men of the present generation. According to this school, there are no general rules in politics; there are no principles capable of general application; there are no absolute rights which must be asserted under all circumstances; "politics is not a science of abstract ideas, but an empirical art, with morality for its standard."

Now, there is very little in Burke's political philosophy which this

* "Edmund Burke: A Historical Study. By John Morley, B.A., Oxon." London: Macmillan & Co. 1867.

school does not eagerly accept. Burke was undoubtedly, if not the earliest, the best known, most eloquent, and most earnest of English utilitarian politicians, and some of the most dearly cherished doctrines of their creed may be picked out even of his impassioned diatribes against the French Revolution and his impassioned eulogies of the British Constitution. At the hands of the positivists, therefore, Burke's memory is undergoing a sort of rehabilitation.

Mr. Morley, who is the present editor of *The Fortnightly Review*, enters in the volume before us, a portion of which has already appeared in his journal, into an examination of Burke's career and opinions in relation to the events of his time, with the view of placing both one and the other before the public in a clearer light than that through which they have been viewed, showing to what extent his political philosophy was affected by his temperament and by the circumstances by which he was surrounded, and, in short, analyzing his works with reference to the events which called them forth—a task which few men of distinction have needed more to have done for them by a cool head than Burke, for probably few men of equal weight and influence have through natural ardor and impetuosity laid themselves open to a greater amount of misconception. Mr. Morley, while maintaining that Bolingbroke was the first to maintain in his "Patriot King," though on a basis furnished by Locke, in opposition to the theory of divine right, that the good of the people is the ultimate and true end of government, and that the office of a king is therefore a trust, and not absolute property, claims for Burke the credit of having refuted the doctrine that a king was equal to such a trust. Burke's theory was, that though the end of government was the good of the people, the true means to this end was government by a virtuous and public-spirited few; in other words, by an aristocracy of some kind. Of government "of the people, by the people, for the people," as Mr. Lincoln defined it, he had no conception, and if he had thought of it would doubtless have scouted the idea. But then in preaching this doctrine of his at that day in "The Thoughts on the Present Discontents," he really attacked the evil that was nearest him. For popular government, in our sense of the word, no nation in the world, not even this nation, was then prepared. The government which Englishmen were seeking to substitute for George the Third's clumsy despotism was the despotism of the House of Commons, or, in other words, an oligarchy for a tyranny, and the House of Commons was beginning to exercise an authority just as absolute and as selfish and as little permeated with any thought of trusteeship as that of Louis XIV. What Burke did, while acknowledging the claims of oligarchy to rule, was to bring home to it the doctrine that it had no right to rule except as trustee for the people, which, plain and simple as it seems now, then had the merit of novelty at least.

Mr. Morley also claims for Burke the honor of having contributed to political philosophy the important idea on which nearly all the great political reforms of the world have since been based, "that in politics we are concerned not with barren rights, but with duties; not with abstract truth, but with practical morality." He denies that he can be set down either as simply a thinker or simply a rhetorician; he maintains that he was both; though his heat of temperament led him into heat of language. The following is as successful a statement of the case on this point as we remember to have met with:

"His natural ardor always impelled him to clothe his conclusions in glowing, exaggerated phrases. Nobody would be disposed to deny that Bentham was a thinker, and yet he constantly displays a heat, an acrimony, a contemptuousness that is only different from the unphilosophical language of Burke in being less majestic and overwhelming. A rhetorician deals with words and images, and, hurried by them out of the path which leads to truth, is thus, in the long run, deprived even of a desire to find it. Burke's style unquestionably partook of that 'opimum quoddam et tanquam adipatum orationis genus' which the Roman orator has described. The framework of what he has to say is too thickly overlaid with Asiatic ornament. His language burns with too consuming a blaze for the whole to diffuse that clear, undisturbed light which we are accustomed to find in men who have trained themselves to balance ideas, to weigh mutually opposed speculations—in short, to argue and to reason with no passion stronger than an intense desire to discover on what side or on what sort of middle way the truth lies. Those who have acquired a love for political thought amid the almost mathematical closeness and precision of Hobbes, the philosophic calm of Locke, or even the majestic and solemn fervor of Milton, are in a manner revolted by the unrestrained passion and the decorated style of Burke. His passion appears hopelessly fatal to anything like success in the pursuit of truth, who does not reveal herself to followers thus inflamed. His ornate style does not appear less fatal to that cautious and precise method of statement suitable to matter which is not known at all unless known distinctly.

"To understand this more clearly, we must constantly remember that Burke was actively engaged in the thick of the political fight. This was another source both of weakness and of strength to him. It weakened him as a philosopher, because he came to the considerations of his problems with something of a sinister interest in solving them in one way rather than another. If he could find a solution which was in accordance with Whig tactics, or, what was still narrower, but still better for himself, a solution that justified the Rockingham section of the Whigs, it was to his interest to do so—not his interest in any sordid sense; for Burke's character was not of a kind to yield to, or even to be conscious of, temptations of that order, but to his interest as a keen partisan, whose peace of mind was staked on the fact of his party being in the right. We shall have occasion further on to discuss Burke's own views as to the uses and obligations of party. There can be no question that his passion did constantly blind him to those loftier considerations which should always be present to the mind of the philosopher, and that in one portion of his career (1788–9) he actually surrendered himself to a systematic factiousness that fell little short of being downright unscrupulous. At the same time, it is just to remember that the most memorable act of Burke's public life was his unhesitating abandonment and violent disruption of party, when what he conceived to be the dictates of political wisdom were no longer the guide of their conduct. He was never so obstinately deaf to the voice of what he took for wisdom, never so utterly given over to intellectual reprobation, as to regard allegiance to his associates as the prime and most binding of all duties. He frequently voted away from his leaders and friends."

Burke's course on the French Revolution—which has long constituted the great blot on his political reputation, and which prompts, at the present day, hundreds of political writers, who probably owe to him nearly every idea of any value they ever possessed, to sneer at him in the latter years of his life as a crazy reactionist—was undoubtedly, as Mr. Morley shows, largely the excited and enthusiastic expression of one of the very soundest, most deeply rooted, longest held, and most easily defended, of his political ideas—the value in government, and, above all, in reform, of the feeling of national continuity, of the close connection of each generation with those which have gone before it and which are to follow it, and of the necessity, in order to make reforms really beneficial, of basing them on the stock of ideas, habits, and traditions already accumulated. If we tear off from Burke's assaults on the Revolution the excrescences produced by his heated imagination, his strong dislike of disorder and indecency, and his passionate style of oratory, we shall certainly find a theory of national life of which the history of France for the last seventy years abundantly proves the soundness. Most calm observers are now agreed that the failure of the French to make the "principles of '89" the basis of any permanent political system has been undoubtedly mainly due to the suddenness and completeness of the break with the past into which they were unfortunately led by the literary politicians who precipitated but were unable to control the revolution. Napoleon's coronation in Notre Dame was a triumphant vindication of Burke's passion. Others still more striking have since taken place. While on this subject, Mr. Morley makes the following very acute observation, which just at present is worth pondering:

"The rights of man would have furnished a scanty and inadequate basis for the constitution of that State which first brought them into practical politics if there had not been men endowed with the knowledge which Hamilton and Madison had experimentally of the principles of government. The Americans had all the benefits of the rights of men, but then they had publicists who could construe and embody them in a practical system."

We have now again plenty of apostles of "the rights of man" but not too many publicists. We have plenty of imitators, too, of Burke's rhetoric, but very few politicians who have laid hold of his philosophy or mode of thought.

We had intended making other extracts from Mr. Morley's book, illustrative of his way of treating his subject, but find we have reached the limits of our space. We regret this the more, as the book is full not only of exceedingly able exposition of other thinkers—such as Mr. John Austin's denunciation of the common tendency to deduce from the existence of a political right the duty of asserting it without regard to practical consequences, illustrating it by the action of the English people toward the American colonies—but of very striking and acute observations of Mr. Morley's own, which are full of instruction peculiarly adapted to the present time. We commend it as a very valuable contribution to the political literature of the day.

GIFT BOOKS FOR YOUTHS.*

A BOY fond of reading will, in the absence of good things, read anything—say, "Margoliouth on Isaiah LIII."; and of this truth the author of "Thrilling Incidents in American History" seems to have been very well aware. Indeed, such is the complete and wonderful dryness of Mr. Barber's

* "Thrilling Incidents in American History. Being a Selection of the Most Important and Interesting Events. Compiled from the most approved authorities. By J. W. Barber. With illustrations." New York: James Miller. 1868.

"The Boys of Beechwood. By Mrs. Elloart. With illustrations." New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1868.

"Routledge's Every Boy's Annual. An Entertaining Miscellany of Original Litera-

work that he must, one supposes, believe himself and Margoliouth the only extant writers of juvenile literature. The omnivorous appetite of boys utterly destitute of reading matter is what he must have been calculating on when he produced his book. "Thrilling" he calls it too. One has orgies, then, over a Patent Office Report! We give a sample of the sort of writing which, combined with poor paper and ugly wood-cuts, make the book a truly repelling one:

"General Clinch was obliged to return to Fort Drane without effecting his object, and his position was rendered critical. General Scott sent troops to his relief. General Gaines with a force of about 1,000 men from New Orleans landed at Tampa Bay, February 4, 1836. Four days afterward General Scott arrived at Saint Augustine. General Gaines marched for the Withlacoochee to attack the Seminoles. He was opposed by them at or near this place and suffered some loss."

Nearly all the book is written on the plan which this quotation indicates, and is better fitted to teach a boy that on February 4, 1836, in Tampa Bay, Florida, something happened, than to teach him what it was that happened then and there, and just how important it was and is. Scraps of old newspapers and chips out of Common School Histories of the United States are surely sad fare for the youthful mind.

Of Mrs. Eiloart's "Boys of Beechwood" we hardly know what to say. We found it amusing, by reason of the perfect naturalness of the boys, and it is crammed with stirring incident. But, as a morally responsible being, one cannot urge parents and guardians to purchase a book which describes one of its heroes—a small-sized copying clerk of a London lawyer—as keeping in his employer's office a hedgehog called indifferently "Toby" and "The Rev. C. Galland;" another hero as "hiding" a "low cad" of a National School school-boy who, "like a beastly coward," throws stones instead of casting himself confidingly on his fists; others of its heroes as painting a cow with the face-markings of a well-known vicious bull, and with her help terrifying another "low cad"—the uncle of one of the young gentlemen. The boys are small, muscular Christians, however, with a robust scorn of lying and stealing, and if they stop up a cottager's chimney and send dirty water down into his fire-place, or drench an attorney by means of the garden hose, or pummel two men old enough to be their fathers, or chaff a justice of the peace, or precipitate somebody into a horse-pond, it is all done in the interests of virtue. Their animal spirits are always directed into a channel where they subserve the cause of sound morality. The book is of the "Verdant Green" class, except that the figures of the *dramatis personæ* are smaller, and that all the horse-play and mischief and impudence is for the relief of the oppressed and the circumvention of villany. In this respect the book is untrue to nature, and we suppose that it will conduce rather to apple-stealing and window-breaking than to youthful piety. "Pluck" and a certain amount of truthfulness are inculcated; but notwithstanding this, and the fact that the author, at the end, says that "honesty is the best policy," we suppose more harm than good will come from the reading of it, spirited and amusing as it is.

"Routledge's Every Boy's Annual" is a large, thick, gilded octavo which any boys from twelve to sixteen years old would be very glad to get hold of, and which we hope many such may have the pleasure of reading. It contains among its other treasures a story of school-boy life, by the author of "East Lynne," which, if we consider it as a novel, sets before us pretty well the passions that agitate the school-room and the playground; and if we consider it as a picture of English school-life, is, we imagine, truthful; certainly it is vivid. It will interest American boys, as showing them their youthful contemporaries on the other side of the water, and it will benefit them by teaching, as it does with considerable power, the lesson of the eleventh commandment, whether we take that to be "Love one another" or, as some say, "Mind your own business." The one to a certain extent involves the other. Besides, we have a Cromwellian novel, entitled "The Boy Cavaliers." There is something in it of the Scott sentiment—

"Shall we match the base Skippon and Massey and Brown,
With the barons of England who fight for the crown?"

and Cromwell is introduced to us as a youthful gambler, but, in good sooth, we marvel the author has held the balance so nearly even. Then there is a good long tale of marine adventure, and the rest of the annual is made up of short stories, puzzles, instruction in sailing, riding, shooting, hare and hounds, football, and other youthful sports, and of instruction as to playing with the mechanic arts and the physical sciences by using the microscope, lathe, and so on. Altogether the book is exceedingly well worthy of youthful acceptance, and sure of youthful perusal.

We can say the same thing of "The Boy's Own Country Book." Twenty years ago Mr. Miller published it in four volumes, entitled respectively "The Boys' Summer Book," "Winter Book," and so on, with perhaps a taste too much of flowery writing here and there. It takes the boys very pleasantly through the months, talks to them of the juvenile rural sports, of the birds of the month, of the animals, small and great, and of the farmer's occupations of the four seasons, and, to lighten this information, tells many stories concerning incidents, some pathetic and some simply "jolly," which fell under the author's observation, and all of which address boys' tastes and most interest them. The tone of the book is that of the kindly, hearty talk of an old man with young feelings conversing with his young friends, and so it is a very agreeable book indeed. As for the flowery writing which we have mentioned, there is but little of it; and most healthy boys being monsters of hardness of heart, it is, on the whole, perhaps desirable that all the sentiment that can be got into them without turning their stomachs should be administered. A weightier objection to the book is this one—that the rural life of America differs so much from the rural life described by Mr. Miller. We wish somebody would do for the American boy, and do it in as manly a way, what Mr. Miller has done for the boys in England. The illustrations in the volume—some of them after Bewick—are excellently expressive of the sentiment that pervades it, and may be called charming.

"Judge Not; or, Hester Powers's Girlhood," is a story for young ladies, and not a very good one. There is a high-born young girl in it, Miss Isabella, beautiful, but humble-minded, and pious and peculiar in many things; but she knows it all, and is given to patting herself on the back. So is Hester, the too good and beautiful village maiden, who dies in jail, we are happy to say. She goes to the great house as companion to Isabella. Then there is a young artist who falls in love with the beautiful peasant, an envious lady's maid who hides brooch jewellery in Hester's pocket, and a magpie who steals diamonds. Hester is at once charged with the theft, faints when charged with it, and her previous character for sanctimoniousness being dreadfully against her, she gets not much mercy, especially from Miss Isabella, who probably had an excellent eye for a canting young person. She is prosecuted for grand larceny, and dies of a broken heart. The moral is "Judge Not." Mrs. Sheppard is one of several thousand writers for young people who do good service to the cause of immorality. One wonders what they think the faculty of judgment was given to man for. Because charitableness is good, they teach that common sense and the law of evidence are to be disregarded. There was nothing to be done in the case of Miss Hester but to have her arrested; she had been under suspicion for a long time. It was Mrs. Sheppard's business to make the judgment obviously unjust or hard. Certainly she ought not to have made it apparently so perfectly fair as it seems in this story. If Mrs. Sheppard says that we are all naturally too much inclined to hardness in judging others, and that it is well to insist on mildness of judgment, we assent, and say in turn that when she makes mildness ridiculous and weak, she demoralizes people and postpones the day when the queen of the earth shall be justice.

"The Purgatory of Peter the Cruel" belongs to that class of books which was described in our last number as being intended for grown people as well as children. In other respects it cannot be classified at all, being a unique performance as well as a clever one. It is the story of a very cruel boy, who all his life has been the inveterate enemy of every creature of humble creation. Crawling up the rigging of the *Mangowallah* to cut a cockroach in two with a pair of shears, he falls and kills himself. From "a chink in a coil of rope" Peter looks at his late body, and the captain and sailors surrounding it, trying without avail to bring it to life again. He wonders what it all means. He has "a sensation of having on a suit of clothes buttoned well up the throat, and a trifle too small for him." He moves his head and is shocked to find that his body must move with it. In short, he has become a beetle. In that shape, but retaining the faculty of thought, he passes the life of a beetle in the hold of the ship, and in the bosom of the family of that very cockroach which—or whom—in his human shape he had succeeded in maiming. He learns what thoughts and feelings are entertained by good cockroach and beetle society, and becomes the wiser for it. After a very vivid experience, he is pitched into a pool of

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ture. Edited by Edmund Routledge. With illustrations." New York: George Routledge & Sons.

"The Boy's Own Country Book: Descriptive of the Seasons and Rural Amusements. By Thomas Miller. With 140 illustrations." New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1868.

"Judge Not; or, Hester Powers's Girlhood. By Mrs. Edwin Sheppard." Boston: Loring. 1868.

"The Purgatory of Peter the Cruel. By James Greenwood. Illustrated by Ernest Griset." New York: George Routledge & Sons.

"The Children's Poetry Book; a Selection of Narrative Poetry for the Young, with seventy illustrations by Thomas Dalziel." New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1867.

"Queer Little People. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. With illustrations." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.

"The Story without an End; from the German of Carove. By Sarah Austin. With illustrations printed in Colors after Drawings by E. V. B." New York: Scribner, Welford & Co. 1868.

bilge-water by a belligerent "drummer," and passes some terrible last moments in reflecting how many beetles he had wantonly drowned when a boy, and how, if it was so awful to die in cold water, what must it be when that water is boiling hot. After drowning, he rises from the pool a blue-bottle, and, after living its life, passes through successively the existence of a snail, an ant, and a newt. It is impossible in a limited space to give any but a very general idea of a story whose chief merit is the minute care of its working up. Founded on an excellent substratum of natural history, these little insect-biographies are conceived with the greatest ingenuity, and carried out with a spirit and humorousness that are very rare. Boys and girls who read must be fascinated by them into positive interest in the lives of "small deer," such as the study of entomology in the abstract would not be apt to give them. They will find their imagination pleasantly and profitably stimulated by the description of the ant town, and the aphis dairy, and the way the little creatures govern themselves. Mr. Greenwood's style is remarkably vivid; it is perhaps too vivid for perfect good taste when he describes the barbarisms of Peter's early life; but under its influence we shall find it hard to forget the horrors of the fly which, turned into a bait, is dangled by the inconsiderate fisherman just above the nose of a stickleback; or of the ant hall of justice, where a criminal, awaiting a sentence of death with bravado, faints when he is condemned to perpetual idleness; or Peter teaching the ant soldiers to dance and bet; or the poor newt cooling his pinched tail against the side of the glass aquarium. The young person who gets this book as a Christmas present is to be congratulated.

The "Children's Poetry Book" is a stout, little square volume, and, except that there is a very well-designed stamp put on the cloth cover, does not look very tempting. On examination, however, it proves to be a very good collection of poems for young people's reading; not all "narrative poems," but all of an interesting character. Of other collections of poems for children, probably "The Children's Garland," edited by Coventry Patmore, and published as one of Macmillan's "Golden Treasury Series," is the best. That consists of one hundred and seventy-three poems; of these perhaps a dozen would have been better omitted—as, for instance, the worthless ballad called "The Suffolk Miracle," which ought to have no place in any other book than a general collection of old ballads such as that formed by Professor Child; "The Dragon of Wantley," not altogether a poor ballad, but requiring many changes to make it supportable, and not a very good ballad when all the changes are made; and Southey's raw-head-and-bloody-bones story, in verse, "Mary, the Maid of the Inn." It is a wonder that a man of true if not very deep poetical feeling, such as we suppose Mr. Patmore to be, should have admitted these poems and other such into his collection. But otherwise it is a good collection, having the single additional fault of occasional unwarranted changes from originals. Comparing Messrs. Routledge's new "Poetry Book" with "The Garland," we find that it contains about the same number of poems, that it is not so pretty nor so well printed a book, nor so neatly indexed, and that it sins more gravely than its rival in the matter of unneeded changes and omissions; but that the selection on the whole is better. A number of poems, perhaps thirty, are contained in each of the books, and these are about the best part of each, for among them are such poems as Wordsworth's "Lucy Gray," "The Sailor's Mother," and "Alice Tell;" Southey's "Inchcape Rock" and "Battle of Blenheim;" Scott's "Lochinvar" and Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." The Routledge "Poetry Book" is adorned with some poems which it is a wonder Mr. Patmore let slip—such as Campbell's "Hohenlinden" and Wolfe's "Sir John Moore;" it is adapted to younger children than the "Garland" will suit, and this partly by the admission of some capital trifles from a book of unknown authorship, but published by Routledge, "Aunt Effie's Rhymes." The poems are of every sort, and will please all tastes; and there are, perhaps, but two pieces we could wish away. On the whole, we like "The Children's Poetry Book" very much, but it is a shame that poems should be cut to pieces and stuck together again, as has been done with some of those in this book. The illustrations are of two kinds—full-page colored wood-cuts, not disgracefully designed, and rough little wood-cuts printed with the text, a few of which are very expressive, as, notably, that one which illustrates Eliza Cook's poem, "The Death of Master Tommy Rook."

"Queer Little People and their Friends" is a reprint of papers which have appeared in *Our Young Folks*. If it were a new book, it would require at our hands a notice long enough to express our hearty enjoyment of it. It is a thoroughly delightful and healthy book for children. The childlike love of beasts and birds and insects is rightly and wisely drawn upon, not by asking children to laugh at beasts in the habits of men, but by translating the real life of the animals into humanity as literally as children's intelligence would allow. There are capital bits of satire and fun in them. As we have said in a recent article, a good book for children must contain much that the children cannot understand. We have enjoyed this book very much, and expect all wide-awake children and all childlike grown people to enjoy it too.

"The Story without an End" has been very much admired, and, indeed, has a great reputation. This is not the first translation of it into English. It is often mentioned and referred to as a story of great interest and merit. Its reputation, however, can hardly be founded upon its attractiveness to children. So far as our observation has gone, children cannot be found who will read it with any avidity. To grown people its fanciful purity and its very unreality are a kind of charm. If children could be induced to like it, it would, perhaps, be well, for its influence could be only wholesome and quiet. As this volume comes to us, however, its principal interest is in the pictures. Besides head and tail-pieces, there are fifteen large full-page pictures. All are wood-cuts from designs by an English lady, now well-known as an illustrator of books; but the full-page cuts are printed in full color, and are of quite exceptional merit. E. V. B. as a designer in black and white has always seemed to us as of secondary rank. Her designs have been not ungraceful in line and cleverly composed, but very weak in drawing, and deficient in beauty of effect of light and shade. But in these color designs, while some of these faults and imperfections remain, there is a richness of color which redeems all. They are among the best color compositions of our time. Every one is designed in color, primarily, as if intended for stained glass or for decorative painting on walls. In this they resemble the works of two strong and true schools of art, the book illuminations of the Middle Ages, and the pictures in full color, whether hand-made or printed, of the Japanese. E. V. B.'s drawings are almost as shadowless as the work of either of the schools mentioned above. It would have been better had they been wholly free from shadow. The slightly better relief gained by the occasional cast shadows, as in "The Garden of Ancient Palms," adds nothing to the intelligibleness or to the verisimilitude of the picture, and we cannot help wishing that E. V. B. had faced the matter of color design as boldly as study of illuminated manuscripts might have led her to do. This apart, we do not know of any book illustrations in color which are, on the whole, so good. We shall have to refer to them again when speaking of other less successful color-printing.

THE FAT OF EGYPT.*

It may have been with no little self-restraint, but it was from a very just artistic feeling, we do not doubt, that Mr. Baker dropped from his original narrative of Nile explorations the year devoted to traversing the Soudan and visiting the confines of Abyssinia. The experience of this interval was of the highest value for his subsequent researches, and was, in fact, the *sine qua non* of that success of which Albert N'yanza was the crown. It cleared up one mystery of the great river—that of the annual overflow; it shed new light upon the resources of a country which has begun to be of much interest to the commercial world, especially for the article cotton; it gave time to the explorer to get acclimated, to learn Arabic, to acquire control of the natives, and to gain a clear conception of the self-imposed task which yet awaited him. Had he broken down in his journey south under the jealousy of the slave-traders and the hostilities of the negro tribes, the present volume would not have been delayed; but to describe fitly the grandeur of his achievement in reaching the reservoir of the Nile, it was necessary to postpone all that would detract from the unity of the account, and, with the fewest episodes possible, to move straight from the beginning to the end of the drama. What sustains the full current of the Nile against evaporation and absorption twelve hundred miles below its latest tributary? This was the question which Mr. Baker has already answered. What causes the floods and fertilizing wealth of the river? To this question the present volume renders a conclusive reply; and if, on the whole, it is not so attractive as the parent work, it is because the discovery which it announces was made so early that the remainder of the expedition is, for the reader, an anti-climax—the pursuit of geography with peculiar facilities and amid rather agreeable excitement, and without the hardships which beset the White Nile voyagers at every step. In this latter respect lies the essential difference of the two explorations.

Those who read Mr. Baker's "Albert N'yanza"—and they should have been many—will meet in his "Nile Tributaries" some old friends who are chronologically new. Mrs. Baker, of course, is here, constant and intrepid as ever, with Johann Schmidt, the carpenter, Richarn, the faithful black—

* "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia, and the Sword Hunters of the Hamran Arabs. By Sir Samuel W. Baker, M.A., F.R.G.S." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.; London: Macmillan & Co. 1867. Pp. xi., 596.

one fruit at least of the Austrian Mission, though he would get drunk—the horse Tétel, and the sponging-bath. Here is Mr. Baker himself, earning his knight's spurs, and shooting always lucky shots, and bagging a bewildering variety of game; easy yet firm in discipline; rich in expedients, as when he sends a messenger log in quest of the body of a drowned Arab girl, or lowers a camel, suspended midway from a cliff over which it had fallen, safely to *terra firma;* a sufficient physician and surgeon; a good mechanic; and a manufacturer from the raw material worthy a gold medal at the Paris Exposition: "We thus washed with rhinoceros soap [made of lime burnt in an ant-hill for a kiln]; our lamp was trimmed with oil of lions; our butter for cooking purposes was the fat of hippopotami, while our pomade was made from the marrow of buffaloes and antelopes, scented with the blossoms of mimosas." As a hunter, Mr. Baker yields unfeigned admiration to the Hamran aggageers, whose weapon is the sword only, and whose pet game is the elephant. They approach the monster on horseback, skilfully divide his attention, and then with the greatest boldness run behind him on foot and slash the back sinew of each leg till he falls and bleeds to death. Other game they encounter in the same way, but their "sport" is more like torture than is the speedy work of the rifle. A large part of the book is occupied with their achievements and with "sport" in general, and hardly escapes being monotonous in spite of Mr. Baker's ability as a narrator.

Khartoum reappears in this diary, beautiful as a vision when seen from across the river, but full of filth and stenches, and a natural seat of the slave-trade and the plague. The new towns are Cassala, which, after Khartoum, is the principal one of the Soudan, a walled fortress, on the banks of the sand-swallowed river Gash; Sofi, on the Atbara, a delightful asylum during the rainy season; Katariff, on the direct road from Cassala to Khartoum, and hence conspicuous for its bazaar; and Gallabat, the capital of the Tokrooris, and the exchange-market of the products of Abyssinia and Egypt. Cassala is brought *viâ* Berber and Soukaim on the Red Sea into easy communication with Cairo; but though commerce avails itself to some extent of this channel, it is chiefly used by the Egyptian Government in transporting troops with which to menace Abyssinia. Mr. Baker shows what enormous fertility remains undeveloped in the country between the rivers that are fed from the mountains of Abyssinia, what mineral deposits exist there untouched, how cheap labor and transportation are, and what a grand opening there is for civilization on the line of travel just mentioned, provided Europe, and England above all, strive to build up the port of Soukaim, and to divert trade thither. His speculations upon this point, upon the feasibility of still further colonizing Soudan with the industrious Tokrooris from Darfur, and his magnificent schemes for damming the Nile and irrigating the desert, to rescue from the Delta the rich deposits of Abyssinian soil which make the Suez Canal a precarious enterprise, seem to us sound and sensible, though it is scarcely to be hoped that they will reach fruition so long as Egypt is ruled by the Turks.

The stream whose freshets swell the Lower Nile beyond its limit is the Atbara, with two principal branches, the Settite and Salaam. The general characteristic of all these rivers is, that they flow through a broad table-land of fertile but uncultivated soil, through which they have gullied beds sometimes upwards of two hundred feet in depth, each rain forming an infinite number of petty torrents that crumble away the banks in landslips and charge the water with mud that goes coursing on to the Mediterranean. According to the geological formation, these ravines are broad or narrow; and when hemmed in, as they frequently are, by immense cliffs, the straitened waters foam over the very tops and sweep the surface of the country. "The magnificent chain of mountains from which they flow is not a simple line of abrupt sides, but the precipitous slopes are the walls of a vast plateau that receives a prodigious rain-fall in June, July, August, until the middle of September, the entire drainage of which is carried away by the above-named channels to inundate Lower Egypt."

We cannot do better than reproduce the graphic passage in which the sudden filling of the empty Atbara, on the night of the 23d June, 1861, is described:

"The cool night arrived, and at about half-past eight I was lying half asleep upon my bed, by the margin of the river, when I fancied that I heard a rumbling like distant thunder: I had not heard such a sound for months, but a low uninterrupted roll appeared to increase in volume, although far distant. Hardly had I raised my head to listen more attentively when a confusion of voices arose from the Arabs' camp, with a sound of many feet, and in a few minutes they rushed into my camp, shouting to my men in the darkness, 'El Bahr! El Bahr!' (the river! the river!) . . .

"All was darkness and confusion; everybody was talking and no one listening; but the great event had occurred, the river had arrived 'like a thief in the night.' On the morning of the 24th June, I stood on the banks of the noble Atbara river, at the break of day. The wonder of the desert! yesterday there was a barren sheet of glaring sand, with a fringe of withered bush and trees upon its borders, that cut the yellow expanse of desert. For days we had journeyed along the exhausted bed; all nature, even in nature's poverty, was most poor; no bush could boast a leaf; no tree could throw a shade; crisp gums crackled upon the stems of the mimosas, the sap dried upon the burst bark, sprung with the withering heat of the simoom. In one night there was a mysterious change—wonders of the mighty Nile! —an army of water was hastening to the wasted river; there was no drop of rain, no thunder-cloud on the horizon to give hope, all had been dry and sultry; dust and desolation yesterday, to-day a magnificent stream, some 500 yards in width and from fifteen to twenty feet in depth, flowed through the dreary desert!"

TUCKER'S MORMONISM.*

We have here a very interesting account of the external life of Mormonism during its early years. We are told what sort of people the Smith family were and also much that is instructive about Martha Harris, Sidney Rigdon, and other founders of the Church of Latter-day Saints. Especially we are told what manner of man was Joseph Smith, with whom professedly the movement had its origin. And it will be generally agreed that if the account here given of him is correct, he did not write the Mormon book of prophecy. Who did write it may have been less successfully determined. Mr. Tucker has had excellent opportunities for making the studies of which this book is the result. Himself a resident of Palmyra, the scene of Smith's early operations, he claims to have been acquainted with Smith from his earliest years. "From twelve to twenty he is remembered as a dull-eyed, flaxen-haired, prevaricating boy—noted only for his indolent and vagabondish character and his habits of exaggeration and untruthfulness." His fortune-telling and money-digging operations are described at some length, and in these things his imposture made so plain that his subsequent finding of the "Golden Bible" is put, on grounds of antecedent probability, into the same category of deceit.

But if Smith did not write the "Mormon Bible," who did? For his followers would thank Mr. Tucker for showing that Smith did not and could not write it, if there the matter were allowed to rest. For as it is a great point with the Mohammedan to prove that Mohammed could not have written the Koran, so it is a great point with the Latter-Day Saint to show that his prophet could not have written the "Book of Mormon;" for hence, he immediately concludes, it must have been written by the ancient worthies to whom it is ascribed, and handed down in the mysterious manner to which Joseph Smith bore testimony confirmed by an oath. Perfectly well aware of this state of things, Mr. Tucker has made it the main object of his work to give a rational account of the origin of the "Mormon Bible." His account is certainly plausible—at any rate, infinitely more so than the account which the Mormons themselves give of its origin and transmission.

The Mormon theory is pretty generally known. It is that when the building of the Tower of Babel was brought to the abrupt conclusion spoken of in Genesis, a part of the people scattered at that time came to America, and lived here and flourished, and dwindled and died out, leaving their history buried somewhere in the earth. This history, which forms a part of the "Mormon Bible," was exhumed by a second Jewish colony which came to this country in the year B.C. 600. This second colony ultimately split into two nations, the Nephites and the Famanites. From the Famanites came the American Indians, and from the Nephites came the prophet Mormon, who lived to see his tribe extinguished by the Famanites, and to write its history, including the appearance to them of Jesus after his resurrection. This history his son Moroni buried in the earth, and there it remained until September 22, 1827, when Joseph Smith discovered it, and with it an enormous pair of spectacles, with whose aid he translated its contents into the vernacular. It had been buried more than one thousand four hundred years.

This is the Mormon theory. Mr. Tucker's is a little different. It is that the "Book of Mormon" was written by the Rev. Solomon Spaulding, a clergyman who had graduated from Dartmouth College about the year 1809. Mr. Spaulding was an enthusiastic archæologist. He accepted the theory that America had been peopled by a colony of ancient Israelites. Obliged to give up the active duties of his profession, he employed his leisure in constructing a fabulous historical account of a long-lost race. The manuscript was completed in 1812 or 1813, and submitted to a printer in Pittsburg, Pa. It was finally returned to the author, who died in 1827. Soon after his death the manuscript was stolen.

By whom and for what? In the office at Pittsburg where the manuscript had remained three or four years was Sidney Rigdon, afterward the

* "Origin, Rise, and Progress of Mormonism. Biography of its Founders and History of its Church. Personal Remembrances and Historical Collections hitherto unwritten. By Pomeroy Tucker, Palmyra, N. Y." New York: D. Appleton & Co., 443 and 445 Broadway. 1867.

first Mormon prophet. It is Mr. Tucker's theory, supported by a goodly array of facts, that Rigdon got possession of the manuscript, and used the money-digging proclivities of Joseph for a point of attachment around which to cluster the new revelation. It is very certain that Rigdon had paid Smith several mysterious visits before the Bible was discovered.

Mr. Tucker's account of the growth of Mormonism and the introduction of polygamy, which formed no part of the original revelation, but was a brilliant after-thought, is necessarily less full than his account of its origin. But it displays the leading facts in their order, and is a very welcome contribution to the literature of the time. But it is only the most external life of Mormonism that is here given—its occasions and excuses, and not its deep causes. There must have been a great deal of Mormonism in the air when it condensed so rapidly about such men as Smith and Rigdon. The philosophy of Mormonism is yet to be written. There are hints in Dixon's "New America" as to how this will be done. But it will need a more thoroughgoing man than Mr. Hepworth Dixon to do it properly.

The Hermitage, and Other Poems. By Edward Rowland Sill. (New York: Leopold & Holt. 1868.)—"The Fountain" is as favorable a specimen of Mr. Sill's poems as we can find in this volume, and we therefore quote it:

"Were it not horrible—
After all the dreams we dream,
Our yearnings and our prayers,
If this 'I' were but a stream
Of thoughts, sensations, joys, and pains,
Which, being clogged, no soul remains?
Even as the fountain seems to be
A shape of one identity,
But only is a stream of drops,
And when the swift succession stops,
The fountain melts and disappears,
Leaving no trace but scattered tears.
Yet even here, O foolish heart!
Thou wert not cheated of thy part;
Were it not better, even here,
To keep thy current pure and clear,
With pearly drops of dew to wet
The amaranth and violet,
And round thy crystal feet to shower
Blessings and beauty ever hour—
Better than in a sullen flow
To creep around the ground, and go
Wasting and sinking through the sand,
Because not always thus to stand?"

The moral purpose, discernible in almost all he writes, is plainly to be seen in this little poem; almost too plainly, but we are not in this case, as in the case of most of his poems, made sensible that the moral was made in one piece, and the poem, distinctively so-called, made in another, and the two then, in a more or less workmanlike manner, joined together. The elements are better fused in "The Fountain." Of the other way, the one more commonly used by Mr. Sill, "Faith" is a sample:

"The tree-top, high above the barren field,
Rising beyond the night's gray folds of mist,
Rests stirless where the upper air is sealed
To perfect silence, by the fain moon kiss'd.
But the low branches, drooping to the ground,
Sway to and fro, as sways funereal plume,
While from their restless depths low whispers sound—
'We fear, we fear the darkness and the gloom;
Dim forms beneath us pass and reappear,
And mournful tongues are menacing us here.'

"Then from the topmost bough falls calm reply—
'Hush, hush! I see the coming of the morn;
Swiftly the silent Night is passing by,
And in her bosom rosy Dawn is borne.
'Tis but your own dim shadows that ye see,
'Tis but your own low moans that trouble ye.'

"So Life stands, with a twilight world around;
Faith turned serenely to the steadfast sky,
Still answering the heart that sweeps the ground,
Sobbing in fear, and tossing restlessly—
'Hush, hush! the Dawn breaks o'er the Eastern sea,
'Tis but thine own dim shadow troubling thee.'"

Even had the thought not been so familiar, the last of these three stanzas would have been better away. We are not quite willing to say that the thought being so familiar, it might have been as well if all the stanzas had been away, the imagery being pretty and, on the whole, successful—adequate to the striking and pleasing expression of the ideas. Scattered through all the book are many pleasing similes and metaphors; such as this, for example:

"Still as the shadow of a brooding bird
That stirs but with her heart-beats;"

or this:

. . . . "Long curves of little shallow waves
Creep, tremulous with ripples, to the shore,
Till the whole bay seems smoothly sliding in
With edge of snow that melts against the sand;"

or this, better yet:

"On the brown, shining beach, all ripple-carved,
Gleams now and then a pool; so smooth and clear,
That, though I cannot see the plover there
Pacing its farther edge (so much he looks
The color of the sand), yet I can trace
His image hanging in the glassy brine—
Slim legs and rapier-beak—like silver-plate
With such a pictured bird clean-etched upon it."

It is needless to say that, among so many scattered single images—and so we should describe Mr. Sill's poems if compelled to extreme brevity—there are many which are infelicitous. An image-maker "amorous of perfection" of images, rather than of images, would hardly make this one:

"The hard ground seems to ache all day
Even for a sheet of snow to lay
Upon its icy feet and knees,
Stretched stiffly there to freeze and freeze."

Of the thoughts in the book we should say that they are such as any man might be glad enough to have had. But we have a decided opinion—one that meets with more favor from critics and readers than from persons of a poetical turn—that unless one has something new to say he should be encouraged to hold his tongue. In these poems, except the new things abovementioned, we find nothing new, though almost all is good enough. The tone of the book is unobjectionable, or would be but for a little note of peevishness here and there audible. The bitterness of the hero of "The Hermitage" we take to be a dramatic bitterness merely, not properly the author's any more than that of the young man in "Maud"—the father of our hermit—was properly Mr. Tennyson's. Perhaps it is not necessary to say that these poems are full of passages suggested by other writers. We have space for but one out of a great number of instances. The laureate's "Isabel" had

"Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign,
The summer calm of golden charity."

And Mr. Sill's "Child Anna"—an odd enough way of speaking about a little girl—has "the fresh young mouth"—the same fresh young mouth—

"And all the tender looks, which charity
And many patient days
Leave round the lips."

This "Child Anna," by the way, is a pretty little piece.

There is nothing to be said against the production of such poems as these are as a means of self-culture, or rather as a means of innocent enjoyment; at any rate, there is nothing to be said that is of weight enough to be conclusive against the production of them; but we are bound to say that they are not poems that can live in the open light and wind, and we do not rejoice in their publication.

Our Grammar Schools. Why do they not furnish more and better Material to our High Schools? A Lecture read before the Massachusetts Teachers' Association at Springfield, October 19, 1867. By Henry F. Harrington, Superintendent of Public Schools, New Bedford, Massachusetts. (Boston: Crosby & Ainsworth.)—This is a bold, and, we do not hesitate to say, a much-needed criticism of the stupid and stultifying routine pursued in New England public grammar schools. It is so outspoken in its criticism that it is not perhaps surprising that it was received with little favor by the schoolmasters assembled at Springfield; yet this is only additional evidence to show that such criticism is needed. Men of every profession get fixed in old ways and hate to be disturbed. It is only by pressure from without that much-needed reforms can be accomplished.

We do not know why it is that while the American people are so lavish of expenditure on their schools they are so careless of what goes on within them. They will not tolerate old machinery in a cotton-mill an hour if better has been invented, but they will let the course of study of their schools fall behind the demands of the age a whole generation, content with seeing that they are well housed in costly and stately buildings. We do not hesitate to say that a reform in the course of study and methods of teaching of our ordinary grammar schools is entirely feasible which would increase their efficiency at least a hundred per cent.; and in this pamphlet the New Bedford superintendent has indicated the general character of the change which ought to be effected. He points out the narrowing effect of the study of the barren abstractions of grammar and arithmetic, begun long before the child is mentally capable of really grasping such subjects, and continued to the almost entire exclusion of those objective studies and that more natural concrete study, language, which should precede them in any course based upon a rational psychology. And he shows how the pedantic standards set up by the examinations required in passing from one grade of schools to another rob the higher schools of half their value. He might well have included in his criticism the entrance examination to our principal colleges; for nothing can well be conceived more at variance with the whole spirit and tendency of the times than the stupefying cram in Greek and Latin grammars which, to the exclusion of all

modern science, is the appointed method of admission to the privileges of Harvard and Yale.

We hope that Mr. Harrington's energetic pamphlet will have the effect of drawing attention to these important subjects. The teaching profession is just now in a transition state. Heretofore, almost any other occupation and profession has had greater attractions for men of ability than the schoolmasters' calling. The consequence is that the teaching of the young has fallen very much into the hands of women. This would be no misfortune if women received a proper training and education for the work. We believe that in the future a large part of the elementary training of children will remain in female hands; only women will be far better prepared than now for their difficult task. Yet we think there will be a field for masculine talent of a much higher order than most of that which is now engaged in the work when the arrangements and course of the study of our schools shall be brought more nearly into accordance with the demands of the times. There is no reason why the teaching of the young should be looked upon as a dry and wearing drudgery. It is capable of being elevated into a liberal profession with even less of mechanical drudgery appertaining to it than belongs to the professions now reckoned liberal. But it must be undertaken in a very different spirit and with very different aims and by a different class of minds from those which are now attracted to it.

It is a far more delicate and difficult task to base a course of study suited to the development of the youthful mind upon a rational psychology than to build the biggest brick school-house and furnish it with the very latest school furniture. Our progress in the latter task has therefore been far greater than in the former. But this cannot much longer be postponed if our schools are not to fall into discredit and contempt; and we cannot help thinking that the modern spirit of scientific enquiry will penetrate our schools and reorganize the course of study pursued there into a shape more consonant with the wants of these modern times. When that change has once taken place, it will be safe to predict that the apathy which exists in regard to our public-school system will disappear. The people will take a far greater interest in schools which produce real fruit, and the business of conducting them will begin to be attractive to some of the best minds in the community.

Mr. Harrington's pamphlet deals with some of the subjects which need investigation, and we hope it will fall into the hands of many thoughtful friends of educational progress.

Book of the Artist. American Artist Life, etc. By Henry T. Tuckerman. (New York: Putnam. 1867.)—This considerable octavo is a useful book, because containing biographical sketches of the more famous of the artists of the last and passing generations, and briefer notices of the more prominent of the new men. Slight as American attainment in the fine arts has been, it is interesting to Americans to read about it. For instance, students of art will not be found to agree with Mr. Tuckerman's estimate of the work of Vanderlyn, Benjamin West, Cole, and Chapman; but American students of art will always like to know something about the earliest American painters, however feeble their art may have been and however slight their influence upon the future of American art.

The one great fault of Mr. Tuckerman's book is its boundless optimism. To assume that our national art is as good as any nation's art is pleasantly flattering to our national vanity. To discuss the work of our better known painters as if they were, collectively, about equal to the painters of the Renaissance, makes it very easy to put on an appearance of critical discrimination in treating of each one. And the difficulty with all of this book that is not purely chronological is, that it assumes, in discussing the works of our artists, that a painter, *qud* painter, is a blessing to his country, and that therefore of all that is said of him a good ninety per cent. must be praise or "appreciative" criticism. There are able painters for whom our society is, and will be, better, happier, and wiser; and there are painters, and popular ones, whose work is unspeakably trivial, and others whose work is wrong and false. But all these—if only their names are known of men—Mr. Tuckerman's essay treats as individual powers of nearly equal, and certainly correlative, importance. No book of this kind will be really worthy of a permanent place among sound and sober treatises until there is some discrimination shown not only between the good and bad in one picture or one painter, but also between art which is essentially good and art which is essentially bad.

Cometh up as a Flower. An Autobiography. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867.)—It is usually as hard to become sympathetic over a novel as to be properly moved by an acted tragedy. The wires are too evident, the puppets move too mechanically, and, with the best will in the world to be amused, one finds the demand on one's imagination too heavy. In "Cometh up as a Flower" we have, however, a little love story so fresh and unhackneyed in feeling that we have read it with a great deal of pleasure. Its plot is one of the barest and simplest illustrations of the proverbial roughness of the course of true love, and the characters belong, with perhaps one exception, to types perfectly familiar in recent fiction; but the story is told with a directness, and the characters drawn with a freedom and grace, which quite give the book the autobiographical air which it assumes. The exception to which we refer is to be found in the person of the heroine, who is also the narrator of the story. She smells neither of bread and butter nor of the stables, two almost equally odorous extremes between which the heroines of most English novels vibrate, and is at the widest remove from the metaphysical and strong-minded nondescripts affected by our own writers. She is merely a very genuine little girl, innocent, passionate, and with a genius for loving, the story of whose loves and troubles is told with a simplicity and truth to nature which we think quite exceptional. There is in the book no attempt at any profundity of thought or sentiment to which such a girl would not naturally be equal; the incidents are not striking, and the conclusion is much too melancholy. Still, we have found it pleasant reading and recommend it as such.

Lotta Schmidt, and other Stories. By Anthony Trollope. (New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1867.)—If it were possible either to add to or subtract from such a reputation as Mr. Trollope's, we fancy that the latter ungrateful task might be performed by this volume of stories. We do not, however, anticipate any such unfortunate result from its republication. It might, perhaps, have been as well to confine to the public reached by the English magazines the emphatic assertion implied in these sketches, that their author's powers of observation are acute only when playing within a very limited English range; and that neither dramatic force, passion, nor imagination is to be expected from him. Yet, since no one ever credited him with the possession of these qualities, there is, after all, no harm done. It is, in fact, rather pleasant than otherwise to see the close resemblances which exist, to Mr. Trollope's apprehension, between Austrian and Italian lovers, and the Grace Crawleys and Lily Dales, the Major Grantleys and Johnny Eameses, with whom he and his readers were already familiar. Occasionally he essays a bolder flight, and, as in the case of Miss Ophelia Gledd, portrays a creature who, though certainly not English, belongs to no other species with which we are familiar. The story in which she appears is, however, the most amusing in the book, and we commend it to the careful consideration of Bostonian readers.

Titan Agonistes: the Story of an Outcast. (New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1867.)—The dulness of this book is so profound and unbroken, its wit is so witless, its sarcasm so pointless, its virtue so vicious, that the mind of the man who could write it, and the heart of the publisher who could deliberately print it, become curious subjects for speculation. A most painful and laborious reading, on our part, has neither succeeded in finding any plot which would survive transplanting into a review, nor been rewarded by the discovery of any chance redeeming feature in the shape of a fine idea, sentiment, or expression. The effect of the book is too nightmare-like to allow us even to laugh at the ponderous conceit of its title. Even its incessant coarseness, which in another case might call for a word of reprehension, becomes a matter of small moment when compared with the frightful weight and dulness which effectually neutralize all other objectionable characteristics.

Widow Spriggins, Mary Elmer, and Other Sketches. By Mrs. M. F. Whitcher. Edited by Mrs. M. L. Ward Whitcher. (New York: G. W. Carleton; London: Sampson Low, Son & Co.)—As we learn from a slovenly memoir prefaced to the book, the writer of "Widow Spriggins" and of "The Widow Bedott Papers," was a Mrs. M. F. Whitcher, the wife of a country minister of this State. Her satirical abilities seem to have been sufficient to make her husband's congregation very angry with her and with him, though one would not have thought so beforehand. The insufficiency of them might seem a more probable reason. However that may be, "it soon became apparent that Mr. Whitcher's usefulness as a clergyman would find fewer obstacles in some other parish," and he moved away from Elmira. Mrs. Whitcher's book is hopelessly vulgar in tone and matter, and the illustrations that Mr. Carleton has put into it are a marvel of adaptation; possibly they are a shade more vulgar than the text. The credit of designing them belongs to Mr. J. H. Howard. Mrs. Whitcher's poetry is very bad as poetry, but it is seriously meant, and offends only by its dulness. So, too, of her serious prose, of which there are one or two pieces in the volume.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of The Nation *should be addressed to the Editor.*

THE NOMINATION OF GRANT.

The humiliating experience which this country has had on two occasions of a President who deserted the party by which he was elected, and strove to create a new party devoted to his personal interests, has made all men of decided political convictions justly cautious of being again caught in the same snare. No honest and intelligent citizen, whether Republican or Democrat, can think with complacency of the possibility of repeating in 1870 the disgraceful intrigues of 1842 and 1866. Whatever error or wickedness there may be in the doctrines of a political party, there is, at any rate, some consolation in the certainty that such doctrines must be honestly believed by large masses of men before they could receive the sanction of a "platform." The particular men who frame a party platform may be utterly insincere; but the people for whose satisfaction it is made must generally believe in it, or it would not be supported by politicians. This is true even of a platform like that of the Whigs in 1852, which was despised by a majority of the party in the Northern States. It was not made to please that section of the party. It was framed by Southern politicians, and fairly represented the sentiments of all Southern Whigs and of fully one-third of the party at the North. Even if these did not include the majority of the party (which is doubtful), it cannot be disputed that the platform was heartily approved by a very large minority, and was adopted in deference to the wishes of the people, and not in servile submission to the will of one man.

Not only is there a strong feeling in opposition to all attempts to organize a personal party, but there is a great deal of doubt among earnest members of the Republican party as to the policy of nominating a candidate not unequivocally identified with its past history. A majority of the party are disposed to nominate General Grant, and probably have felt disposed to do so ever since April, 1865. But a large minority, including many of the most worthy, conscientious, and zealous Republicans, are dissatisfied with the prospect, and recall the names of Tyler and Fillmore as melancholy illustrations of the same mistake which has proved so disastrous in the nomination of Johnson. It will not do to override such men without convincing them. And as we do not agree with their conclusions, although fully sympathizing with their ultimate purposes, we shall endeavor to point out to them the distinctions between the cases which have caused trouble in the past and the policy to which they now object.

In the first place, it should be borne in mind that it has always been a *Vice*-President, never an elected *President*, who has betrayed the confidence of his party so far as to show any tendency to go over to its adversary. Messrs. Pierce and Buchanan betrayed the confidence reposed in them by the *people*, but did so only out of their extreme servility to their party managers. Their error was precisely the opposite of that which has marked the career of some Vice-Presidents. It is scarcely necessary to enquire into the reasons of this difference while the fact of its existence is admitted. The position of a Vice-President is very unsatisfactory to an ambitious man; and when he unexpectedly finds himself promoted to the higher position, it may well happen that his head should be turned by an elevation for which he did not look, and was not qualified. He is selected, too, with reference only to the lower place, and in many cases is chosen purely from considerations of locality rather than with any regard to his ability or even to his national popularity. He is never a man who has had any reason to imagine that he could be a successful candidate for the Presidency, and he knows as well as any one that he is nominated for the Vice-Presidency *because* he is not deemed worthy, either then or ever, to be President. Succeeding to the Presidency by an accident, such a man is not likely to feel any particular gratitude to his party, which he knows not merely did not mean to put him where he is, but actually meant that he should never be put there. Sure to have a policy of his own, he is less willing to defer to the wishes of his party than he would have been had he felt under obligations to it for his elevation. In these and other respects there is an obvious distinction between the case of a President elected by the people and that of one succeeding to the office by accident.

In the next place, the three Presidents who disappointed the expectations with which they were nominated were all notable politicians, whose past record was well known, and whose speeches had been quite as frequent as was desirable. Mr. Tyler had been in the Senate, as well as in other departments of public life, before his nomination as Vice-President. Mr. Fillmore had been the leader of his party in the House of Representatives. Mr. Johnson had, as is now pretty generally known, filled every office in the gift of the people, from alderman to senator. Nor were they silent men. Mr. Fillmore was not actually loquacious, but was never afraid to speak. It may be remembered that in 1856 he "swung around the circle" in anticipation of Mr. Johnson; and, though his manner was that of a gentleman, his success in that suicidal business was fully equal to that of our present Chief Magistrate. Mr. Tyler was an active debater; and, as to Mr. Johnson, everybody knows what he is and always was. It may therefore be inferred that mere readiness to speak is not a material safeguard against the disappointment of a party's hopes.

But again, it must be considered that only Messrs. Tyler and Johnson actually deserted their party; and that these men were both committed by their past record against the measures to which their party was inclined, while they had never recanted their former doctrines. The breach once made, they undoubtedly went much further than was required by mere consistency; but at the outset they simply wished to stand against the progress of their party. The Whig party of 1840 was *not* committed to the re-establishment of a national bank, while Mr. Tyler was committed against it. The Republican party of 1864 was not committed to equal suffrage, while Mr. Johnson was on record against it. It is true that Mr. Johnson broke with his party before it took final action in favor of equal suffrage; but it is also true that he, and almost every one else, saw that the tendency of the party was in that direction irresistible. Men who have determined to quarrel upon a remote issue seldom wait until that issue presents itself for decision.

Only two Presidents have been elected without having a decisive political record, and these were Washington and Taylor. The political history of the former is less familiar to Americans than any other part of his life, and it may therefore not be known to all our readers that he commenced his administration as a very moderate Federalist, striving to hold the balance between the rival parties, and eventually became a decided supporter of Federal doctrines, doing more for the party than was expected of him at his election. General Taylor, who defined himself as a "Whig, but not an ultra Whig," and from whom, a large slaveholder, no shadow of favor toward free-soil doctrines might have been expected, proved himself as good a Whig as anybody wanted, and a more effective advocate of measures which could only result in the exclusion of slavery from the new Territories than any avowed Free-Soiler. Had he lived through his term, it is almost certain that the infamous Fugitive Slave bill could never have passed, and that Texas would have received no bribe to induce her to surrender New Mexico, while it is not improbable that Southern treason would have been sternly crushed by a Southern man. A wise though severe decree ordered it otherwise. A Northern man, formerly in sympathy with moderate Abolitionists, and universally supposed, before his election, to be a Free-Soiler, succeeded to the Presidency, and by his influence brought about all the humiliating events of 1850, thus leading the South into the abyss of 1860.

Applying these lessons of history to the political affairs of the present day, it appears to us that the masses of the Republican party desire a guaranty that the work of reconstruction upon the basis of equal suffrage shall be carried on to success, yet in such a spirit of moderation as shall ensure good government, and prevent the unchecked supremacy of either race at the South over the other. The majority of the party, in short, want to establish *equality* at the South—not to give *dominion* to either side. A large and important minority would prefer to leave a qualified and carefully restrained dominion to the white race ex-

clusively; while there is but a very small minority in favor of giving exclusive dominion, or anything equivalent to it, to the negro race. A Presidential nomination is to be made which shall unite in cordial assent all wings of the Republican party, and secure the control of public affairs to men of Republican sentiments. That General Grant will command the enthusiastic support of all who are called conservative Republicans, there is no doubt. That he is the choice of a great majority of the party, acting spontaneously and quite irrespectively of the manipulations to which a well-known and veteran politician attaches such importance, is certain. But the active interest taken in the general's success by a suspicious class of politicians, and his own reticence and non-political character, excite (as we have before said) distrust in the minds of some of the most earnest and faithful Republicans. They want a guaranty against a renewal of the Tyler and Johnson experiences, and are unwilling to accept a candidate purely upon trust.

Gen. Grant is in a position of great delicacy, and one in which he can better serve his country than he can as a mere candidate for the Presidency. He is in command of the army, subject to the President, and to him only. Would it be decorous or desirable for him to make speeches, or write letters, or enter into conversations, for the purpose of indicating his opposition to the policy of his superior officer? We do not admire the spectacle of a President making speeches in opposition to co-ordinate branches of the government; but still less should we like to see the General of the Army engaged in arousing public feeling against his own commander. The only thing that could be more offensive would be the servility which should lead him to go out of the path of duty to flatter his superior. Gen. Grant is at present a purely military man, and the less soldiers, *as such*, have to do with dictating our civil policy, the better will it be for us as a people.

But whenever, in the course of regular duty, Gen. Grant has had occasion to express an opinion, his sentiments have proved satisfactory. His views upon the admission of the Southern States, in 1865, were not entirely in harmony with those of the Republican party in 1866; but upon the aspect of affairs, as he then saw them, a majority of the party would probably have agreed with him. The sentiments of his correspondence with the President during last summer must have been satisfactory to every Radical who was not determined to object to him. His *acts* are as unexceptionable as those of any other public man. He has selected and sustained, so far as was in his power, assistants in the work committed to him who were faithful, efficient, and resolved to carry out the will of Congress. He has, therefore, a record; and it is one entirely consistent with the policy of the Republican party.

Again, there is no successful general of the war, still in service, to whom the same objections, or more serious ones, could not be made. Yet what radical Republican has had reason to complain of Thomas, Sheridan, or Schofield? There seems to be something in their vocation which makes real soldiers more obedient to the people, and more faithful to the spirit of the nation, than other classes of public men. They do not travel as rapidly in political affairs as some other men, but they are at least as certain to arrive at a sound conclusion, and they make thorough work when they reach it.

We have no such absolute faith in General Grant as would lead us to favor his nomination independent of party, or without any distinct enunciation of principles. He must, when the proper time arrives, be put upon a sound political platform, and must stand there. Much will depend upon the men who gather round him, and upon his own opinion of their relative values. But this is true of every servant of the public, and only adds to the reasons why good men should take such a part in his support as will entitle them to his confidence. All the disreputable politicians of the Republican party are flocking around the Grant flag—not that they care for Grant, but that they may secure the spoils of victory. We believe that a majority of the best men are satisfied of the general's integrity, ability, and fidelity to the party; and we hope that they will exert such an influence as shall ensure a victory which will require no distribution of plunder.

One consideration we must add before closing. It would be an excellent thing to have a President *without a policy*. It is the business of Congress to frame a policy, and the business of the President to execute it. For many years the opposite theory has prevailed, and has led to boundless corruption. It is the fact that a policy is the President's *own*, or that he thinks so, which makes him so anxious to bribe men into its support. This theory of government has, in the times of Buchanan and Johnson, almost led to revolution, and has now culminated in the present discreditable administration of public affairs. We shall be heartily glad to see an end of this mode of government; and we think an opportunity is presented for putting an end to it, by the election of a man sympathizing with, but not dictating, the popular decision, and who will carry it out *because* it is the will of the people, and not because it is the will of President Grant.

THE SUSPENSION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

The question of returning to specie payments is one in which we are all more or less interested. It is also a question concerning which every one has, and is entitled to have, his own opinion. It is furthermore a question upon which very few people have seriously reflected, and which has become so hidden by the clouds of dusty verbiage raised around it by quacks and nostrum dealers, that few people have the courage to select it as a subject for their reflections. We propose to show that some of these clouds can be blown away, and that the question itself is neither so profound nor so complicated as is generally supposed.

When we talk of resuming specie payments, we generally mean returning to that financial condition which prevailed before specie payments were suspended—a condition in which, under ordinary circumstances, the one-dollar note of a responsible, sound bank, not too far removed from New York city, would purchase at par a gold dollar of United States coinage. From that condition we are now so far removed that it requires one dollar and thirty-four or thirty-five cents of the best bank-bills now in circulation to purchase the coin in question.

To what is this difference attributable? Nine persons out of ten will answer, to the war; and in a general way this is undoubtedly the correct answer. But if the difference is attributable to the war, why has it not ceased with peace? The answer to this is, because peace has not yet removed those great results of war, our inflated currency and our national debt. But if the difference is due to our inflated currency and our national debt, how is it that the difference itself is ten per cent. greater to-day than it was on the first of May, 1866, when the currency was more inflated by one hundred and fifty millions than it is now, and when the debt was larger by two hundred millions than it is now, and when gold stood at 125—a point which it has never since reached again? To this question the answer is not easy; indeed, most difficult. For, paradoxical as the assertion may appear, neither the war, nor the currency inflation, nor the national debt, had, or has, directly, anything to do with the suspension of those specie payments which everybody now desires to see restored.

The New York banks are not the only banks that ever suspended specie payments, nor did they, in 1860, suspend for the first time. The banks of England and of France, among others, have suspended specie payments, and have done so in times of peace as well as in times of war. The banks of New York suspended specie payments in 1837 and 1857 as well as in 1860. At the two former dates there certainly was no war, no debt, no inflated currency, while even in 1860 the war was only in prospect, and the great debt and the currency inflation were scarcely dreamed of. It is evident not only that in other countries, and in this country at other times, specie payments have been suspended without being due to the causes to which our present suspension has been attributed, but also that these causes were not even in operation at the time of the present suspension. If, then, suspension was not caused by war, by currency inflation, or by the national debt, what was it caused by?

Were it not that the fact is habitually ignored, it would scarcely be worth while to remind our readers that specie payments were *not* suspended by an act of Congress. Acts of Congress have indeed legalized and intensified and altered the character of this suspension; but long before Congress thought that it would be called upon to legislate on currency, or banking, or any other of the many cognate questions that it so little understands, the banks *had* suspended specie payments, for the

reason that they had not and could not procure coin enough to meet their indebtedness.

The business of a bank consists in receiving money on deposit and lending it out. Money left on deposit with a bank can be withdrawn at a moment's notice. But the money lent by a bank to merchants or others is generally lent for a specified time, and cannot be called in by the bank until that time expires. If, therefore, a bank receives the funds of fifty people on deposit to-day, and lends out the whole of them to-morrow, and some or all of the depositors demand back their money the third day, the bank is, of course, unable to furnish it, or, in other words, fails. Now, the experience of many years, and of many banks, has shown that of fifty people who to-day deposit one or two hundred dollars each in a bank, not over one-third will be likely to want their money back within a given time, say sixty days. If, therefore, the bank lends out for sixty days only two-thirds of the amounts received on deposit, it is almost certain to have enough funds left on hand to pay all its depositors who may want their money during that time. Or, in other words, if it retains funds enough on hand to pay one-third of the amount which it owes to depositors, it is not likely ever to fail. This one-third rule, derived from years of experience, worked well in New York. In other parts of the country, different proportions were found to be necessary for safe banking, while in other countries still different proportions prevail, and in England the whole financial world is regulated by a rule so absurd, so complicated, and so thoroughly based upon a disregard of common sense, that it would break the whole community if not periodically suspended. But neither Sir Robert Peel's famous Bank act, long venerated as the *chef d'œuvre* of financial legislation, nor the one-third rule of this country, nor the two-fifths rule of Continental bankers, has prevented the banks of all countries from failing more or less often, for the simple reason that, although in ordinary times only one depositor out of three or four is likely to ask for his money, yet there are constantly recurring extraordinary times, in which five out of six, or perhaps all, of the depositors of a bank ask for their money at once. When the extraordinary influence is wide-spread, and affects all banks alike, thus preventing them from assisting one another, the consequence is the inevitable failure of all. A bank, like any other corporation, or like a private individual, when it is unable to pay what it owes at the time when it is due, simply fails. If its creditors are willing to give it time, and if the bank is, after this voluntary delay on the part of its creditors, able to pay, it resumes its business, resumes payments, and continues as before.

A bank that issues currency practically borrows coin, and gives therefor a printed promise to pay that coin on demand. It receives the coin of its depositors, and promises to return it on demand, and it borrows other coin which it likewise promises to pay on demand. Of the coin so borrowed and received on deposit it lends out two-thirds, knowing that in ordinary times the other third will suffice to meet all demands upon it. Extraordinary times ensue, the one-third of coin on hand does not suffice to redeem the claims presented for payment, and the bank fails. But instead of actually failing, the bank declares that it can pay all it owes, but that it cannot pay *in coin;* that it can give its well-secured "promises to pay" to all its creditors, if they will only consent to take the promises instead of the coin. If the inability of the banks to pay in coin is general, and caused by some great calamity or some unforeseen change in the course of trade, and not by mismanagement on the part of individual banks, the public is almost always willing to temporarily accept the promises, the bank-notes, the currency in place of the coin, and this legalized or implied temporary public acceptance of the promises of the banks in place of the coin which is rightly due is called "a suspension of specie payments."

In 1857, the course of the foreign trade of the country required an unexpectedly heavy export of coin. Whoever owed abroad presented to the banks the promises which he held, and demanded the coin. The banks were unable to supply the demand, and suspended specie payments. But they acknowledged their liability to pay coin, and as soon as they had procured a sufficient supply of gold they resumed specie payments, and paid off their indebtedness in coin as it was due.

In 1860, the fear of civil war in the United States caused its inhabitants to draw from the banks and to hoard large amounts of gold coin, no less than eighty millions of dollars in one year. The drain upon the banks was so great that they were unable to meet it; as in 1857, they were compelled to suspend specie payments; as in 1857, they acknowledged their coin indebtedness, and no doubt at some early day proposed to resume—that is, to pay in coin the indebtedness on which their creditors had granted them an unspecified extension of time. But the action of Congress in passing the Legal Tender act entirely destroyed the claim which their creditors had upon the banks, the banks became not only enabled but were morally entitled to buy up at a discount their no longer valid promises to pay coin, and thus actually to cancel all evidence of their indebtedness. Many of the banks did so, some failed entirely and were wound up, others were destroyed by the National Bank act, and the rest surrendered the charters under which they formerly existed and became national banks.

It must be evident that the present so-called suspension of specie payments is a very different thing from the actual suspension of 1857, and that there can be no question about resuming specie payments now in the sense in which we resumed specie payments in 1858. Then the banks which had suspended resumed specie payments by paying off their delayed coin indebtedness. Now the coin indebtedness existing in 1861 has actually been paid off or cancelled, and the debt itself has disappeared with the banks that owed it. The present banks did *not* suspend. They have never borrowed coin or received coin on deposit that they have not paid. The present banks have never promised or agreed to pay coin to their depositors or bill-holders, and no greater instance of popular injustice can well be imagined than the prevailing clamor to compel them to *resume* specie payments when they have never *suspended.*

The people are suffering from the effects, only too well described by the slang term "demoralizing," of an irredeemable currency. The experience of the present generation, until 1861, was limited to irredeemable currency due to bank suspension alone, and hence the present irredeemable currency is naturally attributed to the same cause. We have shown that the popular belief in this respect is unfounded. The true origin of our present irredeemable currency must first be clearly understood before intelligent measures can be taken to substitute another for it.

TESTIMONIALS IN ART AND LITERATURE.

We had some weeks ago a brief discussion with Mr. Prang as to the artistic value of his chromo-lithography, in which he laid it down that, whether his chromos were or were not the best reproductions possible of the originals, they were sufficiently good to supply those who could afford nothing better with the means of art-education. There is on this point much more to be said on both sides than either Mr. Prang or we have said, but we do not at present propose to revive the discussion of it. The remarks we are about to make now are upon the custom in which Mr. Prang indulges, and not he only, but a large number of publishers, artists, authors, and even scientific men, of proving the goodness of their wares by the testimony of well-known persons, simply because they are well-known, and without any reference whatever to the nature of their training and capacity. It may seem at first sight as if this was simply the presentation in a new shape of the old controversy between the authors and the critics, in which Mr. Tupper, the "Country Parson," and others have enjoyed such an easy triumph. In that controversy, however, the author or artist simply says: The excellence of a work is proved by its pleasing the majority; a dozen or two critics say my novel or my poem or my picture or my moralizing is bad; but forty or fifty thousand persons have purchased it and enjoyed it, therefore the critics were wrong, and it matters nothing to me what they say. But this is not the ground taken by Mr. Prang and the others to whom we now refer. When you say to Mr. Tupper or Dr. Holland that the stuff he has been writing is flat, stale, and unprofitable, and proceed to give reasons for thinking so, drawn from various canons of criticism, he simply goes behind the counter, produces his publisher's book, and floors you by showing accounts. When he sees that twenty thousand people like his philosophy or his poem, he not unnaturally concludes that you are a fool for not liking it, and he will get the greater portion of the public to agree with him. For all practical purposes, right is with the big battalions in literature as well as in war. But, in the case before us, the producer does not rely on the verdict of the majority; he works for the majority, but he does not admit in terms that the majority always knows

what is good for it. He accordingly, when he prepares a dish of art or literature for it, has it tasted by a sort of committee of "eminent citizens," selected, however, not on account of their special knowledge of the matter in hand, but of what is called their "prominence in the community." Distinguished clergymen or philanthropists or bankers or merchants or lawyers are called upon to say whether or no a picture or poem or novel is a good one—that is, whether the public *ought* to like it and will profit by it—and their opinion is put forward, not simply as their opinion, but as proof of goodness, although they may be as poor judges of poetry or painting as of horses or tobacco. We remember when "Cudjo's Cave" first made its appearance the publisher long relied in his advertisements on the written testimony of Chief-Justice Chase that the book had amused and entertained him a good deal. Yet Chief-Justice Chase's satisfaction with it was in itself, and, in the absence of any specific knowledge as to his taste or cultivation, no more reason for thinking it a good novel and for buying it than the testimony of any obscure man in the community. Lawyers are not often good judges of works of fiction, and it may be that in the matter of romance Mr. Chase's critical faculty is so feeble that he would be entertained, for instance, by "St. Elmo." Lord Eldon used to go frequently to the opera during the London season, but not knowing one tune from another found it a bore, and, as he used to call it, "opera atque labores," and was in the habit of taking naps in the back of the box during the performance. Probably, however, there was some one opera—perhaps a noisy and very scenic one—which amused him; but if the composer or manager had hawked about a note from him to this effect, as proof of the goodness of the piece, he would have been guilty of a fraud—a mild one, we admit, but still a fraud on the community, although it would no doubt have helped him to fill the house.

When a composer or artist says, "See what So-and-So, the great orator or the great philanthropist or the great lawyer, says about my concert or my picture," he gives you to understand by the very display of his satisfaction that So-and-So knows something about pictures and music, and that his testimony may therefore be of some use to you in forming your own opinion. If he were to tell you what is perhaps the real truth, that So-and-So knows only enough music to distinguish "Yankee Doodle" from "God Save the Queen," or that he had never knowingly looked on a good picture in his life, that he had never given any attention to drawing or color or perspective, was deficient in physical perception, and simply thought well of music and pictures because he had read that their influence was humanizing and because he saw other people enjoying them, you would at once conclude either that the composer or artist was a very silly person, or that he thought you were one when he adduced So-and-So's testimony. A philanthropist may, for instance, believe on general principles and on the authority of others that popular concerts exercise a civilizing influence, and may therefore very properly employ all his influence in promoting popular concerts. In doing this he is in his proper sphere. But if without special knowledge he undertakes to certify that Musard or Jullien or Christy or Dan Bryant furnishes just the kind of music which is best fitted to improve the popular taste, he consciously or unconsciously lends himself to the propagation of a mild but still mischievous kind of humbug.

We draw our illustration from music, because in it the absurdity of the testimonial business is apparent at a glance to nearly everybody, inasmuch as nearly everybody hears more or less music. Those who cannot tell the difference between good and bad music know at least enough to be conscious of their own ignorance, and to feel ashamed of writing "testimonials" for singing-masters, or violinists, or the conductors of orchestras. But the absurdity, though less obvious, is just as great in the matter of painting or imitation of painting. There are in it, as in music, different degrees of excellence, and the degrees are apparent only to the cultivated eye, just as in music they are only apparent to the cultivated ear. A man who is not familiar with good pictures, and has not studied them with greater or less care, whose powers of observation have not undergone some training, and who has not had his taste and imagination chastened, more or less, by mental culture, may be ever so anxious that poor people should have good pictures on their walls, but whether any particular chromo or wood-cut is the best kind of chromo or wood-cut for the poor man's walls he cannot tell for the life of him; and let his humanitarian zeal be what it may, he ought not to pretend that he knows. The matter is, from a merely artistic point of view, becoming of some importance, as the chromo trade is springing up all over the country, and each manufacturer is pushing his business by getting letters from distinguished humanitarians and philosophers testifying that the people ought to have plenty of chromos, and that the particular chromos before them are just the ones the people ought to have, and that in their eyes they are fully as good as the paintings of which they profess to be copies. Now this, whatever else it may be, is not the way to improve art. It is not the way to adorn poor men's walls with good reminders of beautiful things. As long as chromo-dealers can sell their wares by the aid of such agencies as this, they will naturally devote their energies rather to increasing the number of their testimonials than to the improvement of their work.

But the matter is to us of still greater importance on other grounds, on which we have once or twice touched in treating a different class of questions. There has been but one other democracy in the world which reached the highest excellence in art and literature, and which was content with nothing less than excellence, and that, unfortunately, was an ancient one. In modern times the term "democratic," in all that relates to quality, is a synonym for what, in slang phrase, is called "cheap and nasty." We have cultivated, and are cultivating, the humanitarian feeling to such a degree that our attention is mainly given to diffusion, little or none to quality. We are so eager to have all men have pianos and carpets and pictures that we care little, and are every day caring less, as to what kind of pianos or carpets or pictures they are. This is in reality what lies at the bottom of most of the denunciations we hear of the gimcrack furniture, the shoddy cloth, the sham jewellery, and sham everything for which our age beyond all other ages is famous. Now, diffusion is an excellent work. We would not say a word against it. We believe the more equal distribution of all the good things of life to be in an especial manner the characteristic and aim of modern civilization. We would not take from anybody on whom "the enthusiasm of humanity" has settled one jot or tittle of the credit to which he is entitled. As long as the world stands, to him who loves much much must be given. But we run much risk through this devotion to diffusion of having our civilization dwarfed and degraded by indifference to quality, of having not only excellence but the love of excellence perish out of the world through very excess of good nature. In St. Peter's enumeration of Christian virtues knowledge stands very high in the list, high above even brotherly kindness and charity. We, in our work of social and political reform, have placed it almost below everything else. In the work of charity proper—that is, the relief of the very poor, the reformation of the vicious, and the education of the young—it has, it is true, asserted its sway. Our philanthropists and teachers now do their work on scientific principles. The mediæval philanthropist went out on the high-road and gave indiscriminately to everybody who came in his way. The philanthropist of our time gives nothing without thinking of the remote as well as of the immediate consequences of his giving; of the effect on the community at large of his treatment of each individual case. He has learnt that to be truly kind one must have the courage to seem to be cruel.

But this feeling of the value of knowledge has not as yet made its way into other fields of reform. A man is listened to with the profoundest respect on any subject he pleases to discourse upon, and really thinks himself, with the encouragement of the public, an authority upon it if only he have distinguished himself as a humanitarian. The result is that we are treated every day to the singular spectacle of gentlemen delivering discourses on the currency and taxation, and sitting on finance committees of Congress, and pronouncing themselves with the utmost confidence on the knottiest questions of jurisprudence, simply in virtue of the fact that for many years they have devoted themselves to the anti-slavery cause or have been greatly interested in common schools. We see, too, clergymen getting up in the pulpit and laying down plans of legislation in support of good morals, without having given or without professing to have given any attention whatever to the principles or history or conditions of legislation. They tell you that they are friends of temperance or friends of chastity, and then expect you to listen open-mouthed. We see, too, the critical spirit getting more and more to be considered simply an indication of an acrid or unkind temper, just as street-beggars consider the man who refuses to give alms indiscriminately a heartless aristocrat. Criticism, however, is not carping; it is not a sign of indifference to the welfare of the human race. To criticise means to note real distinctions, to take facts into account, to look to remote consequences, to recall past experience, to think of general as well as of individual good. It is of itself useless. Without the enthusiasm of humanity at its back it is simply an intellectual diversion; but with humanity it is an essential condition of sound and healthy progress.

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, November 29, 1867.

THE return of winter is heralded not only by the sudden frosts which have so greatly elated the enthusiasts of the skating club, but by the recurrence of St. Cecilia's Day, with the grand musical celebration in honor of the patroness of music and in aid of the society for the relief of indigent

votaries of the divinest of the arts, which takes place every year on that anniversary in the noble old church of St. Eustache. The festival has been celebrated this year with even more than the usual imposing array of genius and talent, the work selected for performance being Beethoven's wonderful mass in D minor; that colossal creation which has come to be regarded not only as the culminating example of "the third style" of the immortal *maestro*, but as constituting the most sublime expression of his genius. This great work, seldom heard out of Germany, and never before performed in France, and which, with its complicated difficulties of intonation and of execution, is at once the puzzle of musicians and the terror of singers, was, on the day referred to, most superbly rendered by the entire force of the unrivalled orchestra of the Conservatoire and a choir composed of the hundred pupils of that establishment and three hundred of the best pupils of the communal schools of Paris—in all, four hundred voices—the whole being under the leadership of that prince of wielders of the *bâton*, M. Pasdeloup. The vast edifice was crammed to its utmost capacity, all lovers of music in this city on that particular day having made it a point of honor to be present.

The early opening of the legislative session has compelled the court to forego its usual autumnal sojourn at Compiègne, and will bring the master and mistress of the Tuileries back to that residence as soon as the repairs now going on in the Imperial apartments are completed. It is said that the Empress, desirous to ensure employment for the artificers of luxury that constitute so important a fraction of the population of Paris, has determined that the coming "season" shall be an exceedingly gay one. The series of official gayeties has just been inaugurated by a splendid reception at the residence of the "talking minister," M. Rouher, and the grandees of the senate, legislature, and finance will shortly be outrivalling one another in brilliant and costly entertainments. The opera has just announced that the first of the eight famous masked balls that take place on Saturdays, at midnight, previous to Lent, will be given on the 20th of the coming month, and the *sommitês* of the *demi-monde* are already busy in devising the extravagant costumes which figure so prominently at those renowned but unedifying gatherings. The usual display of costly trifles, destined to make havoc in the purses of the givers of New Year's gifts, has not yet taken possession of the shop-windows of the capital, but the victims of custom and vanity know that their doom is rapidly approaching, and are preparing, more or less resignedly, to meet it.

The operas and theatres have had an unusually successful year, thanks to the crowds drawn hither by the now defunct Exhibition; and the clerical journals are comparing, with undisguised bitterness, the monthly returns of the organization for the collecting throughout the entire Catholic world of "Peter's Pence" with the receipts of the Parisian theatres; and showing that, while the month of October contributed only 100,000f. to the Papal exchequer, "Robert le Diable," "Duke Job," "La Dame Blanche," "La Cagnotte," "La Biche au Bois," "Peau d'Ane," "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein," "Les Faux Bonshommes," and "L'Œil Crevé" (the latter, with its charming songs, the rage of the moment), have netted, during the same period, close upon three millions.

The operatic and theatrical world, encouraged by the continuous successes of the last six months, are in a fever of preparation for the coming season. La Nilsson, who has exchanged her position at the Lyric Theatre for an engagement at the Grand Opera, is achieving a fresh triumph in "Guillaume Tell;" La Patti is basking in the full sunshine of public favor at the Italiens; Mme. Miolan-Carvalho, in Gounod's charming opera of "Romeo and Juliet," is drawing crowded houses at the Théâtre Lyrique; the latest creation of the prolific muse of Offenbach, "Robinson Crusoe" (which the Parisians persist in writing "Crusoë," and making three syllables of, as they invariably do of "Defoë" and "Edgar Poë"), brought out a few nights ago with magnificent decorations, at the Opéra Comique, promises to be as popular as "La Belle Hélène," "Orphée," and "La Grande Duchesse," by the same inexhaustible composer of merry and sparkling melodies; while "Géneviève de Brabant," by the same author, now in course of rehearsal at the Menus-Plaisirs, is said to be destined to throw all its predecessors into the shade. The revival of "Les Faux Bonshommes" at the Variétés, and of George Sand's "Beaux Messieurs de Bois Doré" at the Odéon, must also be numbered among the successes of the moment.

The Hall of the Athénée, in the Rue Scribe, after trying to get itself filled with the aid of lectures, concerts, etc., has just turned itself into a theatre and will open its doors to the public in the course of a few days. It has just given its first full-dress rehearsal, when the administration celebrated the event by a distribution of punch to all concerned, the latter, of course, drinking the same with an enthusiastic toast to the success of the undertaking.

The Chess Club of this city, under the presidency of Prince Murat, which corresponds with kindred organizations all the world over, and which got up, while the Exhibition was going on, an "International Chess Tournament," in which M. Kalisch, of Hamburg, was the victor, is just now much excited by the approaching trial of skill between its members and M. Kalisch, who, elated by his recent triumph, has challenged twenty of its members, engaging to play the twenty games simultaneously. This curious affair comes off on Monday next at the rooms of the Club.

The gay world is looking forward with equal interest to the approaching trial of the heads of one of the calumnious little daily papers which have become so popular here during the last two years, the said editors being sued by the Princess von Metternich for certain disparaging insinuations against herself which recently appeared in the paper in question. "It is not the Princess von Metternich-Winebourg, it is not the Austrian ambassadress at the court of France, who brings this suit against the editors of the *Corsaire*," says the angry lady, in speaking of this affair, "it is simply Madame de Metternich, whose dignity as a wife and a mother is outraged by the calumnious aspersions of that journal." The sympathy of the public is altogether on the side of the witty and brilliant princess, who is so great a favorite here that we are to have this winter, besides the fashionable new "Metternich green," "the Metternich fan," "the Metternich sash," "the Metternich toque," and "the Metternich boot."

A pretty innovation has also been made on the monotony of the bills of fare always laid beside the plate of each guest at fashionable dinner-parties, and consisting of a card with a little water-color drawing surmounting the list of dishes to be offered to the company. These drawings may be landscapes, bunches of flowers, or groups of figures, but in all cases exquisitely executed, and intended to be kept by each guest as a *souvenir* of an agreeable meeting. The new fashion has been originated by the Duchess de Mouchy, who painted with her own hands a series of these cards for the guests at one of her recent dinners. The innovation was voted "charming;" and no dinner party of any pretension to fashion will be, for some time to come, considered "perfect" without these ornamented "*menus*." Susse and Giroux will presently deal a first blow at the new fashion by bringing out cards with designs in chromo-lithograph, accessible to a lower range of purses, and the inferior stationers will then extinguish it altogether by printing off a host of squibs and caricatures at a few sous the dozen, and thus drive the amphytrions of the Olympian Aratum back to the primitive costliness of gold-lettered white satin.

The movement for giving a better secondary education to girls, lately inaugurated by the decision of M. Duruy, and against which the fiery new pamphlet of the Bishop of Orleans is fulminating so violently, has led, in the town of Orleans, to the formation, for carrying out the liberal views of the Minister of Public Instruction, of an association which opened its classes a few days ago at the Mairie of Orleans, with the aid of the professors of the college, and in the presence of the prefect, mayor, and deputies. Thirty-nine pupils, belonging to respectable families of the town, had entered their names, and all came to the opening, accompanied by their mothers or other female relatives, who made up an interested auditory of about eighty respectable women. The bishop will doubtless publish a second pamphlet, still more violent than the first, against the "demoralizing tendency" of all intellectual culture beyond reading, writing, and arithmetic when imparted to the unwhiskered half of humanity.

A rumor now prevalent among the American colony in this city—unusually numerous this year—attributes to the United States Minister here, General Dix, the intention of resigning his post. According to one version of the rumor, the general, foreseeing the possibility of a change in the home policy of his government, prefers to resign his position rather than risk finding himself superseded. According to another version, the general is indisposed to continue in a position which, however brilliant, compels him to spend $10,000 a year beyond the amount of his official salary; while, according to the third version, the general, as president of the Pacific Railway Company, finds a residence here incompatible with his duties as head of that important and magnificent undertaking.

Fine Arts.

PICTURES ON EXHIBITION IN NEW YORK.

As we in New York have for the present no public or otherwise permanent collections of works of art for the use of the people, we must make the most we can of the ever-changing exhibition which the enterprise of the great dealers provides for us. There is to be no Gambart collection exhibited this year. Be the reasons what they may, Mr. Pilgeram and his

French, English, and Belgian canvases will not be visible at the Tenth Street gallery or elsewhere; and the regular picture-dealers have not been showing us many pictures of importance this past autumn, until now there is an interesting lot of pictures to be seen at Mr. Knoedler's gallery. A few of these are the property of a New York gentleman who has brought them recently from Europe; the rest are sent out by Goupil & Co. to take their chances for sale. And first we name two pictures by our old acquaintance, Florent Willems, each of a single figure. One of these pictures is called "Le Printemps," and has to do with a lady in a white dress and huge straw hat, in the fashion of no matter what particular year—perhaps of none—a young lady and a rosy, who comes in through a curtained doorway, her apron full of flowers, and meets us face to face. And in the other picture another young lady, quite like the former—she also in white satin and a broad-flapped straw hat, with "hands half-gloved," as Mr. Page has it in his jocose catalogue to an important exhibition of his pictures—is taking a last glance at herself in a little hand-mirror before going out. A splendid shaggy-legged greyhound is waiting for and watching this second lady, and his presence makes this the better picture of the two. Apart from him, the pictures are too strong in drapery and accessories, and too weak in human interest, to be pictures of sentiment, while they do not reach great excellence in color nor in harmonies of line. They are painted with great skill, they are wonderfully smooth and high-wrought, but this smoothness and high finish is of absolutely no importance. No great artist, no man who is truly an artist, would aim at this glossy surface to his completed work. As an end, roughness is nothing, smoothness is nothing, but harmonies of color are everything; and as a means it is probable that this smoothness is not compatible with the handling of a colorist, nor to be found in the work of any painter to whom color is the great thing.

The pictures of Jean Leon Gérome are a further proof of this. It has been well said of this famous and truly able painter that his execution is masterly, because he executes each part and passage of his picture once for all, needing no alteration, but that "it is because he does not see color that he is able to leave each passage when it is done." And the same writer says—perhaps too sharply, but still with a sharp truth—that Gérome "paints generally in mud and ink, which he tries to redeem by isolated imitations of bright colors, but he is incapable of color synthesis. He does his bits of bright color very cleverly, but his best works are those which look most like studies in sepia." Now, M. Gérome's picture which is before us—the Louis XIV. and Molière, painted in 1862—marks fairly enough the change in his style which brought him to his present peculiarly uniform handling; and it was about two years afterward that a clever French critic spoke of Gérome, "who is detestable, because his execution imitates the bellies of frogs." This Louis XIV. is not one of his best half-dozen pictures, but it is a fair enough sample of his style and tone, and an examination of it will show the defects which are visible in all his work. Here is a blue dress; here is a lighter blue coat; here is a red coat laced with gold; here is every color of the rainbow, and yet a sufficiency of subdued tones as well. But the result is harsh, it is patchy; a photograph of one of his pictures is always more pleasing than the picture itself—but of this picture there is a large engraving, and that is much more beautiful than its original.

M. Gérome's drawing is nearly always fine; his figures are generally well rounded, without excessive darkness or other exaggeration of shadow; his gradations of tone well managed; his conception of a subject, though hardly imaginative, is complete, rational, scholarly; his passionless recording of Oriental scenes, and his studious reproduction of scenes of classical antiquity, can hardly fail to be a lasting benefit to true historical art. The photographs published by Goupil & Co. of his many pictures are exceedingly interesting and worthy of study; we have said above that his pictures take well, as indeed they must. At Mr. Knoedler's store not long since there was a magnificent collection of these photographs, taken with especial care for the great Paris Exhibition of this year, and this fine portfolio could be bought for less than one of the originals. A student can hardly understand one important side of modern art until he knows "The Gladiators" well, nor another side well until he knows "The Almée." But it has been necessary to insist less upon his best recognized merit, and to speak of his not so well known deficiencies.

M. Emile Plassan can color; few French painters can color so well. It is a great pleasure to see so fine a picture of his as the little family scene near the Gérome. And there are three other pictures by him in these galleries, although not so large or so masterly as the one we have named. M. Plassan does not always draw nor always compose with the calmness shown in this picture of the "Morning at Home"—as it might be called—and in this one are seen his habitual fault of slighting detail, as in folds of drapery and the like, and of too great dependence upon an excessive rosiness of complexion. His pictures are unelaborated and incomplete in comparison with the consummate work of either Willems or Gérome, but they hold their own with either by their purely artistic properties. Less of a student, probably a less thorough observer of character and of form, than either, Plassan can see color and they cannot.

The celebrated name of Meissonier is represented here by a thoroughly characteristic work, a little picture of booted and buff-coated soldiers smoking and playing cards—perfection in its own way; admirable boots and buff-coats, sword-hilts and corslets; admirably well drawn men; perfectly well understood wrinkles in dress and in face; browns and greys not inharmonious; fine composition in chiaro-oscuro injured by sparkling lights on nose and forehead; a picture without tenderness or sympathy, with no unusual or elevated thoughts in it, but unsurpassably clever. And there are small pictures by other men who paint worse in the same way, Fichel and Lobrichan. Spain, seldom represented in America by a picture, gave birth and name to Zamacoïs, whose very able and interesting picture, "Contribution Indirecte," has come directly from the *salon* of this year. There is a large picture by Bouguereau; there are small ones by Preyer, the Düsseldorf fruit-painter, and Toulmouche, the elaborator of school. patterns and fashionable costume; there are three by Baugniet, who is a more graceful and less mechanical Toulmouche, and two by De Jonghe, a painter who is esteemed here fully as much as he deserves. But the names of these painters, and our expression of gratitude for the occasional glimpses of the highly trained art of France, must close our notice for this week.

On Friday next the American Society of Painters in Water-Colors will open their first annual exhibition at the Academy of Design building. We are told that the collection numbers some three hundred drawings by native and foreign artists, and that great pains have been taken to get together the best specimens of the art which could be procured.

Correspondence.

THE TALMUD.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is a highly gratifying feature of The Nation that it gives a review of the reviews and other periodicals, and certainly more than one reader will feel obliged to The Nation for having twice (Nov. 14 and 28) called the attention of the public to the article in the *London Quarterly Review* about the Talmud. Now, we have a proverb in German, "Aller guten Dinge sind drei"—would you allow me a few remarks about the same subject, wherein I will confine myself to what is said in your articles?

It would be presuming on my part to add anything to the praise given to the article in *The London Quarterly Review*. The whole structure of it shows that it is from the same author who has written the valuable articles about Samaritans, Targum, etc., in "Smith's Biblical Dictionary." But if the critics in England point out that article as if the Talmud, like another Pompeii, had just been discovered, and as if nothing like that had ever been done before, they may be right concerning England, but not in reference to other countries, especially Germany. Original, striking, and vivid as the article is, and although many of its parallels are new and interesting even to those acquainted with that branch of literature, the materials and even partly the characterizing strokes have been brought to market (if I may use the expression) in the articles of the Encyclopediæ of Ersch and Gruber (Sec. II., Part 27)—the second of which exists in an English translation made by the author himself—in the works of Zunz, Jost, Grætz, Geiger (partly translated into English lately), Delitzsch, to which may be added one book in Italian, viz., "Il Giudaismo illustrato," by S. D. Luzzato (late professor at the Collegio Rabbinico in Padua). The proverbs, the ethical maxims, as well as the practical common-sense rules (a distinction made by the Talmud itself, which calls the latter vulgar sayings), have been partly collected by Dukes, Fürst, etc., while the old Florilegium Hebraicum of J. Buxtorf fil. contains another valuable collection. The translations of the Mischnah and parts of the Gemarah, made by Surenhusius, Ewald, Dachs, Koch, Wagenseil, and others, I will only mention *per [aposiopesin]*, as those fragmentary pieces—although partly accompanied with good notes—give only a faint reflex of the original in its whole, the more so as the casuistic part (called the Halacha) is written in a highly concise style, short-handed like mathematical formulas, and, besides, so abounding in syllogistic expressions that a translation is only a diffuse paraphrase in comparison with the original; the poetical and legendary part (called the Haggadah) loses by translation in so far as a characteristic feature of it consists in a kind of playing upon (biblical) words, especially with proper names. The parallels between

the Talmud and the New Testament have been drawn by Lightfoot, Schöttgen, Nork, and Otho (in whose Lexicon Rabb. it is, for instance, shown that every part of the Lord's Prayer is a current Talmudical expression).

But as the language in which the above-mentioned books are written forms a kind of wall for the public at large, it must be new and surprising that Repentance, Faith, Salvation, etc., are words *not* peculiar to Christian thought. To what is said in THE NATION I would only add that those and other words are translations of Hebrew or Aramaic words. The words existed before in Greek and Latin, but they received a new stamp. Just as the Arabic was, through Mohammed, enriched with Hebrew words (which could be done, both being of the same family), so the Latin and Greek were enlarged, not with new words but with new significations. All those words originated in the soil of Babylon and Palestine. There they have their roots, even in the grammatical sense. Repentance, for instance, is expressed by a word which signifies "returning" (to God, *scil*). Sin means literally "trangression." To express sin, sinner (*offender*), forgive, etc., by the words *debt, debtor, remit*, etc., is derived from the Aramaic idiom. The word for faith has quite a different meaning in the old Greek "pistis" and the Latin "fides;" it has its deeper sense in the Hebrew, while the "oligopistos" of the N. T. (of little faith, "kleingläubig" in German) does not occur at all in the classic Greek, and is a literal translation of a current Talmudical expression. The devil—"diabolus," in our sense of the word—is a noun. The original Greek word is an adjective. Diabolus is the translation of the Hebrew Satan or of an Aramaic word (occuring also in Daniel iii. 8) which has exactly the same meaning as the English "backbiter." The old Greek word for God, "Theos," is used in the N. T. sometimes without the article, which shows the difference between the two significations. But even words which have apparently nothing to do with religion have undergone a change. The old Greek *Kosmos* means "ornament," and in this sense it is used in the Greek translation of the O. T., the Septuagint. A secondary signification is the Universe, on account of its wonderful harmony (the Latin "mundus" is the translation of it); but in the N. T. it is—in imitation of a post-biblical Hebrew word—used in the sense of our "world." (It has the same meaning in modern Greek.) Consequently there are two *Kosmoi*—this kosmos wherein we live, and another kosmos to come—an expression which would have been quite unintelligible to an inhabitant of old Hellas.

In short, the style of the N. T. is, with some exceptions, so thoroughly Semitic that in reading the Syriac version one would think he had the original before him. For the same reason it is astonishing that the recent Hebrew translation—made for missionary purposes—is so full of blunders of style and has no feature of the Hebrew of the O. T. that it ought to have.

Besides the Biblical criticism, there are other reasons why the Talmud ought to become a field of study, as is observed in THE NATION. The history of the church, Christian manners, and customs would occasionally get some illustration from there. As an example, allow me to recur to THE NATION of May 2, 1867, page 353, where mention is made of an article in *The Atlantic* about the preference of the East. The Christians of old used, in saying their prayers, to turn the face toward the east (Selden, De Diis Syr. Synt. II., cap 10, p. 325. Ascoli, Studii Critici II. 239). So it is prescribed in the Talmud that those living in the west must turn their faces toward the east in saying their prayers; Jerusalem being then at the east, the east is to be considered as Kiblah (as the Arabians call it), the region to which to turn the face. But there is another passage in the Talmud (B. Bathra 25), that one R. Scheschet, who was blind, said to his servant, "When it is time for prayer let my face be turned toward north, south, or west, but not to the east, because it is the east which the *Minim* declare to be the holy region." The word *Minim* (plural of *Min*) is a general term for dissenters, and is applied in the Talmud to different sects; but it can be proved by other passages that this R. Scheschet, the same as his contemporary, R. Abbahu (who lived in Cæsarea), had manifold controversies and polemical disputations with Christians. It is therefore highly probable that the quoted passage contains an allusion to the Christian custom of turning the face toward the east.

It seems that Renan, through his quotations in the "Vie de Jésus," and by what he says about the Talmud in his introduction, has awakened an interest (or shall I say curiosity?) in this book. However that may be, it is a *signatura temporis*, and the pages in which the Talmud is spoken of in such high terms are historical pages, and glorious pages, too. No book in the world was ever so much persecuted as this poor Talmud. Hatred and narrow-minded ignorance made an alliance against it, and the same *sancta simplicitas* which helped to burn Huss ordered auto-da-fés for the Talmud. What is the Talmud? The answer will nowadays be quite different from what it was some time ago. Covarruvias (in his "Tesoro de la lengua Castellana," s. v. Talmud) says the Talmud is a perverse and ridiculous book, full of fables (*libro perverso y ridiculo, todo fabuloso*). He does not say much more about it, for the obvious reason that he does not know much more. But that reminds me of what I myself heard some years ago in this city of New York. It was at a meeting of the American Oriental Society that one member, a clergyman, used, in speaking on some subject, the expression, "rabbinical fables." Rabbinical fables! That is an old traditional expression, but that soon will be out of fashion. Rabbinical fables! There is no literature on earth which has not its fables—only people call them not fables, but legends, Sagas, etc. Is not the whole mediæval science, history, as well as natural history, interwoven with fables? And it is partly from the Talmud that these fables emanated, as we find them in the Gesta Romanorum, in the Arabian and Byzantine writers; but if people find them in Tabari or in Syncellus, they do n't call them fables. A theologian at least ought not to speak about rabbinical fables; he ought to know that those rabbinical fables found their way into the Apocalypsis, into the letters of Paulus, into the writings of Origenes, Hieronymus, Tertullian, and other fathers of the Church.

But never mind! The walls of prejudice are crumbling down. The auto-da-fés which did not light, but only burn, are no more. Instead of them we see the light of true science and investigation. That light was hidden through centuries, but there have always been some torch-bearers who carried it through the dark ages, and who left it to others to keep it after them, like those of Lucretius:

"Et quasi Cursores vitai lampada tradunt."

M. G——M.

YORKVILLE, N. Y., December, 1867.

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The Week.

CONGRESS has adjourned for the holidays, without having completed any very important business besides killing impeachment. The lower House has contributed its share to the stoppage of contraction by the Secretary of the Treasury. The bill to repeal the cotton tax still hangs fire in the Senate. Mr. Stevens's bill, making the majority of votes cast, and not the majority of the votes of persons registered, necessary to the adoption of the new Southern constitutions, has also gone up to the Senate, and lies there. In the course of the debate, it appeared that Mr. Stevens, and those who follow him, have given up the idea of exacting from the South any more guarantees than those already set down in the law. So we appear to be actually near reconstruction. It is possible that through "mild confiscation," "grants of forty-acre farms to negroes," and other measures of that sort, we might have reached a perfect state of society in the Southern States; but then it is not unnatural that the mass of the public, with experience of the human race before it, should feel a little doubtful, or, as Mr. Stevens or Mr. Phillips would call it, "cowardly" about the matter, and prefer less sweeping measures. Under the present plan of reconstruction some rascals doubtless will prosper and some honest men come to grief; but then, why should we weep over this when we make no complaints whatever about the failure of the philosopher's stone, and keep so quiet about our inability to square the circle?

It is not to be wondered at that the President's message in regard to General Hancock "created some amusement on the Republican side of the House." Whether Mr. Johnson, when he sent it in, intended it seriously or as a joke, he certainly cut a figure of a sort certain to please his enemies. If he intended to damage Hancock's chances as a candidate, his doing it so openly puts him in the ridiculous position of a spiteful man disclosing his spitefulness; if he intended to hurt the chances of Mr. Pendleton, Mr. Seymour, and other civilians who are thought to aspire to the succession, his exposure of himself is the same; if he meant to put a jest on Congress by asking the two Houses to thank Hancock for giving some indications of undoing what Sheridan was thanked for doing, he could not expect to escape some contemptuous laughter. In any light in which his action in the affair can be placed, he seems to have "forgot himself" to no purpose. General Hancock, we should say, may reasonably be angry at being made to figure in such an affair. He has done nothing at all of consequence since he went to New Orleans; the dreadful silence and wariness of the possible candidate—when he happens to be shrewd, or to have the Blairs for advisers—seem to have fallen on him, and he will doubtless keep pretty torpid until he gets or fails to get his nomination. He has been perfectly quiet since his appointment to the post he now holds. Mr. Johnson justly says that the army officers who have been as faithfully devoted to the great principles, etc., etc., as General Hancock may probably be numbered by thousands. There are enough, at any rate, to keep him busy for the rest of his official life if he intends recommending them all, as fast as they do nothing, for votes of thanks, in messages which painfully recall "Marshall's Life of Washington" and other works of that kind. The advisers of this latest movement of the President, he himself, and Hancock must by this time be sorry that it was ever thought of.

The week has been made remarkable—we would we could say it was likely to be made memorable—by one of the most frightful, and, if we are not mistaken, decidedly the most destructive accident in the history of rail-road travelling. A car ran off the track on the Lake Shore line, rolled down an embankment, took fire from the stove, and all the inmates, about eighty, were killed, burnt, or desperately wounded. This is by no means the first time that that pleasing piece of car furniture, the stove, has proved the means of adding fresh horror to collisions and other accidents, and one might bear with this drawback on it if it were tolerably agreeable as a heater. But it is probably the least scientific and most unhealthy mode of supplying heat in a small apartment ever devised, barring charcoal braziers; and such accidents as this last one will, we hope, lead to the introduction of some substitute worked by steam which shall warm the feet and not the head. Under the present system, nothing but a life of hard toil in the open air is sufficient to qualify one to bear the action of the car stove on the brain combined with the action of the frost on the toes on a long winter's journey. The small amount of attention this last accident is receiving from the public is nothing new, but it is rather saddening and puzzling. The community is seething with humanity, but, owing to some peculiarity of temperament and habit, great railroad accidents make little or no impression on it. Has distance anything to do with this indifference, or is it only apparent indifference? The newspapers give larger type and more prominent place to an account of a prize-fight than to that of the accident. The best evidence we could have of the public interest in such matters would be, however, not lamentations in the newspapers, but the subjection of railroad companies to a more rigid accountability to opinion—and this certainly we do not see. No accident is ever enquired into as it ought to be, and nobody is ever punished for any accident.

The Anti-Slavery Standard announces a "movement" for the nomination of General Butler and Mr. Wade for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, and great consequent confusion to the Republican party, or, at all events, the Conservative wing of it. It is not at all likely that the extreme Radicals will accept Grant quietly, no matter how he trims himself or what opinions he expresses. This section of the party is particular rather about a candidate's temperament than about his opinions; and Grant's reserved, cautious temperament is inexpressibly repulsive to them. "Courage" is the quality they rate highest in a

politician—that is, they are more particular about the spirit in which a man thinks than about the product of the thought. We sincerely trust that both Messrs. Butler and Wade will get a nomination from somebody. With all their faults, they both deserve more recognition than they have yet received. For Mr. Wade, the party has done nothing except make him President of the Senate when Mr. Johnson's impeachment was impending; and we have always felt that this was rather a compliment to his physical prowess than to his qualities of mind, and that the majority had a vague idea that the imbroglio would perhaps end in a personal tussle between the Chief Magistrate and the presiding officer of the Upper House.

A convention of manufacturers has been sitting at Cleveland, Ohio, during the past week, whose debates and resolutions furnish a good illustration of the successful working of that process of disenchantment—or of sobering, if any one likes the word better—of which we have spoken elsewhere as having been going on very rapidly during the past year. Manufacturers have at last learnt that real relief to any one trade must come in a form which will benefit all equally, and, therefore, instead of going to Washington and lobbying, as they used to do a year or two ago, to have the excise duties lowered, or the impost duties raised on articles produced in their particular industry, they meet and ask for a broad and sweeping measure of reform. In fact, the lobbying system has, to use the popular phrase, been thoroughly "played out," and the clamor for more tariff as a sovereign specific is no longer heard. The Cleveland Convention asks that the process of paying off the national debt at a rapid rate before it is due, thus making the same generation bear all the expenses of the war as well as suffer all its evils, be stopped; that the whole of the internal revenue taxes, except the stamp duties and the taxes on whiskey and spirits, fermented liquors, wines, on legacies, dividends, deposits, steamboat and railway receipts, and a few others of the same kind, be abolished; and that the revenue be wholly raised by customs duties and the taxes we have named. Nothing can be sounder and more sensible; but Mr. Hooper's scheme for restricting the amount of the revenue, and the one so often urged by Mr. D. A. Wells, of a systematic and scientific revision of the whole system of taxation, ought to form part of any plan of reform. Congress is not equal to the task. There are men now on some of the financial committees who know nothing whatever of finance or taxation—and the same thing may be said of some who make speeches on these subjects, unless light has been communicated to them supernaturally since the session opened, in a dream or vision. Some of their doctrines are certainly not of this world; but from what particular department of the other world they have been furnished, we dare not guess.

The question of the effect of American naturalization upon the relations of American citizens born abroad with the governments under which they were born, underwent some discussion in the Senate on Thursday, and was treated with great good sense and moderation. There is probably no subject which affords a better outlet for the claptrap and balderdash of the regular Congressional buffoons, and it is therefore as well to bear in mind that the doctrine held by the English lawyers, touching the impossibility of a man's getting rid of his allegiance, is also the doctrine held by the American courts, and has been acknowledged to be sound doctrine by American diplomatists. The question now is not whether the English and Prussians are wrong in their views of the law, as some of the Fenian sages seem to suppose, but whether the law had better be changed. There is, as Mr. Sumner well remarked, an absurdity, now when men are emigrating to this country by the million with the sanction and encouragement of their governments, in maintaining that their first allegiance sticks to them for ever and cannot be repudiated. This theory did very well when emigrants were rare, and returned emigrants were rarer still, but it will not do in this age of steam, telegraphs, railroads, and emigration *en masse*. It is not only unreasonable, but highly inconvenient, and if Congress will put an end to it, by making American naturalization absolute against all the world, it will do civilization some service as well as save a great many valuable citizens from loss or annoyance. As regards the case of the Fenians in England, we suspect it will be found somewhat difficult to get any Government to agree not to take any notice of anything a person says or does abroad, when he appears on its own soil. If the conspiracy to kill President Lincoln had been formed in Italy and the conspirators had been found a month afterwards in Washington, and were arrested and brought to trial, what judge would on the trial rule out all evidence showing what the prisoner said and did in Italy? What a man says and does anywhere is always cognizable by courts, if it helps to explain his motive in being found within their jurisdiction or it can be shown to form part of an undertaking which was completed within their jurisdiction. There is a French statute passed a year ago which goes further than this—as it makes Frenchmen, living abroad, liable to prosecution on their return to France for words spoken or written abroad, though they may have had no connection whatever with their return to their native country. What confusion reigns in the Fenian mind on this subject, is revealed by their assertion that the denial of a mixed jury to Warren is something of which the United States can take cognizance. The Brothers evidently believe that foreigners are entitled to trial by jury under the law of nations. Foreigners are entitled to a fair trial according to law, but the matter of a mixed jury is as much within the discretion of the judge as the validity of the prisoner's challenges. Parliament might, if it chose, deprive all foreigners of trial by jury altogether. The law of nations no more entitles them to it than to roast-turkey and pumpkin-pie while in jail. In many countries of Europe they would not enjoy it at all. As we said recently, the preparation of bills or resolutions on this subject ought to be kept, as a matter of decency as well as safety, out of the hands of certain "prominent statesmen" in both Houses whom we will not name. The Committee on Foreign Affairs in the Senate will deal with it perfectly, if let alone. We wish we could say as much for that of the House.

Thaddeus Stevens is often called a "commoner," and a "great commoner," in political speeches and resolutions, by people who fancy that because Pitt was called a "commoner," in a country in which he was surrounded by noblemen in political life, the name is one generally applicable to anybody who distinguishes himself in the political arena. But the fact is that Pitt *was* a commoner, while Thaddeus Stevens is not. It would be just as accurate to call him "a terrible cornet of horse," because Pitt was once so called, as to call him a "commoner" or "venerable commoner," as the New York *Times* recently did, though it certainly knows better. There can be no "commoners" in a country in which there are no nobles, any more than there can be wives in a country in which there are no husbands. Although the use of the term is not a matter of serious importance, it is of importance enough to be noticed, as it is a perfect specimen of that species of balderdash which consists in imitation of things not clearly understood, and of which the well-known African potentate, who came to pay a visit on board a man-of-war attired simply in a cocked hat and spurs, has long furnished a favorite illustration.

One of the most romantic of the tales ever told about that romanti race, our aboriginies, and perhaps as good a specimen as one often gets of the story that is repeated by everybody and credited by no one at all—is to this effect, that on an evening of December—but of December in that milder clime where the blue Potomac flows—the warrior chief of the Six Nations might have been seen walking solitary, unattended, and alone, without guard or the company of a friend. Evidently he had so chosen; he was accompanied by his own musings. It was Saturday, and the following Tuesday was to witness his nuptials with a daughter of the palefaces residing in Sackett's Harbor. The invitations were all out, the most fashionable church hired, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." But a step is heard, and a Seneca, middle-aged, with a hang-dog face, and the slippery, subtle eye of a medicine-man, accosts the chief. The Indian, though brave, is superstitious; he will allow his limbs to be torn from his body, and small pieces of lighted wood to be thrust under the nails of his fingers and toes, and will bestow upon his baffled tormentors only a smile of contempt or a song of the deeds of his grandfather and father; but the

terrors of the other world subdue his imagination. So the chief trembles and follows the wizard; they pass into a hotel in the neighborhood, up-stairs, into a room, where the medicine-man mixes a potion. The chief, in obedience to the injunction of his companion, swallows the draught. He did not wake till Wednesday morning, and of course the wedding was ruined. It appears that the Six Nations have a dusky maid already selected as the bride of their chief, and sent their most accomplished necromancer to prevent the defilement of his blood. The medicine-man has not been seen since, we regret to say, for the story's sake. We have called him a Seneca and he is such, we believe; his drug is probably to be found in boundless profusion in some county of the "Dark and Bloody Ground."

The debates in the French Chambers, reviewing the policy of the Government during the previous half-year, which take place at the commencement of every session, form the most striking piece of European news. M. Thiers repeated, with his usual force and brilliancy, his objections to the unification of Italy; M. Jules Favre, his objections to French interference; and M. Rouher made the usual official defence of the Imperial policy, which consists generally of deductions from a series of high-sounding propositions about the requirements of abstract justice and of French honor, intermingled with appeals to religious and patriotic bigotry. Of course, the discussion was simply intended to express opinions; the minority could only muster seventeen votes. At the rate at which the minority have gained in the last ten years, they would, if they received an unlooked-for help from events, muster about 100 members in the year 1900. A singular controversy has sprung up in the Senate about the right of "interpellation," as the questioning of the Government by the opposition is called; the Government holding that when a member wishes to ask a question, or raise one, he must send it, without mentioning its nature, in writing, to the president; the president transmits it to a committee, the committee to the ministry; and, if the Government like the subject, the discussion may take place. In the lower Chamber the rule is somewhat broader, but the process is a good illustration of what the freedom of debate in the Chambers amounts to. The precise inference from all the late French reverses which the opposition is striving to drive home is the danger of "personal government," and the necessity for a responsible ministry. The "one-man power" has apparently received incurable wounds from the Mexican expedition and the German war.

Parliament has adjourned for the holidays in England not only without doing anything beyond providing the expenses of the Abyssinian war, but without giving any indication of what it is going to do in the spring. The dreadful Irish question seems to be what mainly occupies the public mind, but nobody in the House of Commons seemed to have the courage to touch it. Mr. Gladstone acknowledges once more that English misgovernment, in the past, has been the great cause of Irish misery and discontent—but most English statesmen have got as far as this any time during the last forty years. The plans proposed as cures are almost innumerable. Nearly every newspaper has one of its own, and most politicians of distinction have one also. The latest and most striking one is Mr. Goldwin Smith's proposal to hold a Parliament in Dublin, for the discussion of Irish grievances. We fear the only purpose this would serve would be the supply to the Fenians of materials and opportunity for a hostile demonstration of unusual magnitude. Mr. Smith's idea is, that a portion, at least, of the cure must be effected through the imagination. Another writer, of considerable acuteness, sees no hope of relief but in the emigration of the entire Celtic population of the island to the United States, and he has evidently the hearty concurrence of the Celts themselves, who seem fully resolved to try the plan if they can. In the meantime, the English Fenians continue in their attempts to blow up jails, and are making the British public tolerably miserable.

Our Cretan correspondent, whose letter, owing to its late arrival, we regret to be unable to print entire, corrects our assertion that a commission of enquiry had been sent to Crete by the Ottoman Government, the foundation of the story being that Ali Pasha himself had gone there, to see whether the Cretans would not accept some concessions and still remain rayahs, and then goes on to say: "General Ignatieff's advice was a clear and comprehensive statement of the difficulties under which the empire labors—a diagnosis of the sick man's malady—and a prescription for its cure, viz., the Christianization of the empire by grant of absolute equality to all religions in it. This was the famous 'ultimatum' (the New York *Tribune's*), it being coupled with a declaration which meant, if it did not say, that in case of refusal to take the medicine, Russia would let loose the insurgent element under her control and make an enlarged and revised edition of the war in Crete. There was no menace of direct attack—all that Russia wants in this matter is abstinence on the part of all the European powers, and this (with exception of England) is guaranteed by the joint note of the four powers and the corresponding one of Austria, of which you have ere now news by telegraph. Turkey has not yet rejected or accepted the advice of General Ignatieff (which, by the way, was a paper drawn up by the Emperor himself), but waits to see what she can do, the declaration being one which did not demand an immediate answer, or any, other than compliance. The Cretan imbroglio continues in full force, and the treaty signed between Servia, etc., and the kingdom of Greece will show its results in the early spring, if not sooner, unless the Porte accepts the Russian plan and puts it into sincere operation. I have read the joint note above alluded to, and can say that it declares explicitly that, unless the Porte gives way on the Cretan question, it will be abandoned by the signing powers to the difficulties which may surround it, and can expect neither moral nor material assistance in case of need. It is, in short, notice of abrogation of the treaty of 1856 so far as the signatory powers are concerned. Should European complications permit it, Russia may attack Turkey to assist the threatening insurrections, and in this case the probability is that she will attack on the Asiatic side, not to excite European jealousies by the occupation of the Principalities. The Porte will probably not cede to the new demonstration. A personage of high importance in the empire told me not a week ago that the Sultan neither could nor would grant the cession of Crete or an autonomy, as the old Turkish party regard either of these concessions as the first step in dissolution, and they prefer falling altogether when they move at all. The fact is that the Oriental question may be answered any moment; probably not before the Greeks have got their fleet, but possibly, as I said, sooner than the planners plan to have it. The Turkish army will not be allowed to repress the Cretan insurrection, and if by an extraordinary effort it should be dangerously reinforced, the continental movement will be precipitated." All this confirms the view we took of the "ultimatum" when the news of it arrived.

General Menabrea's ministry has been defeated in the Italian Parliament by a majority of two. The ministry are moral-force men, and while expressing as ardent a desire to secure Rome as anybody else, and as firm a faith that Rome of right belongs to Italy, are opposed to any hastening of the process of annexation by physical force. But even those of the Chamber who agree with them on this point feel that, after things had gone as far as they had, it was the duty of the King's Government not to recede before French menace, and at least to occupy Rome jointly with them. General La Marmora feebly suggested something of the kind to the Marquis de Moustier, but was smartly snubbed, and did not venture to allude to it again. In fact, it is not either the defeat of the Garibaldian invasion, or the postponement of the settlement of the difficulty, or the return of the French to Italy, which exasperates the Italian public, but the amount of kicking from France to which the King's Government has submitted with a smiling face. General Menabrea has, however, made a very good statement of the Italian case in a circular, in which he shows that the convention with France had proved a failure, inasmuch as it had not in any way promoted the reconciliation of Rome with Italy, though this was confessedly its main object. The French cardinals, who sit in the senate, and one of whom is an avowed Gallican and tolerably well hated at Rome, have come out in defence of the temporal power, and even the most moderate of them demands that, sooner than have it suffer damage, Italy be broken up.

Notes.

LITERARY.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. announce "Art and Song Illustrated by Painters and Poets, with a Selection of the Choicest Poems in the English Language." The illustrations are engravings from drawings by Turner, Stothard, and others. It is a holiday book.——D. Appleton & Co. announce Professor Alexander Bain's "Mental and Moral Science: a Compendium of Psychology and Ethics."——Leypoldt & Holt announce translations of Henri Taine's "Italy: Rome and Naples," and "The Ideal in Art." The translator is John Durand.——G. W. Carleton & Co. will publish a book called "Paris in '67," which describes "the Great Exposition and the side-shows of Paris."

—The last time we had occasion to allude to *The Massachusetts Teacher* was just after the sub-masters of the Boston schools had made their ridiculeless protest against the republication, by the editor, of extracts from Mr. Parton's article on Webster in *The North American Review*. Prof. Atkinson's temperate and rational reply to these gentlemen probably had no other effect upon them than to confirm them in their opinion, and it seems also to have left unconciliated the Board of Directors of the Massachusetts State Teachers' Association, whose organ *The Teacher* is. At any rate, Prof. Atkinson's year having expired, the Board have informed him that they can dispense with his services, and he has accepted his deposition with a cheerfulness which comes not only from a sense of mutual incompatibility, but from a philosophical satisfaction in disagreeing with narrow-minded men pursuing a short-sighted policy. In his valedictory, which will be found in the December number, he exposes briefly his own understanding of what education is—"one of the moral sciences, so closely connected with ethics, politics, metaphysics, and theology as to make it impossible to deal properly with educational questions without reference to those connections." This being held by the Board exceedingly dangerous doctrine, they have returned to the rule enforced at some prayer-meetings—"controverted questions in theology and politics not admissible," under penalty of Mr. Moderator Seward's "little bell." Prof. Atkinson is rung-out, and we are curious to see who will be rung into his place. We feel sure that any one who will accept the conditions imposed by the Board, is incapable of editing as it should be edited a journal designed to elevate the teacher's profession in Massachusetts, and to keep it in the front rank of all the States. We have already intimated a doubt whether the very excellence of the Massachusetts schools was not an obstacle to healthy progress, and whether the West might not be expected, in a short time, to outstrip the East in its educational aims and appliances. The action of Massachusetts seems to justify these apprehensions, and it is a significant fact that, under Prof. Atkinson's management, *The Teacher—facile princeps* among journals of the class—secured nearly six hundred subscribers outside the State, and almost two-thirds of these from the West. This is an alliance which Massachusetts can scarcely afford to reject, and we shall be more sorry than we are now if her temporary aberration shall become a permanent divergence from the new path of educational progress. She must either fall behind or come at last to believe, in the words of the Professor, "that the aspects of education change with the changing times, and that no revolution in morals, politics, religion, or science can take place without implying a corresponding change in education."

—In our issue of August 10, 1865, we gave an outline of the great debate which had just taken place in the French Academy of Medicine over the vexed question, Is, or is not, the organ of speech located in the posterior part of the third frontal convolution of the left anterior lobe of the brain? The two most prominent debaters, *pro* and *con.*, were MM. Bouillaud and Velpeau respectively; and it is a curious coincidence that the untimely death of the latter was announced at the banquet of the International Medical Congress last August in Paris, when the former was in the chair. We would not pretend that the great surgeon's fate is ominous of that of his side in the controversy, but Dr. E. C. Seguin, late of the New York Hospital, contributes an article on aphasia to the January number of *The Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence* which has great comfort for the believers in phrenology. It is a pretty thorough review of all the recorded testimony on the subject, which is beset with a good many difficulties, and though no decision is reached, the writer is evidently disposed to think that all the negative testimony thus far adduced is not, as M. Velpeau insisted, fatal to the theory of MM. Dax, Broca, and Bouillaud. At least he recommends still further investigation. The affection, we may remark, is commonly due to hemiplegia, which, if upon the right side of the body, paralyzes the left hemisphere or lobe of the brain, and *vice versa*; and its symptoms are a total or partial inability to articulate, a total or partial forgetfulness of the vocabulary, and, it would seem, greater or less diminution of intellectual power. We ourselves know of a case in which what on a second attack became confirmed hemiplegia of the left side was attended on the very transient first attack with incoherent and imperfect utterance. After the second attack, as the patient recovered the articulation improved, and the difficulty seemed to be chiefly with the palsied muscles of the face. Uncontrollable laughter—one of the symptoms of Dr. Seguin's case XI.—was also exhibited here, and was often evoked by an opposite emotion. Dr. Hammond's *Quarterly* has been so good from the start that one number could hardly be praised above another. In the first of the second volume will be found, besides the article just mentioned, a valuable paper from the editor, "On the Influence of the Maternal Mind over the Offspring during Pregnancy and Lactation;" one "On the Law of Rape," humanely discussed by Dr. Horatio R. Storer; a very full review of contemporary literature, the usual "Chronicle," etc., etc. It is an elegantly printed octavo, of two hundred pages, and may be said to have been born successful, filling well a place hitherto unoccupied in journalism. A shorter title might, perhaps, add to its success. Its publishers are Moorhead, Simpson & Bond (late A. Simpson & Co.), 60 Duane Street, New York.

—"The Bayard Series," published by Sampson Low, Son & Co., of London, are not intended exclusively for children's books, but the two volumes so far issued are excellent reading for boys of eight years old and upward. The first book of the series is, naturally, the "Story of the Chevalier Bayard," which has been compiled by Mr. E. Walford, from the French authorities. Now the French authorities are resolvable into the original biography of Bayard, the anonymous work of his squire or steward, who is known in literature as "The Loyal Servant." Mr. Walford's own preface makes this entirely clear to any one who did not know it before. Other French writers have done only what Mr. Walford himself has done, reworded and recast, condensed or enlarged, "La Tres Joyeuse Plaisante Recreative Hystoire, composé par le Loyal Serviteur, des faiz gestes, triomphes et prouesses du bon Chevalier sans paour et sans reprouche." It is therefore a question whether a literal translation of that delightful old history would not be better reading than any other possible way of recording the facts of Bayard's eventful and instructive life. This has not yet been tried. The translation known as Southey's is an interesting and well written biography, but is made from the French text of Godefroy, printed ninety years later than the Loyal Servant's book; we have never seen it, but it seems to have been modernized. Southey's translation, however, is the best English life of Bayard. The original French text has been published by Firmin Didot Frères, in their series of "Chefs Œuvres de la Littérature Française," and it would be easy to have that Englished, with care to render faithfully all the Loyal Servant's individualities. Even Mr. Gilmore Simms's life of Bayard is better reading than this undoubtedly more carefully prepared book, for its language smacks a little of the biographer's words, who was writing in the early part of the sixteenth century of his heroic master who had been three years dead. Of the book, taken by itself, we have only good words to say. A much worse life of the good knight would be an excellent and delightful book, and this one is in a convenient form and is well printed.

The second volume of the series is "Saint Louis, King of France, by the Sire de Joinville, translated by James Hutton." It purports to be an exact literal rendering of De Joinville's delightful memoir. The translation has been made from the French edition, forming one volume of the "Recueil des Historiens des Gaules et de la France." De Joinville's work is published by the house of Firmin Didot, and, compared with the text of that edition, this translation is fairly good. It gives the sense quite accurately, even in some difficult passages, but there is not much in it of the picturesque style of the thirteenth-century noble and scholar. This book is the more desirable of the two.

—Among recent works published in Germany, we find the following that may be classed together: "Archiv der Anthropologie," a periodical devoted to the natural and primitive history of man; twenty-two tables to Prof. Bischoff's treatise on "Die Schädel der menschenähnlichen Affen" (the skulls of the man-resembling monkeys); the "Mémoire sur les Microcéphales ou Hommes-singes," by Ch. Vogt; and the "Schädelformen des Menschen und der Affen," by Dr. C. Alby. We also notice a little pamphlet on "The Tellurium and its Application," by F. Wittsack of Berlin (E. Schotte & Co.)——At Mr. L. W. Schmidt's may be had the annual "Deutsche Künst-

ler-Album," published at Düsseldorf. This well known work reproduce the best specimens of Düsseldorf art in very superior lithography. The present volume contains pictures by living artists and a great many poems. We mention among the former: "The Morning," "The Evening," "Southern Tyrol," "Dornröschen," "Der Brautkrone," "Jean Mabuse," "Rheingold," etc. For those who admire or wish to study this school of painters, the "Album" would be a very proper holiday gift.—— Dr. T. Mayer has written a very elaborate book on the "History of French Painting" (Geschichte der französischen Malerei) since 1789. Its most interesting feature is, perhaps, the author's thoughtful remarks on the relation of French painting to French political and moral life. Painting in modern times is not so obviously and sufficiently expressive of national life as it once was, and the task of tracing in painting the evidences of the general views and customs of society is an exceedingly delicate and difficult one. French painting, the most highly cultivated of all modern manifestations of art, may prove to be also the most legible as a book of contemporary life and manners. At all events, the attempt to read it in that way, if made with any acumen and with sufficient knowledge, cannot fail to prove a valuable contribution to the history of modern thought.

SCIENTIFIC.

APPLICATIONS OF ELECTRICITY, AS SEEN AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THE Paris Exhibition afforded a favorable opportunity for the study of the applications of electricity to the arts, and we propose to give a hasty sketch of some of the most important inventions that were there exhibited. In doing this we shall follow the order of our note-book, and not the systematic arrangement of the Imperial Commission.

THE METEOROGRAPH.—This is an apparatus destined to register meteorological phenomena, by means of graphic curves traced upon paper, the movement of which is registered by clock-work. It was invented by Father Secchi, director of the Observatory at Rome, Italy, and occupied a conspicuous place in one of the principal streets of the Palace. It was constantly at work, and was deemed worthy of a grand prize by the jury of awards. There were two prominent faces to the apparatus; one of them was surmounted by a clock, and provided with a paper tablet on which were registered automatically the indications of the barometer, the wet and dry thermometer, and the hour of rain. This roll or tablet of paper would finish its course in two days and a half, and present well-developed curves, the study of which would give all of the details of the phenomena, especially the sudden changes during storms. The second face presented a tablet on which was registered the force and direction of the wind, as well as the indications of the metallic thermometer. This roll finishes its course in ten days, and its principal advantage is to present a *résumé* of the variations of the elements in a way to permit of an easy comparison. The manner in which the various instruments are connected with a galvanic battery is too complicated to admit of a detailed description without the aid of diagrams, but a general description may enable the reader to form a clear conception of the ingenious invention. A properly counterpoised piston floating on the mercury in the barometer, with pencils attached, and applied according to the parallelogram of motion, gives the curves on the tablet. The psychrometer consists of two thermometers, with dry and wet bulb. The thermometers are open at the top, and at the bottom have platinum wires fused into the bulbs to connect with the battery. Two platinum wires, supported on a frame which moves vertically, enter the capillary tubes of the thermometer, and can be plunged at any moment far enough to touch the mercury and thus establish the circuit with the battery. The clock sets in motion every quarter of an hour a little chariot, on which is a miniature Morse telegraph, and which marches back and forth recording in the neatest manner the variations between the wet and dry bulbs, and the moisture of the air. The hour of the rain is marked by the movement of a magnet attached to a wheel provided with buckets and placed on the top of the house. The quantity of the rain is measured by the indications of a float in a suitable reservoir in the basement, and is also automatic in its motions. The direction of the wind is measured by four telegraphs—the force of the wind by peculiar hemispherical wheels or capstans. The battery employed was a modification of Daniel's, which only required the addition of a little water and sulphate of copper every month. A similar apparatus had been in operation for nearly seven years at the Observatory in Rome, and bound volumes of the observations taken during all that time were exhibited in Paris. The cost of the apparatus was ten thousand dollars, but it was unnecessarily luxurious in its appointments, and similar ones could be manufactured on a large scale, in a similar style, for one fifth of that amount. It was a matter of regret among Americans in Paris that the automatic registering and printing barometer of Mr. G. W. Hough, which is in operation in the Merchants' Exchange in New York, was not sent to the Exhibition, for comparison and criticism. It is now universally admitted that only by automatic instruments can we ever hope to solve the question of storms and other meteorological phenomena, and therefore all the inventions of this character must be studied and compared before we can hope to see any particular form universally adopted. Father Secchi's ingenious apparatus was pronounced by competent judges to do its work thoroughly and well, and we should be glad to see it introduced into this country.

ALARM THERMOMETER.—In the agricultural department was a self-regulating and alarm thermometer, constructed upon a plan similar to the one adopted by Secchi. A platinum wire was fused into the bulb, and a second wire inserted at the degree to which it was proposed to raise the temperature in a hothouse or other building, and both wires were connected with a battery which drove a magneto-electric machine so situated that it could at all times be seen by the director of the establishment. In this way control was kept of the temperature, and any neglect on the part of the servants at once noted.

ELECTRIC LIGHT FOR LIGHTHOUSE ILLUMINATION.—The English had a lighthouse of the natural size, the illumination in which was obtained from electro-magnets driven by a two-horse-power engine. This light was visible at night from nearly all parts of Paris, and was of dazzling brilliancy. The value of this application for lighthouse purposes consists in the intensity of the light. The light is condensed into the smallest possible space, and, while it is not diffuse enough for photographic purposes, excepting near by, its intensity exactly adapts it to be seen at great distances. An oil flame would require to be two thousand times larger to produce the same amount of light. The cost beyond the wear and tear of the apparatus was stated to be the fuel required to raise steam for the small engine and the carbon points used in the burners.

AN ELECTRIC PIANO.—A piano driven by electricity was certainly a novelty. The instrument was in the section of machinery, and looked exactly like an ordinary upright piano. It was provided with a key-board, and could be played upon in the ordinary way, or attached to a battery and made to work by electricity. It was the invention of a Swiss familiar with the construction of music-boxes, and was suggestive in its form of that class of instruments. There was a long metallic barrel driven by clock-work, over which revolved a piece of thick pasteboard in which the musical notes were cut. Resting upon the pasteboard were teeth or copper pointers just like those in a music box, each one of which corresponded with the notes of the piano. The pointers were pressed down upon the barrel by springs, and were connected at the other end with a galvanic battery. As long as the pasteboard intervened between the end of these pointers and the revolving barrel, the current was broken and no notes were struck; but as often as the pointer came over a hole cut in the paper, it was thus brought in contact with the metal of the barrel, and the connection in the circuit was established and a note struck on the piano. By bringing these holes opposite the proper pointers, and at distances to correspond to the time of the piece, a complete tune could be played. The papers with the notes cut out looked like a pattern for weaving. Several pieces of music were performed by electricity, and the time and expression were so well imitated that anyone would have supposed that the instrument was being played by hand.

MAGNETO-ELECTRIC MACHINES.—There were several machines of this character, for which it was claimed that they could replace the ordinary galvanic battery in most operations, as, for example, telegraphing, electroplating, and electric light; and it was asserted that they could be used as a motive power. For some unexplained reason, none of these machines appear to be successful. They looked well as specimens of workmanship; they were ingeniously contrived; they were theoretically correct, but in practice they do not secure the confidence of the public. The electro-magnetic company of Birmingham claimed for their motor that it could replace steam, especially where the force required was small, that the cost was the same as that of steam-power, without danger of explosions. The price of a one-horse-power machine was two hundred and fifty dollars. Some of the magneto-electric machines were so covered up that it was impossible to study their interior construction. In all of them the principle of the revolution of helices around magnets appeared to obtain.

ELECTRIC ATTACHMENT TO LOOMS.—In case a thread broke in weaving, the fact was indicated by the violent ringing of a bell, and the stoppage of the machinery, all by automatic motion, and through the aid of a battery.

The same attachment could have been applied to any other machine as well as to a loom.

ENGRAVING BY ELECTRICITY.—There were inventions of this character for copying in fac-simile any pattern whatsoever. One arm of a pointer moved over a picture, and the other over a lithographic stone or a metal plate, and the cutting instrument, by making or breaking the current of electricity, was made to cut or to pass over the plate, and to repeat the shading and depth of any original picture. There were several instruments of this character which apparently did their work well.

ELECTRIC CAR BRAKE.—The engineer is able to put down all of the brakes on a train of cars at the same moment, and to stop the train very suddenly, by simply placing his thumb upon the key which makes the connection with the battery. There were large cars with this attachment, and the whole thing worked well in the model.

ELECTRIC CAR-SIGNAL.—In case the cars were broken asunder the fact would be instantly communicated to the engineer by the ringing of a bell.

ELECTRIC CLOCKS were as numerous as the ordinary time-pieces—in fact, all the clocks on the towers appeared to be driven by electricity, and they consequently kept uniform time.

CASSELLI'S TELEGRAPH.—This instrument was one of the greatest curiosities in the Exhibition. It represented in autograph the message of the sender. If instead of signing your name to a dispatch you were to make a skilful portrait of yourself with a peculiar kind of ink, an exact copy of the same would be sent. Writing, pictures, patterns, and autographs could be transmitted by this machine with entire accuracy, and if the apparatus were to be attached to the electric engraving machine previously mentioned, the despatch could be engraved at a distance of a thousand miles from the original copy. A pointer moving over magnetic ink, by making and breaking the circuit, was made to repeat in fac-simile whatever was put under it. It was all the same whether it was plain writing, a drawing, a pattern, or a picture. The electrograph of Lenoir was a modification of Casselli's, and appeared to work very well. We saw numerous pictures copied by it.

ELECTRIC SIGNALS of all kinds were exhibited. To announce that a switch was wrong, that the draw was open, that the down train had not started, that there was danger ahead, was all practically arranged. For use in the house there was no end to the contrivances. If the servant did not answer the bell, the bell would keep on ringing all day and all night until it was attended to. If a burglar entered a door or window, his approach would be announced by a lusty ringing of bells. If the water was too low in the boiler, ding, dong would go the bell. If the house was growing cold, the mercury would sink in the thermometer and again the bell would ring.

ELECTRIC GAS-LIGHTING.—There were contrivances for turning on and off gas by electricity, lighting any number of burners at the same instant of time. By connecting this with the burglar-alarm telegraph, the opening of a door or window would set the bells ringing and light all of the burners in the house at the same instant.

THE CHRONOGRAPH.—For measuring short intervals of time no instruments have been devised at all equal to those in which electricity is employed. A most important instrument was exhibited by Professor Glassner, of Liége, for measuring the velocity of a cannon-ball by recording the interval of its passage from one point to another. The ball in its flight was made to break copper wires placed on its track at measured intervals, and the breakage of the galvanic current was recorded upon a revolving cylinder in a way to indicate the smallest fraction of time. The variation in the velocity of the ball from the commencement in the cannon until it was spent was accurately measured in this way. The same instrument was adapted to the measurement of time in all other observations, the record in all cases being made by electricity.

ELECTRIC MIRRORS.—In order to attract larks in hunting it is customary to have revolving mirrors, but the machinery hitherto employed has rather served to frighten away the birds. Electric mirrors were exhibited which were claimed to be perfect in their way.

ELECTRIC SAFETY LAMP.—The danger of explosions in coal mines from the careless use of Sir Humphry Davy's safety lamp has been frequently demonstrated. It is proposed to obviate this danger by the introduction of a lamp composed of Geissler tubes properly protected by wire and driven by a small Ruhmkorf coil and battery carried in a knapsack on the back of the workman. These tubes have the air pumped out of them and the light comes from a constant stream of electricity passing from one end to the other. If the glass breaks, no fire can be communicated to the outer gases, as the connection with the battery is broken at the same instant, and no spark can pass. This kind of a lantern could be used by travellers for reading at night on the railroad, as the whole apparatus can be carried in a carpet bag and can be easily suspended from a hook.

THE FRIENDSHIPS OF WOMEN.*

MR. ALGER has already made himself favorably known as a scholar, a writer, and a *connoisseur* in matters of sentiment. He seems to have an especial fondness for certain *outlying* departments, as one may call them, of human feeling; and he treats them with a kind of lyrical enthusiasm and an exhaustive fulness of detail. He recently published a monograph on the taste—or the passion—for solitude; and he now reappears with a treatise on the friendships of women. Both of these topics strike us as nearly akin to that class of subjects which one may call, in a literary sense, only half-legitimate—that is, they are in their essence so volatile and impalpable that, in order to arrest and fix them, and submit them to critical examination, one must run the risk of giving them an artificial rigidity, and robbing them of their natural grace and perfume. It is true that Mr. Alger eludes this peril in a great measure, from the fact that nothing is less critical than his manner; and that the intellectual instrument with which he handles, in either case, the delicate tissue of his theme, has nothing of dogmatic or scientific harshness. His subjects and his discourse possess an equal vagueness and fluidity. He is, to our perception, a purely sentimental writer; a fact which, under the circumstances, carries with it several aids, and as many impediments, to a happy execution of his aim. It ensures a sympathetic treatment and guards him against important errors, but it detracts seriously from the value of his book and from its weight and dignity. It diminishes its literary merit and gives it a shapelessness, a diffuseness, a light and superficial air, very much at variance with the solid character of the information from which it springs, and with the genuine love of letters and of human nature which has apparently fostered its growth. The truth is, we suppose, Mr. Alger is an optimist. He prefers the pleasant side of human nature. He abounds in that tepid gentleness of charity which has an instinctive aversion to the critical spirit. The critical spirit finds its way into so many dingy places, delights so in the dusky, musty corners of character and of history, and discovers so grievous blots upon the fair complexion of humanity, that a great deal of ingenuity is required to persuade the reader that the flame of virtue still smoulders in the dim recesses and that the ugly stains are not indelible. Mr. Alger's ingenuity shrinks from the task. He thinks it the wiser and better plan to direct one's vision along the level spaces of history—or rather, we should say, to let it follow a fancied line in the upper atmosphere, which shall in reality embrace only the scattered peaks of transcendent worth, but which we shall suppose by courtesy to strike the average of healthy, human merit. The purely sentimental way of dealing with personal history and character, which, as we say, is simply the courteous way, and which transports into literature that principle of compromise with the strict and embarrassing truth of things which finds its only complete and beautiful application in manners, is one for which we have individually very little sympathy. We cannot help thinking that, invaluable as it is in literature as an auxiliary sentiment, it is worthless as the prime and sole agent; and that a book which recommends itself chiefly by its gentleness and charitableness of tone will of necessity fall far short of perfection in its kind. Fortunately, Mr. Alger's love of the *couleur de rose* is not the only quality by which he addresses the sympathetic judgment. It is impossible not to sympathize unconditionally with his manly and generous interest in the idiosyncrasies and pursuits of women, as well as with his unwearying intellectual curiosity—although, as we say, he *will* insist on dipping the edge of it in milk.

Mr. Alger, with an intensity of fancy to which he is rather too compliant, speaks somewhere, in the volume before us, of the "vitriolic Swift." We will leave him to devise in his next work an epithet for that intellectual temper which he deems most dissimilar to that of the great satirist, and then we will respectfully apply it to his own genius. It is just this vitriolic—or, to call things by their right names, this satiric—element that is so fatally absent from Mr. Alger's manner. He may, indeed, object that it was designedly excluded at the outset, and that he has been studiously, religiously careful not to cast the faintest shadow of ridicule upon attachments and even, if one pleases, infatuations, which in their day must in this frivolous world have obtained their full share of irony. But what strikes us is, that Mr. Alger's style is not even potentially satirical. It seems to lack that small but essential measure of irony which accompanies real dis-

* "The Friendships of Women. By William Rounseville Alger." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868.

crimination. Mr. Alger is emphatically *not* discriminating. The reader is constantly struck with the oddity of a man's having at once so great a love for collecting personal facts and so little of a turn for analyzing them. Mr. Alger, in truth, with his large information, and his profuseness and abundance in his own direction, might offer a very fair field of exercise to a critic with less knowledge and less tenderness, but more discernment and cleverness and a more lively sense of the real. And such a critic would be especially struck with the fact that the objects of Mr. Alger's special predilection—certain ladies of the earlier modern society of France (Mesdames de Staël, Récamier, Swetchine, etc.)—may be said to have been especially distinguished, in spite of their uncontested moral elevation, by the liveliest sense of this same element of reality in life and by the full complement of malice which accompanies such appreciation. These ladies had not kept salons for nothing; and Mr. Alger, who has evidently frequented their drawing-rooms as assiduously as a man of this generation may do—studied their records, that is, with generous devotion—has assuredly visited them the least bit in vain. As a general thing, Mr. Alger's heroines are more knowing than he, and one is led to doubt whether they would quite recognize themselves in the fresh white gowns in which he dresses them. "A certain Madame Ancelot," says Mr. Alger scornfully, speaking of a clever and distinguished woman who some years ago wrote a rather darkly-shaded account of Mme. Récamier's social sway. And yet we ask ourselves whether, after all, this charming woman would so very much prefer to Mme. Ancelot's picture the portrait executed by a certain Mr. Alger.

Mr. Alger, plainly, is so fond of French models that we do not feel as if it were unfair to suggest comparisons between his own fashion of dealing with the characteristics of women and that of the good French critics. We speak, of course, only of the spirit. He would probably disclaim having his execution forced into a comparison which it is so little calculated to endure. M. Sainte-Beuve has written about women as almost no man has succeeded in doing, with a delicacy, a sympathy, and a fineness of insight which amount almost, in value and in charm, to revealed knowledge. We have been forcibly struck with the singular and highly representative difference in their treatment of a certain common point. Mr. Alger in his list of friendships has, of course, not neglected the famous one between Bettina von Arnim and Goethe; and he has devoted to this episode several pages marked by the almost naïve intensity and ingenuity of his rhetoric, as well as by the tone of pure and elevated conviction which everywhere redeems his most partial and superficial judgments from being anything less than respectable. "The electric soil of her brain," says Mr. Alger, speaking of the graceful Bettina, "teemed with a miraculous efflorescence on which he was never tired of gazing." We do not stop to criticise the language of this statement. We content ourselves with saying that it strikes us as out of all taste, if not of all reason. It is enough that it gives the key of the whole picture, and is a valid assurance that the precious lesson of doubt, of interrogation, of irony, so invaluable in dealing with these sentimental matters, is a hundred miles away. Now, Sainte-Beuve has written two excellent articles upon the correspondence on which Mr. Alger's statement is based, in which he does ample justice to its many delightful qualities, to the beautiful sagacity of Goethe, and to the innocent exultation of the young girl. But he concludes his second article in these words: "But on the day after you have read this book, to get back fully into the truth of human nature and passion, to purge your brain of all chimerical fantasies and mists, I advise you strongly to read the Dido in the 'Æneid,' a few scenes of 'Romeo and Juliet,' or yet the episode of Francesca da Rimini in Dante, or just simply 'Manon Lescaut.'" Such a bit of critical reason is worth twenty pages of uncritical sentiment. A glimpse of "Manon Lescaut" would come by no means amiss in Mr. Alger's pages. It would serve very well, for instance, to balance this insufferable little sentence, *à propos* of the German Rahel Levin: "The king among her friends was her lover and husband, Varnhagen von Ense." All that there is infelicitous in this sentence must be felt; it can hardly be indicated. To connect a man with a woman, no matter how charming, under so many supreme titles is, it seems to us, to make dignities rather too cheap. It is true Mr. Alger gives us Dido; but how, think you? Dido in what guise? In the category of "Friendships of Sisters," *vis à-vis* to her sister Anna. One fancies the great Virgilian funeral-pyre flaming up afresh in one supreme, indignant flash.

But in spite of these defects we should be very sorry not to add that Mr. Alger's book is a work of no small beauty and richness. It has the qualities which accompany these very defects—a singular elevation and purity of tone, a profound and consistent sense of the noble possibilities of human character, and, in default of perfection of manner, an immense fulness of matter. It is, perhaps, no such great fault to be somewhat weak on these terms, especially the last clause of them. It is very gratifying to see a writer in these cynical, sceptical, and, indeed, we may add, critical days, willing to make a book about pure sentiment, and to write with exquisite gravity the complete history of a matter whose very existence has always been a subject half of doubt and half of ridicule. And, moreover, we have derived from Mr. Alger's work an impression which alone repays us for having read it, an impression as delightful as it is unique—the impression of the beauty of that kindliness and courage which can execute so great a labor without the stimulus of the critical and sceptical faculty, but under the simple inspiration of an implicit belief and homage. The fragment we have quoted from Sainte-Beuve is in its nature more or less of an epigram. Mr. Alger does not reward himself with epigrams. Even if we were able, therefore, we should be sorry to criticise him in epigrams, or to write of him in any other but the frank and cordial spirit in which he writes of his heroines.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES.*

ANY father of a family who is willing that his boys should read Cooper's novels or Mayne Reid's, and would prefer to have them avoid dime novels and the unnatural backwoods romances of Dr. J. H. Robinson or Emerson Bennett, will do well to purchase of Messrs. Appleton two pretty green volumes of George Catlin's. These books bear the imprint of the house just mentioned, but are of London press-work, and we can only guess that they were published some time since 1861, and have found many readers. Certainly they deserve many. Their author is himself a highly interesting character, and he not only writes in an exceptionally good style, but with sense as rare, and humanity by no means common. His words breathe only sincerity and truthfulness, even where—as when he acquits the Indians of ever having been cannibals—he speaks too sweepingly in favor of a much-slandered race. Both volumes are divided between North and South America, and in an unexaggerated narrative of actual adventure the boy-reader is most agreeably transported over plains and down rivers and along foreign coasts, learning nothing but what he will be the better for remembering, and getting a much better idea of the Indians than one adult in a thousand possesses. If we were teaching school we should make "Life among the Indians" and "Last Rambles amongst the Indians of the Rocky Mountains and the Andes" a text-book of American history and geography—such a text-book, let us add, as under slavery could never have been tolerated in this country. For when, prior to 1860, would a school-committee have approved of chapter ix. of the "Life," that tells the shameful truth about the Georgia and Florida Indians, whose ghosts haunted the later battle-fields of Missionary Ridge, Atlanta, and Olustee? Parents may learn much of Mr. Catlin while he addresses their children, and, we predict, will not easily tire of reading aloud relations so full of tact and so rich in experience. Towards the close of "Last Rambles" he discusses the question of the probable peopling of this continent from any other, and reaches an adverse conclusion. These books abound in illustrations from Mr. Catlin's wealth of resources, but only a few were unmistakably draughted by him.

We did not fairly know how old we were till we had looked through "Every Boy's Book," when we straightway wished we were young again. Failing in that, and not having mentioned this admirable compilation in season for Christmas purchases, we must not allow the new year to come in without calling attention to one of the most valuable presents that could be made to any boy. We are very much tempted to print the whole table of contents outright, but that occupies ten pages of the book itself, so let us merely say that besides all manner of sports and games and tricks and modes of exercise, there are instructions in carpentering and gardening, in the rudiments of chemistry, in the use of the microscope, in photography,

* "Life amongst the Indians: A Book for Youth. By George Catlin." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867.
"Last Rambles amongst the Indians of the Rocky Mountains and the Andes. By George Catlin." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867.
"Every Boy's Book. A Complete Encyclopædia of Sports and Amusements. Edited by Edmund Routledge." With more than 600 illustrations. 767 pages. New York: George Routledge & Sons.
"Our Four-Footed Friends. By Mary Howitt." New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1867.
"The Clifford Household. By J. F. Moore." New York: M. W. Dodd. 1867.
"The Little Fox. Written for the Young, by S. J. C." New York: M. W. Dodd. 1867.
"The Child's Country Story Book. By Thomas Miller." London: George Routledge & Sons. 1868.
"Tommy Hickup; or, A Pair of Black Eyes. By Rosa Abbott." Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1868.
"Seek and Find; or, The Adventures of A Smart Boy. By Oliver Optic." Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1868.
"Princess Ilse; A Story of the Hartz Mountains. By L. von Ploennels. Translated by an American Lady. With an Introduction by Professor John L. Lincoln. Illustrated. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

in electrotyping, etc., etc., etc. Indeed, the book appears to us to be capable of lending great assistance in determining a child's bent, and the proper direction of his education; but the most of it, of course, owes its origin to the boy nature, and will not reveal much of the man's. Such are the chapters on cryptography and the deaf and dumb alphabet, with which every school-room is tolerably familiar; such is not that on collecting postage stamps—a taste often associated with a fondness for scientific pursuits. The writer here is not wise in saying that the United States stamps "are usually models of choice engraving," and that "General Andrew (Stonewall) Jackson," whose effigy he prints from our two-cent stamp, is "a hero common to North and South," being found also on the Confederate stamps! We must remark, too, that this book is written for "every young *gentleman* in England," and therefore is not in all respects adapted to our democratic training; and our boys must be satisfied to smile when they find base-ball called "feeder," and not only very inadequately described, but classed under "out-door sports with toys," instead of under "athletic sports and manly exercises," along with cricket and boating.

The extremely handsome cover of "Our Four-Footed Friends," and the name of Mary Howitt upon it, lead the youthful reader to expect much enjoyment. He will find it in the large and fine pictures of Mr. Harrison Weir, which prove to be the prominent feature of the book. The story was evidently written to fit them, as is ludicrously manifest in chapter xx.: "Amongst all the multifarious animals at Old Lodge there was *not* a monkey"—which is immediately made an excuse for telling about monkeys. It is not much of a story, but being full of entertaining bits, anecdotes, and the like, and written in Mrs. Howitt's always pleasant manner, will undoubtedly be well received by the young folks.

It is somewhat difficult to decide whether "The Clifford Household" is meant for little girls or young women. At first, it seemed as if we were reading a child's book, the two principal characters, one bad and one good—to describe them roughly—being children. But they grow up, marry, become mothers, and still somehow it remains a child's book—one that sensitive, introverted girls of twelve or thereabouts, girls with more imagination than chest, will gloat over. It may make them cry in secret, and think that possibly they may be going to die; or, on the other hand, it may do them good; one man's poison is another man's food—to invert the proverb. Yet we do not mean to insinuate anything disrespectful of a story which is founded on right principles, and the rare understanding that education means to draw out and not to cram in, and which is therefore worthy of respect. But, as a matter of taste, we prefer juvenile fiction without a flavor of sentimental precocity. For the rest, the plot is stirring, the religious notions orthodox, and the good Alice marries a young man named Herbert Spenser.

Judging, as is common, by the size of the print, we should say that "The Story of the Little Fox"—which is an account of the McClintock expedition in search of Sir John Franklin—was written for children of from seven to ten years; not older, perhaps younger. But *they* ought not to be bothered with such words as "predatory," "manual," "lucrative," "fortified," and the like, or with a sentence like this: "A way which, if feasible, would have been of incalculable benefit to mankind by advancing civilization, mercantile and scientific." Some children will be glad to get hold of this condensed narrative.

We are compelled to say that "The Child's Country Story Book" is, in spite of its pretty colored pictures, a disagreeable little book. Imagine any mother of refinement—even one who had never had a taste of Hans Christian Andersen—reading to her little ones Mr. Miller's story of the "Greedy Duckling." "I'm sure he's a nasty, greedy duckling, and when he gets big enough I'll have him killed," said the old grandmother. In the end the duckling runs into the mouth of an oven after a custard, a revengeful cat shuts the door on him, and when the grandmother comes to look after her dainty, "there was such a smell of burnt feathers and fat as nearly knocked her down; for the duckling first ran all to dripping," etc., etc. "The Pet Lamb" is redolent of slaughter-houses; and as little Polly goes to sleep she thinks it is very hard to have pet lambs slaughtered, and yet how could she do without roast lamb and mint sauce? The pet rabbits are made into rabbit-pies; the conversations of the animals are coarse and occasionally brutal. Here is the "Cock of the Walk" to a hen visitor: "He threatened to kick her crinoline if she did n't take herself off." The "Little Gooseherd" is the only story in the book that is not thus disfigured.

"Tommy Hickup," by Rosa Abbott, is quite a bewildering book. The incidents are of no country known to geographers, the personages seem to be almost purely British, and the dialect in which they talk is of the State of Maine and States adjacent. We do not know what the author could have been thinking of when she wrote it. There is an unaccountable lack of coherence in the plot, to call it so, of probability in the separate incidents, and of reality in the characters; and altogether the story is a nondescript affair, fitter for old people than for young, but in nowise valuable for either. We are a little mazed merely to recall some of it to memory, and will dismiss it by saying that men and women who read it will wish they had spent the time of its perusal in perusing something else, and that children who read it will be pleased with the story such as it is, and, for the rest, will learn from it that some of their elders are extremely despicable persons; a lesson which it may on the whole be as well—we speak in the interest of adults—to leave it to time to teach them gradually.

The facility with which "Oliver Optic" turns out books for boys would be something wonderful and something commendable if the books were at all hard to make or good when made; but they are all very poor. They are lively with incidents; that praise can be given them, but the incidents are usually improbable, and often wildly improbable, and fortunately impossible; the characters are never real characters—nobody ever remembers one of them for half an hour after the volume is closed; the sentiments are painfully vulgar; and, altogether, though a boy learns from Mr. Adams's books no one thing positively bad, they are not to be described as books of an improving and elevating kind. If we could have our way, the sale of them should stop immediately and entirely. In "Seek and Find," the book before us, we have a ridiculous story of a "smart boy"—one of those boys of whom Mr. Dickens speaks when he says that one never sees an old head on young shoulders without feeling an irresistible desire to knock it off. He saves a young lady, his future wife, from death by suicidal drowning; easily gets the better of a "heavy villain" ten years older than himself; discovers that his wretched old uncle has concealed a will which would make his nephew wealthy; nobly rescues his mother, whom his profligate relatives have shut up in an English lunatic asylum, and in various ways figures melodramatically as the hero of a preposterous sensational novel razeed to suit the minds of grammar and primary school children. Such books, whatever Mr. Adams and the poor children may think, are worse than worthless. They encourage youthful impudence and "smartness," and do nothing at all to take the average New England boy away from the Boston *Herald*, from a Young American belief in his foolish self, and from general insufferableness. A single one of Scott's novels, a single book like Mr. Dana's excellent "Two Years Before the Mast," or "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby," is worth infinitely more than all the trash of "The Starry Flag Series" a million times repeated. Or once repeated; each repetition increases the offence and the injury. We assure Mr. Adams with the most candid sincerity that, no matter how little harm he means, he is doing a great deal of harm. In "Seek and Find" he stands in nearly the same relation to juvenile readers as that in which the Braddons stand to readers of a larger growth, and the success of both him and them, while it is a trophy of triumph to the writers, is a monument of the misfortune, to say the least of it, of their readers.

We believe there are not less than four translations of Louise von Ploennies' "Princess Ilse" now in our market. In Germany the story has long been very popular, and why it has been so much of a favorite it is easy to see. It is not so easy to see why it should be considered a child's book. It moralizes the old legend of the Princess Ilse, or rather it moralizes that most delightful portion of the "Pictures of Travel" in which Heine deals with the famous Hartz legend. Frau von Ploennies makes out of it an allegory, graceful and rather successful as allegories go, to the effect that pride is of the devil—the father of all lies—and that only in usefulness is there real happiness. Any brook would have answered her purpose, and we confess to a feeling of slight resentment that she should have, so to speak, harnessed a steed of so undoubtedly celestial strain to her little go-cart. Still, her version of the story is poetical in its way, pretty enough in its details, fanciful with some original and some borrowed fancifulness, and very pleasing for its purity and kindness, and the freshness of its nature-painting. We have our doubts if American boys and girls—whatever may be the case with German children—will not find it too fanciful. The Princess Ilse partakes too much, so far as her actions are concerned, of the nature of the river Ilse, and the river partakes too much of the character of a human being, for either to be anything but a rather baffling creature to the understanding of childhood. A child will grow up to it, however, or ought to grow up to it; and whoever makes a gift of "The Princess Ilse" to any young friend may properly feel that he has given him a pleasure which will last, which will increase for a long time, and never will fail wholly.

North Coast, and Other Poems. By Robert Buchanan. With Illustrations." (New York and London: George Routledge & Sons. 1867.)—

Mr. Buchanan's strength as a writer seems to lie almost wholly in the fulness and tenderness of his sympathy with the poor, the unfortunate and the criminal, the lowly and the low. He says in the prelude to his miscellaneous poems:

"My full heart hungers out unto the stained."

So it does. We may add that this hunger is not often expressed with much more of force or beauty than in the verse above quoted. We should not send any one to his poetry for anything more than the pathos of the facts of daily life in "the cottages where poor men lie;" the huts and cells where men and women lie whom poverty has driven into crime or error. And we should beforehand advise the reader not to expect that Mr. Buchanan either greatly heightens the pathos of the facts or beautifies it by the charm of his imagination. He does not, to our apprehension. There is the narrative; he invented it or he discovered it—to do the one is as easy as to do the other—and besides this there is not much. Yet there is something besides this. He is not destitute of humor or of imagination, and his pitying sympathy has given him insight into the motives and feelings of the class of people which he has most studied. There is something more than sympathetic presentation of facts in the "Scottish Eclogue," in "The Ballad-Maker," and in parts of "Meg Blane." Imagination had a finger, if not a hand, in the production of them. We copy a passage from the last-named poem. Meg Blane has been seduced, twenty years since, by a lover who deserted her, promising to return. She, meantime, lives as a fisherwoman, rearing her son, an idiot, to man's years. "Bearded," Mr. Buchanan very often calls him, for he has a way of repeating favorite words which would seem to prove his vocabulary limited. He, meantime, forgets her and marries another. He is cast ashore, by shipwreck, near Meg's hut, and she speedily finds that the hope she has been so long cherishing is a vain one. The dying out of her love for him is thus told:

"Over this agony I linger not,
Nor shall I picture how upon that shore
They met and spoke and parted yet once more,
So calmly that the woman understood
Her hope indeed had gone away for good.
But ere the man departed from the place,
It seemed to Meg, contemplating his face,
Her love for him had ne'er been so intense
As it had seemed when he was far from thence;
And many a thing in him seemed little-hearted
And mean and loveless; so that ere they parted
She seemed unto her sorrow reconciled.
And when he went away she almost smiled,
But bitterlie, and turned to toil again,
And felt most hard to all the world of men."

This seems true to nature everywhere, among high and low, and it would not be fair to the author to say that he found it in the story. Meg sickens, losing all her courage; her life died with her love, and she pines away. Her witless son waits on her in her illness; and the poet has well imagined the effect on his behavior of his mother's woes. Or, as one may say—seeing how in other things, when facts cannot help him, his imagination mostly fails him—he has closely studied and sympathetically reproduced all the features of a case which actually fell under his observation. In the other case the sympathetic imagination seems to have been at work, and in this one sympathetic observation. We may as well say here that in the "Battle of Drumliemoor," "The Saint's Story," the very disagreeable "Poem to David," and certain other pieces where Mr. Buchanan escapes wholly from facts and trusts himself to his unaided powers, he makes a bad failure. This is the description of the idiot son's imitative sadness:

"And now there was a change in his sole friend
He could not comprehend.
But, lo! unto the shade of her distress
His nature shaped itself in gentleness;
And when he found her weeping, he too wept;
And if she laughed, laughed out in company.
And often to the fisher-huts he crept,
And begged her bread, and brought it tenderly,
And held it to her mouth, and, till she ate,
Would touch no piece, although he hungered sore.
And these things were a solace to her fate,
But wrung her heart the more.

. . . . . .

Something had made the world more sad and strange,
But easily he changed with the change.
For in the very trick of woe he clad
His features, and was sad since she was sad,
And leant his chin upon his hand like her,
And looked at vacancy; and when the deep
Was troublous, and she started up from sleep,
He too awoke, with fearful heart astir;
And aye the more her bitter tears she shed
Upon his neck, in woe to mark his woe,
The more in blind, deep love he fashioned
His grief to hers, and was contented so."

Giving to the best pieces of the book the praise we have given it, and adding to that the further praise that it has passages of natural reflection well enough expressed, and some not excellent but good descriptions of natural scenery, we will say, on the other hand, that frequently the poet is heard speaking through the personages of his story instead of letting them speak for themselves, and that he too exclusively gives himself up to the harrowing. Both are artistic faults, and both have the same origin. Close adherence to his original, accurate and comprehensive portrayal of the life he tries to paint, would have saved him from the one and the other; then his farmers would never talk Buchanan, nor would all his low life be low life made—to the sacrifice of truth—on the single theory which the poet has chosen as most effective on the reader's feelings. Of his usual matter and manner the passages we have quoted above afford a specimen rather favorable than otherwise. But we have already sufficiently described the book. Mr. Buchanan is, so far as he is at all valuable, a poetical preacher of love and charity, enforcing his text by moving examples. Thus he does a noble work; and he does it more than tolerably well, but is hardly a poet, or he would not have chosen themes that might better have been treated in prose; at the utmost, would have treated them less prosily. The binding of the volume, a heavy octavo, is elaborately fine, red and green and gilt cloth, with bevelled edges; the paper is tinted and heavy; the type is large and clear; the illustrations are many—most being ugly—and altogether the book, as regards inside and outside, is good enough to constitute a pretty and valuable holiday gift.

The Diamond Rose: A Life of Love and Duty. By Sarah Tytler, author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline," etc. (London: Alexander Strahan; New York: George Routledge & Sons.)—Out of her abundant historical knowledge, Miss Tytler gives us another novel. This time the history is Scotch; the scene, Edinburgh and not far from it; the time, Anne's reign. The principal characters are born of the author's own brain; but they are surrounded familiarly by personages of whom everybody knows something—Grizel Cochrane, for instance, who, as Lady Kerr, tells the tale of her robbing the mail for her father's death-warrant in a very spirited manner. Then there are many more personages, of which a better than ordinary reader will know nothing, unless he be recently "crammed" for the purpose of reading "The Diamond Rose." Miss Tytler alludes to these antiquities in an easy and perfunctory manner, complimentary to the reader because implying that merely to mention certain names, or hint at certain events, is to call up instantly the figure or the picture, date and all, before his well-regulated mind. The reader who is *not* more than ordinary can only blush and take down the encyclopædia. Yet Miss Tytler makes an excellent canvas with her suggestive touches here and there. Sometimes, as in the chapter entitled "An Old Gathering," she is enticed into following up one or another of these by-gone actors, and giving him and his doings a special sketch. In this way, although she succeeds in putting the reader *en rapport* with the period of which she is writing, she seriously injures the dramatic effect of her story. Resigning the story for the story's sake, then, the reflective young girl (for the book is more especially written for young girls) will find much to dwell on with pleasure and profit. For beside the bright-colored reproductions of Edinburgh life in the beginning of the eighteenth century, the hair-dressing, frilling, and painting, the puppets and crockery and lap-dogs, the hospitals, the "black-coats," the disasters of the Perthshire campaign, and all the rest, there is the "Life of Love and Duty" of which all that we have been speaking of is but the setting. Euphame Napier is a maiden in Lady Somerville's "hospital"—as these charity foundations were called. She is a staunch, resolute, womanly girl, somewhat self-contained and unsympathetic, but altogether made of good stuff for a heroine. Her upright character earns her the "Diamond Rose" from the patroness. This lays the foundation for an ambition which becomes her dearest object in life—to be herself the patroness of a charity. Her "duty," however, is to "love;" and it is "laid on her," in her own favorite phrase, to use her diamonds in purchasing counsel for her lover in his trial as one of the insurrectionists. In a brief abstract we can hardly make it plain where the struggle lay; but that there may be a struggle to give up what seems a glorious ambition, and take instead that which appears at the time the commoner happiness of household love, the sort of audience to which Miss Tytler speaks will know. Yet we are bound to say that, where one young lady is to be entreated not to shut her heart against the tender sentiment, there are about nine hundred who had better be counselled to entertain some ambition beyond it. We do not, however, propose to quarrel with a work because it only addresses itself to a few. And Euphame certainly does remain a fine woman to the end of her days (spite of her marriage), and all the better for the lofty dreams of her girlhood.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION *should be addressed to the Editor.*

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SEVEN.

If we were asked to give the year which is just ending a name which should indicate its leading characteristic with some approach to accuracy, we should call it a year of disenchantment. Of course it has been remarkable for many other, and perhaps better, things; but the thing for which it has been most remarkable has been the number and magnitude of illusions that have perished in it. It has witnessed a process in politics somewhat analogous to that which the year 1863 witnessed in the war. Up to that year there lingered in the popular mind a faith which, however mischievous, it was hard altogether to avoid admiring, that the nation's salvation would be effected by some heaven-born general, some man sprung from the people, and able to manage armies and win battles without the aid either of school training or practical experience, or any of the other slow and unromantic processes by which men in the Old World win their way to greatness.

It could not be, people felt, that in a country which raised twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre, and doubled its population every twenty-five years, generals could not be produced when they were wanted without the cumbrous aid of military academies, or that, when battalions were needed for the field, citizens as intelligent and well-educated as ours would have to measure so many inches round the chest, and have to learn to march and wheel and obey painfully and laboriously like European peasants. Horace Greeley retained nearly to the close of the war the belief which most people cherished during the first two years, that what was needed to bring the unhappy business to an end was simply a mighty rising of indignant farmers, each armed with a musket and intent on getting to Richmond. The truth dawned on people at last. Science in the end asserted its sway, as it always does in the affairs of men in the long run. The warriors who went forth from every State in command of great legions without other knowledge of war than what they had got from popular histories, were slowly but surely brought to nought. Many a volunteer by beginning low acquired an education in the field which at last fitted him for high positions; but nearly everybody who went out fancying that all he needed to make him a general was the governor's commission and the blessing of his fellow-citizens found that he was mistaken. The plotting and planning, the combining and organizing, had after all to be done by the much-abused, much-despised West Pointers. No Cromwell came out of the counting-house or the farm, and if he had he would not have found a Rupert to ride over. He would have broken both heart and head against Lee's and Johnson's bayonets.

We have had an experience somewhat similar in the political field since the war closed. Nothing could persuade many of the Radical leaders during the year 1866 that there was anything governmental which a majority in Congress could not accomplish. The task they set before themselves was nothing less than the remodelling of Southern society on their own theory of right; and not simply this, but of doing it through the instrumentality of a majority in Congress merely, and without reference to the opinions or feelings of people out of doors. Now, the problem which meets every statesman is not the realization of his ideal, because this is impossible, but the persuasion of his fellows into accepting his ideal as something desirable. The American people, in short, have to be legislated for not as if they were all they ought to be, but exactly as they are. On the question of negro suffrage, on the negro question generally, in fact, there is a vast amount of stupid, unreasoning prejudice and ignorance. But the reason why men are difficult to govern is that they are prejudiced. If men were all highly instructed and had no prejudices at all, it would be as easy to rule them as to make impressions on wax. Even despots cannot drive them along without reference to their habits, traditions, and weaknesses. To get them to behave even with common justice or common honesty, to bear with any restraint whatever on their passions and appetites, there are but two instruments, force and conviction. In a free country there is no place for the one; everything must be done by the other. It is not enough to secure a majority in Congress, and hurry bills through. Your bills must be such as will stand the test of discussion, as will commend themselves to the popular eye, jaundiced though it be, as statesmanlike and wise; and in your mode of recommending them and getting them passed you must play the advocate and not the master.

This is an old story—as old as the world. It may seem extraordinary that it should have been forgotten; and yet when we came out of the war it seemed to be almost forgotten. Pascal has a pleasant saying, that Plato and Aristotle were a pair of good sensible men who felt when they were writing on politics that they were in reality drawing up regulations for the government of a mad-house, the lunatics, of course, having no voice in the matter and not being entitled to any. Some of those politicians who profess the profoundest respect for the will of the people have, in the reconstruction process, acted very much as if they were of Pascal's way of thinking with regard to the nature of the part played in public affairs by themselves. The past year has effectually waked them up from their delusion. They have now to confess what a year ago it was impossible to get them to believe, that finding out what is right is only a small part of a politician's duties, that the larger part consists in persuading people to agree with him. They have learned, moreover, that departures from the regular course of law and justice almost invariably prove a two-edged sword. A good many of the prominent Republicans who have since clamored most loudly against Mr. Johnson's usurpations were violently opposed to calling Congress together at the close of the war. They then wanted the President himself to reconstruct with a high hand; it was only when they found he would not reconstruct in the right way that they fell back on Congress, which was then, and has never ceased to be, the rightful source of all legislation. We hope the lesson of the late crisis will never again be forgotten.

Moreover, we have learnt within the last year that nothing in a government like this is ever gained by stifling discussion. It is what men think and not what they say that makes mischief; and when legislative measures of such importance and complexity as those which have been before the country during the past two years are under consideration, there can hardly be too much discussion. They can hardly be too carefully drawn or have too many holes picked in them before they are passed, and the opposition, instead of being gagged, ought to be encouraged to speak out its mind. With regard to legislation more than to any other work of life is Burke's observation true, that "our antagonist is our helper." Mr. Stevens and the majority last winter could not be persuaded of this. Provided the object of a measure were good, provided it were intended to protect loyal men and punish rebels, they seem to have firmly held that the less discussion there was about its provisions after it left the committee, the better. Debate was stopped, therefore, by every device known to parliamentary tactics. The "previous question" was used with a lavishness and unscrupulousness never before witnessed, although the smallness of the Democratic representation as compared to the size of the Democratic party in the country gave the minority peculiar claims to a patient hearing. It got no hearing at all. The result has been that the reconstruction bill was so badly drawn and so full of holes that it has had to be twice amended. Moreover, the moderate Republicans have been disgusted and alienated, and the Democrats intensely exasperated, and the elections all over the country are not only lost, but Messrs. Stevens and Boutwell have been seen within a few days crushed and silenced by that very "previous question" which a year ago they thought such an invaluable weapon. It is not often that one witnesses in the political arena so marked a case of poetic justice.

There has, moreover, during the past year been a great awakening from financial delusions. We could name a good many prominent men who, during the war, were amongst the loudest in making light of the national debt, and are now amongst the loudest in dwelling on its burdensomeness. The country sees, and, we believe, profits by seeing, some of those who delighted in telling people who had money to lend how

many ways we had of paying our debts in gold and silver without trouble or inconvenience, now chuckling with delight over the new plan of paying them off in paper. It sees, too, thousands who, two years ago, laughed at the idea that we should ever have to groan under our debt like the effete nations of Europe, now deliberately proposing to get rid of it by means of which the poorest and most degraded European nations would be ashamed. The past year has made it very clear that the laws of human nature and the laws of political economy which are based upon them are much the same in America as elsewhere, and that the burdens of life have to be supported by much the same helps and appliances.

It may seem from the foregoing as if we had done nothing during the year but become sensible of past errors, and that there is in this little or no progress. If politics be, however, as its wisest masters hold it to be, an empirical art, becoming sensible of past errors is simply a synonym for the acquisition of new light, by which we can walk more steadily and securely in the future. Looking at the matter in this way, the mistakes of the last four years have been lessons of the highest value. They have supplied what more than all else was needed to make the national life and national progress what they ought to be. The unbroken prosperity which the country had enjoyed down to 1860, with little or no trouble to statesmen, had done much to depreciate knowledge; the trials through which we have been passing ever since have exalted it as nothing else could have done. In fact—and we admit that the reflection seems somewhat depressing—the history of moral and political progress, if examined closely, will be found thus far to consist mainly in the detection and exposure of delusions and fallacies; it is only in the natural sciences that we can be said to have opened up new fields of truth. In the present condition of the world, the political reformer is simply a sort of scavenger whose duty it is to remove mud and rubbish. To the man of science falls the seemingly finer task of digging after concealed treasures. But the aim of the politician is, after all, as noble a one as laborer can desire. He who sees social and political abuses perish under his hands knows that he hastens the reign of "nobler manners and of purer laws," and he who does this is engaged in the highest work the world has to offer. There were never so many men engaged in it as at this moment. There are more this year than last; there were more last year than the year before. We never hear of a wrong or delusion that we do not see ten men assailing it, for the one who ever assailed it before. There is no field of human activity, too, in which men are so active, and there has never been a time in which to labor in it zealously brought with it so much honor.

THE ITALIAN CRISIS.

All the light that is ever likely to be thrown upon the recent crisis in Italy has now been thrown upon it. We have the diplomatic correspondence, the reports of the military movements, the speeches of the French ministers, all before us. Everybody connected with the affair cuts a sorry figure except Garibaldi's volunteers, who, half organized and half armed, stood for four mortal hours the pitiless pelting of the Chassepot bullets on the hill-side at Mentana. Nobody cuts so sorry a figure as the French Emperor; but to appreciate the part he plays in it one has to cast one's eye back over his course towards Prussia, bearing in mind that Prussia has given him twice as much cause for anger and alarm as Italy has. In 1856 and the two following years Bismark and Cavour were both candidates for his favor or connivance. Both represented countries longing for unity, and believing the road to it to lie through the French Emperor's sympathy or connivance. Cavour was enabled, owing to the old French jealousy of Austrian influence in Italy, to secure active aid almost at once, and the Italian kingdom, in spite of Napoleon's dislike, who favored a federation, was the result. Bismark bided his time, and as soon as the Italian kingdom seemed to be fairly organized, proceeded to use its aid for the furtherance of his own schemes. At one blow he created a great German empire, constituting the most formidable rival the French have had on the European continent in modern times, and constituting it by the very same means as Italy constituted her kingdom—the fusion of small states. The French public were panic-stricken; the army looked upon the rise of Prussia as a menace to France, and the predictions of the French ministry touching the probable result of the Prusso-Austrian war were falsified almost before they were printed. The realization of the French dream of the Rhine as the eastern boundary of France was made impossible, and while the "detestable treaties of 1815," the destruction of which was made the great object of Napoleonic ambition, were set aside, the object for which they were made—the overawing of France—was accomplished tenfold more effectually by the rise of Prussia than their framers had ever deemed possible.

A little bluster followed. The French public were informed that French influence had arrested the Prussian army at the gates of Vienna, and that it was the will of France that the line of the Main should bound the North German Confederation. Bismark replied to this contemptuously by publishing the treaties of alliance offensive and defensive into which he had entered with the states south of the Main a few days after his march had been "arrested." The French Government next asked politely for the cession of the left bank of the Rhine; were politely informed that they could not have it, and then replied with amazing fatuity that if Prussia did not choose to cede it they had nothing to say. In desperation under such a series of humiliations, they bought Luxembourg of the Dutch King, but were haughtily told that Prussia would not allow the purchase to be completed. There was a little more bluster, but they swallowed this pill too after a European conference had gilded it over with mediation. Finally, France reached the lowest pit of humiliation when the Emperor announced in his speech a month ago, at the opening of the Chambers, that he frankly accepted all that had occurred in Germany—or, in other words, that his threatening speech last summer at Auxerre, his threatening despatches, and his Austrian alliance amounted to nothing, that a great power had been built up on the French borders without French consent, and that France was afraid to meddle with it, and had in fact been compelled to witness the re-settlement of the most important portion of the European continent under her nose, and to her great detriment and danger, without having or daring to claim any share in the work.

Her course towards Italy has been the reverse of all this both in substance and form. The objections of the mass of Frenchmen—objections which M. Thiers well expresses—to the unification of Italy are precisely similar to their objections to the unification of Germany. Italy has never been united; neither has Germany. Italy has always since the dawn of modern history been split up into petty principalities; so has Germany. There is no real sentiment of unity and nationality amongst the Italians outside of the towns; neither is there in Germany. The Neapolitans hate the Piedmontese; so do the Hanoverians hate the Prussians. Italian unity constitutes a danger to France in case of a great European war; German unity does more: it consigns France at once to a second-rate position, and puts Prussia in the place she once occupied.

When the Italian Kingdom, however, presumes to decide what portions of Italian soil are necessary to its peace and security, troops are at once put in motion, the Italian Minister in Paris is treated with studied insolence by the Emperor in person, and despatches are addressed to it in terms such as are only used to conquered dependencies. The absurdity of the refusal to allow Italy to decide on the fate of Rome, on the ground that Rome is more than the capital of Italy—that it is the capital of the Catholic world—is made transparent by the fact that every nation in Europe was invited to the Conference to decide on its fate, the three greatest of them all being the Protestant powers, and caring nothing about where the Pope lives. Even Austria is no longer Catholic in policy; the Prime Minister is a Protestant, and the Reichsrath is engaged in legislating fiercely against the Church. A more studied insult than is offered to the Italian people in allowing them the same amount of influence as England or Prussia, but no more, in deciding who should possess Rome, could hardly have been devised; and as if to give additional sting to it, the barbarian boast of General Failly, of the "wonders" worked by the Chassepot rifles in slaughtering the poor youths who followed Garibaldi into the Papal territory, was ostentatiously published in the *Moniteur*.

The debate and vote in the French Chambers on the Italian question, farcical as they were, if we look at them as an attempt at political discussion, were highly instructive as an indication of the condition of the average French mind of to-day touching the relations of France to foreign countries. If M. Thiers be burdened with any views on religious subjects at all, they are those of Voltaire, and he had, therefore, the decency not to indulge in any sentimental platitudes about the sacredness of the Pope and his territory. His defence of the Imperial policy with regard to Rome, as well as his attack on its policy in setting up the Italian kingdom, was a simple appeal to the lowest kind of selfishness —that kind which not simply desires one's own good more than the good of others, but maintains that it can only be had through the loss or degradation of others. He is opposed to the unity of Italy because Italy has never been united—an argument which might have been used with great force not only against the formation of the French monarchy, but might be now used in favor of its dismemberment. Modern France is composed of accretions made by force or fraud in a small district round Paris, and its population at this hour exhibits still greater variety of language and temperament than is to be found in Italy. It is an argument, too, which, if it leads logically to the duty of French interference against Italian unity, makes the existence of the Prussian kingdom a standing stain on French honor.

M. Thiers is in favor of the forcible exclusion of the Italians from Rome, therefore, not because he is troubled about the Pope, but because he thinks Italy is too strong already, and wishes to see her weakened and humiliated in the interest of French pride. We venture to say that there is not another legislative assembly in the world in which a man of M. Thiers' standing would, whether he entertained such sentiments or not, venture on an avowal of them. The speech, taken together, is perhaps the most striking illustration we have recently had of the decline in France of the cosmopolitan spirit, of the broad democratic feeling of fraternity which showed itself in the earlier days of the Revolution, and which has been so well described in the charming little novel known as the *Histoire d'un Conscrit;* which survived the Empire, and which during the Restoration was the boast and glory of the Liberal party. It is one more sign of the retreat of France, owing to the Napoleonic *régime*, from the position she has so long held in the production and propagation of liberal ideas. The country has been converted into a camp surrounded by thriving sutlers, and the principles professed by its politicians have all the simplicity and frankness of the barrack-room and the officers' *café*. The adoption of the Empire was the first marked indication of the moral decline of the country, and unless some very striking revolution should follow the death of the present Emperor, the chances are that the working out of the "principles of '89," of which the French were the originators and have long been the guardians, will fall into the hands of half-feudal Germany.

In Italy the task of saving the King's Government from the fury of the Radicals, of pleasing the Radicals with hopes of Rome without offending France, and at the same time meeting a deficit of $100,000,000 in the revenue, has fallen to General Menabréa. Thirty millions of this the ministry hope to fill up by additions to the taxes; but some of the taxes, such as a fresh tax on grinding flour, from which the greater portion of the new supply is to be raised, are little short of suicidal. What increases the difficulty is that public sentiment will permit no reduction of the army or navy in the present state of the national relations with France. The issue of the Roman problem is of course certain. A state of things in which the representative of Christ on earth holds possession of a piece of soil against the will of the nation by whom he is surrounded, and has to be protected in the enjoyment of it by foreign arms and occasional slaughter, cannot last always in the modern world; but how long Providence will permit the existence of such a scandal, or by what precise agency Italy will be put in possession of its capital, it is at present impossible to predict. The statesman who will lead the Italian people successfully out of their present difficulties has apparently not yet appeared; or it may be that their deliverance will come from the people themselves, as the deliverance of the French did in 1792—a delivery sought in desperation and worked out through infinite waste and suffering.

GOVERNMENT BY POPULAR AGITATION.

Mr. Parton, in the concluding sentence of his valuable article on International Copyright in a late number of *The Atlantic*, speaking of the means by which the object he advocates is to be obtained, says: "As usual in such cases, some one man must adopt it as his special vocation, and never rest until he has conferred on mankind this immeasurable boon." We have grown by long use so accustomed to such phrases as these that they have ceased to cause any astonishment. We constantly see the discussion of questions of political reform initiated and carried on sometimes by one man with a mission, sometimes (for Mr. Parton certainly overstates the matter in holding this One Man an absolute necessity) by many men acting in many different places and at many different times, but sufficiently in harmony to create a general feeling that there is a "movement." We have become used, in other words, to have the people agitate and settle important matters, and that, too, before the people's representatives have made up their minds what to do about them. The slavery struggle most of all made us familiar with agitation, both of the One Man kind and of the popular kind; then there was the removal of McClellan, then came the second election of Mr. Lincoln, having its cause in a general determination of the people rather than the time-honored selection by party representatives; and then the reconstruction of the South, of which the basis was settled long ago, not by Congress (although from the details being fashioned by Congress we are apt to treat Congress as author of the whole) but by the electors of Congress. It is frequently said that "the people" carried on the war, as if it had been done in a committee of the whole; and this opinion has so much real ground to stand on that it is often taken as an expression of the entire truth. The cases in which the community has taken matters into its hands have been, during the last fifteen years, so numerous as to foster the belief that governments can do little for us except register the edicts of their constituents. And, therefore, when Mr. Parton wished to urge upon the country a needed reform in the law of property, he does not think very much of the chances of his measure in Congress (although, *more nostro*, he talks of Congress taking a leading part), but asks that some one man shall go before the people charged with a mission in behalf of an international copyright, and force them to force Government to enter into a copyright treaty. We have no doubt that Mr. Parton is right as to his facts, and that international copyright will not come until by popular agitation of some kind the general desire for it is shown. Then we shall have it; then Mr. Seward will propose a treaty, and the Senate will ratify it. Perhaps the discussion the subject has already received, the petitions Mr. Sumner has presented, the speeches that have been made, and the injustice that has been done, will prove in themselves sufficient stimulus to governmental action.

We do not pretend to deny that this method of settling important questions has its uses. The first and most important is, that when a subject has once been lectured on in every lyceum, written on in every newspaper, and talked of in every house, the settlement that it receives must be final, if all feel that they have had a final chance to express their opinion by the ballot. The slavery question is for ever at rest, and the reason is that the inhabitants of the country must be changed, in order to change the public opinion of slavery. But the suffrage question in England is not settled, and the reason is that neither in 1832 nor in this year was the subject in the hands of the people. And popular agitators are at this moment endeavoring to get the subject into the hands of the people and into the minds of the people, for they know that if the discussion can be made interesting no enfranchisement will be final but that one which has been reached by Englishmen *en masse*. The security, then, produced by this popular discussion, together with the confidence which it must always command among those who have clamored for it and obtained it, is a great advantage—so great an advantage that many persons are willing to sacrifice all other considerations to it. In a country, they say, where every question of government is decided by the newspapers and by public meetings, wrong steps may be taken, but revolutions are not apt to occur. Government by popular agitation is to take the place of representative government. When we want the question of international copyright "fixed," we will fix it ourselves, and then, if the Senate does not agree, we'll unfix the Senate. Hereafter let Government learn the lesson it should have learnt long ago, that the first duty of man, whether governing man or not, is to obey. We have been troubled enough with representative inefficiency and cowardice; we will now teach our servants what efficiency is. *Vox populi, vox Dei.* We have for many years been troubled by an ignorant and hesitating Congress, and strangely enough did not know what was the matter. The fact was, that we had *outgrown representative government*, and developed a government by newspaper, lyceum, and mass-meeting. These are the three new branches which are to replace the ancient Legislature, Judiciary, and Executive. If representatives are elected for a definite time, and without well-defined instructions, they may violate the will of the people; and the true way to avoid this is to let the will of the people be manifested, and the voice of the people be heard every week

or so; let popular agitation in newspaper, lyceum, and mass-meeting govern the country.

Although we do not agree in this view of our political future, there is enough truth in it to demand respectful attention. The substance of it all is direct popular government, with the representative machinery kept for altered use—for the purpose of declaring rather than representing the popular will. The people first express themselves, and the representatives become delegates to put the expression into act. That is to say, that by means of printing-press, railway, and telegraph, distant populations are brought so near one another, and such facilities for intellectual communication are created, that the inhabitants of America can debate political topics as could the Athenian Demos. The reason that the Athenians did not have representative government was because direct general action in a small city is not impossible, and if, through the agencies above-named, we are nowadays brought into as close contact really, though not apparently, as in Athens, there is nothing to prevent our returning to government by popular agitation. If we can really make newspaper legislation serve better than representative legislation, the sooner we introduce it to the world the better.

Our reasons for not believing in this substitute are chiefly three. In the first place, we are not brought into very close contact even by newspapers. By the action of a principle as old as human nature, and likely to last as long, large bodies of people do not pay a great deal of attention to arguments which are made by persons with whom they do not agree, if they can help it, and, as far as newspapers go, they can help it easily enough by never reading one which they dislike. Newspapers, speedily discovering this, make their wares to suit their purchasers, misrepresent the arguments of opponents, set their own in the glowing light of the eternal principles of justice and humanity, and the result is that their readers have their desire completely, and know as little as possible of the other side. If any one doubts, let him read the current arguments of his paper on protection and free-trade, and then study the question a little himself. We do not wish to overstate the matter; opinions undoubtedly change; but what we do say is, that newspapers change opinion very slowly—too slowly for governmental action. A few good debates in the House of Representatives would force themselves on public attention far more than the most desperate charges of newspaper columns. And the final reason of it all is that these newspapers are, in nine cases out of ten, conducted for the object of money-making, an object much more certainly advanced by flattering the prejudice of readers than by taking an independent stand. The true function of ordinary party newspapers is in giving valuable evidence to the Government of the wants, passions, and ambitions of large masses of the citizens, and also of the changes in these.

There is another point which is of importance. Every subject of political discussion is one part principle and ninety-nine parts details; and although the principle is the important thing, the details are the difficult things. For example, our basis of reconstruction is that peace shall be secured by establishing the ends for which the war was waged, but the details are, as day after day is proving, innumerable. But the only thing which popular agitation can settle is the basis; the newspapers and lecturers cannot debate the minor points to any advantage, and if they did, their readers, guessing their own weakness, would not interest themselves in the debates. The details are of almost as much importance as the principles underlying them, as those can best say who know what depths of chaotic confusion legislation can reach through inattention to this fact. Our present system of taxation is a melancholy instance.

The third objection, and one as conclusive as any, against government by popular agitation, is one closely allied to that just mentioned, viz., that the most general classification of topics calling for governmental action that the most liberal friend of "agitation" could make, even with all questions of detail disregarded, and in the quietest times, would still be a dozen or so, while the number of topics about which it is possible for large masses of men to hold decided, not to say intelligent, opinions, is not greater than two or three. The rest would earnestly demand investigation and action; but what would become of them? They would lie over, just as we now see many such lying over, until "agitation" can be brought to bear upon them.

It is certainly a curious example of the shaking which, during the last hundred years, ideas of all kinds have got, that it is necessary to go over again the grounds on which representative government rests its claims, and that, too, in America, where representative government was introduced with a set purpose as the only fit government. But old questions are for ever recurring, and must be settled anew. We have called attention to this subject because it seems to us that grave defects in our politics are forgotten at present in our general exultation over the renewed proofs of vigor and intelligence which the people have been giving. There is nothing so fine about the country as its general intelligence, and the power which resides in its people of preventing their government from going astray either in the way of impracticable theory or in the way of selfishness. But to be strong we must know our weakness; we must admit that no *people* can carry on a government any more than they can carry on a war, both being matters of hard experience and long study; and we must seek rather to elevate our present forms by the infusion of new spirit into them than to sit down satisfied and attempt to excuse the inefficiency of our representatives by pleading our own vigor.

ENGLAND.

London, December 7, 1867.

The great sensation in London during the past fortnight has been produced by a cab strike. The stranger who was passing down the Strand on Tuesday night might have fancied that he was witnessing the first scenes of a revolution. Exeter Hall was crammed to the full by an enthusiastic meeting, and many hundreds who could not obtain admission were overflowing toward Trafalgar Square. Excited bands of men were parading the street backward and forward, shouting "No lamps!" Orators were addressing them from the foot of Nelson's column. One or two passing cabs were mobbed and hooted. In some cases they were upset, the springs broken, or the horses sent adrift. In short, the crowd was in a state of simmering excitement, which suggested that the appearance of some special object of antipathy might lead to an English version of *à la lanterne*. It confined itself, however, for the most part to rough horse-play and that fine British chaff, duly seasoned with unrepeatable expletives, which passes current at election times and other saturnalia of the country. And what was it all about? In an act of Parliament, hastily passed at the end of the last session, it was declared that cabs were in future to carry lamps. They protested not on the ground that lamps were useless, but because they were to bear the expense without any corresponding rise in the fares. Indeed, there is a kind of warfare between the public and the cabs, in which the weapons on one side have consisted of exceptional legislation, and on the other of occasional extortion. Parliament has declared that the fare is to be sixpence a mile, and the cabmen declare that they cannot make their living at the legal rates. Consequently our cabs are dirty, rackety, and inconvenient, often perfumed with stale tobacco smoke, and occasionally made still more dangerous by having been used to convey small-pox patients to the hospital. The police regulations are felt as oppressive by the men, and yet do not succeed in securing satisfactory conveyances. It is a special inconvenience that whereas in Paris there are different classes of cabs, and people who choose to pay more can have a better article, we have in London only the choice between the four-wheeler and the hansom, the last excellent in its way, but both of them generally dirty and both disreputable-looking vehicles for a lady. The simplest remedy for this state of things appears to be free trade—to allow cabs to charge what they like, provided that they give due notice on the outside of their rate of charge. Matters would then arrange themselves spontaneously, and we should have different classes of cabs, with fares altering according to circumstances. Certainly it is impossible to see why Parliament should fix the price of cabs any more than the price of omnibuses (which are left to their own discretion), or, for that matter, of butcher's meat. Meanwhile, the cabs have succeeded so far by their demonstration as to obtain a promise that their grievances shall be examined.

This little question has been the most absorbing topic of conversation; for it comes much closer to us Londoners than the spending of a few millions, more or less, in Abyssinia, the topic which has an official precedence of every other in Parliament. We have, however, had an attempt to introduce a discussion on a matter of even greater importance than cabs or Abyssinia. Lord Russell proposed certain motions in the House of Lords on education. Lord Russell has, as you know, a decided talent for that process which school-boys call "putting one's foot in it." When he manages to hit the right nail on the head, he does it at the wrong time—to say nothing of his very often missing the blow and rapping his own or somebody else's fingers. The House of Lords appeared to be of opinion that he was indulging them with a specimen of this talent, and accordingly treated him to an application of cold shoulder. He made an elaborate speech, and the Duke of Marlborough—of whom nobody knows anything except that he is Duke of Marlborough—made a reply on behalf of the Government; after which the subject dropped, as subjects do drop in the august assembly concerned. Lord Russell had for his trouble the satisfaction of having made a speech to one of the most languid audiences in England, and nothing more. For all that, I think that he deserved a little better treatment, at least on this occasion. He might be content with having stirred one lazy ripple on the surface of a very stagnant pool, if he attracts some notice in the outside world; for there can be no doubt of the great importance of the subject. His first motions were generalities as to the right of every child to receive instruction, and so on; they were supported by the usual statistics proving, if there is any faith in figures, that the educational state of the country is disgraceful, and answered by statistics showing, with the same

proviso, that it is admirable and rapidly improving. It is becoming an accepted axiom that there is nothing which may not be plainly demonstrated by a due manipulation of such statistics; but it is really too clear to be disputed that our national system of education is in great need of improvement. Lord Russell asserted a proposition of greater importance, because less generally acknowledged, in a resolution to the effect that our whole system should be put under a minister of education. The great defects of which we are becoming sensible not only in the popular, but in the highest, branches of education, are intimately connected with this want of any central supervision. The principle of self-government, admirable as it is in many applications, fails to meet some of the most obvious requirements. For example, in the elementary schools self-government, as practically interpreted, means that the education of the village children is to be left to the parson and squire of the parish. The people themselves take comparatively little interest in the matter, because they feel that the school is kept up by the charity, and naturally maintained in the interests, of *their superiors*. Those whose children are taught do not pay rates for the maintenance of the school, and therefore have no influence in its management. It is, as they fancy, merely part of the machinery by which the clergy seek to support their authority; they are suspicious of gifts coming from their superiors. If education were a matter of national concern, supported by the tax-payers, and with due supervision by the Government, the people would feel a right to interfere and an interest in the proper application of funds. Nor would they permit the schools to suffer from the theological squabbles of the clergy. The present Committee of Council of Education is limited to aiding voluntary efforts, and the instruction is thus left, as a rule, to the clergy. A stronger central authority is required to take the matter out of the hands of private and interested benevolence. The point is of still more importance in regard to our higher education. Such of your readers as take an interest in the working of our great schools and universities might find it worth while to look at a lately published volume called "Essays on a Liberal Education." It is one of those books which have become so common since the success of "Essays and Reviews," and is a kind of manifesto put forward chiefly by the extreme reformers. The editor, Mr. Farrar, is a distinguished master at Harrow; in spite of all the traditions of his school, and in spite of his own marked success at the University in Latin verse, he has become a convert to the view that the practice of Latin verse-writing is one of the greatest absurdities which disfigures our educational system. This, however, is only one of the weak points attacked in the volume.

We have had in England a controversy, similar to that which I believe has been raging in America, as to the merits of a classical training. As becomes the more staid and conservative attitude of an old country, we have fewer persons inclined to throw classical training overboard altogether. There is, however, a very strong opinion, which is ably represented in the essays, that Greek and Latin have been suffered to monopolize the attention of scholars far too exclusively. It is maintained by some that in the curriculum of study imposed upon all boys it would be better to substitute French for Greek; but, at any rate, the absurd practice of Latin verse-writing should be abandoned, and some room should thus be found for the claims of a language which has hitherto been entirely overlooked—I mean English. Moreover, it is universally agreed, though there is much trouble in translating the belief into practice, that school-boys should be taught something of the natural sciences. Steps have been taken in the direction thus indicated by our old universities and by some of the public schools. Harrow has ceased to insist upon Latin verse. Rugby has introduced the study of botany and some other sciences. Oxford and Cambridge are both endeavoring to make a wider course of study popular than has hitherto been customary. With all the good-will in the world, it is difficult to bring about a very rapid change. There is the intrinsic difficulty that a new study requires new masters, and that men who can teach Latin and Greek and mathematics excellently cannot turn their hands at a moment's notice to English or chemistry or geology. There is, however, a further difficulty. There is the want of any central authority to bring about a unanimous change. Thus—to take one obvious example—the universities reward Latin and Greek because the boys who are sent to them learn nothing else at the public schools. The public schools teach nothing else, because Latin and Greek are rewarded at the universities. It is the old story of Lord Chatham and Sir Richard Strahan. Each is "longing to be at it," but each is waiting for its neighbor. Within the universities there is the same difficulty. Oxford consists of 21, and Cambridge of 17, distinct foundations, each with vested interests of its own, and each unwilling to take the first step in a new and untried career. The consequence is that the great endowments of our English schools and colleges act with a certain *vis inertiæ*. Each body goes its own way with a natural reluctance to take the initiative where, if unsupported by its neighbors, it must necessarily fail. The extraordinary force of vested interests, the extreme unwillingness of statesmen to interfere with the rights of independent bodies, make any change extremely difficult. The consequence is that our system resembles an army in which every regiment is a distinct command under a general who refuses to take orders from anybody else. Each of them refuses to advance separately with an exposed portion, and there is no means of ordering them to advance altogether. And thus the difficulty of introducing any general reform is enormously enhanced, and, after a slight movement in advance, things always threaten to return to a dead-lock. The rational plan would be to put the whole educational system under a single responsible ministry, who could compel the introduction of new studies and keep all classes of instructors on a level with the times. There is little probability that any decided measure will be soon taken, for the bodies have on their side all the force—still very great, though daily diminishing—of our English hatred to centralization. But that some such change must come about is, I think, obvious; and a fuller discussion of Lord Russell's motion would therefore have been interesting and important; only Parliament cares very little about general principles, especially in a meeting before Christmas, which they think as anomalous as a school-boy would think an extra lesson in the holidays.

Fine Arts.

THE JARVES COLLECTION.

We have daily cause to regret the non-existence in America of picture-galleries and museums of art and antiquity. What little we as a people see of the fine arts in their higher manifestations we see in temporary exhibitions, no sooner opened and visited than they are announced as about to close. Even if these annual or accidental exhibitions were of a higher average merit, their very brevity would deprive them of that influence as an educational force which the fine arts ought fully and constantly to exert in a community aspiring to a high civilization. In the absence of permanent and public galleries of art, we in the great cities get on as we best can with frequent shows of American pictures and occasional glimpses of modern European painting. In the smaller cities they simply do without either, trying only so to time their visits to New York and Boston as to be able to visit this or that exhibition.

Yet have New York and Boston let slip the opportunity of securing a valuable and, for this country, unique collection of pictures—a series of paintings illustrating the dawn and the full morning of modern art; such a nucleus for a national gallery of pictures as will not offer itself again to an American community. New Haven, a third-size city and not "a great commercial emporium," is to be rich with the finest collection of pictures in America. Yale College has had the liberality of feeling and of action to secure this collection, and to fill with it the north gallery of the new Art Building; the shrewdness also to know when a good bargain was offered them—a shrewdness not shared by the great mercantile communities, who seem to have despised the collection on account of the low price at which it was held, or at least to have disregarded the enterprise in which there was question of so little money. We are not informed whether the pictures will be on absolutely free exhibition or a small entrance fee charged, but the essential aim of a public gallery is reached in that it will be on permanent and continuous exhibition.

Thus, then, there is secured for New Haven—luckily for New Yorkers, only seventy-five miles away—a gallery of art which comes nearer in permanent historical and artistic value to a great European collection than anything outside of a favored region of Western Europe. The present fixing of the Jarves collection at Yale is for a term of years, but we hope with reason that it will be made permanent.

The collection consists of one hundred and twenty pictures. They are hung and will be catalogued nearly in chronological order, and, taking them in that order, there are first perhaps a dozen pictures by unknown artists, by monks or travelling lay painters, of the time of the Neo-Greek influence over Italian art, and of what is called "Byzantine" in Italian painting. These, painted on wood and with gold back-grounds, mark the first rise into beauty and expression, out of dead formalism, of the Christian art of Western Europe. Archaic still, at once rude and conventional, these pictures before Cimabue partake at once of the old mannerism and of the new life. A large picture by Margaritone of Arezzo marks the end of the reign of formality. Cimabue was Margaritone's contemporary, and his work begins the

new day, of which the light shines pure and bright in the work of Cimabue's pupil, Giotto. A picture ascribed to Cimabue is in the collection, and five pictures by Giotto and by his immediate followers. From this time the stately march of Italian painting is well and closely followed by the Jarves pictures, where Simone Memmi succeeds to Ducio; Orgagna to Memmi; then, after a wider gap than we find elsewhere, pictures by Fra Angelico, Gentile da Fabriano, the great Masacio, who exercised an influence over his followers only second to that of Giotto himself, and Benozzo Gozzoli, who adorns the solemn cloisters of the Pisan Campo Santo. With these are five of those most interesting decorative pictures, painted upon the front of the "cassoni" or chests for bridal wardrobes. The best painters of the time worked at these. Many of them are, as these in the Jarves collection notably are, of great artistic merit, and some of them are interesting because of secular subjects, in an age when art represented few but sacred scenes and characters. Of later works, there is a small picture, attributed, and probably with justice, to the early style of Raphael, a fine Sodoma, a large picture by the younger Ghirlandajo, a canvas which shows the hand of no less a painter than Veronese, and two small pictures by Giorgione, which are, perhaps, the gems of the collection. There are several portraits of extraordinary historical interest, especially one of Amerigo Vespucci; but we speak to-day of the value of the collection in the history of art alone, and leave unconsidered the subjects of pictures. There will be probably very soon a formal opening of this important gallery of art, after which occasion it will be open for inspection and study.

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